

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - NEBRASKA.

THE SAFEST SAFETY WHEEL.

Life, my boy, is a bicycle path,
And work is the wheel you should ride
If you would mount to the crest of the
hill
And coast down the other side.

Just oil the machine with cheerfulness
And see that the parts are in trim,
Then straddle the saddle and pedal on
With a ready, steady vim.

Don't start with a rush up the hill of life—
Just pedal a medium gate;
Remember that those who "scorch" at
first
Are likely to finish late.

Grasp the handle bars of the wheel of
work
With a firm hold—not too tight!
Then sit up straight, like a man, and
push—
Push for the road that's right.

You may wobble a bit, and punctures,
too,
May cause you to dismount,
But plug up the holes with smiles and
pluck.
They are the plugs which count.

There are other makes of machines than
"Work"—
There's the "Idle," the "Lazy," the
"Rest"
And host of others of tempting style,
But the one called "Work" is best.

It's a low gear wheel of homely frame,
But it's safe and sure and strong,
And the man who rides it persistently
Can never in life go wrong.

So straddle the saddle of "Work," my
boy,
And push it along with pride,
Till you get to the top of the hill of life,
Then you'll coast down the other side.
—Joe Kerr, in the N. Y. Herald.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

By Mrs. Poultney Bigelow.

A CURIOUS play to bring a young
girl to, isn't it?

"She doesn't understand; she's a
saint. All her life she has been in
the depths of Cornwall. This is the
first time she has ever been allowed
to stay in London."

"Why did you bring her here?"
"Because she insisted upon coming
to see Mrs. Calthorpe. Saw her photo
in the Burlington Arcade, and said
she must see her play. Look at her
now! Isn't she a picture? She's so
innocent!"

Col. Dashwood, in the back of the
box, watched Daphne Brooke, sitting
in the front. He could understand
how the girl appealed to kind, worldly
Lady Rainbury, though he could not
imagine why Mr. Brooke had con-
fided his precious, long-sequestered
daughter to a comparative stranger.

"Mrs. Calthorpe meant to play
something else, rather nicer for the
young person," continued Lady Rain-
bury, in a whisper, "but this thing
was substituted at the eleventh hour.
Do you think Daphne's shocked?"

The girl's eyes, round and clear,
with a sort of inner light shining
through them, were fixed on the
stage. She sat very straight in her
youthful white frock, which was un-
ornamented save by the young, firm
figure which rounded its lines—a girl
the sight of whom recalled every
hackneyed simile of May buds, spring,
dawn—every synonym for freshness,
health, purity.

Mrs. Calthorpe was going through
a scene with her lover, the usual lover
of the usual married woman of the
usual French play. She was the par-
tial wreck of a beautiful society wom-
an. Fifteen years ago she had tired
of her husband and left him. She
was stage mad, and the one inde-
structible article of her creed was
faith in her own genius. She was her
own sole worshiper, though not her
only flatterer. She did not go alone.
An actor high enough in his art to
have known better undertook to
launch her. A prince smiled upon her
first professional appearance, and the
public, unfortunately, smiled, too.
She had kicked away her world, and
the other one which she wished to
conquer was not at her feet. Her
companion, who had the face of a
priest and the reputation of a lady-
killer, was still faithful. There were
lean years which sowed white hairs
in Marion Calthorpe's gorgeous
tresses, and drew anxious lines in
what was once the loveliest brow in
London. Dye, grease-paint, facial
massage, glossed over the damage for
a time. The soft, rose-tinted face
became the wooden, haggard, thickly
roughed countenance now known to
play-goers; but the figure kept its
litheness, the manner still told of
breeding.

And now Daphne Brooke was in a
theater, two-thirds full of "paper" and
one-third of people who came to see
Worth gowns, and to gloat upon the
changes wrought by the lean years.
There was something about the ac-
tress which made the young girl want
to cry. It was not only that the part
seemed to her foolish and wicked and
dull; there was a tragedy in the great
eyes deeply underlined with black.

"How terrible," thought Daphne,
"if she was some one's mother!"

She herself had never known her
mother; she did not even possess a
picture of her. Her father did not
encourage her to talk about her. His
grief was still too fresh.

When the act was over Daphne
turned to Col. Dashwood.

"Can you tell me about Mrs. Cal-
thorpe?" she asked, wistfully. "Is
she married to the man who acts with
her?"

"A—no," said the colonel. "No; he
is her leading man, you understand.
A theatrical expression, you know."

"I don't like him. I'm sorry for
her," said Daphne, simply. "Are most
plays like this?"

"Certainly not," said the colonel.
"Few are so dull or immoral."

"It is immoral," said Daphne,
thoughtfully. "It isn't a nice idea
that a married woman can talk like
that to a man." She blushed a little,
afraid of having meddled with sub-
jects beyond her knowledge.

"Isn't she delicious!" murmured
Lady Rainbury. "You don't see
gowns like that at the Land's End,
do you, Daphne?" she added, in a
higher key.

"Oh, no!" said Daphne, seriously.
"They are very wonderful. Has Mrs.
Calthorpe a daughter?"

"I'm sure I don't know. She's been
playing about for years, apparently
without any ties. Do you know any-
thing about her?" asked Lady Rain-
bury.

"Nothing to speak of," said Col.
Dashwood, conscious double entente.
"I'm just home from India, you
know."

There was a knock at the door of
the box. The colonel rose and opened
it. There was a whispered colloquy.
Then he returned and said: "Lady
Rainbury, your nephew Bertie is here.
He begs you to go to the door for a
minute."

"Impertinent boy! Why can't he
come in?" said Lady Rainbury. But
she rose good-naturedly as she spoke.

Daphne felt a draft on her back,
and heard voices at the door, but
she did not concern herself with
them. There was a smothered ex-
clamation. "Heavens! What have I
done? How could I know?" A few
inarticulate sentences, and then the
door shut and Lady Rainbury re-
turned. She looked curiously shaken.

"My dear," she said, her usual man-
ner quite gone, "shall we go home?
It's rather dull; don't you think so?"
Daphne looked surprised. "If you
like, Lady Rainbury," she said, sub-
missively, though she was disap-
pointed.

"That's right, dear. Where are the
wraps?"
Colonel Dashwood half rose, with
an inquiring glance. At that moment
the curtain rose. Mrs. Calthorpe was
on the stage. Daphne paused, as if
fascinated; the actress was looking
at her. She was gorgeous in black
velvet and diamonds, with great
bunches of violets at her breast and in
her hair.

As she spoke her opening lines,
and stepped forward, a change came
over her face, a haggard, drawn look,
and a dazed expression in the eyes.
She stumbled, swayed and fell. In an
instant the curtain was wrung down.
Daphne leaned far out of the box,
with her hands clasped.

"Oh!" she almost sobbed, "is she ill?
Is she dead?"

Lady Rainbury drew her gently
away. As they left the theater a man
came before the curtain and told the
audience that Mrs. Calthorpe was too
ill to proceed.

Next morning the papers contained
a paragraph to the effect that Mrs.
Calthorpe was ill at her hotel. Daphne
read the address and noted it. In the
afternoon Lady Rainbury left her for
an hour; she was expecting Mr. Brooke
at tea-time. Without losing a minute
Daphne stole down-stairs in jacket
and hat, and softly left the house,
hailed the first cab she saw, and drove
to the hotel. She had never been out
alone in town in her life, and was full
of tremors and vague alarms. She
paid the cabman—a shilling too much
—rallied all her forces, and entered
the hotel. It was a quiet one in a
rather unfashionable quarter. She
gave the attendant a card on which
she had written in her childish hand,
"Daphne Brooke begs Mrs. Calthorpe
to see her if she is not too ill." Then
she sat down to wait.

While the man was gone with the
card she sat in a chill of trepidation.
Soon he returned and ushered her up-
stairs. The door of the room was
opened by a maid, who immediately
withdrew.

On the sofa by the fire was Mrs.
Calthorpe, a mass of white tea-gown,
with a hollow, unpeeped face. The
face quivered when Daphne came in.

"Oh, are you better?" asked the
young girl, eagerly, taking the thin
hand which was extended.

"Yes, dear," said the actress. "How
kind of you to come! What made
you think of it?"

"I knew it was all wrong to come,"
said Daphne, with the divine candor
of a child, "but I couldn't help it! I
did so want to say things—"

"What things? Sit down here and
say them. Who was that with you
last night? I saw you in the box."

"Lady Rainbury. Father and I met

her last summer, and she begged him
to let me have a week in town."

"And she brought you to see—me?
Why did she do that?"

"Because I saw your picture in the
window—the one in the big black
hat—and I wanted so to see you! I
never wanted anything so much, I
think."

"The play was not a favorite of
mine," said the actress, a little un-
easily; "I do much better ones than
that."

It seemed to Daphne that Mrs. Cal-
thorpe was quite feverishly glad to see
her.

"Did Lady Rainbury say that you
might come?"

"Oh, no! She went out—and father
is coming at tea-time to fetch me—
but I slipped out without asking.
Perhaps it was wrong, but I couldn't
keep away! You seemed to be pull-
ing me, pulling me—all night in my
dreams. Isn't it curious—a stranger
like you? And I was miserable when
you fell. What was it?"

"A fainting fit—I have them some-
times. It was sweet and dear of you
to come! What were the 'things' you
wanted to say?"

"I don't know how to tell you—only
somehow I wondered whether you
were happy—but I suppose you are.
It is a very brilliant life, isn't it—
on the stage—with those dresses and di-
amonds—and all the applause? You
must be happy."

"Not always; there is another side."
Her voice sounded tired and bitter to
Daphne.

"Did you ever have a daughter?"
asked the girl. Marion Calthorpe's
mouth quivered. It was pale to-day.

"Yes," she said, "I had a daughter."

"Is she living? Is she good and
pretty?"

"Yes—living, good and pretty."
"I am so glad! She will come to
you, won't she?"

"Yes; she has come to me."
"I'm glad. That makes me so much
happier. It is strange of me to say
these things. Are you angry with
me? Are you? But I so hated the
play—and that man—your 'leading
man,' Colonel Dashwood called him;
but perhaps he is your friend?"

"No," said Marion, thoughtfully;
"I think he is my enemy."

"Why don't you leave him?"
"I think it is too late," she said,
wearily.

"Oh, no, it isn't! I will ask papa
to let you come down to us—to Corn-
wall, where the air is delicious, and
one is so peaceful and happy and never
hears anything disagreeable. There
are so many horrid things in the
world that I do not know about—yet
I know they're horrid! I looked at
you last night, and I thought you were
unhappy—it was in your eyes—and
when you fell I wanted to jump
onto the stage and carry you off to
Cornwall."

"I am unhappy, dear, but it will not
be for long."

"Something will make you happy?
I'm so glad!"

"I shall rest by and by, and that
will make me happy. You believe in
God, don't you, Daphne? And you
pray?"

"Of course, Mrs. Calthorpe! How
can any one not believe when he is
so good?"

"He is so good!" repeated Marion,
closing her eyes. Presently she
opened them.

"Daphne, you must not stay here
long. You must go back to your
friends; but I want you to kiss me—
I want you to kiss me—to say some-
thing for me to remember until—I
go away—to rest."

The girl came closer.

"Oh, I want you to come to us! I
don't know why, but I think father
would do you good; he is so good and
dear—though he is very sad, because
he lost mother years ago. What
shall I say to you?"

"Something, oh, something for me
to think of!" was the wailing cry.
"Oh, God, something to help me!"

Slow, tragic drops gathered in the
actress' eyes.

Daphne threw her arms around her,
kneeling beside her.

"Think," she said, "that God loves
you, and that your daughter loves
you, and that you are soon going away
to rest."

The door opened as they were
pressed to each other's heart. A tall
man stood in the room. Daphne
sprang toward him.

"Oh, father," she cried, "I'm so glad
you've come!" Then she saw how
stern he was. "Don't be vexed, fa-
ther. I came quite safely."

"Marion," said Brooke, "you have
broken your promise." He was speak-
ing to Mrs. Calthorpe, not to his
daughter.

"It was too strong a temptation.
Oh, Harry, forgive me! I have not
been too happy," she cried, wearily;
"and I am dying."

"Come, Daphne. Do you know this
lady?"

"She knows nothing—she came like
an angel."

Mr. Brooke took his daughter's
hand and led her to the door.

"Oh!" cried Daphne, as they left
the room, "shall we never see her
again?"

"Never again," he answered.—**Wom-
an's Home Companion.**

MOORE RAINS FALL.

Eastern Kansas Visited by Refreshing
Showers That May Aid Late Corn—Sec-
retary Coburn Enthusiastic.

Topeka, Kan., July 18.—The rains
that have fallen in Kansas Tuesday
night and yesterday have practically
assured a corn yield of at least 50,-
000,000 bushels and the yield may be
even greater. The state is under the
influence of a low barometric condi-
tion and more rain is expected.

Secretary Coburn, of the Kansas
board of agriculture, is enthusiastic
over the result of the rain. Mr. Co-
burn has been optimistic as to the
ultimate outcome of the drought,
saying there was not the least cause
for alarm, as Kansas could well take
care of herself. He is sure that the
corn yield will reach at least half a
crop if the present very favorable
weather conditions continue.

Rain in Central Missouri.

Columbia, Mo., July 18.—Rain has
been falling in Columbia and through-
out Boone county since three o'clock
yesterday afternoon. It has not
reached sufficient depth to be of much
avail to crops, owing to the remark-
ably dry condition of the ground, but
more is expected and the end of the
drought seems near. The authorities
at the government experimental sta-
tion here now take a hopeful view of
the situation.

Rain in the Ozark Region.

Dixon, Mo., July 18.—At last rain
has come and the indications are that
the long drought of nearly 13 weeks'
duration in the Ozark country has
been broken. Within the last 24 hours
good showers have fallen in all of
the counties of south central Missouri
and brought at least temporary relief
from the distressing conditions.

PHILIPPINE NEWS.

Gen. Corbin, Sternberg and Weston Ar-
rive at Manila—The Charge Against
Capt. Rowan Not Proved.

Manila, July 18.—Adj. Gen. Corbin,
Surgeon, General Sternberg and Gen.
John F. Weston, of the subsistence
department, will be tendered recep-
tions at the headquarters in Manila
of the division and department com-
manders and their staffs. Gen. Cor-
bin explained to the correspondent
of the Associated press that the chief
purposes of his visit to the Philip-
pines were to get in better touch
with the details of the situation and
to further the desire of the adminis-
tration for greater economy in the
army of the Philippines.

Investigation into the case of Capt.
Andrew S. Rowan, of the Nineteenth
infantry, charged with burning a
town upon the island of Bohol, failed
to prove Capt. Rowan had ordered
the town to be burned. The responsi-
bility for the destruction of the town
has not yet been fixed.

OFF FOR THE NORTH POLE.

The Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition Weighed
Anchor Tuesday Night for Their Jour-
ney to the Arctic Regions.

Tromsø, Norway, July 18.—Short-
ly before midnight Tuesday night the
ships of the Baldwin-Ziegler Arctic
expedition weighed anchor and with
the stars and stripes and Norwegian
flags at their masts steamed off to
the north. As they left the harbor
the crews of the other vessels there
gave the expedition a parting cheer.
Evelyn B. Baldwin, chief of the ex-
pedition, was in excellent spirits. His
last words to a representative of the
Associated press were that he had lit-
tle doubt of reaching the north pole.

The America will proceed first to
Archangel, in Russia, and then return
to the island of Vardoe, off the coast
of Norway, whence the final departure
for Franz Josef Land will be made.
Touching at Houningsvaag, the
America and the Belgica will pick up
the Frithjof, and all three vessels
will proceed northward together.

ROOT AT FORT LEAVENWORTH

Secretary of War Received with Military
Honors Upon His Arrival There to
Inspect the Barracks.

Leavenworth, Kan., July 18.—Sec-
retary of War Elihu Root arrived at
Fort Leavenworth Wednesday on a
tour of inspection. The secretary was
received with a salute of guns.
The troops of the fort, half in the
army blue and half in khaki, were
aligned under arms near the Grant
monument as the secretary and cor-
tege passed in review.

Johnson Raises Hanna's Assessment.

Cleveland, O., July 18.—The city
board of equalization, at the request
of Mayor Tom L. Johnson, raised the
tax valuation of the Little Consoli-
dated street railroad, Senator Han-
na's property, from \$627,708.73 to \$6,-
233,800, a straight raise of \$5,605,091.-
27. Hanna's attorney gave notice of
appeal.

Captured a Filipino Town.

Manila, July 18.—Lieut. Patrick A.
Connolly, of the Twenty-first regi-
ment, who was sent with 20 men to
recapture the Americans taken pris-
oners in Mindoro, attacked the town
of Calapan, and a score of natives
were killed and the town was partly
burned before it surrendered.

FIRE AT MARSHALL, MO.

A Whole Block Burned and the Jail Saved
with Difficulty—Loss Said to Be
\$100,000.

Marshall, Mo., July 18.—The most
destructive fire Marshall ever had oc-
curred yesterday. A whole block
was burned and the loss amounts to
about \$100,000. The fire caught in the
basement of the New York store, the
largest dry goods establishment in
the city, situated on the southeast
corner of the square, at 10:30 yester-
day morning, and it burned until
about two o'clock in the afternoon,
when it was put to an end by a heavy
shower of rain, which lasted about 40
minutes. The block consisted of the
New York store, a large two-story
double store and three stores east of
it, P. H. Rea's implement store, G.
N. Hanson's carpet store and Fred
Link's grocery store, all of which
were burned. The next building east
was the jail, which was saved with
difficulty.

IN FEMALE DISGUISE.

A Man Named Sears, Wanted in Texas for
Murder, Was Teaching School in Ar-
kansas as a Woman.

Little Rock, Ark., July 18.—A re-
markable story comes from the
King's river country, in Madison coun-
ty, of a case that is sure to become
famous in criminal annals. A Texas
detective arrived and placed under ar-
rest a supposed young lady, who had
been teaching a private school in the
neighborhood for some time, about
five miles south of Huntsville, the
county seat. The people of the com-
munity were astounded when the re-
velation was made that the school-
teacher was a man in disguise; that
his name was Sears, and that he was
wanted in Texas on a charge of mur-
der committed seven years ago. He
was a most engaging person, and the
young men of the community had got-
ten up a great rivalry on his account.

TO BE REMOVED.

The National Headquarters of the Demo-
cratic Party to Be Taken from Chicago
to Washington.

St. Louis, July 18.—A special to
the Republic from Washington says:
It is announced on good authority
that the national headquarters of the
democratic party will be removed
here from Chicago about September
1. The move has been under con-
sideration for several months and it
has finally been decided that the na-
tional committee can do more effec-
tive work at the seat of government,
especially when congress is in ses-
sion.

Steel Combine Never to Yield.

New York, July 18.—Capital, as re-
presented by the \$1,000,000,000 steel cor-
poration, has accepted the opportunity
for a finish fight with labor, the or-
ganization of mill employes, and the
present strike is to be made the final
test of strength. No compromise and
no conference with the men until the
Amalgamated association of iron,
steel and tin workers recedes from
its position—is the decision of the
United States Steel corporation.

Gen. Butterfield Dies.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 18.—Gen.
Daniel Butterfield died at his home,
Cragside, at Cold Spring, at 8:30 last
night. He had been in very poor
health for a year or more and has
been in a condition of semi-paralysis
for some time. He leaves a widow,
but no children. About 15 years ago
he married the widow of Frederick
James, of Cold Spring, and she sur-
vives him.

Oklahoma Democrats Active.

El Reno, Ok., July 18.—The democ-
racy of Oklahoma has made its plans
for capturing the county municipal
organizations in the new country. A
large number of democrats will go
from old Oklahoma to the new coun-
try to engage in business and at the
same time to do their utmost to mold
an anti-republican sentiment.

Fraternal Building at St. Louis.

Cambridge Springs, Pa., July 18.—
The Associated Fraternities of Amer-
ica, in session here, decided to con-
struct a fraternal building on the St.
Louis world's fair grounds. The
building will consist of 76 rooms,
each 24 by 42 feet, one of which will
be assigned to each society assisting
in the erection of the buildings.

Visited Saloons at Joplin.

Joplin, Mo., July 18.—After her
lecture here last night Mrs. Carrie
Nation visited several saloons, forc-
ing the proprietors to take down
pictures of nude women. She was
accompanied everywhere by a crowd
of 1,000 people, but did nothing ex-
cept to talk in a good-humored man-
ner to the saloon keepers.

She Drew His Money and Left.

Kansas City, Mo., July 18.—Malcolm
Uilberg, a tailor who works for Bier-
smith & Merrill, went to a picnic last
Monday. While he was gone his wife
went to the bank and drew \$300, all
but \$25 of his savings, and left for
parts unknown. Her husband has as
yet found no trace of her.