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NEMAHA, - - - - NEBRASKA.

WAVE PRINTS.

Where ocean-seeking rivers gently glide, To join the spreading harbor's restless

While flashing gems of living sunlight And ever onward laughing bubbles ride Behold far, far ceneath the shifting tide Clear ripple-marks the stainless sea sands

A record fair, traced daintily below, Of waves that toss and break and then

subside. So when the fitful waves of fortune break Upon the besom of life's restless sea,

As cloud drift melts to blue without a Deep written on the heart's pure scroll they

A record plain, whose lights and shades

Self's chilling fate, or love's warm glow -Arthur Howard Hall, in N. Y. Observer.



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CHAPTER IV .- CONTINUED.

We sat in silence for some minutes, each absorbed in his own thoughts. The heat from the fire had warmed the hut so that the blue steam began to rise from my damp clothes. My companion reclined on his elbow, tracing some diagram on the floor with a poniard, which from its shape was evidently of eastern make. The rain, which now increased in violence, had almost quenched the log fire, and was invading our shelter, for the roof began to leak. There being no wind the torch burned steadily, throwing sufficient light for us to distinguish each other. I began to wonder what manner of man this was before me, dressed in a motley of court fool and peasant, and my curiosity was aroused to such an extent that for the time I forgot my own troubles. Nevertheless I made no sign of inquiry, knowing there is no means so sure of obtaining information as to seem not to desire it. My new friend kept his eyes fixed on the point of his dagger, the muscles of his queer-webbed face twitching nervously. At length he became conscious of my scrutiny, for, lifting his eyes, he looked me in the face, and then made a motion of his hand toward the wine skin.

"No more, thanks." "There will be that left for to-morrow before we start."

'Then you also are a traveler?" "You say you are going to Bucine?" He asked the question in his usual abrupt manner; but his tone was composed.

"It lies on my read." "And on mine, too. Shall we travel together? I could point out the way."

"Certainly. It is very good of you." Well, it is time to sleep, and the torch

has burnt to an end." As he speke he stretched himself out at

full length, and, turning his back to me, appeared to sink into slumber. I watched him for some time by the embers of the torch, wondering if I was wise in accepting his companionship, and then, overpowered by fatigue, lost myself in sleep, heedless of the rain, which dripped in twenty places through the roof.

I slept profoundly until aroused by my shoulder being gently shaken, and, looking up, beheld my host, as I must call him, bending over me. I thought I had slept for a few minutes only, and saw to my surprise that it was well in the morning, and the sun shone brightly. All traces of cloud were none, though soft billows of mist rolled over the olive gardens, and vineyards of Chianti grape, that stretched towards Montevarchi. "Heavens, man! How you slept! I was

right when I hinted you had a good conscience.

I scrambled up with a hasty "Good-morn ing;" and, a few minutes afterwards, baving finished the remains of the wine in the skin, we started off in the direction of Bu-My companion had politely never inquired my name, and I had been equally reticent. He placed on his head a silken fools' cap, and the bells on it jingled incessantly as he walked along with a jaunty air, at a pace that was remarkable for a man of his age. He seemed to have lost the melancholy that possessed him during the night, and conversed in so cheerful and entertaining a manner that in spite of myself I was interested and withdrawn from my unhappy thoughts. He kept up his mood to Bucine, where, notwithstanding our strange appearance, we attracted, to my relief, less attention than I imagined we should draw

With appetites sharpened by our walk, we did full justice to the meal I ordered at the only hotel in the place. Here I played host, as a return for my entertainment, and in conversation my acquaintance said that he was bound for Florence. I told him that also was my point, and invited him to bear me company on the road, to which he willingly agreed. I made an attempt here to hire a horse; but not even a donkey was procurable, all available carriage having been seized upon for the army. So once more descending the hill on which Bucine is situated, we forded the river and contin-

ned our journey. At the alberro we heard that a body of troops were foraging along the banks of the Arno, and resolved to make a detour, and, crossing Monte Luco, to keep on the sides of the Chianti hills, if necessary avoiding Montevarchi altogether. My companion main tained his high spirits until we reached the top of the spur of Monte Luce, known to the peasantry as the Virgin's Cradle. Here we stopped to breathe and observe the view. I blue splash to the south of the rugged and I common of rapid thrusts in the lower lines,

conical hill of Cortona, I recognized Trasimene, and beyond it lay Perugia. I turned to call my friend's attention to the scene, and at first did not perceive where he was. Another giance showed him standing on the edge of the cliff, a little to my left, shaking his clenched hand in the direction of Perugia, whilst on his face was marked every sign of sorrow and hate.

Curious to see what this would result in. I made no attempt to attract his attention. but in a moment he shook off the influence which possessed him, and rejoined me with a calm brow. We the eupon continued our journey with this difference, that my companion was now as silent as hitherto he had been cheerful. My own dark thoughts too came back to roost, and in a gloom we deseended the Cradle, pushing our way through the myrtle with which it was covered, and walked on, holding Montevarchi to our

We kept a sharp lookout for the foragers, and, seeing no signs of them, made up our minds, after some consultation, to risk going to Montevarchi, which we reached without mishap a little after noon. It was not my intention to halt there more than an hour or so, which I, hoping that I would have better luck than at Bucine, intended to spend in trying to hire an animal of some

kind to title. We stopped at the Bell inn, near the gate, and, after a deal of bargaining, which consumed a good hour, the landlord agreed to hire me his mule for two crowns. The rascal wanted ten at first. Just as the matter was settled a dozen or so of troopers rode in, and, spying the mule, in the twinkling of

an eye, claimed it for carriage purposes. It was in vain that the landlord protested that it was his last beast, that it had been hired to the noble cavaliere, meaning me, and many other things beside. The soldiers were deaf to his entreaties, and, although I had more than a mind to draw on the villains, I had the good sense to restrain myself, for the odds were too many against me. I therefore hid my chagrin under a smile, and the mule was led away amidst the lamentations of mine host, who was further put out of pocket by a gallon or so of wine, which the troopers consumed, doubtless in honor of the prize they had taken, neglecting in the true fashion of the compagnes grandes to pay for it. It was a fit esson to the landlord, for had he not, in his cupidity, haggled for an hour over the hire of the animal, he might have been richer by two crowns and still owned his mule. Thus it is that avarice finds its own punishment.

On going off, the leader of the troop, a man whom I knew by sight and by reputation as a swashbuckler, if ever there was one, made me a mock salute, saying, in allusion to my quietness in surrendering my claim to the ninle: "Adieu, Messer Feather-Cap--may your courage grow as long as your sword." This taunt I swallowed ruefully, and immediately set about my departure. My companion, who was not mixed up in the altercation, joined me silently, and we followed in the direction taken by the troopers, pursued by the maledictions of the innkeeper, who vented his spleen on us as the indirect cause of his misfotune.

The foragers, who, owing to the warmth of the weather, had removed their breastplates, which were slung to their saddles, were going at a walking pace; and it was mausing to see how the mere sight of their presence cleared the streets. Noting, however, that they did not appear to be bent on personal injury, we did not think it necessary to go out of our course, or delay our departure until they left the town, and as we walked fast and they went slowly, by the time they had reached the main square, were not more than a dozen yards behind

At this moment we noticed the figure of a coman, apparently blind, for she was guided by a little dog attached to a string. The poor creature was crossing the pave ment almost in front of the leader of the troop, and, as she was right in the path of the troopers, we attempted to warn her by shouting, and she stopped irresolutely, hardly knowing which way to turn. The troop leader, without making any effort to avoid her, rode on in a pitiless manner, and she was flung senseless to the ground. In this her hood fell back, uncovering her face, and my companion, suddenly uttering a loud cty, ran forward, and, seizing her in his arms, began to address her with every term of endearment, in the manner of a father to

The troopers halted-discipline it will be observed was not great-and one of them with rough sympathy called to my friend to bear the girl, for so she looked, to the fountain, at the same time that their commander gave a loud order to go on, and to leave off looking at a fool and a beggar. I had, however, made up my mind that there was a little work for me, and, drawing me sword, stepped up to the swashbackler's bridle, and asked for a five-minutes' inter view there and then.

He burst into a loud laugh. "Corpo di Baeco! Here is Messer Feather-Cap with his courage grown. Here, two of you bind him to the muie."

But the men with him were in no mood to obey, and one of them openly said:

It is always thus with the ancient Brico. "Do you intend to give me the pleasure I seek," I asked, "or has the ancient Brico tylene off his beset with his corselet?"

For a moment it looked as if he were about to ride at me; but my sword was ready, and I was standing too close to him for any such treachery to be carried off. Flinging the reins, therefore, to the neck of his horse, he dismounted slowly and drew his sword. A number of the townsfolk attracted by the scene, so far forgot their tear of the foragers as to collect around us, and in a lew moments a ring was formed, one portion of which was occupied by the troopers.

Brico took his stand so as to place the sun in my eyes, a manifest unfairness, for we should have fought north and south; yet I made no objection, and unclasping my clock let it fall to the ground behind me.

"A yous!" he called out, and the next moment we engaged in the lower circle, my opporient, for all his French cry, adopting the Italian method, and using a dagger to parry. For a few seconds we tried to feel each other, and I was delighted with the balance of my sword. It did not take me half a minute to see that he was a child in my hands, and I began to rapidly consider whether it looked back across the Chiann valley, and would be worth the candle to kill him or let my eye run over the landscape which | not. Brico, who had commenced the asstretched as far as the Marches. In the soult with a stamp of his foot and a suc-

did, and began to back slowly. I twice pricked him over the heart, and his hand began to shake so that he could hardly hold his weapon.

"Make way there," I called out, mockingly, "the ancient would like to run a little. Maddened by this taunt, he pulled himself together and lunged recklessly at me in tierce; it was an easy parry, and with a strong beat I disarmed him. He did not wait, but with the rapidity of a hare turned and fled, not so fast, however, but that I was able to accelerate his departure with stroke from the flat of my sword.

"Adieu, ancient Brico!" I called out after him as he ran on, followed by a howl of derision from the crowd, in which his own men joined.

It was lucky that I adopted the course of disarming him, for, had the affair ended otherwise, I doubt not that the men at arms would have felt called upon to avenge their leader, poltroon as he was. As it happened they enjoyed his discomfiture, and an old trooper called out to me:

"Well fought, signore you should join us-there is room for your sword under the banner of Tremouille. What-no? I am sorry; but go in peace, for you have rid us of a cur.

Saving this, he rode off, one of their number leading the ancient's horse by the bridle. I turned now to look for my companion. He was nowhere to be seen, and on inquiry I found that he had lifted the girl up, and, supporting her on his arm, the two, followed by the dog, had turned down by the church, and were not in view. It would, no doubt, have been easy to follow, and as easy to trace them; but I reasoned that the man must have purposely done this to avoid me, and after all it was no business of mine. I therefore returned my sword to its sheath and walked on.

CHAPTER V.

D'ENTRANGUES SCORES A POINT. Before I had gone fifty paces, however, I became aware that there was some law left in Montevarchi, for a warning cry made me look over my shoulder, and I saw a party of the city guards, who had discreetly kept out of the way when Brico and I crossed swords, hurrying towards me. The same glance, showed me that the ancient was already in their bands, and was being dragged along with but little regard to his comfort; and I felt sure that now, as the troop was gone, the citizens would wreak their vengeance on this hen-roost robber, and he would be lucky if he escaped with life. As for me, the catchpolls being out, they no doubt reasoned that they night as well not me. To stop and resist would only result in my being ultimately overpowered, and perhaps imprisoned; to yield without a blow meant very much the same thing, and, in the shake of a drake's tail, I resolved to ran, and to trust for escape to my turn for speed. So I set off at my roundest pace, followed by the posse, and the rabble who but a moment before were cheering me.

More than once I felt inclined to turn, and

end the matter for myself; but the fact that this might mean laying aside all chance of settling D'Entrangues urged me to my best efforts. Some fool made an attempt to stop me, and I was compelled to slash him across the face with my sword, as a warning not to interiere with matters with which he had no concern. I hardly knew where I was going; but dashed down a little by-street, and was, after a hundred yards, brought to a halt by a dead wall. I could barely reach the top of it with my bare hands, but buckily this was enough to all me to draw myself up, and drop over to the other side just as the police reached within ten feet I did not stop to take note of their action, but was off as soon as my feet touched the ground, and found to my jey that I was close to one of the unrepaired breaches in the city wall, made six months ago by Tremoulle's cannon. Through this I rushed, and, scrambling down a slope of broken stone and mortar, found I would be compelled to climb down very nearly a hundred feet of what looked like the face of a rock, before I could reach level ground. There was not even a goat track, My againty was, however, spurred on by hear ing shouts behind me, and preferring to risk death in attempting the descent rather than fall into the hands of messer the podesta, I chanced the venture, and, partly by holding on to the tough broom roots, partly slipping, and aided by Providence and Our Lady of San Spirite, to whom I hurriedly cast up a prayer, I managed to reach the bottom, and fell, exhausted and breathless,

into a cistus hedge. I was too beaten to go another yard, and, had my pursuers only followed u.s. must have become an easy prey. As it was I heard them reach the breach, where they came to a stop, all shouting and babbling at the same time. One or two, holder than the others, attempted to descend the ledge of rock, down which I escaped, but its steepness damped their courage. They, however, succeeded in loosening some of the debris so that it fell over the cliff, and a few of the stones dropped very close to me; but by good hap I escaped, or else this never would have been written. One great block, indeed, just passed over my head, and I vowed an altar-piece to Our Lady of San Spirito, who alone could have diverted that which was coming straight to my destruction; and I may add I duly kept my word. After a time the voices above began to grow fainter, and to my delight I found that the citizens, thinking it impossible I should have escaped like a lizard amongst the rocks, were bark ing back, and ranging to the right and left. I waited until all sound died away, and can tiously peeped out. The coast was clear. I had recovered my wind, and, without more waste of time, I rose and pressed on in the direction of the hills, determined to chance no further adventures near the towns. Indeed, I had crowded more incident into the past few hours than into the previous fiveand thirty years of my life, and my sole ob ject, at present, was to reach Florence

without further let or hindrance. Keeping the vineyards between me and the town, I avoided all observation, and at a small wayside inn, filled a wallet which I purchased with food and a bottle of the rough country wine, so that there might be no necessity for my visiting a human habitation during the remainder of my journey, With the wallet awang over my shoulder, an hour or so later I was ascending the slopes of Mount St. Michele, cursing the fallen plue needles, which made my foothold so slippery that I sid rather than walked.

It was late in the evening before I halted and ate my dinner under an overhanging

became aware of his weakness as soon as I | rock, she'tered from the north wind by clump of pines. When I finished I rolled myself up in my cloak, and fatigue, to gether with a good conscience, combined to send me to a sleep as sound as it was refreshing. I was up before the sun and continued my way, determined to reach Florence by evening. I took no particular notree of the view, where I could see to my right the Prato Magno, and to my left all the valleys of the Greve; but kept my eyes before me, intent on my thoughts.

At length, when passing Impruneta, where the Black Virgin is, Florence came in sight. There was a slight haze which prevented me from seeing as clearly as I could wish; but I plainly made out the houses on the banks of the Arno, Arnolfo's tower, the palace of the Signory, the cathedral, the Bargello, and the unfinished Pitti palace, whilst be yond rose the convent-topped hill of Scnario, where the Servites have their mon-

As I looked there was little of admiration in my heart, although the scene was fair enough; but I could give no mind to anything beyond the fact that I was at last within measurable distance of D'Entrangues, and that in a few hours my hand was like to be at his throat.

With these thoughts there somehow mingled up the face of madame, and the scene of our last meeting. I put this aside, however, with a strong hand, and determined to think no more of her, although no such recollection could be anything but pleasant and sweet. Until I met her I had managed weil enough without womankind, and for the future I would leave bright eyes alone. Yet I knew I was the better man for holding the privilege of her friendship. However, she had passed out of my life, and across

the seas I would have other things to think of than the memory of my platonic friendship with Doris D'Entrangues.

It was close upon sunset when I entered the San Piero gate, and found myself in Florence, and in a difficulty at the same time, in consequence of my wearing a sword. l luckily, however, remembered that La Palisse, the French leader, was then in the city, and explaining that I was from the army at Arezzo with a message to him, inquired particularly his abode, which I was told was in the palace of the exiled Medici in the Via Larga. It so happened that La Palisse was in constant communication with Tremouille, and this and my confident bearing imposed upon the guards. I supplemented my argument with a couple of erowns, and they let me pass without further parley. It will thus be seen that, whatever the regulations may have been, they re easily broken. Indeed I found later on that they were, even at that time, a dead letter, and that the zeal of the guards was merely inspired by the prospect of making something out of me, which they did on this occasion. I knew Florence very well, having been there under circumstances very different to the present; but as I hurried along the crowded streets, I began to feel I was somewhat uncertain as to whither the roads led. I judged it prudent, however, not to make inquiries, but kept my eyes on the sharp lookout for a hostel suitable to my purse, which was diminishing at a fearful rate. I stopped for awhile at a street stall to satisfy my hunger with a cake of wheat and a glass of milk, a wholesome, but unpalatable beverage, and entered into converstation with the stall-keeper. It came out that I was in a difficulty about a lodging, and the man promptly told me where one could be procured, and added to his kindness, seeing I was apparently a stranger to the place, by directing his son, a small barelegged urehm, to guide me to the house, which, he said, was an old palace of the Albiggi, that had passed into the kands of the banker Nobili, and was rented out in ten

ements. Heaven only knows through what bylanes and alleys the imp led me, chattering like an ape the whilst; but at last we reached the house which lay in the street di Pucci An arrangement was soon entered into with the person in charge, and I paid in advance for two weeks the small rent asked for the room I took. I selected the room, because there was in it some furniture, such as a bed, a table and a couple of chairs, which I was informed with some emphasis, had been seized from the last tenant in detault of rent. I sent the boy away rejoicing, and was surprised to find the housekeeper did not depart as well; but this worthy soon made it clear to me that a further payment was requisite on account of the furniture. I was too tired to haggle, so paid hon the three broad pieces he wanted and bid him get me some candles. He returned after a little delay with what I needed, and I may say at once that under a rough exterior I found this man, with all his faults, was capuble on occasions of displaying true kindliness of heart.

I would like to pay him this tribute, for subsequently, as will be seen, we had a grave difference of opinion which ended in disaster for him. At the time this happened I could not but condemn him strongly, for, in order to further a plot in which he was engaged, he tried to induce me to crime, and when, by a happy chance, I was able to frustrate his design, joined in an attempt to murder me. I fully believe, however, now that I look back on affairs coully, that, in common with others of his age, he thought it no wrong to adopt any means to further a political plot, whilst in the everyday observances of life he displayed, in an underhand manner, much virtue.

[TO DE CONTINUED.]

Life.

He gets most out of life who gives most to it.

Some people put out their hands to life, while others stretch forth their

There are people who spend their days in some little town or village, and yet live in the great expanse of a wide world; while others travel from city to city, and from country to country, yet live only in the narrowed little circle of their own immediate surroundings .-Truth.

A Double Portion.

"She married him to spite a girl friend."

"But she afterwards divorced him." "Yes: that was to enable him to marry the same girl friend and enjoy more spite."-Philadelphia North-

American.

HE SEES SILVER'S TRIUMPH.

Senator Dubois, of Idaho, Thinks the Transvani War Will Solve the Destiny of the White Metal.

Chicago, Dec. 26 .- "If the war in the Transvaal continues for two or three months longer, the cause of silver will have been won," said former United States Senator Du Bois, of Idaho, one of the silver republicin leaders, who was in Chicago yesterday. "The short time it has been in progress," continued Mr. Du Bois, 'has furnished proof of the contentions of friends of silver that there is is not enough gold in the world to form the basis of the world's money, and if the war continues the length of time I have indicated the truth of this will have become too apparent for successful contravention. I believe the Transvaal war will be a mighty influence in the campaign of next year in this country, that it is not safe to place on gold the entire burden of the monetary volume of the world. It may be interesting to observe that the panic in New York was simultaneous with the passage of the house gold standard bill. Now, if a panic had followed the passage of a silver free coinage bill, the wise men and the press of the land would have attributed it to the passage of the bill."

RELIEF WORK IN PORTO RICO.

The War Department Issues an Interesting Statement as to What Was Done in That Island.

Washington, Dec. 26 .- The war department made public yesterday a statement showing the progress made in relief work in the island of Porto Rico between September 25 and November 30, 1899. The population of the island is estimated at 918,926 The average daily indigent was 221,087 persons; average weekly sick, 17,372, and the average weekly deaths 632 persons. The annual death rate was 35 per 1,000 inhabitants, while the normal rate of deaths was 26 per 1,-600 inhabitants. The increased mortality was confined to the mountain districts, where, in some localities the death rate increased 300 per cent. The amount of cash received for the relief of the suffering people of the island up to November 30 was \$15,224. The amount of money disbursed up to the date mentioned was \$7,417.

of food received to relieve the suffer-Up to November 20 the total amount ers was 17,162,738 pounds. Of this amount 16,548,316 pounds had been issued up to November 30. The amount of unissued food on hand at San Juan November 30 was 614,272 pounds.

DEED OF A MISSOURI FARMER.

William J. Thompson, Residing Near Chillicothe, Killed His Three Children and Then Suicided.

Chillicothe, Mo., Dec. 26.—Haunted by a promise made to his wife as she ay dying from the effect of poison administered by her own hand, William J. Thomas, a sarmer who lived 11 miles southeast of this place, took his life and the lives of his three children yestereay morning by applying the torch to his home, a neighbor finding all of the bodies cremat d in the ruins.

About a year ago Thomas' wife killed herself by taking poison. While on her death bed she exacted a solemn promise from her husband that he would kil! himself and their children and join her in the land of shadows. He had frequently told the neighbors of the compact he made with his wife on her bed of agony, and said that some day he should keep his word. He said that his wife seemed to be calling to him from her grave to make his promise good, urging him with unheard voice and unseen hands to sever the strand of his own life, to put out the lights in his children's eyes and quit the world and its disappointing struggles.

Kaiser Friendly to England.

Berlin, Dec. 25.—A change of public opinion in Germany regarding the war in South Africa is becoming apparent. It is led by the inspired section of the press, and yesterday several articles appeared pointing in the new direction. Emperor William's influence is now strongly exerted in a British direction. It is said that he has repeatedly expressed himself during the week in the following vein: "Right or wrong, we must continue friends with England."

Mother of Mr. Johnson Killed,

Peoria, Ill., Dec. 26.-Mrs. Johnson 70 years old, mother of J. ti. Johnson, chairman of the democratic national committee, was severely burned hast night and cannot live. Mrs. Johnson was lighting a lamp and the match fell from her hand, setting fire to her dress. Her clothes were burned from ber body and she inhaled flames and

President of the Globe National Arrested. Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 24.—Charles H. Cole, former president of the Globe National bank of Boston, which failed on Thursday last, was arrested at Redondo by United States Marshal Osborne and brought to this city. The arrest was made on a warrant charging him with misappropriating government funds.