THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - NEBRASKA.

A QUILL PEN.

From a Sea Gull's Wing.

Thou wast not born amid earth's stain and

And dreary din, and noise of jangled Thou hast lived far from all our tears and

toil. Oh, bring us back the blessing of thy birth!

Speak but a little of that other life Which knew thee once, wild as the wind

and brine; Set tree our spirits, straitened in their strife, To sweep those old unwearying ways of

Bring back the glorious freedom of thy flight.

Skimming the crest of purple waves afar In that illimitable flood of light Which knows no stain of toil, no fetter-

ing bar.

moan.

Give us to know the glory and the wonder Born of the flying rack, the gleaming foam,

Where mighty billows rear their heads and thunder Against the wild black rocks which were thy home.

Our hands are tired, our eyes are dim of Our ears are dull with noise of mirth and

Oh, give us back the beauty of that being Unwearled and unsoiled, which was thine

-Mabel Earle, in Youth's Companion.



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CHAPTER VII.-CONTINUED.

After a short delay, which seemed ages to me, messer the padrone reappeared with the flagon of Burgundy under his arm, and, seizing it from him, I ran back to the Albizzi Palace, and hurried up the stairs to the room occupied by Corte. Although I had been away barely half an hour, that was sufficient time to make a change for the worse in the sick girl, and I became aware that the end had begun. We tried to force a little of the wine between her lips, but she could not swallow, and now, instead of lying still, kept tossing her head from side to side. Corte was undone. He could do nothing but stand at the head of the bed, in mute despair, as

he watched the parting soul sob its way out.

I went towards him. "Shall I send the intendant for a priest?" If ever words changed the countenance of

a man, mine did. His eyes fairly blazed with anger, and he hissed out: "No, signorethis is a priest's work—pray if you like, but no priest comes here."

I had, as all other men have, frequently called upon God, sometimes in idle blasphemy, but never on an occasion so serious as this. Pray if I liked! I had forgotten what real prayer was. Impelled by a power I could not resist, I knelt down and tried to form some words to reach the Most lligh. But they would not come; I could only feel them, and I rose again and took my stand

by the dying girl. She began to talk now in a rambling manner, and with that strength which comes at the point of death from somewhere; her voice was clear, but with a metallic ring. It is not for me to repeat the last words of one who is now with her God, but I gathered from them a story of trusting love, of infamous wrong and dastardly crime. And Corte shook like a branch in the wind, as the words came thick and fast from the lips of his dying child. After awhile she became still once again. So still that we thought she had passed away; but she revived on a sudden, and called out:

"Father-I cannot see-I am blind-stoop down and let me whisper."

"I am here, little one-close-quite close to you."
"Tell him-I-forgive. You must forgive,

too-promise.'

Corte pressed his lips to her damp forehead, but spoke no word. "It is bright again-they are calling me-

mother! Hold me up-I cannot breathe." Corte sank on his knees with his head between his hands, and passing my arm round the poor creature I lifted her up, and the spirit passed. In the room there was now a silence which was broken by a heart-rending sob from Corte. He staggered to his feet with despair on his face.

"She said forgive!" he exclaimed. "Man. you have seen an angel die. This is the work of a priest, of a pontiff, of him who calls himself Vicar of Christ! Go now, and leave me with my dead."

I took his hand, and pressing it, turned to the door. As I closed it behind me, I saw Corte bending over the still face of his child, and the little dog, throwing up his head, howled piteously.

CHAPTER VIII.

TEMPTATION. I had looked upon death before; I had seen the plague strike down its victims in an hour; I had been in the hell of a sacked town, when men, women and children were given to the sword. On the breach at Arx Sismunder, dead, dying and wounded were piled breast high, when we stormed our way, through the fog of battle, into Malatesta's stronghold. Stricken down at San Miniato. I saw, in the dim night, the death hunters at their fearful trade, and heard the dull blows of their daggers, as they murdered some helpless wretch, sometimes for the prize of a tag of gold lace, sometimes for the sheer pleasure of slaughter. Lying unable to move, by good luck concealed in a hollow, amidst grass which stood a yard high, I saw a man killed not ten feet from me. He rose

to his elbow as the fiends approached, and called for water. But it was not water he got. How he struggled! He cried for mercy, and I can still see the wretthes as they held him down. A foul-looking hag placed her knees on his chest, she looked towards the sky for a moment, as if invoking a spirit to a sacrifice, and the moonlight shone on a face that was hardly human. Then she stooped down, and with a relentless hand plunged the knife she held into her victim's throat. But all this, which should have hardened my heart, did not affect me as the scene I had just quitted. After all, what I had passed through was done when the blood was high with excitement. Here, however, was another thing. I had watched the end of a being beautiful and pure, who was born to adorn life, and yet what was her story? Fallen into the hands of an incarpate devil, outraged, and then cast forth blinded, to die like a reptile! It was too horrible! Surely God must have slept whilst this was done. Surely the after life ought to be to her, in an inverse proportion to her sufferings on earth. But why any such infliction on one so helpless? Mystery of mysteries, and I cannot solve it. And yet she was able to forgive. At the last she could condone. What were my wrongs to those she had endured? After all I had health, strength, and the world was wide. Why waste my time in running after the morbid shadow of revenge? If I got it, would it satisfy? Would it heal my wounds? Thinking in this way, I called to mind a sermon of the Prior of St. Mark's-I heard when last in Plorence. I came in the suite of Paolo Vitelli ag Citta del Castello, and at the time Savonarola had left the Duomo, and was preaching at St. Mark's. His subject was forgiveness, and his text, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," came back to me with a vivid force. I rose from my seat and paced the room, my whole soul was on the cross; I had all but resolved to forego my scheme of revenge, when I heard a knock at the door. At first I did not answer, but it was repeated.

"Come in," I cried, and Ceci entered. In the state in which I was, I had half a mind to bid him begone there and then, and only controlled myself with an effort. I could see, however, that, in his way, he had formed a friendly feeling towards me, and, remembering my plans, forced myself to greet him with civility, and offering him a seat began the conversation.

"That was a strange finish to the Gonfaloniere's speech," I said, in allusion to the death of the man at the hands of the mob. "He was a fool, and deserved to die."

"Do you know his name?" Ceci hesitated for a moment, and I saw he

was lying when he said "No." "I gather," I added, "that you are of the Bigi, the party that favors the return of the Medici.

"Signore, I spoke words in my excitement that may well be buried. An old tongue like mine should have known to be still; but it is not that I have come to speak of. Do you know we have a death in the house?'

"That would be no new thing to you." "True," he said, stroking his white beard, 'they die here like rats in their holes.'

"I suppose so; but as a matter of fact I did know there was a death, and a very sad one. I know Mathew Corte, but how have you found out so soon?"

"It is simple. I came back, but a few min-utes ago, and although it was late, thought I might call for the rent of the room Corte occupies, as he has not paid anything as yet. When I came in, Corte simply pointed to the body of his daughter, that was all the reply I got. She was very ill when she came; I wonder indeed she lived so long. Of course, I did not press him, and if it is a loss, Messer Nobili is rich enough to bear this. But it is dreadful the way these people owe."

I winced a little, thinking of my own diminished purse, and Ceci continued: "I thought I would come and see you as I went down. It is on my way. The body must be removed to-morrow."

"You will find some difficulty in persuading him to give it a Christian burial.'

"How! Is he a heretic, or a pagan-if so!" "I did not say that. I believe the man to

be mad. "I will see him to-morrow," said Ceci. "I think he will yield to reason. Poor child! He went out, and down the stairs with the step of a young man, and I marveled at the contradictory nature, which could show the kindness it had towards affliction, and at the same time coldly plan to remove a fellowcreature from the world, as one removes a bud from a tree, with a touch of the knife. But Ceci's words had also reminded me again of Corte's need. I stood at the door listening until his footsteps died away, and knew he was gone for the night. Then I pulled out my purse, and looked at its contents; there were two gold crowns left, and a few pauls. I hesitated for a little, but the need of the man upstairs was greater than mine. Drawing off my boots so that there might be no sound, I stole up softly, like a thief, and gained the landing of Corte's room. The door was partly open, and I stood before it for a short while, half afraid to enter. Plucking up heart, I crept in gently. The dead girl lay with her hands crossed on her bosom, still as if cut out of marble, and on her face was fixed a sad little smile. Corte sat on a stool near the table; his head was buried between his hands, and he had given way to silent despair. The dog lay asleep in a corner. I meant to have proffered the gold I had with me, as a loan to Corte, but did not dare to address him in his grief. So placing the coins quietly on the table in such a manner that when he raised his head he must see them, I withdrew as noiselessly as I came, and reached my room without attructing any attention. It was not until the small hours of the morning that I sought my couch, for my mind kept working on the thoughts which agitated me after witnessing the death of Corte's daughter. At the same time, I was able to see that this consideration of the suffering of others was of the greatest benefit to me. It took me out of myself. It showed me that my own were not the only sorrows in the world, and that there might yet be others who had reached a deep of misery as far below that of Corte as his was below mine. This led me on to consider my own position, and I began to think there was some mysterious power that was preventing me carrying out my plan of reprisal against D'Entrangues. I

had come to Florence red-hot on his track.

At our very first meeting he had won the

hazard, and the long illness that followed

gave him chance to put a distance between

us; then my resources diminished whilst yet

nothing was done; When came the doubts

and finally, and not least, there was in me a haunting desire to see Angiola, as I called her to myself, once again. I was pulled by different strings. There was what I called conscience, urging me to give up my schemes of revenge; there was the wild animal in me, telling me to go on; there was a feeling towards a woman, which I had honestly never experienced before, which, despite my struggles against its apparently hopeless folly was entirely overmastering me, until I did not know which way to turn, and to escape from it all decided to leave Florence at once, and then altered my mind again, when I thought of the plot I wished to thwart, and determined to make a last effort to do this, and, if possible, to see Angiola once more before I left. At last I went to sleep, waking very late in the morning. So sound was my slumber that when I awoke I thought at first that the events of the night were nothing more than a dream; but they soon forced themselves on me in their reality, and the fact was emphasized by the sight of the odd pauls, which were now my all, lying on the table. I gathered these up, and proceeded in search of Ceci to ask if he had made any arrangements for the burial; but he was nowhere to be found, and, as I could not bring myself to see Corte then, I resolved to breakfast on fresh air, a diet which, however wholesome, was, I found, certainly not satisfying. I went to the Oricellari Gardens, which were at that time the property of the Rucellai. Here, within the city walls, one found a forest, and under the shade of the huge trees a more miserable being than myself could have spent pleasant hours, and perhaps gained contentment of mind by observing the beauties of nature. It was here that, after the death of Il Magnifico, the Platonic Academy moved its sittings. But the gentlemen who composed it discussed their philosophy with a good dinner, and even the unfortunate who wishes to gain peace of mind in sylvan shades should have a full belt. This fact obtruded itself more and more strongly on me, and I could obtain little relief by the expedient of tightening my swordbelt by a hole or so. Therefore, in despair, I left the beauties of nature to be so good as to look after themselves, and disbursed a half-paul in something to eat, after which I felt able to face the prospect of future starvation with a more serene mind. I passed the day quietly, and in the afternoon Ceci came to tell me all was ready for the burial. He gave me to understand that Carte had listened to reason in the matter of a priest, although I never knew what arguments he had used to effect this. The funeral was much as other pauper burials, and when it was over we walked back together. On our return a man accosted Ceci, who, he said, was his nephew, and they went off together on some business. Had I



only known what I was to be indebted to

Placing the comsquietly on the table.

this gentleman for, shortly, I should have observed him with greater attention. As it happened I gave him but a passing glance, catching a glimpse of a pale face, with strong, clear-cut features, and keen, bright eyes. Corte and I were now alone, and, respecting his grief, I said no word, nor did he speak, as we threaded our way back. Near St. Mark's, Corte suddenly seized my hand, raised it to his lips, and then, turning, fled down a side street and was lost to view. I attempted to follow, fearing that sorrow had totally unhinged his mind, already a little off its balance, and that he would come to injury. My attempt, however, was without avail, and I returned home to disprove the proverb which falsely says that he who sleeps dincs.

The next day I was again favored with a visit from Ceci, and after some allusion to the funeral, he once more broached the subject on which he had sounded me before, and asked for a definite reply. I gave it to him

without hesitation. "Messer Ceci," I said, "whatever my condition may be, you are in error if you think I am a brave. In short, your proposal is an insult, and you owe it to my consideration for your years that I do not fling you out of the room. I have promised you secreey, and therefore cannot do as I would, and that is, lay the matter before the Signory; but I tell you plainly that if I can I will upset your

plan, and now you had better leave me. I had by this thrown everything into the fire; but it was not possible to control myself longer. As for Ceci, he sat for a moment, his eyes staring out of his head with rage, and his white beard fairly bristling. He rose from his scat.

"So, Signor' Donati, this is your answer, is it? Look to yourself, most noble excellency, for those I serve have long reach. There is, however, another thing we have to settle before I go. I shall be obliged by your paying me the sum of three crowns for rent, and other services due to the excellent Messer Nobili."

I was overcome with shame, for I had not the money. "You can take this furniture," I said, "it will pay my dues."

Ceci smiled grimly. "I do not wish to be hard on you, and you know the punishment for debt. I will take the furniture back for two pieces, although it has deteriorated by wear and tear to the value of a florin, and you still owe me one piece. See, signore," and he suddenly changed his tone, "pocket your pride, as as to whether I was justified in my action; many a better man than you has done to fill

his purse. It is but a stroke of your sword we want, and here are ten gold crowns.

'Begone!" I cried, in a rage, and starting up laid my hand on my sword. Ceci instantly drew a dagger from his girdle and faced me with the highest courage. We stood before each other for a second, and then with a laugh he put back his poniard.

"I will give you time," he said. "A whole week-and now leave you to cool. Adieu, most noble excellency!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARZOCCO INN. I tried every available means I could think of to obtain employment, to no avail, and, in the intervals of my fruitless search for work, haunted the streets and gardens, with the hope of obtaining another glimpse of Angiola, but without success. Inch by inch my resources diminished, until they bebecame so small that a blind beggar would have hardly thanked me for the gift of them. I lived in constant dread of Ceci reappearing to demand the sum I owed for my rent, but he did not come. He was evidently giving me time, starving me out to surrender to his terms. I used to see him as I went in and out, sitting in his office like a spider, yet he never even lifted his head as passed. I hated, almost feared, going by that door. Bitterly did I regret not having left Florence when I was able. It was now impossible to do so, unless as a defaulter, and the weight of my paltry debt oppressed me, as if a cannon ball were slung around my neck. I could not leave until I paid it, and of doing this there seemed no prospect. I had parted with my cloak for money to buy food, but the last copper of that was gone, and I was now penniless. For two days I had not eaten anything but a morsel of bread, and on the morning of the third day I rose desperate with hunger, and prepared to go to any lengths to satisfy it. I ate my self-esteem and made another attempt to see La Palisse, but was denied admittance, and when I came back I actually hesitated before the door of Ceci's office, and almost made up my mind to yield, and say I would do his business for him. It required an effort, so low had I sunk, to rouse my pride. At last it flared up, and, with a cheek hot at my weakness, I sought my chamber and there passed the day. The pigeons that lived under the eaves opposite my window, and to whose soft cooing I so often listened with pleasure before, now aroused other thoughts within me. If I could only lure one within reach! But it was impossible, and I glared at them, as they fluttered and flirted with each other, with the hungry eyes of a cat balked of her prey. At last I gave it up and with a curse flung myself on my bed. Fool that I was! Five-and-thirty years should have brought me wisdom. I had stayed on in Florence, allowed my chances of revenge to get more distant, in fact, reached a stage of mind when I was doubtful if I could rightly exact vengeance, drifted into abject poverty, and, worse than that, was continually thinking of a woman, who, when I had rendered her a service, treated me with contempt, who had no doubt forgotten me by this time, amidst her duties, if she had any, and her pleasures, of which I doubt not she had store. So the evening came amidst my reflections and self-reproaches, and, it being dusk, I decided to go forth again, and snatch a purse, if necessary, to obtain food. As I rose an impulse I could not control made me unfasten my money-belt, and search if by chance there was a coin within it. Of course there was not a brown copper, but my fingers, in running up the belt, touched something hard, and I pulled forth, attached to its tag of red ribbon, my cross of St. Lazare, which, it will be remembered, I had placed therein for safety the

it lay in my open palm, with the diamonds in it winking in my face. My whole frame trembled with excitement. Here was the means of freeing myself from debt at once, and of obtaining funds to quit Florence, nay, Europe. At the lowest computation its worth could not have been less than forty crowns, and this at present was wealth to me. What with the effects of the want of food, and the sudden discovery of the cross, I began to feel weak all over, and, flinging the badge on the table, sank down into a chair before it to compose myself. The room was almost dark, and I sat staring at the jewels and at the diamonds on it, which sparkled through the gloom. That little trinket was linked with the one great event of my life. All the past came vividly before my excited brain. I was again in that desperate retreat of Charles of France up the valley of the Taro, with the army of the League in full cry behind us. The old boar Trevulzio commanded the rear guard, disputed every inch of the road, and now and again stood boldy at bay, and gave a taste of his tusks to the duke of Bari, and the fine gentlemen of Venice. It was at this moment that Roderigo Gonsaga made his dash for the height above the junction of the Ceno and the Taro. Trevulzio saw the movement;

night I was imprisoned in the Villa Accolti.

I had clean forgot it in my troubles, and now

at his bridle hand. "Ride for your life," he said, "and tell the king-that." He pointed to the black line of the infantry of Spain moving towards the heights. I was off at once, waiting no secand bidding.

he was powerless to help, and knew that if

it succeeded all was lost. All the time I was

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

No Spare Hours.

Mr. Hayseed (arriving at city hotel) -I s'pose I kin hear the gong here when it rings for dinner, can't 1? Clerk-We have no gong. We have

breakfast from 6 to 11, dinner from 12 to 6, supper from 6 to 11.

Mr. Hayseed-Jehoshaphat! How am I to git time to see the city?-N. Y. Weekly.

Valuables.

Mrs. Pelham-So your home burned down the other night! Did you succeed in saving anything?

Mrs. Harlem-Oh, yes, indeed! My husband dragged out a ton of coal before the cellar caught!-N. Y. Evening Journal.

At the Vaudeville.

"Yes, I lost my watch in the river once, and it kept on running for seven years."

"The watch?" "Nah. The river."-Cincinnati Esquirer.

BRYAN AND TAMMANY.

New York Paper Has a Story of What May Happen When the Nebraskan Visits the East.

New York, Jan. 14 .- In connection with the approaching visit of W. J. Bryan to New York, the Evening Post snys:

It is learned that great effort will be made to get Mr. Bryan to speak, while here, on the lines indicated in recent interviews by Eliot Danforth, chairman of the democratic executive committeethat is, to treat imperialism and trusts as the main issue of the campaign and avoid giving undue prominence to the 16 to 1 issue. Mr. Bryan has made several speeches already on these lines and it is believed that he can be induced to leave free silver in the background while he is in what is called ."the enemy's country.

The dinner to be given to Mr. Bryan by O. H. P. Belmont on January 22 will be sort of preliminary. Many of the party leaders of the state as well as representatives of the Chicago platform democrats will set at the Belmont table and it s said an attempt will be made to bring both wings of the party together in order that a harmonious delegation can be sent to the national convention. Mr. Bryan has given many indications lately that he desires harmony in New York state. He has curbed the enthusiasm of his silver followers here and has shown a disposition to court the favor of Tammany. He has also been in close communication with Eliot Danforth, who has taken on himself the task of harmonizing the party so that Bryan will get New York's electoral votes.

WOULD NOT TAKE THEM IN.

Bryan Says He Would First Give the Fillpinos Independence and Then the Arm of Protection.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 14 .- W. J. Bryan, who passed through Kansas City Saturday on his way to Columbia, Mo., expressed himself as follows:

I have for over a year been discussing imperialism and I have tried to distinguish between such an extension of the nation's limits as would not change the character of the government, and an expansion which would convert a homo-genous republic into a heterogenous empire. I believe that all people are capable of governing themselves, and that the Filipinos should be allowed to govern themselves, but I do not think they are sufficiently advanced to share with us in the government of this nation. Is the Philippine islands are annexed the people there must be either citizens or subjects. I am not willing to admit them as citizens, and do not believe that a republic can have subjects, therefore I want this nation to give them independence and then protect them from outside interference. Each proposed annexation must be considered upon its own merits, but in considering the merits the condition of the people should have more weight than geographical position or commercial advantage.

CRAZED BY ALCOHOL.

Illinois Merchant in a Hospital at St. Louis Commits Suicide After Injuring His Nurse.

St. Louis, Jan. 14.-James House, of Blue Mound, Ill., a patient at Dr. Barton's private sanitarium jumped from a second-story window Saturday and died of his injuries a few hours later. Before making the leap the frenzie man assaulted and seriously injured his nurse, Albert Dehrin, whose condition is critical. It is feared that Dehrin's injuries may result fatally. House was a merchant of Live Mound, Ill. He was brought to St. Louis last Wednesday by his brother-in-law to be treated for alcoholism.

McKINLEY WAS BUSY.

George Dixon, the Negro Prize Fighter Strolled into the White House and Requested to See the President.

Washington, Jan. 14.-George Dixon, the former featherweight champion, who was defeated a few nights ago by Terry McGovern, and Rob Armstrong, who aspires to honors as the heavyweight fighter of the world, strolled into the white house Saturday and requested permission to see the president to pay their respects. The president was busy with a cabinet officer and did not see them.

SAYS THRIFT IS LACKING.

Owner of Georgia Peach and Plum Orchards Tells Why There Is Depression in the Farming Industry.

Washington, Jan. 14.-The industrial commission Saturday heard the testimony of J. H. Hale, of South Glastonbury, Conn., who owns peach and plum orchards in Georgia. He asserted that the lack of thrift was one of the causes for the depressed farming industry. He said negro labor employed on his plantations in Georgia was as cheap and efficient as white labor in New England.

Lenlency to a Woman Thief.

Freeport, Ill., Jan. 14.-Mrs. Kate Cunningham and three daughters, aged 18, 10 and 8 years, were before the police magistrate here, charged with shoplifting. Although they confessed their crime, the merchants who had suffered at their hands declined to prosecute the case, and one even went so far as to give the woman the articles taken from his shop.

Fee to Witness an Execution.

El Paso, Tex., Jan. 14.-A criminal is to be executed in the Cuartel at Juarez within the next few days. The man will be shot inside the walls of the prison. An admittance fee of 25 cents will be charged all persons desiring to witness the execution. The money thus derived will go to the widow of the condemned man.