THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, MAY 19, 1895.

one day to be dining at an English-boarding

house in Batavia. Opposite him at the table were seated two learned gentlemen who had been sent out by the British government to inspect the countries, juing near the equator. His name being mentioned, one of the savans

"Who owns the name of Bergaz?" "I do," responded Louis. "U wonder if you know," said his inter-rogator, "that you bear the same name as a god of Madagacar?"

"Indeed," said Louis, smiling, "I was not aware of the fact."

When the dinner was over, the gentleman

ater of life.

served as the stage on which these mimic ceremonials were performed. Thus a juvenile pestime was utilized to attain an important

Princess Victoria, until she was twelve

A YOUNG PRINCESS.

air presumptive to the throne.

princess learned her real position

lions of pride or grandeur.

boy, I can't let you go for that money. It's PETE'S RABBIT PLANTATION. Mystery of a Reservation That Brought Freedom

and Riches to a Slave.

BY MARIAN BREWSTER.

talkin'

free man.

punishment.

sally.

'bout,'

same all fear and scruples. With a chuckle

retorted Pete.

Now, the hope that hayed up Pete on one day was the intoxicating idea that since

the money was his-his-he might use it to buy his freedom. He could not count the money, but he had handled it over and

over, and he knew that there was a great

deal-enough, he believed, to make him a

IV.

gallery steps.

Certainly not, boy. Speak right out.'

delight he thrust the precious bag under jacket and stole back to the cabin, where

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18

his hand among the cold, hard colns. Then, leaning forward, he let the moonlight play One bright December afternoon in the year upon the glittering wealth. The touch and the sight of the money over 1859 Pete and Jim were out rabbit hunting

in the pincy woods of Arkansas. Pete was the likeliest young negro on the plantation and Jim was the smartest cur dog. Pete, he hid it on a beam under the loose plank being a faithful darky, was allowed considerable liberty, and even at times honored by the loan of Mars John's gun. As for Jim, he had his own way in everything, and whenever Pete, grinning from ear to ear, shouldered the coveled gun and started off for the woods the dog always had a mind to go

a-hunting too. Sooner or later they were always successful, never failing to bring back enough birds, rabbits or squirrels to win a smile from Mars John's wife and the promise of another hunt from the overseer himself.

This afternoon the companions had wandered far over the pine straw, through thickets and along branches, before Jim announced by a shrill bark that he had started a rabbit from its grassy covert. The dog bounded after the bouncing rabbit and Pete followed as fast as his long legs could carry him.

The evergreen needles of the pines were glancing overhead, but the dead leaves had from black-lack and gum bushes, so that Pete could see a long distance between the straight pine steme. But by some mischance his usually nimble feet were caught in the meshes of a dewberry vice and he fell fint just as the rabbit disappeared in the hollow brink of a fallen pine, and had it not been for Jim neither rabbit nor fortune would

ever have been found by him. Jim, however, had been close to the bob-bing trail of the hare and was half way into log himself, the visible half of his body plexity.

quivering with excitement and his tail way ing frantic signs to Pete that he was keeping The overseer's wife was standing in a death watch on the rabbit, while from with-in the hollow tree arose his shrill though doorway, and she watched Pete amiably while he piled the wood on the edge of the gallery. Pete always selected the straightsmothered importunities to the doomed beast

Pete, instantly on his feet again, came Pete, instantly on his feet again, came running with cocked gun, but seeing that the rabbit was sure game. Like the prudent dar-key that he was, he determined to save his shot and secure his game by a simpler method

thanking him. Pete, however, needed no words to assure He cut the straight branch of a holly tree. stripped off the prickly leaves and sharpened him that she was his friend, indeed, his one friend in the world. He looked into her kind face with twinkling eyes and such denly made up his mind to do what he had decided for and against a dozen timesone end of the primitive weapon. Then he pulled Jim from the hole, and, kneeling down, peered into the hollow tree. The aperture was quite dafk, but hardly an arm's length within he perceived a whitis' glitter which he naturally took to be the rabbit. Without a moment's hesitation he thrust in his horney tell her his secret and ask her advice. cordingly, he doffed his ragged cap and hand to grapple with the creature. But to his surprise, stend of meeting with soft fur and sharp teeth, his hand struck a sub-'Well, Pete?'' she said, encouragingly, of considerable hardness that gave forth a sharp metallis jingle.

Instinctively his hands closed on the object and he drew it forth. It was a stout canvas bag of no great size, but of considerable weight, containing shifting metal bits that struck musically together as Pete turned the bag over and over again in his hands.

"Lordy"' muttered Pete, his teeth chatter-ing and his face turning gray with fright,

"dis yea am money, sho." Now Pete had no intimate knowledge of money. Indeed, he had never owned a picamoney. in his life, but he had seen money and handled it, and he could guess some thing of its value from its very scarcity, and preover, that he himself was val-

The first thought that occurred to th lives. Pete carried the wood into the room, and startled darky was that he had found the hoarding place of some white man, perhaps when Miss Sally had followed and closed the hoarding place of some white man, pernaps the overseer himself, and he looked sharply door he revealed his discovery in a half fear through the wools to make sure that he was ful whisper. through the woods to make sure that he was Miss Sally was amazed at the marvellour not observed.

He was about to thrust the money back into | story.

a big sum, but twice the amount wouldn't buy you, come now, tell me what you want your freedom for." The negro shifted uneasily from one foot o the other "Don't they take good care of you down yonder?" persisted the master. 'Yes, mars." "Give you plenty to eat?" 'Yes, mars.' "Work you too hard?" "No, mars." "Have a right easy time of it, on the whole, don't you?" "Yes, mars.

"No, you don't, you fool. You wouldn't know what to do with it if you had it. Now listen, I'm going to do the handsome thing by you. John will let you come up to town ice a week. Come right to my office and I'll make you a present of something to spend. Here, take this coin from the bag to begin with. Don't be afraid to spend it. I'll see to it that people know that you come by it honestly." The master clinked the coin en-

"That is very curious." said Louis, simply, But Pete withheld his and presently the conversation turned into another channel.

Two years had passed away, and business cares had driven the whole affair from the "Yours!" thundered the master, his smile changing to a menacing frown. "See here, you fool nigger, you don't know what you're talking about. What are you honing for, anyway, the world?" and Para

was undergoing repairs, Louis shouldered his gun and started off in search of game. He had proceeded several miles inland when he came to the border of a thick bam boo jungle, and there he beheld a number of natives prostrate before the entrance o a large hut. They were chanting a mo-notonous sort of hymn, the burden of which was the word "Bergaz," pronounced so distinctly that it instantly brought to his remembrance his interview with the philosopher in Batavia.

Recovering from his surprise he stepped forward and peered into the temple, and there in the center of the floor stood the god, florgaz. One glance at it was suffgod. clent to convince him that he was looking at himself in effigy.

The figure was a rude representation of a man in European costume, wearing of his head a wide straw hat. He was stand ing in the attitude of one who intercept a blow, and his right hand was statued with red. The features were not exactly flattering, though in a rough way some attempts had been made at imitation. dress also resembled that worn by Louis at the time of the incident on board the Dido, and around the god's neck was tied a with the initials L. B. in gravat,

ier, which Louis remembered having given As he stood there gazing on his wooden solf a percention of nativas came up and entered the temple. After some minor coremonies, they kindled a fire in a sort of

escap burnt it as a sacrifice to their delty real amid loud acclamation. The wooden image took all this quietly enough, but the original could no longer

preserve his gravity. He burst into a fit laughter, and as a consequence was instantly pounced upon by the offended worshipers With shouts of rage they dragged him into the temple and held a council as to what punishment should be meted out for such a heinous offense. It was finally decided to sacrifice him to their outraged delty, and for this they were making speedy preparations when the loud clashing of cymbals announced

the approach of their chief. At the door this dignitary was met by the enjoyed the privilege of looking upon a scrilegious conduct of the stranger. Wit wooden image of himself, surrounded by wor-shipers humbly kneeling before it with and seeing a Malayan creese rushed forwar prayer and burnt offering. The true story of that remarkable happening runs as fol-With with and seeing a Malayan creese rushed forward to take vengeance upon the offender, when Louis leaped up and faced him. Instantly there followed cries of mutual recognition and surprise, and the next moment Neptune was once again embracing the feet of his nevernever saw that before." princess," I answered.

to-be-forgotten protector. "Why, Neptune, what is all this?" asked



aprons for dolls of five or six inches, deli-cately finished off with tiny bows. Pocket handkerchiefs not more than half an inch square, with initials embroidered in red silk to subdue the violence of her emotion, she laid her head upon her mother's shoulders and sobbed sloud. It has been said that the princess seldom appeared in court. She was seen at two or and open hemmed. There are chatclaines of white and gold beads, so minute that they

hree drawing rooms and occasionally at the almost slip out of one's hand. The definess theater. In 1835 she witnessed the Ascot of the little fingers, the amount of patience, the care, the attention, the precision, the races with the royal family; she was just 16. beaming with youth, health and happiness, of extreme nicety lavished by the youthful fash-foner of these dainty trosseaus strike one middle weight, in short, a real May flower, as she had been surnamed by her grandmother of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Her fair hair was braided in Clotilde bands (the ancient style with astonishment. We evoke the scenes which excited her imagination, and in these of the Plantagenet queens), which became the childish achievements we see the same qualities of self-control, steadfastness of pur-pose and womanliness which have constantly contour of her face exceedingly well. She wore a rose-colored broche satin dress with been exercised by Queen Victoria in the thepelerine cape trimmed with black lace, and a large pink hat. N. P. Willia, the American TOUCHING HER COURT ETIQUET. writer, who was present at the races, wrotat the time: During one of the intervals I walked under the king's stand and saw very Baroness Lehzen had the happy thought of turning the dolls to account, and by their

distinctly the young Princiss Victoria. She is much better looking than any picture of means to initiate her pupil in the forms and ceremonies of the court. Receptions and pre-sentations were rehearsed by the numerous retinue of puppets dressed in full court costumes, with feathers and lappets. A her in the shops, and for the heir to such crown as that of England, unnecessarily pretty and Interesting. long board full of pegs which fitted into holes pierced in the feet of the little manniking A PRETTY ACT OF GENEROSITY.

She was already popular and received with acclamation whenever she appeared as soon as she was recognized. Pretty anecdotes are told of her kindness. One day, for instance end in education, and the future queen and empress learned unconsciously to perform with ease and grace the functions of her high at a jeweler's where she had gone to make some purchases, she was kept some little time waiting, as the attendant was busy with mother young lady who wanted a gold chain At last she chose one and asked its price, or hearing which a look of disappointment over

spread her face. "It is too dear," she said. "I cannot afford it," and decided on taking When she was gone the a cheaper one. princess asked the shopman if he knew her. and being answered in the affirmative, she said: "Send her the chain she admires and say that the Princess Victoria wishes her acceptance of it for her silf-control in resisting temptation of buying what she could not afford.

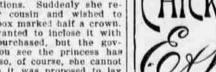
The young princess could quite appreciate the moral courage required to declare "I can-not afford it," for she herself had sometimes een obliged to utter the same words. For some years the duchess of Kent was left in somewhat poor circumstances, and but for the help of her brother, Prince Leopold, would often have been embarrassed. Consequently the household arrangements were of necessity conducted with scrupulous order and strict economy. The princess had her allowance and was expected to make it suffice. At a

bazaar held at Tunbridge Wells in 1837, she opent all her pocket monsy in presents for her friends and relations. Suddenly she reremembered another cousin and wished to buy for him a little box marked half a crown. The bazaar people wanted to inclose it with years old, utterly ignored her prospect of the other articles purchased, but the gov-erness said "no. You see the princess has So far her was intent on guarding her from nonot the money, and so, of course, she cannot buy the box." Then it was proposed to lay it aside until purchased, and no sooner did She was nine yars old when Sir Walter Scott was one day invited to dine with the duchess of Kent. He made the following entry in his journal: "Presented yesterday to the Princess Victoria. This little lady is quarter day come around than the princess mounted her donkey, claimed the box and bore it away in triumph.

It is not to be wondered at if in later years order and judicial economy were the rule in the royal household. The queen gave proof of her sense of honor and justice as room as she came to the throne. "I want to pay all to the Princess Victoria. This little hady is edeuated with much care and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper 'You are helr of England.' I suspect if we could dissect 'the little heart we should find some bird of the air has carried the matter.'" Sir Walter was mistaken and three more years were to elapse ere the princess barnad her real nomition. that remains of my father's debis," said she to Lord Mellbourne. "I must do it; I con-sider it a sacred duty." The prime minister said that the earnestness and directness of that good daughter's manner, when sqeaking REALIZATION OF HER GREAT ESTATE.

The queen herself has placed before her of her father, brought tears to his eyes subjects a letter written by Baroness Leh-zen and which shows how it happened. "I Parliament at last voted £10,000 a year for he maintenance and education of the princess ask your majesty's permission to cite som and when, in 1837, she attained her leg majority, the king offered her another £10,00 remarkable words of your majesty when only twelve years old, while the regency bill was

> a the stipulated conditions. Such was the princess who, on the 20th of une, 1837, ascended the throne of England.



a year from his privy purse, if she would in progress. I then said to the duchess o Kent that now, for the first time, your maj consent to his appointing the officers of her establishment, her proud and independent spirit revealed itself in declining the money esty ought to know your place in the suc cession. Her royal highness agreed with me and put the genealogical table in the historical book. When Dr. Davys was gone the Princess Victoria opened the book again. and seeing the additional paper, said:



RHEUMATIC TWINGES.

Dr. Humphreys statement last week that Rheu matism is caused by uric acid In the blood of casioned much discussion, the popular theory having been that cold, dampness and intemper-ate living were the causes instead of only aggravating the symptoms, The blog that the imperfect action of the kidneys was the real cause and that the use of No. 15 opened the clogged ducts, permitted the secretions to pass off, relief and comfort following as a natural result, was so reasonable that sufferers seized it with avidity, and many a twinge of Rheun tism. Sciatica and Lumbugo was escaped the use of HUMPHREYS' SPISCIFIC No. 15. escaped by No. 15 cures Rheumatism, Acute and Chronic; ambage, Sciatica and every form of Rheumatic alts. Scover ess, Stiffness and Lam If you will carry and take No. 15 you will encape all Rheumatic twinges

ALL PRAISE THEM.

Robert W. Kirwin, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I ant to tell the people what benefit I have found in Humphreys' Specifics. My mother need No. 15 for Rheumatism and got immediate relief. There is no medicine I have ever used like the Specifics. I have recommended them to all my friends and all praise them highly."

GREAT SUCCESS,

T. K. Willis, Anaconda, Mont., writes: "I have used Humphreys' Specific No. 15 for Rheumatism with great success."

RECOMMENDS THEM TO ALL

J. N. Anderson, of Philadelphia, writes: "Have used Humphreys' Specifics for a long time and recommond them to all I meet. No. 15 cured me of Rheumatiam." KIDNEY Diseases-Gravel, Calculi, Thick, Un-

ealthy Discharges; Difficult, Painful Urination,

URINARY Diseases-Incontinence, Too Freuent, Painful or Scalding Urination; Wetling he Bed, cured by "25."

DYSPEPSIA-Indig-stion, Weak Stomach and all 'forms of Billiousness are cured by Dr. Humphrey's Specific No. 10. MEDICAL BOOK-Dr. HUMPHREYS' Specific

nual of all diseases mailed free, Sold by druggists or sent on receipt of price

or 5 for \$1. (May be assorted.) HUMPH-REYS' MEDICINE COMPANY, corner of William and John streets, New York.



PATRONIZE

By purchasing goods made at the following Nebrasks factories. If you cannot find what you want, communicate with the manufacturers as to what dealers handle their goods:

BAGS, BURLAP AND TWINE.

BEMIS OMAHA BAG CO.

Manufacturers of all kinds of cotton & burlap bags, cotton flour sacks & twine a specialty 614 616-618 S. 11th-st.

Manufacturers of Preston's California Flakes,

(Copyright, 1895.) Few indeed are the experiences in this vidual, in this nineteenth century at least, has high priest, who made known to him the

armful of that wood into my room, Pete, and build me a good fire," she ordered in a loud and matter of fact tone. Then, turning upon the other negrees, she cried sharply: "What do you shiftless niggers mean by lows:

another, were loitering near. "Just fetch an

His strange moods were the wonder of the licingly and proffered it to the slave, with a other darkys, "I 'clars to goodness, Pete, dar ain't no 'I 'clars to dose days. Sometime yo ent smile. hand and shrank back. countin' on yo' dese days. Sometime yo stalks about wid yo' head up in de sir lai yo 'is Lord of all creatures, an' doan wan' to "The money bag am all mine, Mars," be faltered. "Yours!" thundered the master, his smill speak to common folkses. Odder days yo' des sneaks erroun' lak a thief and dasn't lif' yo' eyes to look yo' ole frien's in de face. Wat alls yo' is mo' dan dis niggañ ken mek out." "I reckon yo' ali baun' ter mek up yo' min's 'bout dat carlosify 'thout any he'p from me, Aunt Jane, fo' I doan know wat yo' is tolkin' 'baut'

"I wants my freedom, Mars," said Pete sullenly "Well, go on wanting it," roared his man ter, brutally, "and go on wanting this money

He chucked the rejected coin back into the bag, which he tiel with an energetic twitch a of the string and carried toward the safe. Peter's mien suddenly changed. From wed darky he straightened up a strong and The mist of abjec letermined man. The mist of abject fear hat had clouded his eyes was burned away

On the other hand, the burden that bowed by the fire of manhood and darlug. The prick of resentment had freed the struggling soul. him down in other days was the haunting fear that he would be found secreting this With one impulse the intellect hurst through fabulous treasure, that it would be taken from him and that he would receive dire the veil of suppression and the man threw off

the chackles of elavery. With a quick blow of his fist Pete struck his master senseless. He selzed his money bag from the slackened grasp and stalked Now that Aunt Jane had betraved the curiosity of the negroes he knew that there would be no rest in the quarters until his with proud and defiant step from the room. No one noticed him as he passed through secret had been ferreted out and betrayed. He went on his way to the great house the building to the street. His was a familiar figure and he was known as a meek and

with his load of light wood, his face drawn with fear and his eyes full of dread and per rusted servant. Not until afterward, when his master, havng recovered his senses, came clamoring orth in search of him, did people remember

that, about an hour before, they had seen him mount his mule and ride leisurely away oward the plantation. And that was the last seen of Pete in the

parts. For though they searched for him far and wide they never could drive the wily woodsman from his lurking place nor trail him far through the swamps, and, at last, it was generally supposed that he had with his fortune to the north. His discretly held her peace and refrained from

whereabouts, however, was never discovered and the disappearance of the money bag remains as great a mystery as its first appear nce in the hollow log.

THE IDOLIZED FRENCHMAN. A Strange Tale of Madagascar,

By George Westley

"Ise got somefin in my min' wat I wants to ax yo' 'about, Miss Sally, ef yo' ain't got no 'jections to listenin' at me," stammered

Pete hesitated and looked about uneasily. "Hit's a secret, ef yo' doan' min', Miss "Oh," said Miss Sally, glancing at the curious-eyed darkeys who, on one pretext or

world that have never been duplicated. One of these few, however, must certainly be laced to the credit of the young Frenchman, ouis Bergaz, for certainly no other indi-

loafing around here? Go about your business this minute or I'll call up Mars' John and

took from his valise a scientific journal which contained one of his artcles. Marking a passage, he handed it over to Louis, who "Then you don't want your freedom." read as follows: "It is a mistake to believe that the Malagasys worship the devil, and that they have at Tienlingua a tree conse-crated to the Evil One. They have but one temple, dedicated to the god Bergaz (beer, well or source, in the Chaldean, and gaz, light, in the Malagasy tongue). To this divinity they are ardenity devoted, and at stated periods they offer him the sacrifice of a cock, as the ancient Greeks did to Aescu-

lapius

instence and his own hunter's instinct im-pelled him to secure the tabbit. To do this was the work of a short moment. Then hav-ing pushed the bag to where he had found it he took to his heels. II.

Pete did not return immediately to the plantation. He was too agitated by his dis-povery to dare to look a white man in the "Dear, dear," said Saily, nervously. "If He wandered about the woods until he had treed a squirrel and his shaken wits had been somewhat composed by the natural excitement of securing it.

However, the darky was so disturbed by the consciousness of his secrets that the marks of trouble were on his face when he went to the great house to put up the gun and present the rabbit and the squirrel to

overseer's wife. liss Sally, being a woman of discernment Miss Sally. as well as of great good nature, added an ously. extra dimple to her genial face and asked "'If you want to do that," she said, after

"What ails you, Pete? Do you want a hot toddy

No, thankee, Miss Sally," replied Pete, shifting his eyes and hanging his head. "You look so down in the mouth and un-natural like, I 'lowed you might be sick,"

said the good woman. Pete raised his eyes and looked at her wist

ly. He had a half notion to confide in then and there, but some undefined fear de him hesitate and he shrunk away more fully. with the air of a thief than a lucky fortune

He thought the matter all over in the darkness of his cabin that night, and de-cided to wait and watch. If anyone should go to the hollow tree, why, he would shun that part of the woods as if it were haunted, but if, on the contrary, nobody claimed the treasure, then it was his, sure. His! A throb of emotion shock the strong frame of the black man as the new idea entered his mind. Never in his life had he owned a thing, not even the jack knife that he car-ried in his pocket. His absolute depend-ence, the fact that he himself and all that pertained to him belonged to the master, was so inbred in his nature and so em-phasized by training that the thought of posession-and of such untold wealth-was sendous shock to him.

"Howsomever, I recken hit's dat away. If 'taint nobody elses, an' nobody cara't get



hit "thout I gives hit to 'em, den obcose hit's mine. Mine! mine!" he muttered over and over to himself. III.

The next day Pete went about his work in a strange state of cestacy that called down upon him the railiery of the other negrors, and every now and then his lips would move in silent repetition of the precious words:

In silent repetition of the precious words: But, although the dignity of the possession waxed large within him. Pete did not gain courage to disturb the treasure for two long weeks. He watched the hollow pine tree with zealous eyes, haunting the region by day and by night, whenever he could leave the plantaby highl, whenever he could heave the planta-tion without exciting suspicion, but neither tradden pine straw nor broken burr nor bended grass indicated to his keen gaze the coming or going of any human creature. One moonlight night, having stolen forth

the tree, and after many glances about, again drew forth the heavy bag. Seated in the long

have you all whipped within an inch of your

"Yes'm," agreed Pete, "But a'l de rig-gers at de quarters done got scent of sometin

"Dear, dear," said Sally, nervously. "If that is the case you must bring the bag into the house and let me hide it for you, I

"Yes'm," said Pete, meckly. Then he stammered, his voice husky and his words broken, for it was the first time that he had even ventured to articulate the fluttering hope that had stirred his timid heart. "I 'low how mebby I ken buy my freedom wi' dat bag ob' money."

Miss Sally started and looked at him curi-

a moment's reflection, "you're bound to tell your master all about that money, how you came by it and all, and you'll be running a risk-a great risk." she repeated impres-sively, "of losing every cent of it."

"Yes'm," assented Pete, with bowed head. Miss Sally looked at him compassionately, "After all," she said, considerately, "perhaps that is the safest thing for you to do. You can take the chance. If you succeed, well and good; if your master refuses to give you freedom and takes the money from you, why I reckon you won't be any worse off than you are now, for there's no way for you to get the good of the money, so far as I can see, without exciting suspicion. you say so, 171 speak to Mars' John first and see what he advises."

Pete worked his great hands nervously. Just now a greater fear of the money than

love of it was upon him. "I reckon hit's bound to git me into trouble ef I keeps it." he muttered uncer-tainly. "I wants my freedom. Ef I can't git dat, dar ain't nuffin dat. I does want no-

"Well, then I'll speak to Mars' John, shall " asked Miss Sally, encouragingly, "Yes'm, Miss Sally, I reckon."

"Youd' better bring the money in as soon a you have a chance," advised Miss Sally. "Yes'm, I'se boun' bring dat money to you

tonight." said Peter, and he went back to his work with an air of intense relief. "Why doesn't the idiot take his money

stupid head." She did nothing of the sort, however, but

nformed her husband of the strange story as soon as he came in from the plantation. The overseer, being a man of more sense than sentiment said at once that the money must be turned over to his employer, Pete's naster.

When Pete brought the money into the use the overseer counted the gold and the silver coins, which were sterling United States money, and announced that there was the round sum of \$11,000, considerably more, Pete had wit enough to know, than the sum at which he was valued.

The next morning, with the money in his saddle bags and Pete on an old mule, in his wake, Mars John rode to town and delivered the money to Pete's owner. He told the story of its discovery, stating, in accordance with the promise made to his wife, the desire of the negro to purchase his freedom. The master, who was a keen-headed north-

ern man, examined the coins curiously. "I shouldn't be surprised," he said, "if this were the very money that the govern-ment paid to the Indians for the reservation where my plantation lies. The red rascals not knowing the value of money, probably stored it out of their way in that hollow tree. Howsee what comes of that there'll be time ever, I'il advertise the money, and when we him.

enough to talk of other things." Time passed and no claimant came for the mysterious bag. After a reasonable period of waiting the

master summaned Pete to come to town for an interview. "So, boy," he began, amilingly, when the trembling negro stood before him, "you think you're worth \$11,000, do you?"

"Yes, Mars," faitered Pete. The master looked him over critically. "A

impat

his life

1895

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

the vessel was becalmed, and so long did she remain in this condition that the supply of meats, fruits, checolate, flour and other pro-visions began to get low, and the passengers and orew had to be put on short allowance. Of the live stock there remained nothing save a patriarchal rooster, who spent most of his time perched on the rail mourning over

tonight.' said Peter, and he went back to his work with an air of intense relief. "Why doesn't the idiot take his money and run," muttered Miss Sally to herself. "I had half a mind to put the idea into his stupid head." She did nothing of the sort, however, but fell beneath the cruel hatchet of Neptune

the cook. The Neptune was a Madagascar negro, fairly intelligent fellow, with, however, an amazing fondness for napping. And it is one of his naps that is responsible for this story. As the savory odor of the sizzling rooster

penetrated the ship, the hungry passengers could scarcely restrain their impatience. a sort of tacit arrangement, they had all re-mained in the cabin, keeping each other in sight, leat some of them should be tempted to seize the luscious bird with violent hands.

All of a sudden their sense of smell telegraphed the alarming message that all was not right, and simultaneous with this dispatch there came a cry of terror and despair the caboose. At this all hands rushed on deck to find the unfortunate Neptune ringing his hands in agony and affright, for while he slumbered at his post, lo, the precious fowl had burned to a cinder.

Naturally, the disappointment and anger of the passengers was very great, but it was not to be compared with that of the mate. A passionate man at the best of times, hungor now converted him into a flend. Utter-ing a fearful oath, he seized a large knife and made a leap for the cowering creature before

"Dont' kill him! don't kill him!" sturdy young fellow, and he rushed forward just in time to save the negro from the descending stroke. In doing so, however, he re-ceived a severe wound in the wrist, from which the blood streamed copiously.

The murderous mate was seized by the crew and disarmed, and Neptune, realizing that his life was saved, kissed and embraced the feet of his protector, until he had to be

dragged away. That young man was one of the passengers, and his name was Louis

earn even Latin. My aunts Augusta and Mary never did, but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it, but I understand all better now." and the princess again gave me he hand, repeating, "I will be good."

"It was not thought necessary you should

"I see I am nearer the throne than

After some moments the princess observed; "Now, many a child would boast, but they

don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility."

The princess having lifted up the forefinger

of her right hand while she spoke, gave me

that little saving: "I will be good. I un-

derstand now why you urged me so much to

"So it is, madam." I said.

thought.'

A STUDIOUS YOUNG GIRL.

The queen in her journal states that she cried much after making this discovery, from which dates a new era in Princess Victoria's life. Her studies were to be, if possible broadened and deepened. She already spoke English, French, German and Italian fluently. She read Virgil with ease. She was studying Greek and mathematics, and about the same time she began the study of the English con-stitution under the direction of Mr. Amos, a gentleman deeply versed in the subject. Neither were accomplishments neglected

Dancing she learned with Madame Bowdin music with De Sale, drawing and painting with Mr. Westale, who said had she not been with Mr. Westale, who said had she not been destined to become queen of England, she might have been the first lady artist of the period. In after days the queen told her old master that her pencil was a source of great delight to her, and, when fatigued by severer studies, it was always refreshment to her mind to devote an hour to drawing. It is well known that wherever she goes, she carries an album with her and sketches all

views and objects of interest. The same with music. She sang with Lablache and acquired great proficiency. Her voice was a rich and flexible mezzo-soprano. A GREAT MUSICIAN'S EXPERIENCE. When Mendelssohn visited England in 1842,

and went to Buckingham palace. "the one English house," he said facetiously, "really pleasant and thoroughly comfortable where one feels a son aise," he was agreeably sur-prised at the great musical talent of the queen and Prince Albert.

"I thought to myself," said he, "one must not pay too many compliments," but he found he could pay them with the best conscience n the world. It was quite a pretty familia acene.

When the queen entered the room when

the prince and the great composer were play-ing together on the new organ, she ex-claimed: "Goodness! what confusion!" The wind had blown the music leaves all about the room, all three knell down to pick them up; then Mendelssohn asked the queen whether she would sing something for him. Yes, she would, "but the parrot must be ex-cook of the Dido. As soon as she was seated on the throne she lifted her brother carried out first, or else he will screech louder than I shall sing," and the two men from his lowly position and gave him ab-solute authority over the small province of carried the great cage out. Then the queer sang charmingly some of Mendelssohn's songs, and as he complimented her, she said: "If only I had not been so fright-ened; generally I have such long breath." It was in spite of fright one of the things Neptune's first act of chieftanship was to ndeavor to manifest his gratitude to his reserver, and so he had the god Bergaz set p, and made the sacrifice thereunto to be a rocater, in remembrance of the inciner-ated critter that had so nearly cost him the composer had admired.

> training of the future queen, introduced at the time when she became aware of her pros-pects, was the appointment of the dowager ducheas of Northumberland as her instructress in matters relating to state coremonies. (Of course the religious education of Princess Victoria was most carefully attended to. The bible was read to her as soon as she could understand its teachings.)

It was deemed only advisable that she should not attend the parish church, where she was the object of too much attention from the congregation, so Dr. Davys used to preach every Sunday morning in the chapel of the palace for the princesses, and Princess Victoria was expected to give her mother an account of the sermon after church. One Sunday Dr. Davys had chosen for his text: "Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." His young pupil asked him after church: "Do not men reap anything but what they sow?" "They may reap something else," answered he, "I they allow some one to come and sow tare they allow some one to come and sow tare amongst their wheat." "Ah! I know wh that some one is," said the princess, "and I must keep him at hand's length." "A arm's length, only, your royal highness." "Well, if I keep him there, he won't de "Ah! I know who much harm," was the prompt reply.

the passengers, and his name was Louis Bergaz. A day or two after this episode, a breeze aprang up and the Dido soon arrived at her destination. Four years later, Louis Bergaz happened

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placed in great order; they had even their archives, which showed the care and atten-tion the royal little mistress lavished on her lilliputian subjects. These records are to be found in an ordinary copy book, now yellow with years, on the inside cover of which is

written in a childish, straggling, but deter-mined hand: 'List of my dolls.' Then fol-lows in delicate feminine writing the name of each doll, by whom it was dressed, and generally, though not always, the personage it represented." of the 132 dolls preserved, the queen (with

HER OFFICIAL EDUCATION. An important change in respect to th

od and Official Education of One o the Great Sovereigns of Europe. By Marie Dronsart, suthor of the "Life of Bismarck" and "Life of Gladstone." Copyright Dolls were Princess Victoria's favorite playthings, and until she was 14 occupied her imagination and her fingers considerably. Perhaps they filled in some sort the vold of

her companionless childhood. When she was taken to the theater her dolls were dressed and named after the personages represented in the play, court ladies, a few gentlemen theatrical personages and babies.

"Her favorites," writes the queen's late private secretary. Sir Henry Ponsonby, "were small wooden dolls, ugly Dutch dolls, which she could dress according to her fancy; they had a house, in which they were

On the 30th of August, 1835, the princess was confirmed by the archbishop of Can-terbury, assisted by the bishop of London, in the chapel royal of St. James. She ex-hibited great sensibility during the pa-

