In the New York home of James Brood, his son, Frederic, receives a wireless from him. Frederic tells Lydia Desfrom him. Frederic tells Lydia Des-mond, his flancee, that the message an-bounces his father's marriage, and orders Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, to prepare the house for Lydia's mother, to prepare the house for an immediate home-coming. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood met in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. Mrs. Brood is startled by the appearance of Ranjab. Brood's Hindu servant. She makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearances and disappearances, and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranger of in magic, fears unknown evil. Ran-b performs feats of magic for Dawes jab performs feats of magic for Dawes and Riggs. Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman" who was unfaithful to him. Yvonne plays with Frederic's infatuation for her. Her husband warns her that the thing must not go on. She tells him that he still loves his dead wife, whom he drove from his home, through her. Yvonne. Yvonne plays with Brood, Frederic and Lydia as with figures on a chess board. Brood, madly jealous, tells Lydia that Frederic is not his son, and that he has brought him up to kill his happiness at the proper time with this knowledge. ne proper time with this knowledge, rederic takes Lydia home through a eavy storm and spends the night at her other's house.

## CHAPTER XII-Continued

"She was jealous. She admitted it, dear. If I don't mind, why should you Incur-

"Do you really believe she-she loves the governor enough to be as jealous at all that?" he exclaimed, a curious gleam in his eyes-an expression she did not like.

"Of course I think so," she cried emphatically. "What a question! Have you any reason to suspect that she does not love your father?"

"No-certainly not," he said in some confusion. Then, after a moment: "Are you quite sure this headache of yours is real, Lyddy? Isn't it an excuse to stay away from-from Yvonne. after what happened last night? Be honest, dear."

She was silent for a long time. weighing her answer. Was it best to be honest with him?

"I confess that it has something to do with it." she admitted. Lydia could not be anything but truthful.

"I thought so. It's-it's a rotten shame, Lyddy. That's why I want to a chance?" talk to her. I want to reason with her. It's all so perfectly silly, this misunderstanding. You've just got to go on as you were before, Lyddy-just as if head, Freddy, dear?" she asked It hadn't happened. It-"

"I shall complete the work for your or three days more will see the end. months. I've just got to end it, Lyddy. e will be required over

"You don't mean to say-" he began. anbelievingly.

"I can think of them just as well here as anywhere else. No; I sha'n't annoy Mrs. Brood, Freddy." It was on the tip of her tongue to say more, but she thought better of it.

"They're going abroad soon." he ventured. "At least, that's father's plan. Yvonne isn't so keen about it. She calls this being abroad, you know. Besides," he hurried on in his eagerness to excuse Yvonne, "she's tremendously fond of you. No end of times she's said you were the finest-" Her smile—an odd one, such as he had never seen on her lips before-checked his eager speech. He bridled. "Of course, if you don't choose to believe me, there's nothing more to be said. She meant it, however."

"I am sure she said it, Freddy," she hastened to declare. "Will she be pleased with our-our marriage?" It required a great deal of courage on her part to utter these words, but she was determined to bring the true situation home to him.

He did not even hesitate, and there was conviction in his voice as he replied. "It doesn't matter whether she's pleased or displeased. We're pleasing ourselves, are we not? There's no one else to consider, dear."

there was wonder in them. "Thank theyou-thank you, Freddy," she cried. "I-I knew you'd-" "The sentence said, quietly, laying her hand on his. remained unfinished.

your mind?" he asked, uneasily, after But don't you think you are a bit cowa moment. He knew there had been ardly?" misgivings and he was ready, in his self-abasement, to resent them if given the slightest opening. Guilt made him arrogant. "No," she answered simply.

The answer was not what he expected. He flushed painfully.

got a notion in your head that-" He, than anything else in all the world. too, stopped for want of the right mitting the egregious error of letting | dear?" her see that it had been in his thoughts to accuse her of jealousy. She waited for a moment. "That I might have got the notion in my head don't blame you. But I want you now-

that what you started to say?"

"I've been unhappy at times, Freddy, strong and brave and enduring. I am but that is all," she said, steadily. adrift. I need you."

you know it yourself."

He stared. "I wonder just how honest I am," he muttered. "I wonder what would happen if- But nothing can happen. Nothing ever will happen. Thank you, old girl, for saying what you said just now. It's-it's bully of you."

He got up and began pacing the floor. She leaned back in her chair, deliberately giving him time to straighten out his thoughts for himself. Wiser than she knew herself to be, she held back the warm, loving words of encouragement, of gratitude, of belief.

But she was not prepared for the impetuous appeal that followed. He threw himself down beside her and grasped her hands in his. His face seemed suddenly old and haggard, his eyes burned like coals of fire. Then, for the first time, she had an inkling of the great struggle that had been going on inside of him for weeks and weeks.

"Listen, Lyddy," he began, nervously, "will you marry me tomorrow? Are you willing to take the chance that I'll be able to support you, to earn

"Why, Freddy!" she cried, half starting up from the couch. She was dumfounded. "Will you? Will you? I mean it.

he went on, almost arrogantly. He was very much in earnest, but alas, the fire, the passion of the importunate lover was missing. She shrank back into the corner of the couch, staring at him with puzzled

eyes. Comprehension was slow in arriving. As he hurried on with his plea she began to see clearly; her sound, level brain grasped the insignificance of this sudden decision on his part.

"There's no use waiting, dear. I'll must." never be more capable of earning a living than I am right now. I can go and I-I think I can make good. God be-" knows I can try hard enough. Brooks says he's got a place there for me in going away in a couple of weeks. much at first, but I can work into a fallpretty good-what's the matter? Don't you think I can do it? Have you no Lyddy, I'll-" faith in me? Are you afraid to take

She had smiled sadly-it seemed to him reprovingly. His cheek flushed. ly. "And next fall will see us mar-"What has put all this into your ried, so-shrewdly.

His eyes wavered. "I can't go on After that, neither my services nor You don't understand-you can't, and the movement did not escape Lydia.



"Will You Marry Me Tomorrow?"

Her eyes were full upon his, and there isn't any use in trying to explain

"I think I do understand, dear," she "I understand so completely that there "Has there ever been a doubt in isn't any use in your trying to explain.

"Cowardly?" he gasped, and then the blood rushed to his face.

"Is it quite fair to me-or to yourself?" He was silent. She waited for a moment and then went on resolutely. "I know just what it is that you are afraid of, Freddy. I shall and lifeless to him. "I-I thought perhaps you'd-you'd marry you, of course. I love you more But are you quite fair in asking me words to express himself without com- to marry you while you are still afraid.

"Before God, I love no one else but you," he cried, earnestly. "I know Lydia?" what it is you are thinking and I-1 I need you now. I want to begin a other end of the wire. "Are you the lost time." She was plainly nerv-"Yes," he confessed, averting his new life with you. I want to feel there?" that you are with me-just you-

"You see, I know how honest you "If you insist, I will marry you to- do you?"

"No," she said. Then, with a low made it absolutely imperative for her and not without misgivings. "I should morrow, but you cannot-you will not ask it of me, will you?" laugh: "You may be excused for the to act without delay. "But you know I love you," he cried. day, my son. Your father and I have

There isn't any doubt in your mind, been discussing the trip abroad." Lyddy. There is no one else, I tell "I think I am just beginning to un-

believe there are many women who

That's really what all this amounts

stand alone. Wait. Five minutes-

of me, Freddy dear, you were floun-

dering in the darkness, uncertain

of the things you could not see. You

looked for some place in which to hide.

The flash of light revealed a haven of

refuge. So you asked me to-to marry

clasped tightly in both of hers. He

was looking at her with a frank ac-

"Are you ashamed of me, Lyddy?"

"No," she said, meeting his gaze

steadily. "I am a little disappointed,

that's all. It is you who are ashamed."

"I am," said he, simply. "It wasn't

"Love will endure. I am content to

"You will be my wife no matter

"Angry? Why should I be angry

with you, Lyddy? For shaking some

sense into me? For seeing through

me with that wonderful, far-sighted

her close. "You dear, dear Lyddy!"

Neither spoke for many minutes. It

"You must promise one thing, Fred-

with your father. I could not bear

His jaw was set. "I don't intend to

"Promise me you will wait. He is

"I'll do my part," he said, resigned-

The telephone bell in the hall was

laughed mirthlessly

edly, but she interrupted him.

timid creatures, and then:

"Yes, I'll stay if you'll let me."

he said, wistfully. "We'll find some-

She went to the telephone. He

CHAPTER XIII.

Two Women.

Frederic had the feeling that he

Almost the first words that Yvonne

directly upon his own previously

"Have you and Lydia made any

plans for the afternoon?" she inquired.

He made haste to declare their inten-

promise.'

summons.

recital-"

thing to do."

the 'phone."

ashamed.

"Yes"

wait," she said, with a wistful smile.

what happens? You won't let this

"You are not angry with me?"

on my knees to you. I could-"

was she who broke the silence.

knowledgement growing in his eyes.

he asked. It was confession.

make any difference?"

to, isn't it, Freddy?"

ingly.

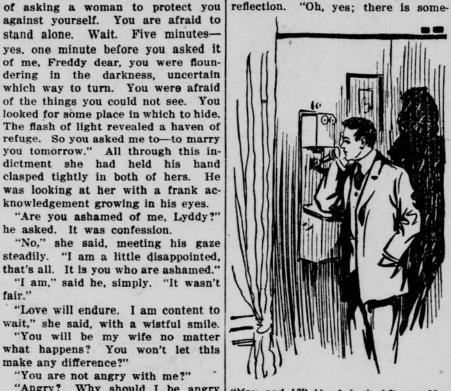
"I thought you-you were opposed to going." "I've changed my mind. As a mat-

derstand men," she remarked enig- ter of fact, I've changed my heart." "You speak in riddles." He looked up sharply. "And to won-She was silent for a long time. der why they call women the weaker "Frederic, I want you to do something | you here?" for me. Will you try to convince

"Yes," she said so seriously that the Lydia that I meant no offense last wry smile died on his lips. "I don't night when I-" "She understands all that perfectly, would ask a man to be sorry for them. Yvonne."

"No, she doesn't. A woman wouldn't

understand." "By jove!" he exclaimed, wonder-"In what way?" There was a pause. "No woman "You are a strong, self-willed, chiv- likes to be regarded as a fool," she alrous man, and yet you think nothing said at last, apparently after careful



thing else. We are dining out this brain of yours? Why, I could go down evening." "You and I?" he asked after a mo

He clasped her in his arms and held | ment. "Certainly not. Your father and I. drug habit. I was about to suggest that you dine Mrs. Brood met her at the top of with Lydia-or better still, ask her the stairs. She was but half-dressed. over here to share your dinner with Her lovely neck and shoulders were

eric. For my sake, avoid a quarrel you.' He was scowling. "Where are you that. You will promise, dear? You going?"

"Going? Oh, dining. I see. Well," slowly, deliberately, "we thought it would be great fun to dine alone at I have been so lonely. One cannot find a way. I-" quarrel with him, but if I am to reinto the office with Brooks any day main in his house there has got to Delmonico's and see a play after read the books they print nowadays. ward." "What play are you going to see?"

he cut in. She mentioned a Belasco girl and Lydia was surprised to find the bond department. It won't be When he returns-later on-next production. "Well, I hope you enjoy that it was warm and full of a gentle it, Yvonne. By the way, how is the governor today? In a good humor?" "Oh, if it really distresses you, There was no response. He waited must have been the light from the "It does distress me. I want your for a moment and then called out: 'Are you there?"

"Good-by," came back over the wire. He started as if she had given him a slap in the face. Her voice was cold above them. Mrs. Brood glanced over and forbidding.

When Lydia rejoined him in the sit- tightened perceptibly about Lydia's ringing. Frederic released Lydia's hand and sat up rather stiffly, as one ting-room he was standing at the win- waist. lather, Freddy," she said quietly. "Two living as I have been for the past few who suddenly suspects that he is be- dow, staring across the courtyard far ing spied upon. The significance of below. Are you going?" she asked, steadily. She had not seen the Hindu, had not

"I will see who it is," she said, and the telltale scowl that was passing she was impelled by some mysterious crose. Two red spots appeared in his from his brow. It did not occur to intelligence to give utterance to a cheeks. Then it was that she realized him to resent her abrupt, uncomprohe had been waiting all along for the mising question. As a matter of fact, ition, not conjecture. bell to ring; he had been expecting a it seemed quite natural that she should put the question in just that way, "If it's for me, please say-er-say flatly, incisively. He considered him-I'll—" he began, somewhat disjoint- self, in a way, to be on trial.

"No, I'm not," he replied. "You did "Will you stay here for luncheon, not expect me to forget, did you?" He Frederic? And this afternoon we will was uncomfortable under her honest, staring at the knob as if expecting to go to— Oh, is there a concert or a inquiring gaze. A sullen anger against himself took possession of him. He despised himself for the feeling of you said it. Because it was Ranjab.' loneliness and homesickness that sud. She shivered slightly. "I am afraid denly came over him.

"I thought-" she began, and then heard the polite greetings, the polite her brow cleared. "I have been look- night his eyes seem to be upon me." assurances that she had not taken ing up the recitals in the morning cold, two or three laughing rejoinders paper. The same orchestra you heard to what must have been amusing com- last night is to appear again today ments on the storm and its effect on at-"

"We will go there, Lydia," he inter-"Yes, Mrs. Brood, I will call him to rupted, and at once began to hum the ing at me. I can feel it, though asleep. gay little air that had so completely Oh, it is not a dream, for my dreams charmed him. "Try it again, Lyddy. You'll get it in no time."

After luncheon, like two happy chil- looking at me. It-it is uncanny." dren they rushed off to the concert, and it was not until they were on their quietly. "He never struck me as esslunk to the telephone. The girl way home at five o'clock that his enhanded the receiver to him and he thusiasm began to wane. She was met her confident, untroubled gaze for quick to detect the change. He bea second. Instead of returning to the came moody, preoccupied; his part of sitting-room where she could have the conversation was kept up with an and closed the door. He was not con- flights.

Lydia went far back in her calculascious of any intention to temporize. but it was significant that he did not tions and attributed his mood to the speak until the door closed behind promise she had exacted in regard to thoughts, Lydia, as he would read a her. Afterwards he realized and was his attitude toward his father. It occurred to her that he was smarting laugh was spiritless, obviously artiunder the restraint that his promise ficial. uttered were of a nature to puzzle involved. She realized now, more and irritate him, although they bore than ever before, that there could be my thoughts," said Lydia. no delay, no faltering on her part. and low, seemed strangely plaintive at once. She would have to go down dear, that would not-but there! Let on her knees to him.

"I feel rather guilty, Freddy," she Sit down here beside me. No tea? said, as they approached the house. A cigarette, then. No? Do you for- described it to herself as baleful. "Mr. Brood will think it strange that give me for what I said to you last tion to attend a concert. "I am glad I should plead a headache and yet run night?" she asked, sitting down beside you are going to do that," she went on. off to a concert and enjoy myself when the girl on the chaise longue. "You will stay for luncheon with he is so eager to finish the journal-"Yes. She's trying to pick up that I ought to see him, don't you think thought. Of course I was hurt at the ago-long, long ago?" thing of Feverelli's-the one we heard so? Perhaps there is something I time. It was so unjust to Mr. Brood. you did not love me any longer? Is good God, you don't know how much last night." There was silence at the can do tonight that will make up for It was-

> "He'd work you to death if he Will you believe me when I tell you thought it would serve his purpose." that I love you? That I love you very has he said to you about Frederic-"I will be home for dinner, of course. You-you don't need me for anything, said Frederic, gloomily, and back of dearly, very tenderly?" that sentence lay the thought that Lydia looked at her in

you not coming, too?" He had stopped. "Not just now, flat and smoke a pipe with him.

Her heart gave a great throb of

"Well-so long," he said, diffidently.

He looked back as he strode off in

her fingers on the electric button. He

full of color, rich, soft and warm.

Inside the door, Lydia experienced

"I came to see Mr. Brood. Is he-

garded about her slim figure.

Such stupid things, ai-e?"

so peculiarly her own.

looking at her sharply.

asked Lydia, bluntly.

pecially omnipresent."

see it turn-

'I don't know why I said that."

never of him. And yet he is there,

"An obsession," remarked Lydia,

"Didn't you feel him a moment

The other hesitated, reflecting. "I

do you feel that he is watching you?"

book. Isn't-isn't it disgusting?" Her

"Ah, but you are Lydia. It's differ-

"It was so absurd, Mrs. Brood, that

Yvonne. "You are splendid, Lydia.

ago?" demanded Yvonne, irritably.

the way for the time being.

"So long, Lyddy."

to the footman.

completely so

room.'

ously.

sensation in his breast.

"I will go in for a few minutes," mittally. "Ah, but you doubt it. I see. Well, she said, at the foot of the steps. "Are I do not blame you. I have given you much pain, much distress. When I Lyddy. I think I'll run up to Tom's am far away you will be glad-you will be happy. Is not that so?" "But you are coming back," said Thanks, old girl, for the happy day

we've had. You don't mind if I leave Lydia, with a frank smile, not meant to be unfriendly.

Yvonne's face clouded. "Oh, yes, 1 relief. It was best to have him out of shall come back. Why not? Is this not my home?"

"You may call it your home, Mrs Brood," said Lydia, "but are you quite "So long," she repeated, dropping sure your thoughts always abide here: into his manner of speech without I mean in the United States, of thinking. There was a smothering course.' Yvonne had looked up at her quick

ly. "Oh, I see. No. I shall never be the direction from which they had an American." . Then she abruptly come. She was at the top of the steps, changed the subject. "You have had a nice day with Frederic? You have wondered why her face was so white. been happy, both of you?" He had always thought of it as being

"Yes-very happy, Mrs. Brood," said the girl, simply. "I am glad. You must always be a strange sinking of the heart. "Is happy, you two. It is my greatest

Mr. Brood at-" she began, nervously. wish. A voice at the top of the stairway in-Lydia hesitated for a moment terrupted the question she was putting "Frederic asked me to be his wifetomorrow," she said, and her heart be "Is it you, Lydia? Come up to my gan to thump queerly. She felt that she was approaching a crisis of some The girl looked up and saw Mrs.

Brood leaning over the banister rail. "Tomorrow?" fell from Yvonne's She was holding her pink dressing- lips. The word was drawn out as if gown closely about her throat, as if in one long breath. Then, to Lydia's it had been hastily thrown about her astonishment, an extraordinary change shoulders. One bare arm was visiblecame over the speaker. "Yes, yes, it should be-it must be tomorrow. Poor boy-poor, poor boy! You will marry "He is busy. Come up to my room," yes, and go away at once, ai-e?" Her repeated Yvonne, somewhat imperivoice was almost shrill in its intensity her eyes were wide and eager and-As Lydia mounted the stairs she anxious.

had a fair glimpse of the other's face. "I- Oh, Mrs. Brood, is it for the Always pallid-but of a healthy palbest?" cried Lydia. "Is it the best lor-it was now almost ghastly. Perthing for Frederic to do? I-I feared haps is was the light from the window you might object. I am sure his father that caused it. Lydia was not sure, will refuse permission-"

but a queer, greenish hue overspread "But you love each other-that is enough. Why ask the consent of any tween attention to other business. the lovely, smiling face. The lips were red, very red-redder than she had one? Yes, yes, it is for the best. I ever seen them. The girl suddenly re- know-oh, you cannot realize how well called the face she had once seen of I know. You must not hesitate." The a woman who was addicted to the woman was trembling in her eager ness. Lydia's astonishment gave way to perplexity.

"What do you mean? Why are you so serious-so intent on this-"

now almost bare. Her hands were "Frederic has no money," pursued extended toward the visitor; the Yvonne, as if she had not heard filmy lace gown hung loose and disre-Lydia's words. "But that must not deter you. It must not stand in the "Come in, dear. Shall we have tea? way. I shall find a way, yes, I shall

"Do you mean that you would provide for him-for us?" exclaimed She threw an arm about the tall Lydia.

"There is a way, there is a way," said the other, fixing her eyes appealstrength. She felt her flesh tingle ingly on the girl's face, to which the with the thrill of contact. Yes, it flush of anger was slowly mounting. "His father will not help him-if window, for Yvonne's face was now that is what you are counting upon aglow with the iridescence that was Mrs. Brood," said the girl coldly. "I know. He will not help him A door closed softly on the floor

Lydia started. "What do you know her shoulder and upward. Her arm about-what has Mr. Brood said to you?" Her heart was cold with ap



next week? What has happened?" heard everything that he said, she effort that lacked all the spontaneity like that." They were still facing the in his beautiful stepmother, is that ords each month. went into her own room down the hall of his earlier and more engaging door, standing close together. "Why not so? Poof! It has nothing to do with it." Her eyes were sullen, ful "I don't know. I just feel it, that's of resentment now. She was collect all. Day and night. He can read my ing herself.

tort leaped to her lips, but she sup

"I shouldn't object to his reading "Mr. Brood does not like Frederic," formed resolution. Her voice, husky She would have to see James Brood ent. I have thoughts sometimes, my out her tongue the instant the words in the high school auditorium and a were uttered. Yvonne's eyes were glit large crowd was in attendance. us speak of more agreeable things. tering with a light that she had never seen in them before. Afterwards she

"So! He has spoken ill-evil-of

"Oh, I beg of you, Mrs. Broodbegan Lydia, shrinking back in dis "It is like you to say that," cried | may.

"You are free to speak your thoughts and me?"

once into some task that will take all run away from certain things than to let them irritate you. Such martyr-

Handed Him One. Bill-Did you say the father of the

firest examples of the so-called lys to move in it was surrounded by sterdam. The Cubberly cottage came but it is quite possible to put on the of being bored. It is not worth while. daughter away at the altar, you know.

## **BELOW THIS STATE** like to believe it," she said, noncom-

APPROPRIATIONS FOR COLORADO LESS THAN NEBRASKA.

## **GOVERNOR GATHERS FIGURES**

Money Set Apart By Four Adjoining States Shows Nebraska Fared Well.

Lincoln.--Governor Morehead, who has been gathering a few figures on the appropriations of the five states adjoining Nebraska, deems the comparison not wholly unfavorable.

So far as he has heard from four out of the five states, and in but one state, Colorado, has the total of appropriations been less than that of Nebraska. The total Nebraska appropriations, including those for schools, was a little less than \$8,000,000.

Appropriations in Missouri amounted to \$11,112,000, exclusive of schools, for which that state is to spend the additional sum of \$5,556,000. Iowa appropriated \$12,750,000, Kansas \$9. 530,644. The Colorado legislature an propriated \$3,374,000, and the govern or of that state cut this figure down to \$3,150,000. A per capita rating might change the comparative standing somewhat, however.

As yet South Dakota has not been heard from by the governor.

Governor Must Select Men.

Creation of new offices by the last legislature has set candidates for them aftre over the state, and as a result Governor Morehead has telephone calls, letters and personal visits, which he must sandwich in be-

A new district judge must be named in the Ninth district, a public defender in Douglas county and a list of candidates for supreme court commissioner must be prepared from which the high bench may make its selections.

One provision of the bill sets out that 100 cases now pending in the state court shall be given to the commission for hearing. Another provision allows the court to list cases with it from time to time as it disposes of litigation.

There are to be three commissioners, with a salary of \$3,000 apiece. The list of possible candidates is to be prepared by Governor Morehead. It is understood that one already favored by the latter is former Attorney General G. G. Martin.

Nebraska Lassie Wins Honor. According to an official announcement just made. Myrtle Mann, age 12, of Dawes county, won fourth place last season in the national competition of the Boys' and Girls' Gardening club conducted co-operatively by the United States Department of Agriculture and the extension departments of the different state colleges of agriculture. Myrtle's reports, filed with the state leader of boys' and girls' clubs, at the University Farm, showed that she made a net profit of \$71.40 on a patch slightly larger than half

the size of the average city lot.

School Act Faulty. The bill passed by the last legislature for state aid for consolidated rural schools teaching home economics, agriculture, vocational and Industrial training is rendered inefective by a bit of legislative carelessness, it has been discovered. The measure. introduced . by Representative Elmerlund, fails to provide for the appropriation in the title, although the body of the bill provides for the appropriation out of the general fund. The appropriation must be In the title.

Will Remember Billie Burke. Blessed ever hereafter will be the name and memory of Billie Burke, the actress, among the little crippled children at the state orthopedic hospital at Lincoln. In addition to all the attentions showered upon the children during her stay in the city, prehension. "Why are you going away came, recently, to the institution a beautiful, shiny-new phonograph, Brood's wife was regarding her of an expensive make, with a big aswith narrowing eyes. "Oh, I see now sortment of records. Moreover, Miss You think that my husband suspects Burke left a standing order with a suppose it must have been something that Frederic is too deeply interested local music house for three new rec-

Lincoln School Debaters Win. Lincoln won in the Lincoln-Omaha High school debate last week, and The girl's eyes expressed the disdain also gained permanent possession of that suddenly took the place of appre | the Amherst alumni cup, which had hension in her thoughts. A sharp re been won by each school twice. The subject of the debate was, "Government Ownership and Operation of Railroads," the Lincoln team taking she said instead, and could have cut the affirmative. The debate was held

At a conference between a North his son to you?" she said, almost in a Platte delegation and the State Board monotone. "He has hated him for of Irrigation, it was decided to readyears-is not that so? I am not the vertise for bids for the state aid especially as he is to sail so soon. I have scarcely given it a moment's original cause, ai-e? It began long bridge to be built across the Platte river near North Platte. The contract was originally awarded several weeks ago to the Canton Bridge Co. of Canton, O., for a concrete bridge. The company refused to sign unless the to me. I shall not be offended. What attorney general should guarantee protection on the concrete patents This he refused to do.

> New Motorcycle Numbers. Secretary of State Pool has receiv-

ed new numbers for motorcycles and expects soon to receive number of auyour time and energy. It is better to tomobiles. The motorcycle numbers run from 1 to 700. The owners of motorcycle numbers may retain their old dom is usually unnecessary and bad numbers, but if they do they will be obliged to use a plate as large as those used on automobiles and it is thought no one will care to do this. The motorcycle numbers are half the size of the plates, used on automobiles. The holders of automobile num bers have the right to their old ones.

States Might Have Been in Staten Island.

EARLY RIVAL OF NEW YORK ["colonial" architecture extant, and it | tributary acres constituting a splen- into the possession of the Brittons in | brake, as it were, and not let the | When you feel it coming on plunge at Eastern Metropolis of the United tion. It has been satisfactorily decame mighty near being on Staten is- the time of its completion than any land by the announcement that the on Manhattan island. Now it stands pioneer among many. In fact, as his- Science. famous Cubberly cottage, with all its at the intersection of New Dorp lane | torical records show, the new settlefurnishings, has been donated to the and Cedar Grove avenue. At the ment on Staten island grew so rappublic by its owner. Dr. Nathaniel time when the builders put on the last idly at that time that some people Britton. The structure is one of the coat of paint and told the Cubber- thought it might outgrow New Am- times in this age of rush and racket.

is in an excellent state of preserva- did estate, and the Dutch aristrocats the year 1695, when it was deeded to nerves run away with us. of New Amsterdam, across the upper Nathaniel Britton, an ancestor of the termined that it was built not later bay, followed the example of the orig- owner who has given it to the public than 1680, and most of its furnishings inal Cubberly promptly in establish as a historical relic. The cottage, antedate that year. It was in all ing themselves upon the salubrious with all its contents, will be kept open We are reminded that New York probability a finer rural residence at and picturesque hills of Staten island. to the public under the charge of the The Cubberly cottage was but the Staten Island Association of Arts and

Run Away From "Nerves." No one can help feeling nervous at

If people fret you, it is not necessary to be rude to them. Try, instead, to avoid them. Don't read books that irritate you.

Books are plentiful, therefore put

mother.

for you all round.

If a noise at night worries you, don't see to the matter and put it right.

away the offending volume and choose let it continue to do so. Get up and girl he wanted to marry handed him

one? Don't let yourself get into the habit | Jill-He certainly did. He gave the Will Readvertise for Bridge.