BRIEF ABOUT READY.

And Will Soon Be Filed in Supreme Court.

Arthur Muller has prepared a part of the brief which he will file in support of his application to the supreme court for a rehearing of the case of State vs. Ragan, in which the Donohoe non-partisan judiciary act was declared invalid. Thus far Mullen has treated only the limitation of signers to 500 in each county. He points out that this provision is only in line with the general acceptance as a fact that the power of nomination is not as free as the power of voting. He also urges that this limitation was only in line with the accepted fact that the legislature may make necessary restrictions in election laws. He then points out that voters are restricted in all states where a certain percentage of the total vote must vote each ticket in order for the party to have a legal standing. In Nebraska a party must poll 1 per cent, in Minnesota 10 and in other states varying proportions.

He also points out that if the limitation of the Donohoe act was illegal that something may be wrong with the federal constitution which will not permit an elector to vote for a vice-president and a president from the same state. Along this line he points out that six presidential electors are named in six congressional districts of the state and two at large. Consequently no voter in the state has a right to dictate the nomination of more than three of the eight electors in his state. He also urges that if the Donohoe act is invalid on account of its invasion of the bill of rights that the present convention act is out of line.

Companies Must Prove Themselves.

Companies which propose to begin the insurance business on a very strong basis may be required to prove the genuiness of their intentions in Nebraska, according to the statement made by State Auditor Barton, after his return from the meeting of state insurance commissioners at Denver. It is merely a question of whether the money received from stock sales is actually used to build up a surplus or to feather the nests of promoters.

A characteristic scheme for such promoters to use is for the promoter to approach one well up financially and assure him that there is a gilt-edged proposition ahead, wherein $100 share of stock is to be sold for $200, this extra $100 being turned into the company for a working surplus. This idea carried out, would provide the basis of a strong company. But it seems that this surplus is used largely for promoting purposes and that some of the more unscrupulous of such companies thus charge the subscriber $100 for taking $200 away from him with little promise to make good.

Australia Interested in Guaranty.

Richard A. Crouch of Australia, writing on a Parliament letterhead, has requested the governor to send him a copy of the Nebraska depository law enacted by the late legislature. Mr. Crouch wrote that he understood Nebraska had passed such a law and he desired full information concerning it.

Complaint Against Saloon.

R. D. Evans of Dakota county has written to the legal department of the state to the effect that he believes the Sioux City Brewing company and the Inter-State Brewing company of that city are violating the law both of Nebraska and Iowa. He said these companies haul their beer into Nebraska and ship it back to Iowa and by this way he says they violate the law of both states.

Object to Lowering Rates.

At Lyons the Home Telephone company concluded to reduce its rates and proposed that the state railway commission grant the authority. Before the commission got busy, however, the Lyons Independent Telephone company, which has not yet started business, appealed to the commission to permit it to show cause why these rates should not be reduced. The hearing will be granted.

Pullman Seats Free.

At the request of the Union Pacific and the Pullman company, the State Railway commission has modified its order relating to the sale of seat tickets on trains Nos. 7 and 8 of the Union Pacific. The new order issued following a conference of the commission and officials of the Pullman and railroad company, provides, that no seats may be sold on these trains, but that when the local coach is full, passengers are entitled to any vacant seats on the parlor and sleeping car witout extra charge. It is provided, however, the passenger who is riding in the parlor car without cost must return to the coach whenever there is a seat for him there.

Postmaster Appointed.

Edward Zink has been appointed postmaster at Sterling and Miss Dora Beubler will act as his deputy.

The places of the Burlington trainmen at Wymore, who were discharged for taking goods from cars in transit, are being filled by new men. In all, about twenty employes were let out.

Bid to Old Normal Board.

The Commercial club of Alliance showed its faith in the "old" Normal board by submitting to it a proposition for the new normal school. The Commercial club sent to Luther P. Ludden, secretary, an offer to give to the state eighty acres of land, if the school is located there. Enclosed with the proposition were several petitions from neighboring towns asking that the school be located there, and also a statement signed by numerous business men offering a bond of $20,000 to guaranty title to the property.

Switch Wanted at Schuyler.

The Wells-Abbott Neiman company of Schuyler has filed an amended petition in its request to the state railway commission to compel the Union Pacific to construct a transfer switch to connect with the Burlington at Schuyler.

Bert Taylor Appeals.

Bert Taylor, the Minden murderer sentenced to be hanged, has appealed to the supreme court. His attorney, J. M. McPheely of Minden, filed the appeal in the supreme court.

The Brass Bowl

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelors' club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened the safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Snaith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Snaith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems, after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement. Anisty, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems, being discovered on return. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisty, disguised as Maitland, told her his real identity and realizing himself tricked tried to wring from her the location of the gems. Then he proposed marriage. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland started for home. He found Anisty and the girl in his rooms. Again he overwhelmed the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. Dan himself narrowly avoids arrest. Janitor O'Hagan wined and dined the officers of the law. Hickey, a detective, duped by Anisty, refused to partake and mused on his ill-fate. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anisty was at her side.

"You—You Mean You Would Shoot Me?" She Whispered.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Bitter as poverty the cruel lash cut round the horse's flanks; and as the hansom shot out at breakneck speed toward Fifth avenue, the girl cowered back in her corner, shivering, staring wide-eyed at the man who had so coolly placed himself at her side.

This, then, was that nameless danger that had stalked her on the staircase, this the personality whose animosity toward her had grown so virulent that, even when consciously ignorant of its proximity, she had been repelled and frightened by its subtle emanations! And now—and now she was in his power!

Dazed with fear she started up, acting blindly on the primitive instinct to fly; and in another moment, doubtless, would have thrown herself boldly from the cab to the sidewalk, had her companion not seized her by the forearm and by simple force compelled her to resume her seat.

"Be still, you little fool!" he told her sharply. "Do you think that I'm going to let you go a third time? Not till I'm through with you. . . . And if you scream, by the powers, I'll throttle you!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Retribution.

She sank back, speechless. Anisty glanced her up and down without visible emotion, then laughed unpleasantly—the hard and unyielding laugh of brute man brutishly impassioned.

"This silly ass, Maitland," he observed, "isn't really as superfluous as he seems. I find him quite a convenience, and I suppose that ought to be totted up to his credit, since it's because he's got the good taste to resemble me. . . . Consider his thoughtfulness in providing me this cab! What'd I've done without it? To tell the truth I was quite at a loss to frame it up, how to win your coy consent to this giddy elopment, back there in the hall. But dear kind Mister Maitland, bless his innocent heart! fixes it all up for me. . . . And so," concluded the criminal with ironic relish—"and so I've got you, my lady."

He looked at her in sidelong fashion, speculative, calculating, relentless. And she bowed her head, assenting. "Yes—"

"You're dead right, little woman. Got you. Um-mmm."

She made no reply; she could have made none aside from raising an outcry, although now she was regaining something of her shattered poise, and with it the ability to accept the situation quietly, for a little time (she could not guess how long she could endure the strain), pending an opportunity to turn the tables on this, her persecutor.

"What is it," she said presently, with some effort—"what is it you wish with me?"

"I have my purpose," with a grim smile.

"You will not tell me?"

"You've guessed it, my lady; I will not—just yet. Wait a bit."

She spurred her flagging spirit until it flashed defiance. "Mr. Anisty!"

"Yes?" he responded with a curling lip, cold eyes to hers.

"I demand—"

"No you don't!" he cut her short with a snarl. "You're not in a position to demand anything. Maybe it would be as well for you to remember who you're dealing with."

"And—?"—heart sinking again.

"And I've been made a fool of just as long as I can stand for it. I'm a crook—like yourself, my lady, but with more backbone and some pride in being at the head of my profession. I'm wanted in a dozen places; I'll spend the rest of my days in the pen, if they ever get me. Twice to-day I've been within an ace of being nabbed—kindness of you and your Maitland. Now—I'm desperate and determined. Do you connect?"

"What—?" she asked, breathlessly.

"I can make you understand, I fancy. To-night, instead of dropping to the backyard and shinning over the fences to safety, I took the fire-escape up to the top-flat—something a copper would never think of—and went through to the hall. Why? Why, to interrupt the tender tete-a-tete Maitland had planned. Why again? Because, for one thing, I've never yet been beaten at my own game; and I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. Moreover, no man yet has ever laid hands on me in anger and not regretted it." The criminal's voice fell a note or two, shaking with somber passion. "I'll have that pup's hide yet!" he swore.

The girl tried to nerve herself. "It—it doesn't seem to strike you," she argued, controlling her hysteria by sheer strength of purpose, "that I have only to raise my voice to bring all Broadway to my rescue."

For by now the cab had sheered off into that thoroughfare, and was rocking rapidly south, between glittering walls of light. A surface car swooped down upon them, and past, making night hideous with gong and drumming trucks, and drowning Anisty's response. For which reason he chose to repeat it, with added emphasis.

"You try it on, my lady, and see what happens."

She had no answer ready, and he proceeded, after waiting a moment: "But you're not going to be such a fool. You have no pleasure in the prospect of seeing the inside of the Tombs, yourself; and, besides, you ought to know me well enough to know. . . ."

"What?" she breathed, in spite of herself.

Anisty folded his arms, thrusting the right hand beneath his coat.

"Maitland got only one of my guns," he announced, ironically. "He'd 've got the contents of the other, only he chose to play the fool and into my hands. Now I guess you understand"—and turning his head he fixed her with an inflexible glare, chill and heartless as steel—"that one squeal out of you will be the last. Oh, I've got no scruples; arrest to me means a living death. I'll take a short course, by preference, and—I'll take you with me for company."

"You—you mean you would shoot me?" she whispered, incredulous.

"Like a dog," he returned with unction.

"You, a man, would—would shoot a woman?"

"You're not a woman, my lady; you're a crook. Just as I'm not a man; I'm a crook. We're equals, sexless, soulless. You seem to have overlooked that. Amateurs often do. . . . To-night I made you a fair proposition, to play square with me and profit. You chose to be haughty. Now you see the other side of the picture."

Bravado? Or deadly purpose? How could she tell? Her heart misgave her; she crushed herself away from him as from some abnormally vicious, loathly reptile.

He understood this; and regarded her with a confident leer, inscrutably strong and malevolent.

"And there is one other reason why you will think twice before making a row," he clinched his case. "If you did that, and I weakly permitted the police to nab and walk us off, the business would get in the papers—your name and all; and—what'd Maitland think of you then, my lady? What'd he think when he read that Dan Anisty had been pinched on Broadway in company with the little woman he'd been making eyes at—whom he was going, in his fine manlike way, to reach down a hand to and yank up out of the gutter and redeem and—and all that slush? Eh?"

And again his low evil laugh made her shudder. "Now, you won't risk that. You'll come with me and behave, I guess, all right."

She was dumb, stupefied with misery.

He turned upon her sharply.

"Well?"

Her lips moved in soundless assent—lips as pallid and bloodless as the wan young face beneath the small, inconspicuous hat.

The man grunted impatiently; yet was satisfied, knowing that he had her now completely under control; a condition not hard to bring about in a woman who, like this, was worn out with physical fatigue and overwrought with nervous strain. The conditions had been favorable, the result was pre-eminently comfortable. She would give him no more trouble.

The hansom swerved suddenly across the car-tracks and pulled up at the curb. Anisty rose with an exclamation of relief and climbed down to the sidewalk, turning and extending a hand to assist the girl.

"Come!" he said, imperatively. "We've no time to waste."

For an instant only she harbored a fugitive thought of resistance; then his eyes met hers and held them, and her mind seemed to go blank under his steadfast and domineering regard. "Come!" he repeated sharply. Trembling, she placed a hand in his and somehow found herself by his side. Regardless of appearances the man retained her hand, merely shifting it beneath his arm, where a firm pressure of the elbow held it as in a vise.

"You needn't wait," he said curtly to the cabby; and swung about, the girl by his side.

"No nonsense now," he warned her tensely, again thrusting a hand in his breast pocket significantly.

"I understand," she breathed faintly, between closed teeth.

She had barely time to remark the towering white facade of upper Broadway's tallest sky-scraper ere she was half led, half dragged into the entrance of the building.

The marble slabs of the vestibule echoed strangely to their footsteps—those slabs that shake from dawn to dark with the tread of countless feet. They moved rapidly toward the elevator-shaft, passing on their way deserted cigar and news-stands shrouded in dirty brown clothes. By the dark and silent well, where the six elevators (of which one only was alight and ready for use) stood motionless as if slumbering in utter weariness after the gigantic exertions of the day, they came to a halt; and a chair was scraped noisily on the floor as a night-watchman rose, rubbing his eyes and yawning, to face them.

Anisty opened the interview brusquely. "Is Mr. Bannerman in now?" he demanded.

The watchman opened his eyes wider, losing some of his sleepy expression; and observed the speaker and his companion—the small, shrinking, frightened-looking little woman who bore so heavily on her escort's arm, as if ready to drop with exhaustion.

It appeared that he knew Maitland by sight, or else thought that he did.

"Oh, ye're Mister Maitland, ain't you?" he said. "Nope; if Misther Bannerman's in his offis, I dunno nothin' about it."

"He was to meet me here at two," Anisty affirmed. "It's a very important case. I'm sure he must be along, immediately, if he's not upstairs. You're sure—?"

"Nah, I ain't sure. He may 've been there all night, f'r all I know. But I'll take you up 'f you want," with a doubtful glance at the girl.

"This lady is one of Mr. Bannerman's clients, and in great trouble." The self-styled Maitland laid his hand in a protecting gesture over the fingers on his arm; and pressed them cruelly. "I think we will go up, thank you. If Bannerman's not in, I can 'phone him. I've a pass-key."

The watchman appeared satisfied; Maitland's social standing was guaranty enough.

"All right, sir. Step in."

The girl made one final effort to hang back. Anisty's brows blackened. "By God!" he told her in a whisper. "If you dare . . .!"

And somehow she found herself at his side in the steel cage, the gate's clang ringing loud in her ears. The motion of the car, shooting upwards with rapidly increasing speed, made her slightly giddy. Despite Anisty's supporting arm she reeled back against the wall of the cage, closing her eyes. The man observed this with covert satisfaction.

As the speed decreased she began to feel slightly stronger; and again opened her eyes. The floor numbers, black upon a white ground, were steadily slipping down; the first she recognized being 19. The pace was sensibly decreased. Then with a slight jar the elevator stopped at 22.

"Yous know the way?"

"Perfectly," replied Anisty. "Two flights up—in the tower."

"Right. When yous wants me, ring."

The car dropped like a plummet, leaving them in darkness—or rather in a thick gloom but slightly moderated by the moonlight streaming in at windows at either end of the corridor. Anisty gripped the girl more roughly.

"Now, my lady! No shennanigan!"

A futile, superfluous reminder. Temporarily at least she was become as wax in his hands. So complex had been the day's emotions, so severe her nervous tension, so heavy the tax upon her stamina, that she had lapsed into a state of subjective consciousness, in which she responded without purpose, almost dreamily to the suggestions of the stronger will.

Wearily she stumbled up the two brief flights of stairs leading to the tower-like cupola of the sky-scraper; two floors superimposed upon the roof with scant excuse save that of giving the building the distinction of being the loftiest in that section of the city—certainly not to lend any finishing touch of architectural beauty to the edifice.

On the top landing a door confronted them, its glass panel shining dimly in the darkness. Anisty paused, unceremoniously thrusting the girl to one side and away from the head of the staircase; and here fumbled in a pocket, presently producing a jingling bunch of keys. For a moment or two she heard him working at the lock and muttering in an undertone—probably swearing—and then, with a click, the door swung open.

The man thrust a hand inside, touched an electric switch, flooding the room with light, and motioned the girl to enter. She obeyed passively, thoroughly subjugated, and found herself in a large and well-furnished office, apparently the outer of two rooms. The glare of electric light at first partly blinded her; and she halted instinctively a few steps from the door, waiting for her eyes to become accustomed to the change.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Renaissance.

The word "renaissance" has in recent years acquired a more extended significance than that which is implied in our English equivalent, "the revival of learning." By the term is now meant the whole transition from the middle ages to the modern world. Although it is possible to assign certain limits to the period, we cannot figure on any date so positively as to say "between this year and that the movement was accomplished."

THE PROLIFIC QUEEN BEE

The queen bee is a great antagonist of race suicide. She strives to perpetuate the race with an ardor and an understanding that is worthy of the highest commendation. Some have been known to lay 4,000 eggs a day for a year, the number lessening after that to 1,200 and going forward at that ratio for another two years. With 50,000 bees to the colony that single praiseworthy queen laid enough eggs to establish 46 colonies. Bee keepers figures on a net income of three dollars a colony each year. If the owners of the bee under discussion profited from her labors to that extent the gain was $148. It is not to be presumed that any such results were obtained. To argue so much in favor of one bee would be to place belief in the statement that a man with ten acres of ground and two rabbits can become a millionaire in three years selling rabbit skins to glove manufacturers.—Technical World.

Mere Professional Rivalry.

"Do you expect to reform your city?"

"No," answered Mr. Ward Heeler; "I don't expect to do that. But I hope to put some of those opposition grafters to a lot of trouble before I quit."—Washington Star.

THE ANSWER.

Youngster—What's the most aggravating thing during married life?
Oldster—Why, the woman.

Care in Preparing Food.

In recent years scientists have proved that the value of food is measured largely by its purity; the result is the most stringent pure food laws that have ever been known.

One food that has stood out prominently as a perfectly clean and pure food and which was as pure before the enactment of these laws as it could possibly be is Quaker Oats; conceded by the experts to be the ideal food for making strength of muscle and brain. The best and cheapest of all foods. The Quaker Oats Company is the only manufacturer of oatmeal that has satisfactorily solved the problem of removing the husks and black specks which are so annoying when other brands are eaten. If you are convenient to the store buy the regular size packages; if not near the store, buy the large size family packages.

Adjustable.

Aunt Anne, an old family darky, was sitting with knees crossed in the kitchen, when the young daughter of the house entered and, impressed with the hugeness of the old woman's feet, asked what size shoe she wore.

"Well, honey," replied Aunt Anne, "I kin wear eights; I ginerally wear nines; but dese yer I'se got on am twelves, an' de good Lawd knows dey hu'ts me!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Strictly Businesslike.

He—American girls who marry foreign titles don't deserve any credit.

She—They don't ask any; they pay cash.

Cathedral Insured for Large Sum.

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is insured for $475,000.

Many a well-developed woman has her modiste to thank for it.

It's too much to expect cross-bred dogs to be amiable.

Drowning the Sound.

Helen—You enjoy singing?

Grace (raising her voice to high pitch)—Not particularly.

Helen—Then why do you sing?

Grace—Why, father is eating corn off the cob.

Speaking of literature, many a man's love letters have made a decided hit—with a jury.

The man who has a talkative wife may have a whole lot to say, but he seldom gets a chance to say it.

Her string is soon worn out if a girl has too many beaux.

A guilty conscience is apt to be its own excuser.