

Suspicious.
The father of Judge W. H. Wadhams had a chicken-coop and a dog and a stable hand. It began to look to Mr. Wadhams as though some one had dis covered the combination. So he kept the coop and the stable hand, but he got a new dog. Next day the bent old negro who groomed the Wadhams' horses came to him. "You los' you affection for me, boss?" he asked. "No, Scipio," said Mr. Wadhams. "I like you as well as ever." "Then," said Scipio, peevishly, "w'y'n't you t'ie Old Rover in de chicken-coop, 'stid of dat new dog?"

Comparative Honors.
First Freshman—Prexie has asked me to dinner next Sunday.
Second Freshman—That's nothing. The football captain just bowed to me.—Yale Record.

Nebraska Directory
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A Question of Money

By FRANK H. SWEET

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May Allyn stepped from the elevator with a bit of lace in her hand and walked through the rotunda, looking to right and left among the massive pillars that were both emphasized and screened by the drooping palms. There were few persons in sight, a semi- invalid or two lounging about, an old gentleman reading a newspaper, and now and then a sightseer with upturned face and curious eyes. Most of the guests were over on the beach, for it was the bathing hour; a few were up the lake boating or fishing, and a few others out on the ocean pier or wandering among the many trails. May went nearly across the rotunda before she found the object of her search, a woman in a retired corner reading a novel.

"Here you are, mamma," she exclaimed rebukingly; "and reading that novel, as I might have expected. Don't you know the characters in it would stay exactly where you leave them if you should close the book for a few hours, and this glorious weather outside is something of the present. But see here," holding up the lace for inspection; "do you think this will do?"

"For what?"

"Oh, you know, mamma. I'm to be Betty the Maid in the play we're getting up, and am to have the white badge of servitude on my head and wear a white apron and carry round a broom or something. I've told it all over before, only your head's in that book. Do please shut it up."

The older woman did so, with a sigh, and took the bit of fleecy lace between her fingers.

"No, it won't do at all, May," she decided instantly, a ripple of amuse-

ment breaking the dreamy quietness of her face. "It wouldn't be appropriate."

"But why, mamma?" with an air of disappointment. "It is so pretty."

"Yes, and costly. Child, child, don't you know that bit of lace is worth as much as Betty the Maid could earn in years. You must have something cheap to be in character."

"I don't believe I have anything."

"No, I suppose not. You will have to try at one of the stores. You will need—" Mrs. Allyn's gaze went inquiringly about the rotunda until they found one of the hotel maids dusting a plant. She waited until she caught the girl's eye, then raised a finger.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," she said as the girl approached, "but my daughter here is to be in the church benefit, and will have to wear a costume something like yours. Would you mind my looking at your pretty lace cap a moment?"

The girl removed it with a pleasant look.

"This is exactly what you want, May," went on Mrs. Allyn, holding it up critically. "You—"

But May had snatched the little cap from the upraised fingers and placed it upon her own fluffy brown hair.

"Now let me have your apron a minute, please," she cried merrily. "Thank you," as the girl complied and fastened the apron to her waist with deft fingers. "And now the dusting brush. There, mamma, how will this do?" with a flourish of the brush and a sweeping courtesy.

The girl laughed, and even Mrs. Allyn smiled indulgently as May danced away toward the middle of the rotunda flirting the brush indiscriminately over jardinières and palm leaves as she passed. Soon pillars and palms intervened and concealed her from their view.

Count Ortegan and a young American sculptor were just entering the rotunda. They had known each other in Paris, and met again on the steamer coming over, and now they had come south together, not because they

had much in common, but they were acquainted and all the people around were strangers.

May had not noticed them until they stopped beside her with exclamations of astonishment and pleasure.

"Mlle. Allyn, eet is possible!" cried the count rapturously. "Eet is ip Paris that you vanish this three month, and we nevre know to where. Some say to Italy, and some that you fly back to heaven where they keep ze angels. But eet is heaven that you make anywhere. Now I know why the place here seem so beautiful, eet is the angel!"

May laughed and gave him her hand. "Thank you, count," she said. "I am glad to see you, also. You are sure to like it here—even with the angel. And you, too, Mr. Bethune," offering her hand to the sculptor. "Can you not make a pretty speech like the count?"

"I am afraid not," smiling down at her. "Only that I am very, very glad to find you, Miss Allyn. Your presence will add much to our pleasure at Palm Beach."

"Why, really, that does very nicely." She twirled the brush with a pretty, unconscious movement that caused the tips of its feathers to flicker across one of the palm fronds near. The motion caught the count's attention, and with wondering consternation his eyes went from it to her white apron and to the badge of servitude upon her head, and his sloping shoulders stiffened suddenly into protesting reserve.

"Pardonnez," he rebuked, "but eet is so hurry I am now. I will see— Mons. Bethune will tell you we have not register yet. I will do eet now."

May watched him hurry away with an odd look of inquiry in her eyes.

"What's the matter with the count?" she asked innocently. "Has he forgotten something?"

Bethune laughed joyously. A moment before there had been both reserve and repression in his eyes; now they were suddenly eager, glowing, determined.

"The count's an odd sort of stick," he answered, "and his visit here is confessedly in search of a rich American wife."

He raised his hand significantly toward his head; but for a moment she looked puzzled, then a quick, comprehending flush rose to her face.

"Oh, that," she said thoughtfully. "And you?"

Bethune laughed again. He could not help it.

"Can't you see, Miss Allyn?" he demanded. "I fancied it was sticking out all over me. Over yonder I was a poor devil of an artist, and you a rich heiress; and now—Oh, May!"

There was the soft rustle of silk moving across the carpet. May raised her finger.

"Mamma is coming," she warned.

"I don't care," impetuously. "I've got to speak now. I can't wait another day. Where can I see you alone?"

She hesitated, then appeared to consider.

"The maids and nurses usually walk on the beach at about three o'clock," she said demurely. "I expect I shall be there."

At four o'clock two wheel-chairs swept leisurely down the bicycle avenue and on past the Breakers toward the beach. It was the hour for Mrs. Allyn's daily outing, and she preferred to take it in a wheel chair, and leisurely. The occupant of the other chair was Count Ortegan, and from the satisfaction in his face he had evidently discovered the mistake. As they turned toward the beach path they saw two figures approaching them only a few yards away.

"There's May now," exclaimed Mrs. Allyn. "Suppose we wait a few minutes. She will be glad to see you, count—"

The count's face grew eager, and words of an elaborate apology began to form in his mind; but as the figures drew near and he saw the expression on their faces as they looked at each other the apology died away and a Parisian oath, muttered under his breath, took its place. He merely bowed politely, and then waited for Mrs. Allyn to give the signal to go on.

If a man does right from the highest standard that he knows of right, he is entitled to as much mercy as his nobler brother who has done more good because of his good fortune in having obtained a higher conception of what good really is.

Large Imports at New York. Imports at the port of New York are growing rapidly, showing an increase of from 35 to 50 per cent. over the values of a year ago. Receipts of from \$1,000,000 to \$1,070,000 are not unusual in a day.

New Conception of Death

Few, indeed, are the men and women of full age—say 25—who have not yet contracted the malady that will kill them, according to that distinguished scientist and physician, Dr. Felix Regnault. Normally, as contemporary investigators are beginning to find out, it takes 20 years for a fatal malady to kill a patient. It may take 30 years. The popular impression is that a man may die suddenly or that he may require only a year to die in or six months. To be sure, a man may be killed or a child may die in a few months at the age of one year. But ordinarily speaking, all deaths are very slow, indeed, and about 95 per cent. of civilized adults are now struck with a fatal disease. They do not know it. They may not suffer from it. In due time they will have their cases diagnosed as cancer, or as tuberculosis or diabetes or what not. But so inveterate are current misconceptions of the nature of death—that the origin of the fatal malady—

in time—will be miscalculated by from ten to thirty years.

In the case of human beings, death—barring accident—is nearly always caused by some specific malady. This malady is as likely as not to be cured—what is called cured. The cure, however, no matter how skillful the treatment or how slight the disease, has left a weakness behind in some particular organ of the body. One of the organs is, if not prematurely worn out, at least so worn that its resisting powers are greatly diminished. All of us in this way have an organ that is much older than the rest of the physique. One day we shall die because of this organ. Even if we live to be very old, indeed, we shall not die of old age, but of weakness of the lungs, or of the kidneys or of the liver or of the brain.—Current Literature.

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