

"Does she love you, Van?"  
 "She loves the child."  
 "Gill stood rigidly by the window, and when she spoke her question startled the man behind her. "Have you made money?" she asked, abruptly.  
 "Gill!"  
 "I have a right to ask—a right!" she reiterated, fiercely.  
 "She seems to be quite satisfied," he said, succinctly.  
 "But you yourself. What sacrifices have you not had to make. Ah, I know," she went on hurriedly, "how men like you have no consciousness of the practicalities of life until they are thrust upon you, and then you are appalled. But you would fight your way through it all, because—"  
 "Don't dear," he interrupted. "I can't bear it."  
 "But I shall praise you," she exclaimed, turning to face him where he still rested with one knee on the chair, "and I love you—love you, do you understand? But I am going back to Paris with Tommie." She spoke quietly, with the ease of a woman who has complete possession of herself. "I was deadly tired of it all over there, dear, and I wanted you." For a moment her eyes looked into his; then she laughed and reached out for her bonnet on the divan. "I should have grown deadly tired of you, too, probably, and I should have spoiled you utterly. I adore spoiling people!" she said, frivolously.  
 Van put his hands on her shoulders and holding her off a little, gazed searchingly into the depths of her eyes. It brought the color to her face, and his own grew white and set.  
 "My beautiful, impetuous Gill! God help me to be worthy of your love."  
 His arms dropped listlessly and she moved away to hide the pain that quivered in her face. Before the easel she stopped, and spoke so low that the words seemed to die on her lips. "If I could see him—once!"  
 But they roused the man, who turned eagerly toward her. "Do you mean it, Gill?"  
 Already he had opened the door and was peering into the inner room; then he motioned her to follow him. "She has slipped out; she often does while he sleeps," he whispered.  
 The girl tiptoed in and stood quite still a moment to accustom herself to the half light of the room. A smothered cry of admiration escaped her as her gaze rested on the quaint old cradle, in which the child lay amid a mass of ruffles and lace. His golden hair was matted into little damp rings about his head, and his cheeks were flushed to a delicate pink. One tiny hand was thrust up on the pillow, the fingers curled like rose petals. Dropping on her knees, Gill laid her face for a moment beside his on the pillow; then she kissed him. He stirred a little, and frightened lest she had awakened him, she drew away. Drayton lifted her to her feet and led her out of the room.  
 . . . . .  
 Miss Marston was dining at the Embassy and amusing herself by drawing out the man who had taken her in to dinner. The agility with which he took his cue rather deprived her of any zest in the game, so that it was with more than her usual charm that she turned to the man on her left.  
 "You are going to tell me something very interesting—are you not Mr. Kent?"  
 "If I may talk about you."  
 "Ah! that is not 'p'sying fair,' as we say at home." She shrugged her beautiful shoulders and turned away from him.  
 "Miss Marston," he said pleadingly, "I will be good. May I talk about a compatriot of ours?"  
 "By all means. Is he particularly original?" She turned her face toward him, and he regarded her with keen amused eyes.

"You take it for granted it is a man?" he said, smiling.  
 "You promised to be interesting, Mr. Kent."  
 "God help the women!" Then, leaning toward her. "The point of view is simply a question of sex, perhaps?"  
 "You were going to talk about a compatriot, were you not? Original, you said, and"—she looked beyond him vaguely.  
 "Genius, I call it," he answered, fixing his eyes on her face so that she turned her back to him. "He had done one great thing for the world, and God knows how many that the world will never know of!"  
 "I think I should like to know your friend," she said, with more seriousness than she had shown. "Did you bring him over with you, Mr. Kent?"  
 "I brought his picture for the Salon. It represents the best there is in him."  
 "Tell me all about it," she said, with a pretty air of interest.  
 "It is not exactly a dinner story, and you are the one woman in Paris to whom I would talk about him."  
 Her eyes thanked him, and he lowered his voice that their neighbors might not hear: "He came home three years ago, and we all marvelled at him—he had been striding away ahead of the fellows here, and his work showed it. Well, at first he worked with a sort of frenzy, and we saw almost nothing of him. Then I went off to Mexico, and when I came back I heard he had married his model, Nora Perth, a girl without a shred of reputation and an air of childish innocence that was amazing. She had worked on his sympathies, I suppose, and when I saw how she had woven a net about him I hadn't the heart to enlighten him. But it was terrible to see him dragged down like that! Even the child he idolized was not his own."  
 Miss Marston crumbled the bread at her plate and waited for him to go on.  
 "That woman was like a millstone round his neck, and because of the demands she made upon him he did poorer work, turning off things that sold giving himself no respite from the daily grind."  
 "Why did you let him sacrifice himself like that?" she asked intently.  
 "I do not know," he answered slowly.  
 "Perhaps I did not realize it then as I do now. Perhaps I hesitated to interfere."  
 "Hesitate to interfere!" she repeated scornfully. "Yes, I know; it's a phrase we use to cover our moral cowardice."  
 "Aren't you a little severe, Miss Marston?"  
 "Weren't you severe to him—to see him go down, down like that, and never so much as lift your hand to hold him back? Oh, it was cruel of you!"  
 "I think he worked out his own salvation, Miss Marston. About six months ago I began to see much more of him again, and he confided to me that he was going to do something really worth while. And as I lounged about the studio I seemed to feel his creation in the air; he was like a man inspired. And sometimes, since, I have thought he may have had a premonition of what was coming—there was such an undercurrent of sadness in all he did." Mr. Kent lifted his wine glass and drained it.  
 "And the picture?" the woman said softly.  
 "It grew and grew, Miss Marston; the sleeping child, first, and then the woman! All his mind and strength seemed concentrated on that exquisite leading figure. One day I said to him: 'Old man, she is a divine creation; she could not exist.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'she does exist.' 'In your dreams, then.' 'Perhaps,' was all he said, but—Miss Marston! What a catastrophe! I beg ten thousand pardons!" A stream of claret was dripping from the cloth to

her white satin gown.  
 "My fault, I fancy, Mr. Kent. Really it is of no consequence," she said languidly, biting her lips to bring the color back. "It was very stupid of me to interrupt your story."  
 "It is good of you to let me talk so long and I have nearly finished. The picture I want you to see, it will speak for itself. I am not sure that I understand it exactly and he never explained it to me, but the genius is there, you will see."  
 "Perhaps, Mr. Kent," the woman said, with a certain tremulous sweetness in her voice, as she picked up her gloves and rose in answer to the signal, "perhaps, when you bring your friend to see me I will ask him to interpret this picture."  
 "He died, Miss Marston, two weeks before I sailed. The picture is a legacy," he said, watching her closely.  
 "I congratulate you upon so valuable a possession," she replied, bending to pick up her skirts. And in another moment she had joined the little procession that was vanishing through the portiers.

THE PLATONIST.

Beggar—I've lost a leg, sir, and—  
 Citizen—Don't come to me about it; I'm no centipede.  
 New Arrival—Do you take wheels?  
 St. Peter—No; if you want to scorch you'll have to go down below.  
 May—He is accustomed to moving in swell society.  
 Pamela—What makes you think so?  
 May—He can walk about the room without stumbling over the rugs.

STATE OF THE MARKET.

A stock exchange reporter was assigned to write up the performance at the Casino, and submitted the following report:  
 Dresses have an upward tendency.  
 Stockings are high.  
 Corsets firm.  
 Bodices as low as ever known.  
 Draperies scarce and not in demand.  
 Baldheads are looking up.  
 Quite a flurry in skirts caused some uneasiness on the part of the speculators.

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SHERIFF SALE.

Notice is hereby given, That by virtue of an order of sale, issued by the Clerk of the District Court of the Third Judicial District of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster County, in an action wherein William Stull and Louis Stull, partners as Stull Brothers is plaintiff, and Joseph Barrett Admr., et al. defendants. I will at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 18th day of May, A. D. 1897, at the East door of the Court House, in the City of Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described Lands and Tenements to-wit:  
 Northwest quarter (nw 1/4) of section thirty (30) in township twelve (12) range five (5) east of the 6th P. M. in Lancaster county, Nebraska.  
 Given under my hand this 23rd day of March, A. D. 1897.  
 John J. Trompen,  
 Sheriff

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 Carrie—Run him down?

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