

ing but her tightly compressed lips betokened the pain she bore. Harry's head lay in his sister's lap, and the girl clasped his hand in hers and stared bravely at the fire. In a corner sat Mr. Bunsen, out of the circle of light, as if afraid to intrude upon the sacredness of a family trouble.

"It will ruin your business," said Mrs. Hill.

"My Dear Mrs. Hill," said Mr. Bunsen, with painful emphasis. "Please do not think for an instant that I consider that side of the case at all. What if the Marshalls were my best customers? I can go somewhere else and begin again if need be. But Harry's good name is threatened, and I am going to stand by you and him to the last. He is my boy, and your boy, and I shall prove his innocence if it takes my last dollar."

There came a hurried knock at the door and a man entered.

"John Muller!" cried Mrs. Hill. In her voice was a ring that her children had never heard before. Her eyes flashed and she clutched the folds of her gown. "You, of all men!"

"Please be seated, Mrs. Hill," he said, quietly. "I am not a detective tonight. I am merely an old family acquaintance and I ask to be treated as such. I have in my pocket a warrant for your son's arrest, but I do not expect to serve it."

Mrs. Hill sank exhausted into the chair and Harry's sister hurried from the room. The flood of tears had come at last.

"Now, Harry," said Captain Muller, "I want you to tell me all about this business. Start from the first and relate everything as you go." Harry related the incidents of the robbery as he remembered them.

"You spoke to the countryman on the corner for half a minute. What did he talk about?"

"He asked me questions about the funny illuminated sign in front of our store. He was pointing to it with his umbrella. Then I found myself in the alley and my pockets were empty."

"Mr. Bunsen?" inquired the Captain, glancing toward the jeweler.

"Yes, sir; I'm Harry's employer," said Mr. Bunsen, eagerly. "I am positive of his innocence, and if there is any way of keeping his name out of the papers and protecting his family from publicity until the mystery is cleared up I am ready to pay any price. I will go Harry's bond for any sum." * * *

"There will be no necessity for that, Mr. Bunsen. The mystery will be solved before daylight. Does your rotating sign run all night?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all, I think. Mrs. Hill, you may rest assured that your son is safe from harm. I trust that you will not worry any longer. Good night."

As Captain Muller paced the platform waiting for a downtown train he did some hard thinking, and his thoughts were not on official matters.

Just as the theatres were emptying forth their laughing crowds into Broadway Captain Muller passed Mr. Bunsen's store and gazed curiously at the great revolving ball of colored lights over the door. He found one of his specials in a dark corner nearby.

"Jim," he said, "did you ever notice that sign of Bunsen's?"

Jim had often seen it.

"Look at it now," said the Captain, holding the special by one arm and pointing. "See how the red follows the green and the green the white—round and 'round—round and 'round—see it go—over and over—over and—over * * *"

Jim's eyes were fastened upon the illuminated sign. The Captain stepped back and laughed softly. Then—

"Jim, you are a measly cur pup, and I am going to beat you with this cane!"

Instantly Jim dropped to his hands and knees on the sidewalk and whined piteously.

"Of course you're not a cur pup, are you? You're nothing but a rooster. You are a rooster, aren't you? Let's hear you crow."

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" crowed Jim so lustily that all the people in sight turned and stared.

"Alright—Jim—Jim!" cried the Captain, snapping his fingers.

Jim blinked and shuttered. "What—where? * * * * * " he gasped.

"You've been hypnotized by Bunsen's illumination, that's all. Watch carefully and arrest anyone you see pointing to it. Good night."

Sometimes the machinery of the law moves quickly. The evening papers on the following day printed Jim's name in big, black type over long bristling stories of one of the cleverest captures ever made by the police, and Jim was immediately recommended for promotion. Jim lay in bed and read about himself and his fight with the notorious diamond robber, and almost forgot the pain of a bullet hole in his shoulder.

To the hospital where the thief lay came a woman, heavily veiled.

"He is dying," the watchman said; and the woman went away.

When, at Easter time, Mrs. Nella Carroll Hill and Mr. John Muller invited Mr. Bunsen to attend their wedding ceremony, the little jeweler gave his clerks a holiday and sought a secluded spot in the park, where he sat on a bench and meditated.

POSTPONED.

[Anyone familiar with farm life knows that when the old dog becomes blind, toothless, and helpless, it is the sad but humane duty of the farmer to put an end to his sufferings; it is generally done by taking him off to the woods and shooting him. Although the new dog quickly wins his place in our affections, the old is not soon forgotten.]

Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up,
We got another brindle pup;
I 'lows it's tough an' mighty hard,
But a toothless dog's no good on guard,
So trot along right after me,
An' I'll put yeh out o' yer misery.

Now, quit yer waggin' that stumpy tail—
We ain't a-goin' for rabbit or quail;
'Sides, you couldn't pint a bird no more,
Yer old an' blind an' stiff an' sore,
An' that's why I loaded the gun today—
Yer a-gittin' 'cross an' in the way.

I been thinkin' it over; 'taint no fun.
I don't like to do it, but it's got to be done;
Got sort of a notion you know, too,
The kind of a job we're goin' to do,
Else, why would yeh hang back that-a-way;
Yeh ain't ez young ez yeh once wuz, hey?

Frisky dog in them days, I note,
When yeh nailed the sneak thief by the throat.

Can't do that now, an' there ain't no need
A-keepin' a dog that don't earn his feed.
So yeh got to make way fer the brindle pup;
Come along, o' d chap; yer time's 'bout up;

We'll travel long at an easy jog—
Course, you don't know, bein' only a dog;
But I can mind when you wuz sprier,
Wakin' us up when the barn caught fire.
It don't seem possible, yet I know
That wuz close onto fifteen year ago.

My, but yer hair wuz long an' thick
When yeh pulled little Sally out o' the crick;
An' it came in handy that night in the storm.

We coddled to keep each other warm.
Purty good dog, I'll admit—but, say,
What's the use o' talkin', yeh had yeh day.

Er what'll I say when I git back?
They'd be askin' questions; I kn'w their talk,

And I'd have to lie 'bout a chicken hawk;
But the sound won't carry beyond this hill,
And done in a minute—don't bark, stand still.

There, that'll do; steady, quit lickin' my hand.

What's wrong with this gun, I can't understand;

I'm jest ez shaky ez I can be—
Must be the agey's the matter with me.
An' that stitch in the back—what! gitten' old, too—

The—dinner—bell's—ringin'—fer—me—an' you.

—Charles E. Baer, in Philadelphia Press.

CLUBS.

[LOUISA L. RICKETTS.]

Following are the officers of the General Federation of Women's clubs:

President—Mrs. Rebecca D. Lowe
Atlanta, Ga.

Vice President—Mrs. Sarah S. Platt,
Denver, Colo.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Emma A.
Fox, Detroit, Mich.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. George
W. Kendrick, Philadelphia, Pa.

Treasurer, Mrs. Phillip N. Moore, St.
Louis, Mo.

Auditor—Mrs. C. P. Barnes, Louis-
ville, Ky.

State Chairman—Mrs. Louisa L. Rick-
etts, Lincoln, Nebr.

Officers of the State Federation of
Women's clubs;

President—Mrs. S. C. Langworthy,
Seward.

Vice President—Mrs. Anna L. Apper-
son, Tecumseh.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. F. H. Sack-
ott, Weeping Water.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. D. G.
McKillip, Seward.

Treasurer—Mrs. H. F. Doane, Crete,
Librarian—Mrs. G. M. Lambertson,
Lincoln.

The reciprocity bureau is now open—
five papers were called for last week—
and it bids fair to supply a felt want. The
chairman of the bureau advises that all
clubs sending for a manuscript name a
second choice which may be sent in
case the first is out.

The last meeting of Junior Sorosis was
held at the pleasant home of Mrs. N. C.
Abbott, who gave an interesting review
of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Mrs. Helwig gave a clear and compre-
hensive account of the present compli-
cations of affairs in Samoa.

The annual convention of the Inter-
national Folk Lore association will meet
in Chicago in May by invitation of the
University of Chicago. Nebraska's Folk
Lore society will be represented by a
delegate—not yet chosen—who will read
a paper on the "Folk Lore of Nebraska
Indians," by request of committee of
arrangements.

The annual meeting of the woman's
club will be held next Monday after-
noon at the club rooms. This will be
a purely business meeting, for the elec-
tion of officers and closing up the year's
work. All members are urged to be
present as questions of much impor-
tance to the future of the work will be
discussed and in so far as possible
determined.

The following list of subjects is in re-
sponse to a request for suggestive topics
in American history:

The Early Indian Wars.

Characteristics of the Puritans.

Peter Steuvasant and the Dutch Set-
tlements.

Quakerisms in New England.

The History of Witchcraft.

William Penn.

Roger Williams and Rhode Island.

The Revolution.

American Heroes.

The Civil War.

Constitutional History of the United
States.

Character Studies—Benedict Arnold,
Alexander Hamilton, Henry Clay, Abra-
ham Lincoln, etc.

The reports for last week in Nebraska

show no less than five clubs that were

trying to determine the duty of club

members—the importance of the club

movement.—What is its weakness—

what its greatest strength—what its

social influence? How far should clubs
interest themselves in public affairs?
These are highly important questions
and must result in added interest and
increased benefit to the club movement,
exchange of ideas upon any subject will
result in better and more intelligent
work, and this is especially true of club
work. This interchange of ideas is one
of the greatest benefits to be derived
from city, district, state or general con-
ventions for the inevitable results
are increased breadth of view, quickened
sympathies, higher aspirations and a
consequent decrease of selfishness and
narrowness. The outgrowth of the
woman's club movement, practically
illustrates today woman's true place in
society. Mrs. Henrotin says: "The
work of club woman is, above all, edu-
cational, constructive and co-ordinat-
ing, and she is always successful in this
work and especially should her life be
one of applied Christianity in the home,
in the school and in the world."

Among the many industries and pro-
fessions in which women of the pres-
ent day are employed, perhaps there is
none more unique than the one with
which Mrs. L. G. Sherman, the ana-
tomical artist, occupies herself. She is
the only one of her profession in Chi-
cago if not in the whole country. The
art of painting the blood vessels, giving
to each vein and fiber the exact color of
arterial blood, and with such accuracy
that clinical instruction can be given
from the models, requires not only
ability but talent, and no one is sur-
prised to know that before taking up
this work Mrs. Sherman was a well-
known and successful flower painter.
The tracing of life lines is no more im-
portant than the mixing of anatomical
paint in all its numerous shadings, and
the slender, refined woman whose dress
is hidden by a long blue blouse, which
covers her from head to foot, presents a
most sarginary aspect from dabs of
what represents almost too naturally
coagulated blood. Not only does the
artist paint the hearts, which are used in
the medical fraternity with muscles and
arteries, but she also puts in the valves,
a difficult and exact work which must
be accomplished with mathematical ac-
curacy. The brain in a plaster of paris
head must be a reproduction of the
living substance. The eye is a copy from
life. The painter must be well acquaint-
ed with her subjects, yet Mrs. Sherman
does not make her studies in the dis-
secting-room, but from her models
which lie about in her studio in artistic
abandon, a pair of lungs, an ear, a phan-
tom-mask, an arm denuded of flesh, to
show the numerous veins which to the
student indicate the circulation, or a
tongue protruding from a white cast,
all the tiny, threadlike veins being de-
picted with anatomical fidelity, being
the studies which Mrs. Sherman finds
more fascinating than flowers. Her
adaptability for this special work was
suggested by a medical man who ob-
served her methods in tracing the fine
veins in the leaf of a flower, and the
facility with which she blended and
shaded her plants.

The work is so arduous that Mrs.
Sherman does not occupy her whole
time with it, but finds it so engrossing
that all other lines of art are dull by
comparison with what she calls "the
beauty of arterial painting." She is a
dainty woman, with engaging manners
and a charming personality, and is very
enthusiastic over her work.

Bishop Walker of Dakota, was the
first man to advocate the use of a travel-
ing church and his car built for this
purpose was used for many years. A
recent improvement on the pioneer car-
church of Bishop Walker was built by
a clergyman of Conaincut Island. In
this new church on wheels he proposes
to travel over the country roads in going