

A LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

By "The Duchess." CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED. "Never mind," frowning painfully. "I will say it. It is a good punishment for me. If he knew I had even thought of running away with Mr. Eyre, do you think he would still be anxious to marry me himself?" "He might," says her cousin. "Oh, Andy!" says Dalcinea, with keen reproach. "Well," resignedly, "it doesn't matter. I shall tell him the truth, whatever it costs me."

she didn't care for him, he cared for her. Now that she has too late awakened to the fact that she loves him, he does not love her. As for Anketell, to see her—to go to her—to take her hand and coolly press it—has been torture. Oh! did she ever look so desirable as at this moment, when he so fully realizes what he has lost in her—so much loveliness, but not for him. A shabby frock indeed! a poor little frock! but did ever woman yet wear a frock so altogether becoming? Such a shabby gown and without ornament of any kind; but what ornaments could compare with that sweet, soft neck, with those snowy, slender arms? what jewels could outvie those gleaming eyes? Oh, what a pale but perfect face! and the head—it seemed born to wear a crown! How sad she looks—how sad! Remembering, no doubt. She had almost thought his glance cold. She could not see that his heart was well-nigh broken! She could not know, seeing him there talking platitudes to his host, with his eyes determinedly turned away from hers, that yet in his soul he is looking at her, seeing each curve of her gown. It has come to him that, if she can look so charming in that indifferent garment, how beautiful she might be made to look in something better! Oh, that he might be allowed to give her such things as might deck her dainty beauty to its utmost; that he might give her all he possesses! Some part of him she has already, a pure gift of his, that she will carry to her grave, whether she will or not—his heart! The dinner is over at last, and the dreary half-hour afterward in the drawing-room. The snow is still falling, and the McDermot has elected that his guest shall spend the night beneath his roof. No going home until morning. Dalcie had gladly led them to see a chamber warm and sheeted and prepared; and sick at heart, and seeing no chance of a tete-a-tete with her betrothed in which to betray to him her one small act of folly, has refused to come down again. She has gone to her own room, and still dressed, sits cowering miserably over the huge fire that the old nurse had built for her. Ten—eleven—twelve has struck. Rising at last, she goes to the window, and, pulling aside the blind, looks out upon the silent night. "The snow has ceased! There is no wind. What!—not even rain? She opens the window, and, leaning out, looks first at the heavens, bedecked with stars, then down at the earth beneath! The latter proves infinitely more interesting! Below runs a balcony from which the McDermot's don, that in other richer houses would be called the smoking-room, opens. To her surprise a lamp shines through the window, casting a dull, half-shadowed light upon the night outside. Not gone to bed yet? Surely her father—If any one is there she could, from where he now is, hear them talking. Leaning a little further out, she strains her ears; but no sound comes. No voice floats out upon the chilly air. They must have gone to bed and forgotten to put out the lamps. She had better run down and extinguish them. She is about to draw in her head with a view to accomplishing this purpose, when the window beneath her leading from the smoking room to the balcony is thrown open, and a man dressed in evening clothes steps on to it. He has a cigar in his mouth and the red tip of it shows through the mink of his surroundings. To mistake this man for any other than Sir Ralph would be impossible! Dalcinea, drawing back hurriedly, leans against the shutters of her window. The first impulse was not to be seen; the second compels her to stand upright and face a situation, although it be with blanched cheeks. Now—now is her time—to speak. He is alone. She is sure of that. If she hesitates now she may not for a long time, perhaps a whole interminable week, get a chance of squaring herself with her conscience. She must tell him. Then why, not now? It takes but a little minute to run down the stairs, open the smoking-room door, and crossing it reach the balcony. "Dalcie!" says Anketell sharply—as sharply as though he had seen a ghost.

BRYAN AND WATSON.

THE POPULIST PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES. Texas Walks Out—Weavers Stirring Appeal for Union—A Scene of Tumultuous Enthusiasm Follows His Close—End of the Convention. St. Louis, July 27.—At 4 o'clock this afternoon the Populist national convention completed the ticket which it began last night with Tom Watson of Georgia for second place by nominating W. J. Bryan of Nebraska for President. This it did, though it had been plainly told that Mr. Bryan would not accept the nomination without Arthur Sewall. What the Populists and the nominee will do remains to be seen, but it is reasonable to suppose that Mr. Bryan will decline the offered position. Texas Delegates Walk Out. The Texans did not wait the assured result of the convention to decide upon their course. A majority of them bolted in advance. They were headed by Delegates-at-Large Jeremiah C. Kearby and M. M. Williams. The first named is easily the leader of the Populists in Texas and it is conceded by all that he will be the party's nominee for governor. He left the convention declaring that he would not return and said that Texas would never accept Bryan. Delegate-at-Large Williams said that he would rather vote for McKinley than the Nebraska man. About fifty-five members of the Texas delegation cast their lots at once with the bolters, Stump Ashby among them. The others remained in pursuance of an agreement made in caucus to support the nomination of Norton of Illinois, as the expression of the anti-Bryan strength. The Texans were very frank in the announcement of their purposes: "We will make report of our action to the state Populist convention to be held August 5 at Galveston," said Delegate-at-Large Jeremiah Kearby, "and that convention will undoubtedly sustain us." Called to Order. When Senator Allen called the convention to order at 9:35 o'clock the hall had not been put in order, and one delegate, who had probably remained in the hall all night, was slumbering peacefully, stretched out on the floor in a remote portion of the hall. After the invocation a Connecticut delegate arose to protest against further display of lung power that had characterized the first three days of the convention. He thought it about time the convention exercised a little "horse sense." His statement was given a round of applause. Chairman Allen announced that the first thing in order was the selection of members of the national committee and the committee to notify the candidates for President and Vice President. Weaver Speaks for Bryan. At the conclusion of his remarks General Weaver came forward and was greeted with applause and began to speak as follows: "Mr. Chairman, I arise before you this morning in my judgment facing the most critical period that has ever occurred in the Populist party. I know that I have in my heart not one aspiration or lingering intention to do anything to this convention, or to say one word in this presence that would militate against the growth and strength and security and purposes of the Populist party. I may say that I have but two aspirations in connection with that party. The first is incorporated with my life work. It is to preserve unimpaired and unbroken to the American people the great principles that were intended for us for the last twenty years. (Applause.) Gentleman, I do not want any cheering. My second purpose is to preserve the organization for present and future usefulness in every part of this Union. "You have all read the papers this morning, you have all read the many dispatch from the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, the Hon. William J. Bryan (applause). No man could have done less and be a man. His many attitude concerning the action of this convention we must all respect, and every member of it, and every person who reads the proceedings of this convention must do the same. "But, my fellow citizens, this question has reached a point where neither Mr. Bryan nor his personal friends have any right whatever to say in regard to what the action of this convention shall be (cheers). This is a greater question than the personality of any candidate and I as an individual tell you that this is a fact. After your action last night, after I had read the telegram from Mr. Bryan I utterly refused, and I here and now utterly refuse to confer either with Mr. Bryan or Mr. Jones as to who shall be the nominee of this convention (loud applause). That is a matter that we have a right to determine for ourselves. It is the relief of 70,000,000 of people that is at stake. This thing, and to ask the consideration and the attention of this convention to that one thing. I know, if I know anything, that I am proceeding upon right lines. You know how long I have fought in that behalf; listen, now to what I have to say. I have borne your standard (and I know I was undeserving), first, sixteen years ago, in 1880, and twelve years afterwards, unsolecited, you made me your standard bearer in 1892. I did my best. I did all I could do with the means at my command, to support your principles among the people. Now, I stand here in the crucial juncture of our party's history, and I shall proceed to deliver my convictions deliberately upon the condition of affairs, and I ask that you will pardon me, although an extemporaneous speaker for more than forty years, and permit me to read from manuscript what I have to say."

General Weaver then delivered his set speech as follows: "In that mid-night discussion between Brantiss and Cassin concerning the contemplated battle at Phillips, Brantiss urged that their cause was ripe, their legions brimful, at the height, and ready to decline. Said he: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries." And then in dramatic climax he exclaimed: "On such a full sea are we now afloat, and we must take the current when it serves or lose our ventures." "For twenty years we have been pleading with the people to espouse the sacred cause which is at stake in this campaign. We have constantly urged through good and through evil report that our principles were more important than party associations; were above all considerations of private fortune or the petty and feverish ambitions of men. We have thus far suited our action to our words. Through five presidential campaigns, stretching from 1876 to 1892, you correctly estimated the purposes of old party managers, and events have sustained every specification in your indictment against them. "Millions of honest men within old party ranks were deceived, lured into ambush and betrayed. But not a single one of your pickets has ever been caught napping or been taken by surprise. To your devoted efforts is largely due the revival of economic learning in this country which has enabled the Democratic party to assume its present admirable attitude. Your work now promises much to mankind and is about to break forth in complete victory for the industrial masses. "Though often repulsed by the multitude whom we would have liberated, though crucified in return for our kindness, yet through it all we have steadily confided in the righteousness of our cause and the final good sense of the people. We still believe that this nation has a mission to perform which bad men will not be permitted to destroy, and recent events indicate that the nineteenth century is not, after all, to close with the friends of freedom dependent in the Western Hemisphere. "For One Silver Ticket. "From the very beginning our organization has made party fealty subordinate to principle. We will not here reverse ourselves and refuse to accept victory now so easily within our reach. We will not refuse the proffered assistance of at least 3,000,000 free silver Democrats and not less than 1,000,000 free silver Republicans simply because they have shown the good sense to come with an organized army fully equipped and armed for battle. Let them have their own divisions and army corps. Let them manifest their own esprit de corps. The field of glory is open to all competitors who are fighting for the same principle. "The Populists have already shown their prowess in many engagements during twenty years of struggle. If our allies can strike sturdier blows at plutocracy than can we, if they can scale the battlements of the gold veterans and are able to plant their colors one foot nearer the citadel of the enemy than we can ourselves, let every Populist cheer and support them in their heroic work. We will march under the same flag, keep step to the same music, face the same foe, share in and shout over the same triumph. "The silver Democrats have lined up as an organization. Now let the Populists, free silver Republicans and the American silver party do likewise. Form an embattled square impervious to the assaults of the confederated gold power. "After due consideration in which I have fully canvassed every possible phase of the subject, I have failed to find a single good reason to justify us in placing a third ticket in the field. The exigencies of the hour imperatively demand that there shall be but one. I would not indorse the distinguished gentlemen named at the Chicago convention. I would nominate them outright and make them our own and then share justly and rightfully in their election. "The situation is a striking verification of the old adage that 'The path of duty is the path of safety.' Take this course and all opposition will practically disappear in the Southern and Western states, and we can then turn our attention to other parts of the field. Take any other and you endanger the entire situation and strengthen the arm of our common adversary. If you allow the present happy juncture to pass, all the heroic work of twenty years will be thrown to the winds. Our guiding hand will disappear in the momentous conflict just when it should be stretched forth to steady the ark of our covenant. We would prove to the world that we are devoid of capacity to grasp great opportunities, and lacking in strength to grapple with prodigious emergencies. Bryan a Gallant Champion. "The people have a gallant champion in the field, who is leading a revolt against the plutocracy of Christendom. Every oppressor, every plutocrat, in two hemispheres has turned his guns upon him. The subsidized organs have openly proclaimed that he must be crushed by any means and at whatever cost. The confederated monopolies have lain aside their parties and their politics and are marching in hot haste against him. Let us signal to him to hold the fort—that we are coming—and then hasten to his relief. Gentlemen, I want to say to you in all earnestness that as saluted as is this gallant knight by the sleuth-hounds of the money power of the world, you may deliberate here as long as you please, but you cannot prevent people from rushing to the support of their recognized defender and leader. If you will not say the word, they will break over all restraints and go themselves, leaders or no leaders, and may God bless them for so doing. In obedience of my highest conviction to duty, with a solemn conviction that I am right, I place in nomination for the Presidency of the United States a distinguished gentleman, who, let it be remembered, has already been three

times indorsed by the Populist party of his own state—once for representative in Congress, once for United States senator, and only last week for the Presidency. I name that matchless champion of the people, that intrepid foe of the corporate greed, that scientific young statesman, William J. Bryan of Nebraska. "When quiet was restored after seven minutes of bedlam, General Field of Virginia, who was General Weaver's running mate in 1892, hobbled forward on his crutch and after a brief speech moved to suspend the rules and make Bryan's nomination unanimous. The convention rose almost en masse and cheered, but above the chorus of cheers came the sharp cries of the Texas men. "No, No," they yelled. "Chairman Allen declared the motion carried, but yielding to the protests, decided to allow a call of States on the motion of the Texas men wildly protested and Chairman Allen at last recognized Stump Ashby of the Lone Star State for a personal explanation. Ashby, who has been a most disturbing factor in the convention, spoke from the stage. He opened with a few facetious remarks about the docility of the Texan nature, and its world-wide conservatism and then announced that Texas was ready to indorse Bryan if Bryan would indorse the platform adopted. He then read the following resolution: Resolved, by the People's party in national convention assembled, that we stand ready to nominate Hon. W. J. Bryan for president of the United States provided he will accept the nomination on the platform we have adopted. He asked, further, that if Mr. Bryan is the patriot that we think he is, that he will rise above party and be the hero of the hour, step into the breach and redeem this nation from the rule of plutocracy. "George Schilling of Wisconsin attempted to secure a recess until Bryan could be heard from, but he was hounded down, and Chairman Allen ordered the roll call to proceed. "Alabama and Arkansas were not ready, but Colorado voted forty-five for the motion to suspend the rules and nominate Bryan. Men stood on chairs and howled for recognition. "Missouri heard from. "Delegate Livingstone, chairman of the Missouri delegation, nominated Ignatius Donnelly, but when Donnelly declined the use of his name he placed in nomination J. S. Coxey of Ohio and the industrial army. "Delegate Weller Long of Missouri protested that Missouri did not want Coxey. "Judge Green of Nebraska said that the choice was between McKinley and Bryan and the People's party should not hesitate. "How long have you been hatched out?" cried an Alabama delegate. "For over thirty years," replied Judge Green. "Texas delegate mounted a chair and, upon putting a question, "We came here under instructions," he cried, "and I want you to tell me whether Bryan will stand on the platform we have adopted?" "I know Mr. Bryan," replied Judge Green. "I know him personally. He is my friend and I say to you he is as true a Populist as you or I. (Cheers.) "Will he accept the nomination?" further persisted the Texan. "Sit down, sit down!" cried many voices, but Judge Green motioned for order and shouted fiercely: "Mr. Bryan would be a fool to come here and say he would accept a nomination before it was offered. He has not accepted the Democratic nomination. But I say to you again, I know his heart beats in sympathy with every principle of our party." "Charles B. Matthews of New York, predicted that Mr. Bryan would sweep New York from Niagara to Hellgate. "The chair held that when the roll was called delegations could vote for Bryan or anyone else. This ruling provoked another storm of protests and only confounded the confusion. "Some one got on the platform and read above the din the following: "TERR HAUTE, Ind., July 25.—Hon. Henry D. Lloyd, Delegate People's Party convention, St. Louis: Please do not permit use of my name for nomination.—E. V. Debs. "At last, as the only way of restoring order, General Field withdrew his motion and the call of the States for nominations was continued. "At 4:40 the call of the states was commenced for votes on the presidential nomination, the two candidates being Bryan of Nebraska and Norton of Illinois. The call of the roll of states resulted in an immense majority for Bryan, the vote being Bryan 1,012, Norton 221, Debs 8, Donnelly 3, Coxey 1. Punishing Children. Moral suasion may do very well for older children, but I never could appreciate its powers during babyhood. I read the experience recently of a mother who was a strong believer in the "Come away, baby; there's a darling, now do," theory, until her own little one began to creep about. Like other babies, he investigated everything within reach, being especially attracted by the books which he could reach and pull to the floor. For awhile, the mother patiently replaced the books and carried baby away. Just as often he went back again, until patience ceased to be a virtue. Then theory gave way to something more practical—the mischievous little hands were punished and the books were left in peace.—Womankind. Germany Has a New Cannon. A report is again current of the intention of the German government to introduce a new cannon into the imperial army. But the present German cannon is at least as good as that of the French and Russian armies, and Germany accordingly has no urgent reason to adopt a new weapon. The improved weapon referred to was invented a considerable time back and until one or the other of the great powers introduces a new and superior gun Germany is under no imperative necessity of moving in the matter. She may well be reluctant as the change would cost at least 200,000,000 marks. The construction of the weapon above mentioned remains at present a profound secret.—Berlin Dispatch to London Standard.

SHOT BY A WOMAN.

YOUNG MAN KILLED AT NEBRASKA CITY. Sought Entrance to Her Home and Was Met by a Volley from a Revolver and Died Almost Instantly—The Inmate Under Arrest. NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., July 27.—John Rieker and three other young men Saturday night started out to make the rounds of the town. They went to a house at the corner of Third street, conducted by Mrs. Ann Sopher under the name of Anna Smith, and demanded admittance, which was refused, with the warning that if they did not leave she would shoot. They persisted and the woman fired five shots, one of which struck Rieker just above the left shoulder, striking the spinal chord and death soon followed. The coroner and officers were summoned and the remains taken to the morgue. Mrs. Sopher and four other inmates were arrested. Rieker has until recently been employed at the packing house, but for the past week had been working on the brick yard. He was about twenty-two years of age and a hard working young man, the only support of his mother. CAUGHT IN THE ACT. Fremont Man Arrested While Trying to Force an Entrance into a Store. FREMONT, Neb., July 27.—Burt Burkey is under arrest, charged with attempted burglary. Saturday evening he attempted to break into Johannesen's shoe store. He proceeded to cut out a panel in the door, but found it a hard job and knocked out a pain of glass. The racket was heard by persons on the street and the family occupying rooms above the store. A policeman appeared on the scene just as Burkey was secreting himself behind an outbuilding. He was quickly captured. Burkey has been employed in the city for the past two years as cook in various restaurants. OVERTURNED THE BUGGY. Mrs. Sears and Son are Thrown Out on Their Heads. LINCOLN, Neb., July 27.—Mrs. Sears and her son narrowly escaped serious injury by the overturning of their buggy at First and A streets Saturday night about 10 o'clock. They were returning home when the horse became frightened and started to run. It overturned the buggy near a culvert and the occupants were thrown out on their heads. Mrs. Sears had her shoulder and neck badly sprained. Her son had one of his arms wrenched and was otherwise bruised. The patrol wagon was called and they were taken to their homes at Thirty-first and Randolph. Counterfeit Antiquities. Sir John Evans says that "not even the trained antiquary is proof against the forger, and confesses that not only has he himself purchased forgeries, but has published accounts of them as if they had been genuine—accounts which any amount of subsequent withdrawals fails to annihilate. Counterfeits and forgeries abound in every department of archeology. Spurious manuscripts, inscriptions, gems, pottery, glass, enamels, ivories, coins, weapons, implements and armaments have each and all been foisted on collectors at different times and in various countries. Getting on in This World. A small boy in one of Marshal Field's stores in Chicago approached his employer and asked for an advance in salary. "How much are you getting a week now?" said the merchant. "Four dollars and a half, sir." "And how old are you?" "Twelve, sir." "Why, my boy, at your age I was not paid that much." "Well, maybe you weren't worth it to the firm you were working for, but I think I am."—New York Advertiser. Her Constant Habit. Herbert, ashly pale—Then it is all over between us! Amelia, with great gentleness—Yes, Herbert. But with your permission hours in memory of the many pleasant hours we have spent together, I will retain the ring you gave me. Besides I need it to complete a collection. Chicago Tribune. Mail Carriers to Pleno. NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., July 27.—Mail Carrier Ed Benter is in receipt of a letter from Omaha stating that the mail carriers of that city would like to picnic in this city on Labor day and asking what arrangements can be made. Better grounds for a picnic cannot be found anywhere than Nebraska City affords and all who come can be assured of a pleasant outing. Sure to Move Them. Traveler—Deadlock in your state legislature, eh? Native—Yes. "Why don't you break it?" "We could." "Nothing is easier." "How?" "Introduce a bill to raise salaries." A Safe Diet. Mother—What does the doctor say? Daughter—He says I have heart trouble, and must not read anything that is the least bit exciting. Mother—That's too bad. You will have to confine yourself to the monthly magazines. Theodore Mazanti, proprietor of a general merchandise store at Stanton, made a general assignment for the benefit of creditors. Debts, \$3,300; nominal value of assets, \$4,200.