



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED.) "You are complimentary to your friend's husband."

"My friend!" exclaimed the girl; "ah, no, monsieur, she is not that—she is too good for that—and if she used to be his friend, tell him he ought to help her. She wants some one's help."

"Probably," returned the Scotchman; "but it's a dangerous thing, my girl, to interfere between husband and wife, and my friend will do well to keep out of it. There, that will do for this morning, Adele," he added, as she leaped from the rostrum; "take my advice, and say nothing of this incident to madame your friend. It may unsettle her, and make the end of her married life rather more unbearable than the beginning of it."

He lit up his pipe again and strolled carelessly about the studio until Adele had left. Then his manner suddenly changed; he left the studio, rushed up a flight of stairs, and entered the little snugery above, where his companion was sitting, and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Sutherland, my boy," he exclaimed, "good news."

Sutherland, awakened suddenly from his day-dream, started from his chair. "About Marjorie?" he cried.

"Yes," returned his friend with a smile, "about Marjorie. I have been talking this morning with a woman who is one of her intimate friends."

"Where is she?" exclaimed Sutherland. "Let me see her."

"Now, look here, my good fellow," returned the other, "you must sit down and ease yourself. Moreover, you must work cautiously, or my prize may turn out a blank. Yes, I have discovered in the model Adele one who may tell you just what you want to know—who is often in the house with Marjorie, who knows exactly how happy or how wretched she may be, and who, if properly handled, may be made to tell you all. But you must be careful, as I have said, for she is a rough creature, and might turn stubborn. She is gone now, but she will return tomorrow, and you shall talk to her. Think it over, and decide for yourself the best way to act."

He descended to the studio, while Sutherland sank again into his chair to think of Marjorie.

He spent a singularly restless night; the next morning he looked pale and harassed. But after breakfast when he entered the studio he was quite calm. He was working with his customary ardor when the studio door opened and Adele came in.

The moment she appeared he sprang up and accosted her. "I am glad you have come," he said, in doubtful French. "I wish to speak to you about a lady whom you know well. Yes; Nairn, my friend, has told me that you know her."

Adele fixed her wild eyes upon the young man, and then, with a curious smile, pointed to a portrait.

"You mean her?" she asked. "Yes, yes! Tell me all you know concerning her. I am interested in her—deeply interested. My friend tells me that you sometimes visit the house, though how or why I cannot guess. What takes you there?"

"I carry a message sometimes from the cabaret," answered Adele. "And you see her?—you speak to her?"

"Why not?" said the girl, somewhat defiantly, for she read in the young man's face no little astonishment that Marjorie should see such company. "Yes, I see her—and the child. She is like that picture, but changed, older. But there, perhaps you sometimes see her for yourself."

"Only from a distance," answered Sutherland. "I have not spoken to her, she does not know that I am in Paris. But I have seen enough," he added, sadly, "to suspect that she is unhappy and neglected. Is that so?"

Adele looked at him for some moments in silence, then she said, with the low, harsh laugh habitual to her: "You know little or nothing, monsieur. If you will swear not to betray me, I can tell you much more—of her—and her husband. Diable, I should love to do him an ill turn, and her a good one. Will you swear?"

"Yes," answered Sutherland, started by the girl's strange manner. "For God's sake, tell me all you know."

Upon being further questioned, it seemed that Adele knew really very little concerning Marjorie herself. She could only tell Sutherland what he had already, by quiet observation, discovered for himself, that Marjorie seemed unhappy; that there was no sympathy between herself and her husband; that, indeed, she seemed to fear him.

About Caussidiere himself, Adele was much more explicit—indeed, she seemed to be pretty well acquainted with his secret life, and spoke of it without reserve. Suddenly she asked: "Do you know Mademoiselle Seraphine, of the Chatelet?"

"No."

"Well, Caussidiere does."

"What of that?"

"Well," repeated Adele, "how dull you are, monsieur. You ask me

just now why Caussidiere neglects his wife, and I tell you.

"He has an intrigue with an actress?"

"Not exactly. He simply prefers her company. When Madame Mere sends a little check, Caussidiere changes it, gives Seraphine a little supper, and leaves his wife to mind the baby at home. Voilà tout."

She turned as if about to leave him, but Sutherland called her back. "Mademoiselle Adele, I—I am not a rich man, but Madame Caussidiere has friends who will not see her want. You have access to her, I have not; you can give her some money—"

Adele laughed aloud. "That is so like a man," she said. "Give her money! I give her money, who can earn but a few sous by singing at a café? She would think I stole it. Besides, she does not want money, monsieur."

Again she turned to go, and again he detained her. "Adele, you see madame very often, do you not?"

"I go when I can. I like the boy."

"Women can often say a word of comfort to each other. You won't say that you ever met me, but if you can make her happier by a word sometimes—"

He paused in some confusion, and held forth a napoleon. Adele laughed again, and roughly tossed his hand aside.

"Bah! kindness is not to be bought from Adele of the Mouche d'Or. I shall see her often, for, as I said, I like the child."

During the few days which followed Sutherland was like a man entranced—utterly bewildered as to what he should do.

Once or twice he saw Marjorie walking with her little boy in the streets of Paris, and he fancied that her face looked more careworn than ever. He dared not speak to her. It would be better, he thought, to make his presence known to Caussidiere, and to give that gentleman plainly to understand that unless Marjorie's life were made more bearable to her, the checks from Miss Hetherington would inevitably cease. That would be the only way to touch Caussidiere's heart—it was the surest way to proceed, and Sutherland determined to act upon it.

One morning—some two days after his interview with Adele—he left his rooms with the determination to find Caussidiere. So engrossed was he with this new idea that for the time being he forgot all else. He walked through the streets, along the boulevards. He was wondering how and where he should carry out his design, when he was suddenly startled by the sound of his own name.

He started, turned quickly, and found himself face to face with Marjorie.

For a moment he could say nothing. A mist was before his eyes, and his rising tears choked him; but he held forth his hands to grasp her trembling fingers.

"Johnnie," she said, "it is really you! Oh, I am so glad, so glad!"

He brushed away the mist which was blinding his eyes and looked at her again. Her cheeks were suffused, her eyes sparkled, and a sad smile played about the corners of her mouth. She looked at that moment something like the Marjorie whom he had known years before.

The change lasted only for a moment, then her face became paler and sadder than it had been before, and her voice trembled as she said: "Johnnie, you must tell me now how they all are at Dumfries."

She sat down on one of the benches which were placed by the roadside, and Sutherland took his seat beside her. "I was sitting here," she said, "when I saw you pass. At first I could not believe it was you, it seemed so strange that you should be in Paris, that I should meet a friend from Scotland."

The tears came into her eyes again, and her voice trembled. Turning her face away, she beheld a pair of eyes gazing wonderingly up at her.

"Leon, mon petit," she said, placing her hand upon her child's golden curls; then turning to Sutherland she said: "This is my little boy."

As little Leon was not conversant with English, Sutherland addressed him in the best French at his command. He took the child on his knee, and the three sat together to talk over old times.

"It seems so strange, I can hardly believe it is real," said Marjorie. "Tell me how long have you been in Paris, and how long will you stay?"

"How long I shall stay I don't know," said Sutherland. "I have been here several months."

"Several months?" repeated Marjorie, "and I see you today for the first time."

"I thought it would be better for us both, Marjorie, that I should keep away."

Perhaps she understood his meaning, for she turned the conversation to other things. He told her of the changes which had taken place in Annandale; that the old servant Mysie lay with the minister sleeping in the kirkyard; that a large family filled the manse; and that Miss Hetherington was the only being who, amidst all this changing,

remained unchanged. A gray, weary, worn-out woman, she dwelt alone in Annandale Castle.

Holding little Leon by the hand, they strolled quietly along under the trees. Presently they came to one of the many merry-go-rounds which are to be found in the Champs Elysees. Merry children were riding on the wooden horses, and mothers and nursery-maids were looking on.

Here little Leon clamored for a ride, and Sutherland placed him on one of the horses. As he rode round and round, uttering cries of infantine delight, Marjorie looked on with heightened color, here eyes full of mother's tender rapture; and, gazing upon her, Sutherland thought to himself:

"Poor Marjorie! She loves her husband for her child's sake. I have no right to come between them."

When the ride was done and the three passed on together, Marjorie seemed to have forgotten all her trouble and to look her old smiling self, but Sutherland's heart sank in deep dejection.

Close to the Madeleine they parted, with a warm handshake and a promise to meet again.

From that day forth Marjorie and Sutherland met frequently, and walked together in the Bois de Boulogne or on the boulevards, with little Leon for a companion. At her express entreaty he refrained from speaking to Caussidiere, though he saw that, despite her attempts at cheerfulness, her face sometimes wore an expression of increasing pain. He began to suspect that there was something very wrong indeed; and he determined to discover, if possible, the exact relations existing between Marjorie and her husband. Meantime, the meetings with his old sweetheart were full of an abundant happiness, tempered with sympathetic distress.

CHAPTER XXIX.

UTHERLAND'S suspicions were correct. Matters between husband and wife were rapidly coming to a climax. Day after day, and sometimes night after night, Caussidiere was from home, and when he was there his manner toward his wife and child was almost brutal.

Marjorie bore her lot with exemplary docility and characteristic gentleness; but one day her patience gave way. She received a communication—an anonymous letter—which ran as follows, but in the French tongue:

"Madame—When your husband is not with you he is with Mademoiselle Seraphine of the Chatelet."

Marjorie read the letter through twice, then folded it and put it in her pocket. Caussidiere was late home that night; indeed, it was nearly two o'clock before his latch-key was put in the door; yet when he mounted the stairs he found that Marjorie was sitting up for him.

"Diable, what are you doing here?" "Where have you been so late, Leon?" she quietly replied.

He stared at her with an ominous frown as he said: "What is that to you? Go to bed."

Seeing well that he was in no mood to be questioned, she obeyed him; but the next morning, when they were sitting at breakfast, she returned to the subject again.

"Leon," she said, "where is it that you go so often when you are away from me?"

Caussidiere looked at her with a new light in his eyes; then he turned away his head and continued his breakfast. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

INCOMES THAT SEEM LARGE.

It is always assumed that great painters make fortunes almost with a turn of the hand. That, at all events, is not the experience of M. Puvis de Chavannes, the most celebrated painter in France at the present time, who has been working for thirty-seven years, estimates that the total amount he has been able to earn by his pictures in that time has amounted to scarcely \$16,000. In other words, his income has averaged only about \$430 a year.

This even does not represent profit, for naturally his expenses in hiring models and in purchasing materials would have to be deducted from this very modest sum.

Similar abnormal figures between position and income are occasionally met with in other professions, although as a rule men do not like to proclaim the fact that they have not been great money-makers.

One of the most remarkable examples of this fact was the case of a famous oculist living in Harley street. He was the senior surgeon of one of the most celebrated ophthalmic hospitals in London, and held one of the highest positions in the professional world as a consultant.

In speaking of the subject of earnings to a professional friend one day, he jokingly asked: "What would you think had been the most I have ever earned in a year out of the practice of my profession?"

The friend looked up not knowing what to answer, whereupon the old oculist went on: "Well, you would perhaps be surprised if I told you that I have never earned \$100 in twelve months."

The best quality of maple syrup comes from the north side of the tree, but the flow is not so large as when the tree is tapped on the south side.

AN ELKHORN WRECK

A DISASTROUS HEAD END COLLISION.

Misunderstanding of Orders Causes a Bad Mixup—150 Sheep Killed and One Passenger Injured—Enginemen Jump and Save Themselves.

A disastrous head end collision occurred Friday morning, October 15 on the Elkhorn road near Fremont at the bridge over the Rawhide. One locomotive was totally demolished, the other badly wrecked, one car of sheep telescoped and about 150 of the animals killed and one car of merchandise damaged.

The west bound train was the regular Deadwood cannonball freight, the other train was a stock special. The trains collided on a curve and neither crew could see far owing to a heavy growth of trees. As soon as it was discovered that the trains would come together, both engineers reversed their engines, applied the air brakes and jumped, escaping injury. The stock engine fell into the creek, the first car containing sheep had the whole superstructure torn off.

The cause of the wreck was a misunderstanding of orders by either the conductor or engineer of the Deadwood cannonball. The stock train had orders to pass the freight at Fremont, and the freight had orders to sidetrack but somehow overlooked them and pulled out too soon. Jake Joss of Fremont, who was in charge of the sheep on the stock train, put his head out of the window of the caboose when the alarm sounded to see what the matter was, and struck the casing, cutting his head severely.

OUR STATE BANKS.

Secretary Hall's Report Shows Them in a Flourishing Condition.

Secretary P. L. Hall of the state banking board has just issued the semi-annual report showing the condition of state and private banks at the close of business Sept. 8. The total number of banks on that date were 398. Liabilities and resources balance at \$23,551,256.80.

The following statement shows the condition of the banks now as compared with the statement of May 26, and also that of September 30, 1896:

Table with columns for Assets and Liabilities, showing various financial figures for different banks and categories.

SENATOR PADDOCK DEAD.

Valvular Disease of the Heart Takes Him Off Suddenly. Ex-Senator Algernon S. Paddock died at his home in Beatrice, the Paddock hotel, at 1 o'clock Sunday morning. His family, except one brother and one son, who are in Chicago, were with him. The complaint was valvular disease of the heart.

Attempted Suicide. Mrs. Nellie Derrington, an operator in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph company at Omaha, attempted to commit suicide by taking poison. While at work she astonished her fellow workers by the announcement that she had taken a dose of strychnine. Medical aid was summoned at once and hopes are entertained that she will recover.

Ends Her Life By a Slash. The wife of ex-Postmaster Schriever of Dakota City killed herself Sunday morning at 11 o'clock by cutting her throat from ear to ear at the home of her brother-in-law, Chas. Voss, fifteen miles southwest of Dakota City. Mrs. Schriever has been demented for some time. She leaves three children. Her maiden name was Lizzie Winkhouse.

Odd Suicide. A suicide at Eldora, Ia., last week makes Fremont lose a new family. W. B. Ackles of that place was to move to Fremont soon, but delay in the consummation of a land deal caused Mrs. Ackles such disappointment that she threw herself into an old well and drowned.

Solicitor Sterling Dead. Wm. B. Sterling, general solicitor of the Elkhorn and Sioux City railways died at his home in Omaha, Friday, October 15, of typhoid fever, after an illness of two weeks. He was aged thirty-five.

Dogs Kill Sheep. Sunday afternoon dogs got into Wright & Spahr's sheep yard at Fairmont and killed three sheep valued at \$12 each and mangled three others so badly they will probably die.

ODD FELLOWS AT LINCOLN

Grand Lodge Season Opens With the Grand Encampment.

The grand encampment of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows convened Tuesday morning, October 19, at the Odd Fellows' hall, Lincoln, at 10 o'clock. The meeting was the first of a series, the grand lodge following on Wednesday and the meeting of the Daughters of Rebekah occurring on the same day.

The grand encampment is made up of representatives from the thirty-seven subordinate encampments in the state and a number of ex-officio members which will probably swell the total attendance to 100. Grand Scribe L. P. Gage of Fremont was in the city in advance of the members. He said that the membership in the encampment had increased by exactly four during the year, it being 1,311 instead of 1,307 as last year. Mr. Gage said that the meeting this year would consist principally of routine matters. He knew of no very important matter that would be discussed.

The grand encampment officers are as follows: Grand patriarch, N. B. Heim, Omaha; senior warden, A. D. Allemand, Arapahoe; grand high priest, L. E. Karnes, Plattsmouth; grand scribe, L. P. Gage, Fremont; grand junior warden, C. B. Telyea, Tekamah; grand representatives, J. D. Hoagland, North Platte; P. B. Bryant, Omaha; grand treasurer, Sam McClay, Lincoln.

The Daughters of Rebekah held a preliminary meeting Tuesday evening at the senate chamber. It was largely social in nature. Mrs. G. N. Beals of Norfolk is grand president, Miss Mary C. Spaley, Beatrice, secretary, and Mrs. E. Stult, Omaha, treasurer.

The grand lodge, made up of representatives of subordinate lodges, met Wednesday forenoon in the hall of representatives at the capitol and the Rebekah assembly met at the same time in the senate chamber.

BIGGER SHOW THAN EVER

Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben Preparing for Exposition Pageants.

About 100 members of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben met last Monday night October 18, and decided to have a bigger show than ever next year. The members of the board of governors protested that the work imposed upon them was too burdensome and arrangements were made for aiding them in soliciting the necessary funds from the business men of Omaha.

A report of Secretary Penfield showed that the revenues for the past year were between \$19,000 and \$20,000, of which about \$15,000 were spent on the parades and the rest on the annual ball. The subscriptions brought in nearly \$15,000 of the money, and the remainder came from the membership fees. There were 609 members at the close of the year. The chairman of the board said that it is proposed to spend \$30,000 on the parades alone next year. Each old member who joins will pledge himself to bring in \$200 wired from the east by W. B. Bennett. A Hospe and Orchard & Wilhelm doubled their subscription of last year, and over \$10,000 was subscribed right there. A vigorous canvass for funds and members will begin at once for the great show of exposition year, which will be confined to a week in the fall.

Became Obstreperous.

Frederick Schriever, ex-postmaster of Dakota City, upon his return from the home of his brother-in-law, Chas. Voss, at whose home his wife committed suicide last Saturday morning by cutting her throat from ear to ear, commenced to make himself obnoxious to the citizens by his abusive language. Ed. J. Raymond, whom Schriever threatened to shoot, went before Justice Joyce and swore to a complaint charging Schriever with threatening his life. Sheriff Barowsky placed him under arrest and fixed his bond at \$1,000 for his appearance for preliminary hearing. Bonds were furnished.

Died from Snake Bite.

The ten-year-old grandson of Robt. Ethen, living near Arcadia, died the other day and was buried Sunday. When at school Thursday the boy was bitten by a rattlesnake and died in awful agony. He was an exceptionally bright boy and the mother is prostrated with grief. Grant Johnson, the boy's father, arrived from Minnesota in time for the funeral.

Triplets.

Hall county is certainly doing its share towards increasing the population of the state. On Saturday night, October 16, triplets, two boys and a girl, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eager, residing three miles north of Grand Island, and at last accounts the mother and little ones were getting along famously.

Business Booming.

Five cars of merchandise were received in Arcadia the other day, and the lumberman, M. L. Fries, has sold twenty-five cars of lumber this season. Business is booming at that point.

Highlanders Organize.

A new castle of the Royal Highlanders has just been instituted at Holmesville. The Highlander's orchestra from Beatrice and clansmen were present.

New Daily Paper.

There is a movement well under way for the establishment of a new afternoon daily paper in Omaha. It will be a paper with a mission. One of its missions will be to make war on department stores. It is said that \$50,000 has already been subscribed for stock, and that among the contributors are several of the banks. It will be called the Evening Record.

Cremery for Elk Creek.

The Beatrice Creamery Co., has announced its intention of establishing a cremery at Elk Creek.

GOVERNOR RETURNS

GOVERNOR HOLCOMB AND STAFF HOME AGAIN.

Colonel John G. Maher Goes Into Raptures Over Southern Beauty and Hospitality of Southern Gentlemen and Charms of Southern Ladies.

Governor Holcomb and members of his staff have returned from Nashville. The governor enjoyed good health during his stay at Nashville, but on the return trip was taken sick. He is getting better now and expects to be out again soon. Col. John G. Maher, member of the governor's staff, said the party was treated royally and the trip was pleasant in every particular. The only thing which had a tendency to mar the pleasure of the visit to Tennessee was the absence of John Currie, sculptor, who secured from the state of Tennessee two blocks of marble for the purpose of carving a statue of Abraham Lincoln. In reply to questions from the governor of Tennessee members of Governor Holcomb's party had to say that the marble was still in a good state of preservation.

Colonel Maher thinks ladies of the south are the most charming he ever saw. While at the exposition at Nashville, Colonel Maher tried to find out why the ladies of the south were more charming than those of the north. After patient investigation he came to the conclusion that their chief charm lies in their voice and eyes. The eyes of southern ladies, he says, always sparkle brightly. Whether the eyes are blue or black it is the same. He found ladies of Nashville generally have black hair and dark eyes and a clear and marble-like complexion. Altogether he thinks he saw the most perfect specimens of womanly beauty this country can produce.

Colonel Maher states that men on reception committees and officials he met appear to be superior to western men in culture, refinement and hospitality, but the people as a whole are inferior to Nebraska people in intelligence and personal appearance. It may be remarked here that Colonel Maher was born and reared in South Carolina. But during his trip he saw no state that he liked so well as Nebraska.

HOLCOMB NON-COMMITAL

Does Not Directly Answer The New York Journal's Inquiry.

Governor Holcomb received a telegram from Editor Hearst of the New York Journal, asking him if he would indorse the course taken by that paper in planning the escape of Evangelina Cisneros from a Cuban prison. A similar telegram came from the San Francisco end of the same paper, in which this was one of the assertions and questions combined: "In view of the awful fate that awaited this innocent girl, do you think we performed a proper and humane act?" The message from Editor Hearst to the governor was as follows:

"As will be seen by the dispatches in Sunday's papers, the Journal special correspondent organized plans and effected rescue of Evangelina Cisneros from prison. Will you kindly wire briefly to the Journal an expression of your opinion of its action? The Journal assumes that its course will meet the fullest approval from the best American manhood."

Not caring as an official to express an opinion on such a matter, Governor Holcomb at first refused to answer the questions, but finally did so in a non-committal manner.

STATE WANTS THE MONEY

State's Attorney General Refuses to Withdraw a Claim.

A representative of depositors of ex-State Treasurer Bartley's bank at Atkinson, recently visited the state house to try to induce Attorney-General Smyth to withdraw a claim which the state has presented to the receiver of that bank. Bartley had \$5,000 on deposit in the bank in his own name after it became known that he was in default to the state as treasurer and the banking board closed his bank. The attorney-general filed a claim for the full amount of the money deposited in Bartley's name. A claim was filed with the district court, but its validity has not been determined.

After the bank was closed depositors alleged that it was banking board solely for the purpose of getting hold of Bartley's money. Depositors say there is enough money in the bank to pay them in full if the state will not force its claim. They think the state ought not to be made a preferred creditor, at any rate, and thus shut them out of a chance to get anything. They sent an attorney to consult with state authorities, but Attorney-General Smyth has refused to withdraw the state's claim.

State House Notes.

Joseph T. Harrison of Cincinnati renewed his commission Wednesday as commissioner of deeds representing Nebraska in the state of Ohio. The fee of \$5 was received for by the governor.

The state banking board has given two banks permission to go into voluntary liquidation. They are the State Bank of Clay Center and the City State Bank of Elwood. Each bank has a capital stock of \$15,000.

Injuries May Prove Fatal.

George DeChers, while driving to his farm northwest of Rising City Tuesday night was seriously if not fatally injured by his team running away and throwing him from his wagon, fracturing several ribs and otherwise injuring him. At last accounts his condition was said to be precarious. Three physicians were called.

Senator Baker's Check for Campaign Use

TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 14.—United States Senator Baker unlocked his strong box this week and sent the Republican state committee \$200 to be used in pushing the fall campaign.