They were very like, this father and daughter. Lizzie was his youngest, and although she had attained the age of 18, she was still childish in her ways.

The judge placed his hand tenderly on the little, curly head, "Where has my little daughter been?"

"Oh, I have been up to the hall talking with the housekeeper and wandering through the great rooms, and, oh, papa! she really took me into the beautiful conservatory, and I saw such lovely, flaming passion flowers, and the great, creamy, magnolia blossoms, and, dear me, I can't tell you of all the lovely things."

She was suddenly stopped by seeing a gentleman approaching from the opposite side of the road.

"Mr. Ray, 1 believe?"

The judge bowed. "Agent for the St. Leon place?"

"Yes, sir." "I came to see you in regard to it,

and-"And you are Mr. St. Leon's confidential clerk, Mr. Hartley! I believe I received a letter from him today informing me that you would arrive this week. Yes, yes; come right up to the house and we will talk over the repairs. Shall we begin them immediately?"

. . . . . . "Papa, you don't mean to say you have brought him home-a confidential clerk? You know there are the best rooms to be papered and cleaned, and our pink dresses to be made, against the confidential clerk!"
Herbert St. Leon's arrival. Well, I "I never told you I we shall see that he is put in the little room over the kitchen. He will never know the difference," and Blanche sank back in a studied attitude on the sofa, wondering if handsome Bert St. Leon would fancy her lovely pink morning dress that she had made for his special benefit.

The door of the dining-room was njar, and Mr. Hartley, standing before the fire in the little parlor, had heard it all.

"Mr. Confidential Clerk, you are crying," and Lizzie pushed the white kitten from her lap and came over to his side. "I am sorry you heard them, but never mind, I'll be your friend." "Your friendship is very dear to me,

my little girl." "I'm not a little girl! I was 18 last week."

"Pardon me, young lady, but can you tell me something of the ball? What sort of a place is it?"

"Lizzie, Lizzie! you are talking far more than is necessary. Go to your French, immediately!"

A month had passed by. Mr. Hartley had exchanged his close apartments over the kitchen for more com-



MR, CONFIDENTIAL CLERK, YOU ARE CRYING.

modious ones at the village inn whence he calmly superintended the projected improvements at the hall, and all the gossip exchanged between himself and Lizzie was in the course of her rambles through the St. Leon

And now Mr. Hartley sat in the same the appearance of the judge. "You wish to see me, Mr. Hartley?"

zie. I love her more than my life, Judge Ray."

look for something higher for my greens and meat pies ruling. daughter than a confidential clerk. If that is all, I bid you good evening." Next night the judge rode slowly

of evil. 'Where is Lizzie?" he inquired of

Blanche, as he entered the cozy dining-

"In her room, I suppose, mourning

after her dear clerk." "Well, call her to dinner, child." Blanche went, but returned imme-

diately with a pale, frightened face. "She is not there, pap, but this note lay on her table." The judge broke the seal and read.

with a face that had grown suddenly pale: "By the time that you read these words, dearest papa, your little Lizzie

will be another's. I shall be married to Mr. Hartley. I hope it is not wrong, for indeed I do love him very much." As he folded the note with stern

features a light step crossed the threshold, and Lizzies arms were standing at the door with a face where pride and indomitable resolution struggled for the mastery.

"I'll see you hanged first!" roared the old gentleman. "Begone both of you! Beg, starve, but never come to

"Papa, forgive us!"

me for assistance!" "Oh, papa," pleaded Lizzie, "I want to explain."

'I won't hear you." Be it so," said the clerk; "come, little wife, we have each other left. you know," and they went from the

Blanche was just coming out of hysteries when there came a ring at the bell, and a gentleman bearing a foreign-looking carpet-bag was ushered

"Is this Mr. Ray?" 1 ..... The judge bowed. "Is Mr. St. Leon here?" "Mr. St. Leon, sir, is in Paranham,

Brezil." "I think you are mistaken, sir, as I have been informed he is at this moment in his native village."

"Herbert St. Leon at home and not send word to me, his agent? I must go to the hall immediately."

The lights glimmered brightly from the gothic windows of the hall and winked defiance at the blustering storm without as the judge rang the bell at the great front door.

"Mr. St. Leon-has he arrived?" The servant bowed and ushered him into a room whose superbly arranged furniture struck Mr. Ray with an in-

definite idea of luxury. Lizzie was standing by a tall alabastar vase, that stood in the bay window, arranging the tropic vines that curled around its standard, and the light from the colored lamps shone down on the curly head so dear to the judge's heart. The confidential clerk stood near.

"I wish to see your master, young man."

"I am at your service sir."

"You are! Who the mischlef cares whether you are or not? I wish to see Mr. St. Leon."

"Herbert St. Leon is my name, sir." "You? Well, I thought you were

"I never told you I was. You took that for granted. As the confidential clerk I wooed and won your daughter. As Herbert St. Leon I could have gained no greater treasure."-New York Daily News.

### STORIES OF RAVENS.

They Are Clever Birds and Seem Have Reasoning Powers.

Many stories are told of the cleverness of the raven, a bird that really seems to have reasoning powers. One of these stories tells how the raven by a skillful stratagem got a young hare for its dinner. It had pounced upon the little animal, but the mother hare drove it away. Then the raven slowly retreated, encouraging the mother to follow him, and even pretending that he was afraid of her. In this fashion he led her a considerable distance from the young one and then suddenly, before the hare had time to realize the meaning of the trick, he rose in the air, flew swiftly back, caught the young hare in his beak, and bore it away. A similar plan was adopted by some ravens that wished to steel food from a dog. They teased him till he grew so angry that he chased them from the spot, but the artful birds turned sharply around, easily reached the dish before him, and carried off the choicer bits in triumph. As to the raven's power of speech, the following story, which is given on the authority of Capt, Brown, who vouches for its truth, will show how aptly it can talk, A gentleman while traveling through a wood in the south of England was startled by hearing a shout of "fair play, gentleman; fair play!" uttered in loud tones. The cry being presently repeated, the traveler thought it must proceed from some one in distress and at once began to search for him. He soon discovered two ravens flercely attacking a third. He was so struck with the appeal of the oppressed bird that he promptly rescued him. It turned out that the victim was a tame raven, belonging to a house in the neighborhood, and the cry that it had used so opportunely was one of many that it had been taught to utter.-Philadelphia Times.

# FOOD IN FICTION.

Women novelists, particularly Oulda, rarely allow their heroes and heroines little parlor where Lizzie had first to partake of a substantial meal, while vowed to be his friend, and awaited in the pages of the men writers feasts abound. Compare Dickens and Thackeray. Each is fond of feeding his char-"Yes, sir. I came to ask you for the seters, but Thackeray tells of the feasts hand of your daughter-your little Liz- with an epicurean touch, an appreciation of the delicacies of the table, while Dickens' written meals are al-"You can not have her! No, sir. I ways hearty, plain, boiled beef and

In Scott's stories there is a hint of picturesque splendor about the dinners he describes. There are "noble" meals home to dinner, feeling a presentiment and much geniality and good-fellowship.

The elegant young men of whom Ouida writes usually breakfast at midday on peaches, chocolate and cakes, and yet are great athletes and general wonders on this sybaritic diet. Disraeli does not descend to specify meals, but has a way of introducing gorgeous banquets of unlimited courses. Everything in "Lothair" happens at dinner parties and "fat little oirds in aspic jelly" and ortolans usually form part of the menu,

# The Beak of the Mosquito.

The beak of the mosquito is simply a toolbox, wherein the mosquito keeps six miniature surgical instruments in perfect order. Two of these instruments are exactly counterparts of the surgeon's lance, one is a spear with a uses it to hang her coat on to keep it around his neck; the confidential clerk double-barbed head, the fourth is a in shape, if it's anywhere near the needle of exquisite fineness, a saw and | right size."-New York World. a pump going to make up the complement. The spear is the largest of the six tools, and is used for making the initial puncture; next the lances or knives are brought into play to cause the blood to flow more freely. In case this last operation fails of having the desired effect, the saw and the needie are carefully and feelingly inserted in a lateral direction in the victim's flesh. The pump, the most delicate of all six of the instruments, is used in transferring the blood to the in a stom-

### A PLUCKY WOMAN PILOT. She Attracts the Attention of Tourists in California.

The vocation of Miss Jennie Vin-

cent, the woman pilot of San Pedro harbor, has attracted much attention from eastern tourists in scuthern California. Miss Vincent is probably the only woman steam-pilot in the world, and if she had not emigrated west from her paternal home for generations at Marblehead, Mass., she, would no doubt be now engaged in some New England town in a pursuit that has been woman's for ages. She is a slight, blueeyed, light-haired, cheerful little lady of about 23 years. Her two elder brothers came to California to engage in the new industry of sardine packing on the Pacific coast. She came later to keep house for them. Financial reverses came upon the brothers, and Miss Vincent, having no more house to keep after the sheriff had had his sale, looked about for some employment in her new western home. She had always lived by the sea at Marblehead and had been with an uncle for days at a time on a steam craft of which he was the engineer. From her girlhood she had known how machinery in small propeller steamboats is operated, and she had many times tried her hand at piloting for her uncle. So, when financial clouds lowered over the Vincent cottage at San Pedro, Miss Jennie resolved to become a pilot on the harbor there. She studied navigation, learned the laws of pilotage and meanwhile earned some money as a pilot for a little tug in the harbor. Last September she passed an examination required by the state board of pilot commissioners, and last January she held her certificate as a secondclass pilot. She has in the past few months piloted Pacific coast ships into San Diego and San Pedro harbors. Miss Vincent makes from \$90 to \$120 a month as a pilot, and her ambition is to become so expert in a few years that she may pass an examination to do first-class piloting in San Francisco bay, where she believes she can then make several hundred dollars a month. The pilot fees in California are \$5 per foot on the draught of the craft and also 4 cents per ton of merchandise. There are many vessels of 3,000 tons that come into San Francisco bay, and the pay for them is \$220 each .- New

### MUSICAL CLUBS IN SMALL TOWN Branches of Work It Is Advisable for

York Journal.

Them to Take Up. There is one principle that must be strictly adhered to in any successful village musical society, there must be no drone, says the Ladies' Home Journal. The instant that any one is admitted to membership on any other grounds than ability the decline of the society has begun. Regular attendance can be secured only by arousing the enthusiasm of the members. The one word that expresses the possibilities of concerted instrumental music for the village is orchestra. This word, while rather pretentious in sound, may have an extremely humble application. Orchestra is mentioned as opposed to band; the orchestra, being intended for indoor practice, is capable of exerting a most refining influence. It is to chorus work that the vocal energies of the singers of the town must be mainly devoted, and it is best to assume a high stand from the outset, and establish an "oratorio society." rather than a "chorus" or "choral club." For this purpose a well-balanced group of thirty or forty voices is sufficient if it is composed of members who can really sing. A small chorus of unexpected volume of tone is much more effective than a large one with a disappointing volume. It may be just as well to call attention to the fact that the large music emporiums, especially those in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, are always ready to give advice and assistance in the selection of music where the members of clubs, individually or collectively, do not know just what is best for their purpose,

# Foolish Fox.

"When the pursuit of wealth tempts you, my son," said the sage, "remember the fable of the fox that hungered for some wonderfully fine grapes growing in a garden, the only entrance to which was through a hole in the wall. It was so small that he had to fast three days before he could crawl through it. After he had got inside and filled himself he was too large to crawl back through the hole, and was compelled to fast another three days before he could make his escape from the garden. So he went out as poor as he went in."

"Yes," said the ambitious young man, but why didn't the fool fox take a lot of grapes to the hole and push them out through it? Then he could have carried away enough to keep him fat for a month."

# Supremely Practical.

Mrs. Fuller Twaddle-"Yes, she's a very practical woman, a regular utilitarian. But they say she has a skeleton in her closet." Mrs. Gadabout Chinn-"She has? Well, I'll bet she

Herr Krupp. Herr Krupp, who is one of the richest men in Prussla, is a son of the founder of the Essen steel works. Old Krupp started with two men in 1827. The son now employs 20,000 workmen in the mills and mines and has built thom 20,000 houses.

Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most six ware and searching cort.-Emerson.

# IT IS TORNADO-PROOF

ONE TO ADD TO THE COLUMN TO SEE THE STREET

A MOST REMARKABLE FREAK OF ARCHITECTURE.

Tornado-Proof House That Acts Like a Weather Vane - Another House Built in the Shape of an Elephant-Other Curiosities.

A New York gentleman invented in 1890 a tornado-proof house, which was to act automatically in self-defense, and which might be utilized either as a residence or as a place of refuge during a storm. The structure was built with wedge-shaped points at either end like the bow of a ship, and was mounted on wheels which moved on a circular track. A large, strong wing or vane projected from one end of the house and was intended to act, under the influence of a high wind, as a kind of weathercock and wheel the building around on a pivot, so as to present its sharpened edge to the blast, An appropriate apparatus underneath the house provided for holding it stiffly in position except under the action of a tornado; but the originator of this brilliant contrivance apparently assumed that a tornado blows steadily from one direction, and left out of his calculations its twisting qualities. The inmates of this place of refuge, when swept by the revolving hurricane, might be considerably astonished by its rapidity of circumlocution. However, the hopeful inventor adds to his description of the structure a suggestion that it might be peculiarly adapted for use as a hospital, since it could be turned on its wheels by mechanical forces so as to present the sick ward to the sunshine throughout the length of the day, or to the ventilating effect of the breeze from whatever quarter it might be blowing. A private residence which could be turned so as to follow the sun and cause its purifying rays to shine into every apartment successively is a magnificent luxury which commends itself to every health-loving millionaire, but as only ''e minority possesses a million, the patent will, no doubt, expire unused. Akin to the laudable invention is another which proposes to put springs under a house to prevent its being shaken down by a possible earthquake. One of the most remarkable freaks in architecture since the prehistoric wooden horse of Troy is a house built in the shape of an elephant, which was patented in 1882 by a gentleman of Philadelphia. In describing his conception this gentleman stated that the form of any animal might be employed, as his principal object was to elevate the building considerably above the ground, in order to permit a good circulation of air below the apartments and to insure well-lighted rooms. The legs of the animal, being hollow, were to contain flights of stairs leading to the rooms above, while the elephant's trunk might be effectively utilized as a chute for conveying slops and ashes to the sewer, the opening to which might, for picturesque purposes, be shaped so as to present the appearance of a trough out of which the animal might be supposed to be feeding. One of these ele-Coney island, and proved quite a profitable speculation till it was destroyed by fire. The queer structure was still standing in 1893, and, on account of its size, could be seen at a considerable distance.—Ainslee's Magazine.

# One D y They Didn't Dance.

The organgrinder came with his piano-wagon and his helper into Mulberry street. He comes every day. A troop of children flowed along after him. They came every day, too. The old man threw back the cover, planted his piano in front of police headquarters and the children planted the bables they carried on the steps in front of a building opposite. All were ready. The helper put on his smile and the grinder took hold of the crank. It was all just as usual, just as it happens every day, just as it has happened these many years. But one of the little girls glanced up, poised for the first step and her gaze was fixed, "Hey," she cried to the organ grinder, and her arm pointed to the door back of the bables. There was a bit of crape on the bell. The janitor was dead. The organ grinder drew down the cover, picked up his machine, the children gathered up the babies. The whole troop went off down Mulberry street and around the corner.-New York Commercial Adver-

Trouble in Teaching Monkeys. From the Washington Post: An experienced animal trainer says: "As a rule, monkeys are readily trained, but occasionally there is one, as in the human species, who is a dunce and won't learn anything, is positively stupid and refuses persistently to become educated. The trouble in teaching monkeys is largely that they are mischlevous. They try to overdo things, and do things which are not wanted of them; so that, in order to make them perform as desired, steady drilling is necessary, although they grasp an idea quickly. The only two species of animals which can be taught by precept and example are the chimmanzee and the orang-outang. They are imitators, and to instruct them in doing a thing it is only necessary for

# The Barber Talked.

the trainer to do it first himself and

then either one of these will imitate

Smithy (coming out of the barber shop)-"That shave made me think I had made a mistake and got into a dentist's chair." Jonesy-"Why? Did it hurt so?" Smithy-"No; but I had to take gas, you know."-Philadelphia Balletin.

### PLEASANT PREDICTION. Suspected Sungglers Searched by Means

of the X-Rays. "It's only a matter of time," said one of the custom house inspectors the other day to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "when the present system of searching people suspected of smuggling will be entirely obsolete. It is clamsy, tedious, embarrassing, and, worst of all, ineffective. Clever smugglers of either sex can conceal small articles about their clothing in such a manner that they simply cannot be found without completely destroying the garments, and no inas now conducted doesn't amount to its futility. What will take its place, did you ask? Why, the X-ray, of course. No, I am not joking; I am in earnest. I am confident that inside the next year or two a special form of apparatus will be perfected that will enable an inspector to take a suspect into a private office and in thirty seconds tell to a certainty whether he has any dutiable articles planted about his person, all without so much as touchsimply stand him in front of an X-ray machine and look him over through a fluoroscope. 'Excuse me, sir,' he may say, 'but I'll trouble you for your right boot. I see you have a few diamonds concealed in the heel.' Or it may be that the man has a watch or two sewed up in his underclothes, or a dozen yards of gold chain concealed in the lining of his coat. It will all appear as plain Early Morning Fire Totally Destroys as print, and, on the other hand, if he is innocent the fact will be demonstrated in a jiffy without subjecting him to the slightest humiliation or inconvenience. Some daring rascals have been known to swallow valuable gems just before being searched. With the word, and the smuggler would be pclitely requested to move on to the

### MARRIAGE

It's a great scheme, and would prove

equally valuable in detecting shop-

lifters at large dry-goods stores. If I

had time I'd perfect the idea and take

out a patent on it."

### Said to Be an Even Bargain by a Woman

of Experience. "Marriage," says a fair correspondent, "in common with all the blessings and evils of this world, is governed by the laws of compensation. A man loses, possibly, a certain amount of liberty-a vague term at best-he may, perhaps, have to deny himself his cigar and a few other unnecessary luxuries. gaining a comfortable home, where he reigns paramount, where he is considered, loved and waited upon at every step? Above all, on securing a tender, sympathetic, loving helpmeet, always ready to sink into oblivion her own worries and troubles, to advise and cheer him in the daily flight, to sympathize in trouble, to nurse in illness phant houses was actually erected on and to transform his very faults into virtues. All this and more a man gains as a reward for a little self-denial and an increased responsibility, and I say it is emphatically untrue that men 'rank wedlock as a tremendous and worthy to be husbands themselves, have been disappointed in their wives, or by those small-minded creatures who lack the faculty for seeing two sides of a question. No; marriage, where man and wife are true to their calling, is an undoubtedly even and profitable bargain."

Ingenuity of the Tahlians. The Tahitans are said to be the people most serviceable to the traveler. They seem, in fact, to command at all times the principal conveniences of life, Haif an hour of daylight is sufficient for building a house of the stems and leaves of the fehl banana, and fire is produced by rubbing sticks. If the running water is deeply sunk among stones, by working in banana leaves they bring it to the surface. The chase of eels, which in those dripping mountains become almost amphibious, offers another instance of their ingenulty. They tear off with their teeth the fibrous bark of "puran" (Hibiscus tiliaceus) and a moment after apply it to noosing small fish. If one is sent for fruit he will usually make a basket on the way by plaiting the segments of a cocoanut leaf. A mat will be man-ufactured with almost equal ease. Clothing is always at hand, and a banana leaf serves for an umbrella. Tumblers and bottles are supplied by single joints of the bamboo, and casks or buckets by the long stems, and whether you ask for a hatchet, knife, spoon, toothbrush, or washbasin, the guides will never be found at a loss .-San Francisco Chronicle.

# The Word Won Him.

Sprockett - Wheeler seems to b stuck on that new doctor of his. Skorcha-Yes, he likes his up-to-dateness. When Wheeler was sick in bed the first thing the doctor said was: "O! we'll have you on pedals again in a few days."-Catholic Standard and Times.

# Kind Friend.

Mudge-A man's life is his own Now, if I took a fancy to commit suicide, what right would you have to prevent me? Yabsley-I wouldn't even try.-Indianapolis Journal.

All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal .-- Long-

### BODY REDUCED TO A PULP.

Horrible Fate of Michael Smith of Woodlawn.

Michael Smith, a farmer living near Woodlawn, met a horrible death last evening about 8:20, near a crossing over the Union Pacific, one and onehalf miles northwest of West Lincoln. His body was ground to a pulp by Union Pacific passenger train No. 43. He had been in the city during the day and was on his way home. Evidences of the wreck after the train had passed indicated that Smith had atspector would dare take any such tempted to cross the railroad track at chances. The truth is that searching a point eight rail lengths from the road crossing, and that in doing so the much except as a bluff, and all the old wagon had tipped over and the box. offenders are thoroughly well aware of heavily loaded with lumber, had pinned him underneash it, the body and boxload of lumber falling across the railroad track. The train was running at full speed and struck the wreck on the track. The body of the unfortunate driver was reduced to a shapeless mass. The engineer of the train, Richard Rowley, did not see the wreckage on the track until he struck it. The train was stopped, an investiing him with his finger tips. He will gation made, and portions of the body were found. The train was then backed to Lincoln and word sent to the coroner. Undertaker Walton G. Roberts and Coroner R. A. Holyoke went out soon after and picked up the body, bringing the remains to Lincoln.

### BIC FLOUR MILLS BURNED.

Plant.

The large Loug City roller mills, with a capacity of 100 barrels of flour a day, burned to the ground. The fire seemed to originate inside, and when first discovered was burning through X-ray revolver such a dodge would the roof. The mill was equipped with prove transparent in every sense of the first class up to date machinery, all of which was, together with other conteats, entirely destroyed. The flour stomach-pump department next door. that was being made was equal to the best, and Loop City and community sustains an irreparable loss. The origin of the fire is unknown. The loss is estimated at \$16,000, with \$4,000 in-

### Find an Insane Woman.

Constable J. E. Case of Syracuse was called out into the country about nine miles southwest, where he captured a crazy woman that had escaped from the asylum at Hastings about two weeks ago. The unfortunate weman was discovered husking corn in a field by the side of the road. She would husk out a row, laying the corn He must, in short, be a little less self- in little piles, and then cross the road centered than formerly. Yet are not and repeat the operation there. The his denials more than amply repaid by woman is apparently a Bohemian, and is quite unruly, having to be carefully watched. She refuses food and no cae seems able to understand her. She was taken back to Hastings.

# Ctica Coursing Meet.

W. I. Compton, secretary of the Utica Coursing association, has sent out notices to the effect that the Utica loursing association holds its first meet at Utica on November 21, 22, 23. There will be an all age stake for the state of Nebraska only. The purse is divided into ten monies, viz: \$100 to most undoubtedly uneven bargain. winner, \$60 to runner up, \$20 each to Don't judge men by a few who, un- next two, \$10 each to next four, and \$10 to the two dogs beaten in the first round by the winner and runner up.

# A Tecumseh Boy Killed in Missouri.

Marion Fleck, a Tecumseh lad, was instantly killed in an accident in a zine mine near Webb City, Mo. Young Fleck, who is about twenty-one years old, was born and reared in Tecumseh and went down to Missouri to work last spring. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Fleck, reside in Webb City, and he has a sister, Miss Julia Fleck, in Wymore.

# Woman Drops Dead.

Mrs. John M. Morrison, wife of a prominent farmer and stockman, living a mile west of Brownville, dropped dead while attending a public sale at the residence of Major William Daily, near Peru. Apoplexy is reported to be the cause of death. The interment was made at College View, Neb. She leaves a husband, two sons, graduates of Union college, and a daughter.

# Dead From Asphyxiation.

A sheepherder from Casper, Wyo., named H. G. Wallace, was found dead in his room at the Merchants hotel in Omaha, as a result of asphyxiation. The night porter, A. J. Scott, detected the odor of gas while passing through the hallway and traced it to Wallace's

### Norfolk Boy Badly Injured. Claude Pollock, a seven-year-old son

of H. Pollock of Norfolk, ran to catch on the hind end of Walker's delivery wagon. His left leg was caught in the wheel, broken in two places and the flesh badly mangled.

# Team Stolen at Blair.

Davis & Son, liveryman, discovered that they had become victims of a horse thief. A man visited the barn and hired a team on the pretense of visiting Calhoun, but when last heard from was in Tekamah, headed north. The sheriff is hot on the trail.

# Mrs. Gama Dead.

Mrs. Gaffin, wife of ex-Speaker and present Oil Inspector Gaffin, died in Lincolp. The remains were sent to Colon, Saunders county, for burial.