



[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER II A WAR OF WITS.

Corporal Ratigan rode gallantly beside Miss Baggs, the two keeping up a constant picket firing, which occasionally warmed to the dignity of a skirmish.

at the same time. The result was that he carried the old buggy with Betty Baggs in it right away from the



He gave his horse the spur.

corporal. Indeed Ratigan fell behind steadily. If he should break from a trot, he would lose the race; if he should keep up his trot, he would lose Miss Baggs.

"What's in the box you have with you?" asked Ratigan, looking at a square little box on the seat beside her. It had been covered with a shawl, which had fallen from over it, exposing it to view.

"That's a philosophy machine. You see, my friend, Sal Glascock, she knows a heap o' things. She's tryin' ter beat some on 'em inter my pore noddle. Reckon she won't hev no easy time."

"What branch does she teach ye with that?"

"Waal, you see, mother, she's sufferin' with palsy, and this hyar box is a—waa, Sal, she calls it a gal—gal!"

"Galvanic battery?"

"That's it. You hit it right thar. A galvanic battery. We uns'r goin' ter try 'n mother. Lord a-mary, what's that?"

She directed his attention from the box to a cloud of smoke hanging over the gaps in the hills far to the west. They were crossing a mountain spur and could see it quite plainly.

"There's fightin' goin' on thar," remarked the corporal.

"And you uns'r gittin' licked," observed the rebellious Miss Baggs.

"How d'ye know that?" asked Ratigan, surprised that she should know anything about it.

"Ob, I reckon!"

"It's a quare thing—the reckonin' of gurrels."

"Waal, you see, women hain't got the big brains men hev. They can't reason things out. They hev ter jump at 'em mebbe, like ants. Ants is powerful small, but they're most times right when they reckon."

Ratigan made no reply. He was thinking that Miss Baggs did not appear to be so plain a personage as he at first thought her. He looked at her hands, incased in coarse gloves, and noticed that they were small for "poor white trash."

Her attire was very cheap, and her cowhide shoes did not betoken refinement, but somehow he began to gather a notion that Miss Baggs was not so dreadfully common as she appeared.

The corporal came of an excellent family in his native land, and under ordinary circumstances could detect refinement. He looked for Miss Baggs to use some expression beyond the ken of a "poor white" girl, but she did not. So he dismissed the matter from his mind and began to wonder what excuse he could make to go on with her under flag of truce when she should pass the Union pickets.

"We uns'r air goin' slow enough ter worrit a snail," remarked Miss Baggs.

"And why should we be goin' faster?"

"Whar'd you steal that critter?" she asked, instead of replying, looking sidewise at the corporal's mount. "It's likely nuff fo' Tennessee blood."

"Oh! That's United States. Don't ye see the 'U. S.' branded on him?"

"Can he trot?"

"He can beat anything in the brigade."

"D'you think he can trot with this hyar critter o' mine?"

Ratigan looked at her rawboned brute and burst into a laugh.

"Waal, now, you needn't take on so. Reckon I o'd give you a brush ef you was minded."

"O'm followin' the young lady, sir. O'm on official business for the general, commandin' the —th cavalry brigade."

"Well, my man, you're a well disciplined orderly. You keep the regulation 40 paces to the rear. Give your horse the spur and catch up."

Ratigan, who could not well explain to an officer that he was running a race, and fearing to lose his charge, gave his horse the spur and dashed after her at a gallop. He reached her in a "blown" condition.

"O've lost," he cried out of breath.

"Reckon you have," was Miss Baggs's reply.

"The money's yours."

"Reckon it air," repeated Miss Baggs.

"Ye always reckonin'. Mebbe ye reckoned about the end of the race loike the ant ye were talkin' about."

At that moment they spied the outpost ahead.

"Waal, hyar we air," said Miss Baggs. "Don't want ter part from you uns'r, Mr. Sojer. I'm powerful bad struck hyar." And she put her hand on her heart.

"Like enough O'i can find some reason to go with ye a bit. O'i'm all broken up meself, sure enough."

"I hopes you kin."

"Lieutenant," said the corporal, saluting an officer who came out from the picket post. "Major Burke ordered me to see this young lady out of the lines. She has a pass to Dunlap."

The lieutenant read the pass and told Miss Baggs she might go through.

Ratigan was racking his brains to know what to do. He had been instructed to go through with Miss Baggs under some pretense, but his ingenuity when put to the test failed him. Miss Baggs came to his relief.

"Mr. Corporal," she said, "I don't hanker ter part 'ith that bloomin' head o' ha'r o' yours. Would you mind seein' a pore lone woman ter the Confederate lines?"

The corporal whispered a few words in the lieutenant's ear. The result was that in five minutes four cavalry privates were placed under the corporal's orders, who held in his hand a pole cut from a tree at the side of the road, to which he had attached a white cotton handkerchief.

Then the old buggy, which rattled at every turn of the wheel and threatened to collapse at every mudhole, proceeded down the road. Corporal Ratigan canted alongside, while the four privates followed directly in rear.

But a few miles had been traversed when a horseman—be proved to be the enemy's vedette—was seen standing in the road ahead. As the party approached they saw a dozen more advancing to his support. But the Confederates evidently saw the white flag, for no other demonstration was made than the riding forward of an officer with half a dozen men to meet those who were advancing.

"What do you want?" asked the officer gruffly.

"Flag to see the lady to your lines."

"Under a commissioned officer?"

"Only meself, a corporal," said Ratigan.

"Well, you can turn about pretty quick and get back to where you came from. The next such flag sent out will be taken in and won't get out again."

to the other. Never had the corporal beheld so great a change in so brief a space of time. The jolting had disarranged a mass of dark hair which had partly fallen over her shoulders. Her eyes were black and lustrous, her complexion an olive relieved by a ruddiness on the cheek. Her superb head was set on her neck as if it had been placed there by an artist. The face was lighted by a smile of stumpp—a smile so bewitching that it haunted the corporal to his dying day.

Ratigan had not recovered from his surprise before she spoke to him in a rich, contralto voice, as little like that he had heard from her as a file is like the mellow tones of an organ.

"Corporal, please present my compliments to Major Burke and thank him for me for his kindness, and tell him that when he sends another woman through the lines under pretense of keeping her eyes shut, when he has an especial purpose of his own in view, not to send an 'O'rishman' for an escort." The smile on her lips broadened and showed a set of white teeth. "The 'O'rish' race as diplomats are not usually successful. An revol, corporal."

There was a grin on the faces of the Confederate lookers on, and astonishment on the honest countenance of Corporal Ratigan.

"And, Rats," she continued, evidently enjoying bringing out the word with her rich voice, as one loves to roll old wine on the tongue, "when a woman desires to see, it is not always for the money."

She tossed the bill she had won toward him.

"And, Rats, don't race again with any one with a rawboned animal with long legs. Bobby Lee is from the blue grass regions of Kentucky. There's something wrong about his breathing apparatus, but even with that disadvantage he can trot a mile over a good road in 2:50."

Had Miss Baggs appeared less bewitching as she stood there under the protection of half a dozen Confederate troopers, Ratigan would have turned away impatiently. As it was, she seemed to hold him by a spell.

"One thing more, my bonny cardinal flower. Tell the major that I like the young man from County Cavan" he has recommended to me very much. "Her eyes fairly danced. "When the war is over, I hope you will look me up. Inquire for Betsy Baggs at the St. Cloud hotel, Nashville."

With this she threw him a kiss from the tips of her fingers, which, now that her glove was removed, he noticed were white and round. There was really something sympathetic in the last glance she gave him. In it was a regret that it had been necessary for her to deceive so honest and manly a fellow. It was the final dart that pierced the Irishman's heart and completed his intralment.

Leaving the corporal and his men gaping in the road, the party moved away. The last thing Ratigan heard was a hoarse laugh from one of the Confederates, which was rebuked by Miss Baggs and reprimanded by the officer.

The corporal led his party northward in no good humor. At the picket post he left the men he had taken with him and rode on alone meditatively. In passing a part of the road where there was no one to hear he reined in his horse and exclaimed aloud:

"D—n it! I believe the witch is carrying important information."

The thought filled him with horror. Who was she? What was she? What was the box she called a galvanic battery? For more than an hour he had attended a rude country girl, who, when under the protection of Confederate officers, bloomed into a handsome woman. He was as much chagrined at his own stupidity as he was bewildered by the cunning of Miss Baggs.

Entering the camp, he slunk away to his tent and did not report the outcome of his mission to Major Burke till just before "taps." Then he only said:

"Their pickets are three miles down the road beyond ours."

"Are ye shure?"

"O'i am. O'i left the young lady—O'i mean the country gurrel—among 'em. And the vixen blew me a kiss at partin'."

"Ah, Rats, ye're a sly dog. O'i'm shure ye did your work well."

"Major," replied the corporal, "don't ye believe it. All the devils in hell if they be men are no match for a woman."

"And if they be women, Rats?"

"Then God save 'em both."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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HAWAIIANS MUST GO SLOW

SENATORS AGAINST DEATH PENALTY FOR AMERICANS.

THE MATTER WIDELY DISCUSSED.

awley, Hale and Other Leading Friends of the New Republic Give Warning of Destructive Consequences if the Court Martial Verdicts Are Carried Out—Mr. Morgan's Position.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—The senators plowed through snow drifts to get to the capitol yesterday.

After the president's bond message was read and referred to the finance committee, the president's message, giving Mr. Willis' latest dispatches as to the sentences of death in Hawaii, was then read amid impressive silence. Mr. Hale said the tragic and melancholy results foreshadowed by Minister Willis showed the imperative need of a cable. It would have averted or postponed this tragedy.

"But," said Mr. Frye, "they can hang every man in the Hawaiian islands before you get word to them."

Mr. Teller said the Hawaiian government was acting far beyond the demands of the occasion. These death sentences would shock the world. Mr. Teller hoped the committee on foreign relations would inaugurate steps toward intervention in order that the death penalties be avoided.

Mr. Morgan supported the cable amendment.

Mr. Morgan then turned his attention to the latest dispatch from Minister Willis. He defined our policy of non-intervention. In doing so, he asked what the United States senate would do if Mr. Kolb sought to forcibly assert his right as governor of Alabama, and in doing so a citizen was killed. In that case it was not for the United States senate or the federal government to act. And so with Hawaii. We have no concern with her affairs. If Hawaii made a mistake, she must abide by it. For himself Mr. Morgan said he would have more respect for Hawaii if she shot a traitor than if she forgave him. But the best thing for the United States to do was to keep out of this new phase of the subject.

Mr. Hawley said he had a personal interest in the latest advice from Hawaii. The Mr. Seward under sentence was well known to him. The senator paid the highest tribute to Seward's ability and said it was ridiculous to charge him with this conspiracy.

Mr. Hale proceeded to urge that the Hawaiian government was making a grave mistake. Sentence by military tribunal was not according to our method.

Mr. Hale said that the leniency of the North at the close of the rebellion had been a marvel to the world. Then the senator said: "And if Hawaii now proceeds with these executions, she will be adopting the methods of Mexico and of South America, rather than those of this country, and this young republic should be warned in time that the sentiment thus far favorable to them will be quickly changed, if these executions occur. The American people have thus far sympathized with Hawaii, but there will be a speedy change if this barbarous course is pursued."

Mr. Hoar and Mr. Call said they wished to be put on record as heartily sympathizing with the protest expressed by Mr. Hale.

WILLIS INTERFERES.

Two Americans Sentenced to Death by the Hawaiian Court Martial.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—Affairs in Hawaii have taken a turn that has caused the interference of the United States government again, as is made evident by two telegrams sent to congress by the president. The first is from United States Minister Willis to Secretary Gresham, reading as follows:

HONOLULU, Jan. 30, 1895.—Revolt over Ninth. Casualties: Government, one, Royalists, two. Court-martial convened 17th; has tried thirty-eight cases; 200 or more to be tried, and daily arrests. Gullick, former minister, and Seward, minister and major general of the army, both Americans, and Rickard, Englishman, sentenced to death. All heretofore prominent in politics. T. B. Walker, formerly in the United States army, imprisonment for life and \$5,000 fine. Other sentences not disclosed, but will probably be death. Requested copies of record for our government to determine its duty before final sentence, but no answer yet. Bitter feeling and threats of mob violence, which the arrival of the Philadelphia yesterday may prevent.

In response to the above Secretary Gresham addressed the following telegram: If American citizens were condemned to death by a military tribunal, not for actual participation in reported revolution, but for complicity only, or if condemned to death by such a tribunal for actual participation, but not after open, fair trial with opportunity for defense, demand delay of execution, and in either case report to your government evidence relied on to support death sentence.

GRESHAM.

Lost Beer Bill Found.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Feb. 11.—Last evening Joseph Tatum, representative from St. Louis, in looking through papers in his desk, in the house, discovered the lost bill taxing beer. Then he remembered that he had borrowed it from the committee room and in the rush of legislative work, he had failed to return it.

Senator Lodge by request has introduced a bill in the senate to provide for the issue of \$1,250,000,000 worth of bonds payable in gold coin at 2 1/2 per cent interest to run from ten to twenty-five years.

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TROUBLE FOR GREENHUT.

The Whisky Trust President Called Into Court for Sharp Practice.

CHICAGO, Feb. 11.—Judge Grosscup to-day removed the name of Heinsheimer & Wormser of New York from the list of complainants in the original Whisky trust receivership petition and entered a rule upon President Greenhut to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt of court in affixing the names to the petition without authority.

A large number of affidavits were read in support of the claim of the two men that their names were used without the consent of their employer. The contempt rule is returnable February 18.

In discussing the matter before the court, Attorney Levi Mayer called the conduct of Greenhut "mosaic of duplicity," and ex-Judge Moran characterized Greenhut's conduct as "a villainous, malicious and infamous contempt of the court."

The Turpentine Supply Very Low.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Feb. 11.—On the board of trade it was officially announced that the stock of spirits of turpentine on actual count had been found to be only 9,600 casks, several thousand casks being lost by leakage. The stock of spirits in all ports is now only about 11,000 casks, probably the smallest on record.

Hundreds See Jim French's Body.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Feb. 11.—Hundreds of people viewed the body of Jim French, the dead outlaw, as it lay to-day in a cheap pine box in front of the United States jail. Tom French, a brother of the outlaw, is in town, and proposes to take the body to Fort Gibson for burial.

Big Coopperage Works in Ashes.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Feb. 11.—The fire which broke out shortly before noon yesterday in the coopperage works of J. and D. W. Matheson burned until daylight this morning. The total loss on stock, building and material is estimated at \$125,000.

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A Southern Methodist Editor Dead.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 11.—The Rev. Dr. W. D. Harrison died at Columbus, Ga., to-day, aged about 70 years. He was for many years stationed here as the book editor and editor of the Quarterly Review of the Methodist Episcopal church, South.

Given a New Trial.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 11.—The supreme court handed down a decision granting to Rodgers, charged with burning the title records of Harvey county in order that he might sell to the county a set of new abstracts which he owned, a new trial.

Wonderful Cycling.

LIVERMORE, Cal., Feb. 11.—W. J. Edwards broke the world's paced bicycle record for a mile to-day. Time, 1:34 1/2. He was paced by a quad mounted by Delmas, Smith, Jones and Davis.

For a Memorial to Gilmore.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—The Marine band of Washington will give an entertainment at Madison Square garden to-morrow night in aid of the fund for a memorial to the late band leader, P. S. Gilmore.

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants.

In the District Court in and for Lancaster county, Nebraska. Nancy L. Sargent, Plaintiff.

vs. Carlos C. Burr, Mary E. Burr, his wife, Charlotte N. Darlington, D. B. Welch, first name unknown, S. A. Maxwell & Company, The First National Bank, a corporation of Nebraska, Defendants.

To Charlotte N. Darlington, S. A. Maxwell & Company and D. B. Welch, first name unknown, non-resident defendants: You are hereby notified that on the 12th day of December, 1894, Nancy L. Sargent, the plaintiff herein, filed her petition in the above entitled case of action in the District Court in and for Lancaster county, Nebraska, against the defendants, Carlos C. Burr, Mary E. Burr, his wife, Charlotte N. Darlington, D. B. Welch, first name unknown, S. A. Maxwell & Company, The First National Bank, a corporation of Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants, Carlos C. Burr and Mary E. Burr his wife, on the second day of June, 1891, to the plaintiff, upon the undivided one-half (1/2) of lot numbered eighteen (18), in block numbered eighty-five (85), in the town (now city) of Lincoln in the county of Lancaster, and state of Nebraska, to secure the payment of one certain promissory note dated June 1, 1890, for the sum of four hundred (\$400) dollars due and payable on the first day of June, 1893; that there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of fourteen hundred (\$1400) dollars, together with interest thereon from the first day of October, 1893, and plaintiff prays for a decree that the defendant, Carlos C. Burr, be required to pay the same or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due on said note and mortgage.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 11th day of March, 1895. NANCY L. SARGENT, Plaintiff. By John H. Grossman, her Attorney. Dated January 28, 1895. Lincoln, Nebraska. 3414

Notice to Bridge Contractors.

The Board of County Commissioners of Furnas county, Nebraska, will receive bids for five (5) miles of the 7th day of February, 1895, for driving 24 piling under the Edison bridge. Said piling to be driven 14 feet below water. The piles to be 22 feet long and 9 inches at tip. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Bids to be accompanied with good and lawful bond. H. W. MONTGOMERY, County Clerk, Beaver City, Neb.