

Joshua Smith,

MAN OF HONOR.

(BY TOM JONSON.)

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Ah! you do know me."
"Yee; and do I not have good reason for remembering you? You who was a successful rival in everything—everything but the last act, when I was the successful one! And it was your bright dream I upset."

"No, you did nothing of the kind. I did not care for her other than as a friend, but thought, through this friendship, to bring about a reconciliation between Marie and young Smith. Your part was that of a papist who had no regard for a Protestant's fair name."

"Bah! Still harping on papists, are you? Can't live unless you show your intolerance, eh? But why should we respect your women? Our church teaches that those married outside the Roman Catholic church live in filthy concubinage. How many of you were married in the holy mother church? You are a nation of—"

"Stop! Not a word against this grand republic or, prisoner though you are, and manacled as you are, you will be sorry for having uttered one word of slander."

"Very well; you have me in your power, and I will have to submit; but, really, Engle, your friend Smith must have been a brave fellow! Making love by proxy, eh?"

"No; he did not know of my intention, and would not have permitted it if he had."

"Well, what do you propose doing with me? You have no evidence against me."

"Enough to send you over the road."

"But my wife—"

"She will not grieve much."

"But I worship her, and would not have her know what I am charged with," he replied piteously, dropping the assumed bravado.

"You are a fine man, Jules, to speak of worshipping a woman; you who have made wrecks of loving parents; who betrayed and deserted one of God's most trusting daughters. It seems to me the very light of day would make you tremble for fear of detection; the still darkness of night, I would fear, concealed some avenging hand. Base defiler, your days of security are gone, and the strong hand of the law is laid on you. This is no time for words. The carriage is at the door, and the west-bound train starts in thirty minutes. Come."

And Jules Jaquet was led a prisoner from his office, and friends who were passing stopped to inquire what it meant.

"Only that I have been summoned as a witness in an important case, and as I refused to leave my hundred patients uncared for, this officer has seen fit to take me as a prisoner. Tell my wife, please, that I may be detained several days out of town," he explained to an intimate acquaintance.

It soon began to be whispered around that Jaquet had been arrested, which soon found its way to the ears of a reporter on one of the evening papers, and he with the sagacity of one of his calling, immediately called a hack and was driven to the Union depot.

A west-bound train was just on the point of leaving.

Without any thought of where he might be carried before he could secure the desired particulars, he boarded the train. Almost the first person he caught sight of was Jules Jaquet.

Only a moment elapsed before he was asking questions, but as Jaquet appeared reticent, and as the detective refused to be interviewed, he could not get much information.

"You are under arrest for refusing to appear as a witness in an important case?"

"Yes."

"Where is the case to be tried?"

"In Watkins Glen."

"What is the nature of the case?"

"Abduction."

"And who was the party abducted, when did it occur, and against whom is the charge preferred?"

"I must refuse to answer those questions, and at the same time bid you good evening."

"But how do you come to know anything about this case?"

"Pardon me, but I must refuse to answer your questions."

There was no way to gather any more facts, so he turned and left the train just as it started.

That evening a lengthy report was given by the reporter, who dwelt at length on the previous character of the man of herbs.

Excitement was running high among his friends in the city, but in the sleeping village, which each hour carried him nearer, no one was aware that, after all these years, the man who had caused so much misery, was coming back a fettered prisoner.

A pale red line in the east told of approaching day as the train slowed up at the depot, from which, nearly six years before, he had fled with the

woman whom he afterward rtd. No one was abroad. Not even the agent at the depot was cognizant of his arrival. Every house was dark as they passed over the street toward the jail, and it took some time to arouse the jailer after their arrival, so when Engle left his prisoner behind the iron door the sun was just shedding her first rays over the town.

He stepped from the jail with a light heart, and immediately turned toward the former home of Marie Tabor, where he intended to tell of the capture of Jaquet.

CHAPTER IX.

When Marie Tabor finally consented to tell Uncle Joshua what had transpired since their last meeting, she narrated the story that is already known to the reader.

Now and then she would break completely down and sob in a most pitiful manner.

At the end of her story Joshua caught her in his arms and sobbed almost as hard as she did.

"And it was your love for me that caused you all this suffering. My darling, how can I ever forgive myself for my hasty action—"

"Do not blame yourself. I was more in error than you."

"You shall never leave me again."

"I must. I would not bring disgrace upon your name."

"We are here, unknown, and can live happily. You must not refuse. I have waited patiently your coming, and now, with no barrier between us, why refuse? I do not consider you have done wrong, and what matters it how the world looks at your conduct so long as I am to be the happier by your answer being yes. I have always loved you, Marie, and had I known—had I received a letter saying—you still cared for me, I would have been only too glad to return. Let us think of the past, not of the years intervening. Now, my loved one, what will your answer be? Will you be my wife?"

"But, Jaquet!"

"He has no claim on you if living, and will not come back from the other world to object, if dead."

"I love you so deeply that I will not say no."

"God bless you, Marie."

And the strong man bent and imprinted a kiss on her eager, trembling lips.

"Oh, my loved one, and shall I really know you love me after all these years?" she breathed.

"Yes, Marie, and it shall be as full and complete as if it was that of youth instead of middle age. This is happiness I little dreamed would ever come to me."

Then he sat and talked with her of all the years that had passed since they last met.

Told her everything.

Even of his resolution to stay in the old camp after all the others had left.

As they sat, reviewing the past, darkness had settled over the valley, and fitful flashes of lightning were again darting from the heavens.

They increased in number, and soon the whole heavens were ablaze, and the crashing thunder reverberated up the mountain side until it echoed, re-echoed, and died away in the distance.

Then rain began falling, scattering drops at first, but gradually it became heavier, and in a few minutes it was driving before a heavy wind in great, thick, blinding sheets.

Now and then rifle-like reports would be heard as a giant tree was blown down.

Then, again, booms like those of cannon would resound up and down the canon, dying to faintest murmurs in the distance as detached boulders crashed down the mountain side and bounded at last over the brink of the gulch.

But at last there came a lull in the fierce storm; the angry flashes of lightning ceased, the deep, awe-inspiring thunder died and the bright, full moon peeped out from behind a bank of golden clouds, with silvery lining, and mounted higher into the blue canopy of heaven, presenting such a contrast that the two who were seated in the cabin reviewing the years noticed it and Uncle Joshua remarked:

"How like our lives this storm has been, Marie."

"Yes, it represents mine fully. First the evening was calm and peaceful, but as the hours wore on the elements seemed engaged in the fiercest battle and now comes that stillness only known after a storm of such magnitude."

"Which I interpret, your life was filled with love and contentment first, then came that misery of years and now you have again anchored in a harbor of peace and happiness," commented Uncle Joshua, "but you must have rest or you will not be able to be up for several days. To-morrow we will talk of the future."

And with that he walked into an adjoining room, laid down and slept, never waking until the heavens were ablaze with the light of the sun, and when he did, the soft tread of a woman sounded in the other room.

When he had arisen and dressed himself, and stepped into the room where he left Marie the night before, he was met by a smiling woman, who looked none the less beautiful because

of having suffered during the last forty-eight hours. Even the room looked more cheerful. It was neat and tidy, and everything was in its place.

The table had an inviting appearance, and when the three sat down to breakfast Uncle Joshua declared he had never eaten such a meal as long as he could remember.

That day plans were laid for the future. They would start the following week for Frisco, where they would be married and make their home.

The days of that week seemed to fly by, but with the opening of the next everything was ready and they made the start.

Days and weeks passed, and still they were on their way. Finally, one evening they came upon a mining camp, and learned that the town they had set out for was only a day's travel away.

CHAPTER X.

It was a long walk from the jail to Marie Tabor's home, and though Herbert Engle walked as fast as man ever walked, it seemed to him the distance would never be covered.

His impatience grew apace as he came in sight of the house and saw the decrepit old man walking, with the help of a strong cane, slowly through the garden.

But he was finally in hailing distance, and he bade the patriarch good morning.

"Good morning, sir."

"And have you entirely forgotten me, Mr. Tabor, and we, all these years next door neighbors? Two years does change one."

"I know your voice, Herbert, but cannot see well enough to know whether you have changed or not."

"You do not look a day older, I do believe, than you did two years ago," remarked Herbert, "but how is Mrs. Tabor?"

"Mother? Oh she's the same old woman, but come into the house and we will have some breakfast."

They had reached the door, and the old man paused with his hand on the knob and asked:

"Where have you been this time? On the same old hunt? But no, you told me when you were here two years ago that you saw the villain commit suicide."

"I did not start out on that case," Herbert answered as he stepped into the house, "but I brought Jaquet back with me."

"He was not dead?"

"I did not ask him how he escaped death, but he is now behind the bars of the county jail."

And the old couple plied him with questions until the morning-meal was over.

"I must go over home and have a little sleep, as I have not had a good night's rest for two weeks."

"You might just as well stop here, Herbert, your folks have gone down to the city, and will not be back for several days," said the aged woman.

"If that is the case I shall avail myself of your offer and stay."

"You will find the room you generally occupy ready for you, and you can go whenever you get ready."

"I think I am tired enough to retire at once."

And he went upstairs to bed. Later in the evening he was awakened by a terrible tumult in the street.

Bells were ringing and hurrying footsteps resounded up and down the street.

Arising, he glanced out of the window to see if he could learn what was the cause of the commotion.

But the attempt proved fruitless. He could not account for it.

With each moment it grew in volume.

It was useless to stand there meditating, so he dressed and passed down stairs, expecting to find some one who could explain what all the noise meant, but the house was deserted.

Leaving it he went down the street, but was passed by men and boys who were running toward the place from whence the noise proceeded.

No one seemed to know what the matter was, but all mingled with the crazy mob, and hooted and yelled.

Forcing his way through the crowd, Herbert soon found himself near the door of the jail, against which, with revolvers drawn, the few policemen and the sheriff and jailer stood, keeping the crowd from breaking in and mobbing the trembling Jaquet.

"Will you, husbands and brothers, see him fed by your hand, and in the end, perhaps, have him go free? No, not one of you will. Come!"

And he started forward, but he could not induce those in front of him to move.

No man likes to look a revolver in the face, and least of all, one who has no grievance to a fight.

"Cowards! Will you have innocence suffer a blow like this without lifting a hand? God protect me, I will lead who dares to follow," and he pushed his way to the front and was preparing to rush upon the officers when a deafening cheer sounded through the street.

He stopped. It did not mean his counsel was approved, but that something else was taking place.

It was a woman, with the grace and bearing of a queen, quietly coming through the crowd, who was recognized as Marie Tabor.

(To be Continued.)

FATHER FITZGERALD PROTESTS.

Irregularities Alleged in the Matter of the Appeal Against Bonacum.

AUBURN, Neb., July 6.—About ten days ago Father Fitzgerald was cited by Bishop Bonacum to appear before the Metropolitan court at Dubuque, Ia., where the appeal would be heard concerning the controversy with the priests. He wrote to Archbishop Hennessy and received a reply that the trial is to be held at Dubuque, July 22. Father Fitzgerald wrote again saying Cardinal Satollé wrote him last February that the propaganda granted a reopening of the case in Archbishop Hennessy's court, May 30, and that Bishop Bonacum wrote that he had a letter from Rome transferring the case to Washington, and again that another letter from Rome ordered the case back to Dubuque. "It is a very extraordinary thing," wrote Father Fitzgerald, "in ecclesiastical as well as in civil law for the actor to cite the defendant and still more extraordinary for the lower court to dictate to the higher." He said he would have to be his own advocate as he could find no priest daring enough to appear in his defense. He demanded the letters referred to by Bishop Bonacum and the suspension of the excommunication pronounced by the latter pending the appeal.

Receives the Golden Rose.

The pope is to send the Golden Rose this year to Princess Marie Louise of Bulgaria as a recognition of her services to the church in opposing the "conversion" of Prince Boris. Once a year at the utmost, on Lactore Sunday, is a golden rose blessed by the pope, to be afterward sent off as a mark of approval to Catholic members of royal or noble families, either male or female, to great generals, to noted churches and sanctuaries, to illustrious Catholic cities or republics. The present pope has been nearly a score of years in office, but he has only presented half a dozen Golden Roses—in all cases to women. These "Rose Queens" are the following: The Queen of the Belgians, Queen of Portugal, Queen Regent of Spain, ex-Empress Eugenie, Dona Isabella, the daughter of Don Pedro, and the Empress of Austria.

It has been claimed that the Golden Rose has been sent to two American ladies, Mrs. William T. Sherman and Miss Mary Caldwell, whose gift of \$300,000 to the Catholic University at Washington would certainly be worthy of such acknowledgment. But, in fact, these ladies received formal tokens of papal approval, but not the Golden Rose.

It is an old superstition that the Golden Rose brings ill luck to its owner. People cite the instances of Joanna of Italy, the first Rose Queen, who was dethroned and strangled by her nephew, Gonsalvo de Cardova; the Queen of Naples, wife of King Bomba; the Empress Josephine, Isabella herself and other high dignitaries, who, shortly after the reception of the Golden Rose, had met with death or misfortune. So when in 1859 Pope Leo singled out Dona Isabella of Brazil for this honor her countrymen predicted that evil would befall her or her family, and, in fact, before the news was out Don Pedro was dethroned and she was no longer the heiress to a scepter.

To Get in out the Rain.

There was a man in our town, Who was so wondrous wise, He formed a party of his own, To see with both his eyes. And when he had the party formed, With all his might and main, He tried to form another one, To get in out the rain. X. SAW WOOD.

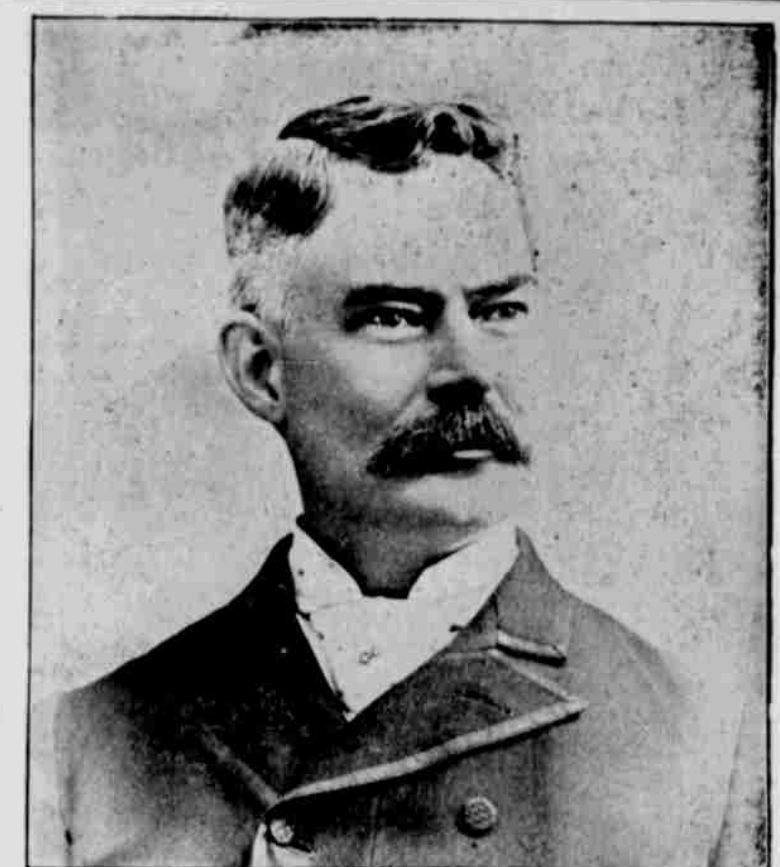
Cheap Traveling.

Chicago.....\$ 7.25 July 4, 5, 6 Chicago and return 12.75 July 4, 5, 6 Wash'n, D.C., & re. 30.25 July 3, 4, 5, 6 Buffalo and return 26.75 July 4, 5 Hot Springs & re. 16.38 July 3 & 24 Denver and re.... 19.00 July 5, 6 Colorado & Utah... rates July 7 & 21

THE BURLINGTON ROUTE

Call at ticket office, 1502 Farnam St., and arrange about sleeping car berths. Stenographers and Lawyers having transcripts and other legal documents to be bound can have their work done at THE AMERICAN book-binding, 1615 Howard street. Telephone 911.

MARK our great offer, then send the paper to a friend.



Linton Is Coming.

Every friend and admirer of Congressman William S. Linton will be pleased to know that he will be in this city and will address our people upon the questions of the day, Saturday evening, July 18.

Every patriot, every American citizen in Omaha, South Omaha, Florence, Council Bluffs and other towns in this immediate vicinity should endeavor to get into the hall and see him. Go to the hall early and avoid the rush. See daily papers and handbills for further information.

LOYAL TO THE FLAG.

The Decision of the Illinois Supreme Court That the Flag Law was Unconstitutional Rouses Methodists.

They Propose That an American Flag Shall Wave Above Every Church and Every State Building in Illinois.

PAW PAW, Ill., July 5.—A peculiar service occurred here last night and to-day. The pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. R. H. Dolliver, blessed a United States flag at a Christian citizenship meeting at his church last night, and to-day at high noon the daughters of two old soldiers, Misses Allie Town and Mabel Thomas, raised the flag on a staff to float over the church on all legal and state holidays. It was raised amid impressive ceremonies and the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner." This is the first instance of this kind, and to this town belongs the honor of first answering the decision of the judge at Campaign against the flag law of Illinois by starting a volunteer movement to put Old Glory over all churches of Illinois as well as state buildings.

Great Sales

proved by the statements of leading druggists everywhere, showing that the people have an abiding confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Great Cures

proved by the voluntary statements of thousands of men and women show that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does possess Power

over disease by purifying, enriching and invigorating the blood, upon which not only health but life itself depends. The great Success

of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing others warrants you in believing that a faithful use of Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you if you suffer from any trouble caused by impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Hood's Pills

are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

W. T. NELSON,

Attorney, 1015 N. Y. Life Bldg.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the district court for Douglas county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 11th day of August, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the EAST front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the property described in said order of sale as follows to-wit:

Lot nine (9) in block two (2) in Cherry Hill addition to the city of Omaha, as surveyed, platted and recorded, all in Douglas county, state of Nebraska. Said property to be sold to satisfy David W. Anderson, defendant herein, the sum of seven hundred and eighty-seven and 50-100 dollars (\$787.50), with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from May 4th, 1896. To satisfy the sum of thirty-one and 50-100 dollars (\$31.50) costs herein, together with accruing costs according to a judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county, at its May term, A. D. 1896, in a certain action then and there pending, wherein Walter E. Keeler is plaintiff, and Elizabeth A. Moore, Christopher Moore, her husband, D. W. Anderson first and real name unknown are defendants. JOHN W. McDONALD, Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska. Keeler vs. Moore, et al. Doc. 31; No. 300 7-10-5

SAUNDERS & MACFARLAND.

Attorneys, 1604 Farnam Street.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court for Douglas county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 11th day of August, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the EAST front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit:

Lot four (4) in block "E", and lot six (6) in block "E" in Saunders & Hinshelwood's addition to the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, as surveyed, platted and recorded; also lots ten (10) and eleven (11) in block one (1) in Saunders & Hinshelwood's addition to Walnut Hill, an addition to the city of Omaha, as surveyed, platted and recorded, all in Douglas county, state of Nebraska.

Said property to be sold to satisfy Arthur M. Cowie, plaintiff herein, the sum of three hundred and ninety-nine and 70-100 dollars (\$399.70) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from May 4th, 1896, which said amount is a first valid and existing lien upon said lots ten (10) and eleven (11) in block one (1).

To satisfy Arthur M. Cowie, plaintiff herein, the sum of three hundred and forty-two and 60-100 dollars (\$342.60), with interest thereon at the rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from the 4th day of May, 1896, which said amount is a first valid and existing lien upon said lots ten (10) and eleven (11) in block one (1).

To satisfy Ben B. Wood and Daisy B. Wood, his wife, defendants herein, the sum of two thousand and seventy-seven and 50-100 dollars (\$2,077.50) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from May 4th, 1896, which said amount is a second valid and existing lien upon said above described property.

To satisfy the sum of twenty-one and 50-100 dollars (\$21.50) costs herein, together with accruing costs, according to a judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county, at its May term, A. D. 1896, in a certain action then and there pending, wherein Arthur M. Cowie is plaintiff, and Ben B. Wood, and Mrs. Daisy B. Wood, his wife, were defendants.

Omaha, Nebraska, July 10th, 1896. JOHN W. McDONALD, Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska. Saunders & Macfarland, attorneys. Arthur M. Cowie vs. Davis Seimasky, et al. Doc. 52; No. 283. 7-10-5

BYRON G. BURBACK,

Attorney, Eighth Floor N. Y. Life Bldg.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of Douglas county, Nebraska, on a decree of foreclosure, wherein John F. Fleck Company is plaintiff, and Andrew Miles, Executor of the estate of John L. Miles, et al. are defendants, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at the EAST front door of the court house in said county, on the 11th day of August, A. D. 1896, at one o'clock P. M. the following described lands and tenements to satisfy the judgment and costs in said action, to-wit: Lots seventeen (17), eighteen (18) and nineteen (19) in block fifteen (15) in the addition to the city of Omaha, as surveyed, platted and recorded, all situated in Douglas county and state of Nebraska. This 10th day of July, 1896.

JOHN W. McDONALD, Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska. Byron G. Burback, attorney. Doc. 54; No. 291. 7-10-5

Legal Notice.

In Justice Court before Horace E. Powers, Justice of the Peace in and for Douglas county, Nebraska.

J. F. and T. H. Lindsay, trading as J. F. Lindsay & Co., plaintiffs, vs. Adelbert Beach, defendant.

Adelbert Beach will take notice that on the 25th day of June, 1896, Horace E. Powers, a Justice of the Peace in and for Douglas county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$55.00 and costs, in an action pending before him, wherein J. F. Lindsay and T. H. Lindsay, trading as J. F. Lindsay & Co., are plaintiffs, and Adelbert Beach is defendant; that property of the defendant consisting of One Box of Books has been attached under said order. Said cause was continued until the 5th day of August, 1896, at 9 o'clock A. M.

Dated, Omaha, Nebraska, July 10, 1896. By Cavanagh & Thomas, attorneys. 7-10-5

Legal Notice.

In the district court of Douglas county, Nebraska, J. J. Bertha Hanns vs. Hann Johnson Hanns.

The defendant, Hann Johnson Hanns, was notified that on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1896, J. J. Bertha Hanns, the plaintiff, filed her petition in the district court of Douglas county, Nebraska, against Hann Johnson Hanns, the object and prayer of which are to secure a divorce from the defendant, on the charge of desertion, failure to support and cruelty. The plaintiff prays that the marriage relation existing between her and the defendant be annulled and set aside, and that her maiden name be restored to her. You are hereby required to answer said petition on or before the 24th day of August, 1896.

JOHN T. CATHERS, Attorney for Plaintiff. 7-10-4

Notice of Indebtedness.

To Whom It May Concern: We hereby certify that the total indebtedness of the Apollo Club does not exceed five hundred and fifty dollars.

Omaha, Nebraska, June 8th, 1896. THOS. J. FENNEL, President. GEO. W. HOLBROOK, Secretary.

ADOLPH MEYER, CHAS. E. ABBOTT, W. W. FISHER, Board of Directors. 7-10-4