

Rob Cleverdale's Adventure.

By Edward W. Hopkins.

Copyrighted, 1904, by Robert Bonner's Sons.

CHAPTER XII.

When his task was finished Rob was very nervous. He did not know how these letters were going to reach the post. There was no station near. Elvin came riding in—he had been to Buenos Ayres—about supper time, and came in where Rob was, still wearing his high boots and carrying his whip. Rob shuddered as he thought of what that whip would do if Elvin discovered the letter to his uncle.

"Finished?" asked the Englishman, looking at the neat rows of letters Rob had arranged.

"Yes, sir." Elvin took up some of the last ones, and looked them over. He nodded, and went to his own room. He had not touched the letters among which was hidden the one to David Horton. "Now, if it only gets into the post safely!" said Rob to himself. "But how is it going to be done?"

No more was said about the letters that night, and Rob did not dare put his plan to escape into execution. He was so eager to have that letter off safely that he resolved to remain another day and watch events. And he knew that if he escaped before the letters were mailed Elvin would suspect something and examine them all. So he slept that night again in the little room off the office.

The next morning at breakfast Elvin called a man who was working in the stables. He was a short, ugly fellow, almost black.

"Govino," said Elvin, "you see those letters in there on the desk?"

"Me see plenty," he said. "Many letters."

"Saddle a horse and ride to Dolores. Go to the postoffice and see Negora. Negora is with us, and will send the letters without allowing the fact to become known. Do you understand?" Govino went out and saddled a horse, and then came in and got the letters. Rob breathed freely when he saw the man ride off, for even if he did read the names on the envelopes, it was not likely that he would know that Horton was not to receive one. And perhaps he could not read anything.

Elvin remained all that day around

read your fool cipher and sent the whole story—about me—and all—to Horton. He wrote a letter of his own, and sent it along with yours."

Richard Elvin quivered with emotion. "Has Horton seen it?" he managed to gasp.

"No. I caught it just in time. I'll tell you about it later. But where is he now? I will make sure of him now. I'll kill him within the next two minutes."

With trembling finger Richard Elvin pointed toward the door of Rob's room.

"In there!" he whispered.

With an oath Starne drew a knife from under his riding coat and leaped toward the door of Rob's room. He flung it open. He stood there with the knife in his hand, stupefied with amazement. The window was open. The room was empty.

The boy he was to kill in the next two minutes was not there to kill.

CHAPTER XIII.

For once in his life, Richard Elvin was staggered.

"He's gone!" yelled Lemuel Starne. The elder man made no answer.

"He's gone!" shouted Starne again. "Don't you see what a fool you've been?"

Richard Elvin was at all times quick to resent a taunt.

"Fool!" he echoed. "Why have I been a fool? The boy may be outside."

"Yes—a good way outside," replied Starne, in disgust.

"Well, what do you mean, anyhow? You come here like a bellowing bull, rush around to stab people, and howl at me for being a fool. What have you learned?"

With a sneer of bitterness too deep for words Starne drew a folded letter from his pocket.

"Read that," he said. It was Rob's letter to his uncle. With trembling fingers Elvin held it, and read it through. He returned it to Starne without a word.

"Why don't you speak?" demanded the son. "How do you feel, now that your foolishness has upset the whole scheme?"

"But has it?" asked Elvin. "I cer-

He said the boy insisted upon being one of the crew of the 'Black Cat.'"

"But it is certain that Torveo fled, for no one but Horton's nephew could have written that letter."

"True, stay! The first time the boy came to Black Cat Bay, Torveo beat him. This time he did not. It may not be the same boy."

"It was the same boy. Torveo is no doubt playing a deep game. I think I can see through the whole thing. The 'Black Cat' happened to be near when I threw the boy overboard, and picked him up. He told Torveo who he was, and Torveo agreed to help him. Of course, knowing our power, Torveo would not dare do anything while that power existed. It was agreed between them to have the cub remain with Torveo till an opportunity arose to warn Horton what was going on. This would place Torveo in the light of being true to Horton and the government, and if we failed, he would not be punished. He would be rewarded for his aid. This is clear enough to me. It was a put up job."

"But how could it be? Torveo did not suggest the boy to do the writing. I did. I saw the tally of the last cargo. The boy did it at Rio, I suppose while Torveo was drunk."

(To be Continued.)

THEIR OWN MIXTURES.

Smokers Who Have Tobacco Compounded to Suit Their Tastes.

The young and inexperienced are ever ready to smile incredulously at the seasoned smoker who offers his tobacco pouch with the remark, "Try some of my own mixture." In some cases "my own mixture" may really be only the smoker's "own" in the sense that he has paid for a few ounces of it, but in spite of the copyrighted and much-advertised special mixtures in these latter days, it seems from what one of the most popular downtown tobacconists says, that the habit of buying one's own exclusive "mixture" is not so extinct as might be supposed, says the New York Tribune.

"Here is a list of the special mixtures we make," says this authority, taking from a corner a large card. "You see, there are about fifty of them on this card. Each mixture is noted down, all the ingredients and the proportions in which they are to be used, and over each one is the name of the customer who first ordered it. The way of it is that a smoker makes his experiments on different combinations of tobacco until he hits upon something which just suits him. Sometimes he buys the ingredients and mixes them himself, but people have so much to do nowadays that more often they tell us what they want and we do the mixing. It takes weeks sometimes for a customer to get to just the thing he is aiming at, and, of course, it is all guesswork in the meantime. But you might be surprised to know how long a man will go on using the same mixture, once he has found out what suits him. This first name on the list does not belong to the mixture we have been making the longest; it comes first because the list is alphabetically arranged, but that recipe has been standing here for ten years to my knowledge. It was first ordered by an Englishman; his name still goes with it and he is still using it, but scores of other people also use it who have never heard of him. So, you see, it is possible for a man to be using another man's 'particular mixture' and go on using it for years, thinking it his own exclusive mixture all the time. The way some of these mixtures gain popularity shows that it isn't quite exactly true that there are as many different tastes as tongues, for sometimes what exactly suits one man seems exactly to suit a hundred others. When we find a mixture becoming widely popular we sometimes make it up in quantities, but only rarely. And that, I suppose, is how new 'mixtures' get put on the market."

Thirteen at Dinner.

Here is a nice, creepy story told by the son of Sir John Millais, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. There was a dinner party at the Millais house, and when all were seated a lady tremulously observed that there were thirteen at table. The painter asked his son to dine in another room, and he did so. When dinner was over, no one seemed anxious to be the first to rise, so Matthew Arnold, who was one of the guests, suggested that he and two stalwart undergraduates should get up simultaneously. The three men did so. Within a year each of them was dead—Arnold by heart disease, one of the lads by suicide, the other by drowning. But why did not fate seize upon Mr. Millais, who left the table first, and by all the rules of superstition should have paid the forfeit with his life? Perhaps he was spared because of his amiability in leaving the table to please the worthy goose who called attention to the risk they were all running.

How Dogs Fool One Another.

A correspondent noticing my stories of "Daxies" (who "make believe" in order to draw off each other's attention from desirable things, and to oust each other from comfortable arm chairs, promising burrows, and so forth, makes the following remarks: "Paddy" and the retriever pretend at rabbit holes, just like your dog friends. When one dog is at the hole that the other thinks likeliest, the dog who is 'out in the cold,' as it were, gets up a scene, and thus humbugs the dog in possession, and then slips into his place."—London News.

"The superior man is satisfied and composed; the mean man is always full of distress."

ABSORBING THE POPS

Sidelight Upon the Manner of Working Nebraska Fusion Schemes.

SOME CORRESPONDENCE REVEALED

Edmisten Pulling the Wires for Bryan—One Populist Who Refused to Be Swallowed—A Few Things That All Who Wish Their Country Well Should Read and Remember.

How Populists Were Caught.

In connection with the recent meeting of the members of the Populist National Committee, at Lincoln, some interesting correspondence has come to light, showing that it was a well-planned preliminary step toward capturing the Populist national organization for Bryan and fusion.

The character of the letters sent is shown in the letter which J. H. Edmisten, chairman of the Populist State committee, sent to his colleagues in the national committee, of which he is also a member. Among other things he said:

"Mr. Bryan will be here at that time and would be pleased, I know, to meet as many of the national committee as possible. There are doubtless some matters in connection with the work of the national committee that should be carefully considered. That of holding our national convention thirty days before either of the other parties is one. Those supporting Baker and Donnelly should not, in my opinion, be permitted to take part in the meetings of our committee or convention."

"J. H. EDMISTEN."

Mr. Edmisten evidently did not know his man in one instance. Dr. Eskew replied under date of Poplar Bluff, Mo.:

"Yours of late date to hand and contents noted. In reply will say that I cannot take part in the meeting of your State committee, as I understand it will be a democratic meeting, and I was elected a member of the national committee from Missouri as a Populist; and for that reason, if no other, I could not and will not betray the confidence placed in me by the Populists of Missouri by taking part in a meeting that I believe is called for the benefit of the Democratic party."

"You say that those supporting Baker and Donnelly should not, in your opinion, be permitted to take part in the meeting of your committee or convention. Well, I think so myself, and I want you to see to it that no Populists are permitted in your meeting, for they have no business there. Yours,

"DEWITT ESKEW,"
"Member People's Party Nat. Com."

Some Questions.

Will Secretary of State Porter and the populist state committee please answer?

Secretary of State Porter states he favors the re-organization of the secretaries of the state board of transportation. WHY?

Is it possible that he thinks that the law firm of Allen & Robinson are too largely represented in Congress?

Secretary of State Porter says that the reason he is in favor of it is because the people are not satisfied with the inaction of these secretaries.

The World-Herald says, "But he would be a bold and reckless prophet who, from present aspects, would forecast any awakening from the slumber and well paid slumber which has so markedly distinguished the office of the secretaries of the board of transportation under the present occupants."

If Secretary Porter and the World-Herald is correct, it is up to the Populist State Central committee who recently laid a resolution on the table instructing the secretaries to act.

Thus doth the great and good populist party have troubles of its own, and always will until the people rise in their might and discharge not only the secretaries but the whole machine ring.

Local Increase in Business.

The increase of postal receipts show the increase in business activity, and general prosperity. In the city of Lincoln the postal receipts for 1899 exceeded those of 1896 by \$43,763.53, being an increase of over 58 per cent. The increase in all departments over the receipts of 1898 has also been large. The increase in the weight of mail is 25 per cent, while the increase in stamp sales is over 15 per cent.

The increased postal receipts in Nebraska in bank deposits, the reduction of real estate indebtedness, the lowering of interest rates, the demand for laboring men, all furnish proof of the onward march of prosperity and the happiness and contentment of the people.

Three Prosperous Counties.

As proof of the great reduction in indebtedness that is being made in Nebraska, attention is called to the records made by the following counties:

Otoe, real estate mortgage reduction	\$113,117.92
Platte, real estate mortgage reduction	101,300.00
Richardson, real estate mortgage reduction	77,462.97
	\$291,880.89

This record, which was made in 1899, is only a sample of what has been done by the other counties. Farming pays in Nebraska.

"A Ridiculous Cause."

Representative Sibley, one of the Bryan leaders in 1896, has seen the hopelessness of the silver issue. He says: "The cause I held sacred in 1896 has become ridiculous. I believe if the democratic party is victorious this fall it will not be able to write a single line of financial legislation in the next six years. If the democratic party is to live, it must have a policy."

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

- The individual deposits in the banks of Nebraska are nearly double what they were in 1896.
- Every man who voted for the seating of a polygamist in Congress was a democrat.
- The Nebraska Populist state committee is on record against any reduction in freight rates.
- The present Republican administration will provide for the building of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama.
- The legislatures of Maryland and Virginia voted down resolutions of invitation to Bryan to appear and make speeches.
- The United States shipped goods to the port of Havana in 1899 amounting to \$19,746,318. The total import duty receipts of the port for the year were \$8,500,582.
- For the year ending June 30, 1897, still under the Wilson law, the exports of breadstuffs from this country amounted to \$197,857,219 the following year, under the Dingley law, they amounted to \$333,897,119.
- Almost one-half of the receipts of the oil inspection department of Nebraska were used in 1897 and 1898, either to enrich an individual, or to furnish campaign funds to a sham reform party, the chairman of the party being responsible for the diversion.
- During 1899 the United States exported over sixteen million bushels of corn per month, and the average price was 40 cents per bushel.
- The total number of bushels shipped in 1898 and 1899 was over four times larger than the total for 1893 and 1894.
- Silverites say Ben Harrison was for free coinage. However, this is what Harrison said in his letter of acceptance in 1892: "I am thoroughly convinced that the free coinage of silver at such a ratio as to gold as will maintain the equality in their commercial uses of the two coined dollars would conduce to the prosperity of all the great producing and commercial nations of the world." No 16 to 1 there.

RICIDULES A PROTECTORATE.

Auditor Andrews Comments on Bryan's New Ideas.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 23.—Auditor of the Treasury W. E. Andrews was asked by the Lincoln Journal correspondent this morning what he thought of Bryan's new position on the Philippine question.

"I see that Bryan is opposed to the retention of the Philippines, but wants this government to maintain a protectorate," said the auditor. "As a business proposition this looks ridiculous. If we were to give up the islands and at the same time protect the islanders from enemies, both within and without, our expense would go right on. We would have to maintain an army to restore order, and keep it ready to prevent encroachments of other nations."

"Then you think Bryan's idea would really result in imperialism instead of preventing it?"

"Yes, I do," said the auditor. "Under a protectorate there could be no reduction in the size of the army and not cutting down of expenses. I believe both would be larger. They want us to give away our property and yet continue to guard and take care of it. Their pretended policy would involve every problem and difficulty that we have to meet, now, and would result in absolutely no benefit to us. In fact, it would in time be sure to bring on international complications."

"On suppose we gave up our claim to the property, and at the same time went to the expense of maintaining an army to guard it. And suppose that after a year or two Aguinaldo and his portable cabinet should sell the islands to some other nation, where would we be? It is impossible that Bryanism will be allowed to lead the country up to such a fiasco as that?"

Cannot Deliver.

State Journal: It was a republican congress that passed and a republican president that signed the only effective anti-trust law that is in our statute books. The Bryanites declare that it is not good for anything and that they must be put into power before anything can be done to down the trusts. But its mouthpiece and dictator was in congress four years and did not introduce or get anybody to introduce any amendment to the Sherman law. The alleged anti-trust laws passed by democratic or popocratic legislatures are all laughing stocks because they invariably turn out to be unconstitutional and void ab initio.

The same utter inability of that outfit to do anything that they promise to do is illustrated in this state where the fusionists have been elected to the executive and legislative offices for several years, on the pledge that they were going to do something decisive if not dreadful in the way of putting down "monopolies" and curbing the power of the transportation corporations. What have they done? The republican boards of transportation can point out in every year of their unostentatious exercise of the powers given them by the legislature, some valuable concessions by the railroad companies for the benefit of the public, notably the reduction of the rates in 1896 for the relief of the farmers to 15 cents, until they could snip their damaged crop that was "soft." In the subsequent arrangement of differentials so as to break up the monopoly of certain terminal points, and to a revision of the classification so as to equalize rates on many of the necessities of life. They made no fuss about the matter but accomplished their objects without going into courts, by good diplomacy and reasonable demands.

What have the fusionist outfit in the legislature and in the board of transportation accomplished in the past three years? Can they point to a single benefit to the public after all their noise, in consideration of the salaries, expenses and lawyers' fees they have regularly drawn from the pockets of the people? What do they lack? Is it brains or diligence or a sense of obligation, or all three?

It is cited in evidence of the increased trade which expansion is likely to bring to the United States that the exports of this country to China, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines for the first eleven months of 1899 were \$38,000,000, against \$16,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1898, and \$15,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1897, while the fact that we will be able to buy more and more of our tropical products in those islands instead of sending the money to other parts of the world is shown by the fact that our imports from them were in the first eleven months of 1899, \$58,000,000 against \$39,000,000.

Great Bank Deposits.

The state banks of Nebraska, according to their last report show individual deposits amounting to \$21,666,111.12; the national banks carrying \$28,859,660.38, according to the last published report of the Comptroller of the Currency. This makes a grand total of \$50,525,771.50, and is exclusive of United States deposits, which amount to \$28,859,660.37. This is an indication of prosperity that cannot be avoided by the calamity howlers. Compare it with the condition in 1896, after four years of democracy, and at a time when free silver was threatening the country.

Plain Democratic Talk.

General Simon Buckner, one of the old time democratic leaders, says: "The democratic party has no future until the element now in control has been wiped out, which, however, promises to be done at the elections of this year. Expediency, not principle, is the motto of this element; the energies of its leaders, Mr. Bryan, are engaged in hunting for an issue which he hopes will attract votes, and not to the promulgation of those great principles on which the democratic party rests."



"WHERE IS HE?" HE GASPED, SEIZING ELVIN'S ARM.

the place, and Rob found no opportunity to get away. He feared every moment that Lemuel Starne would return and recognize him. And now, when there was such hope of rescue, he did not want Starne to know who he was—and to be killed when everything was going along so well. He was glad when night came and he retired to his room. It was a warm night, and while his door was open and the lights still burning, and while Richard Elvin sat just outside smoking, he opened his window. Elvin heard it, but suspected nothing.

Then Rob put out his light, shut his door and pretended to go to bed.

That night about twelve o'clock the furious hoof-beats of a rapidly ridden horse sounded near the house. Some one leaped from him and rapped at the door. A moment later Lemuel Starne, with white face and panting bosom, stood before the astonished Richard Elvin.

"Where is he? Where is he?" he gasped, seizing Elvin's arm.

"Where is who? What's the matter with you? What's happened?"

"Where's this fine punman of yours? Where's that lovely nephew of Torveo who was educated in New York?"

"In bed. What the mischief has got into you? Are you mad?"

"No, but you are. Do you know what you've done?"

"I generally know pretty well. To what special act do you refer?"

"I refer to your excellent private secretary," gasped Starne, almost choking with rage. "That cub! That—that—where is he?"

"In bed, I tell you!" roared Elvin. "What about him?"

"He is no more the nephew of Torveo than I am. He is the nephew of David Horton. He is the very cub I threw overboard from the Royal Mail. He was a good private secretary. He

truly thought the fellow was all right. How did you get this letter?"

"Why, since it became known—or supposed, as this indicates—that Rob Cleverdale was lost overboard and drowned, old Horton has been so broken in spirits that he can scarcely attend to business. He had to have someone near him whom he could trust—and that someone was myself. More and more have I worked into his confidence. Of late he has not been feeling well, and I have attended to all his correspondence. In the last mail yesterday this letter came. I opened it with many others. You can imagine my feelings when I read it. Of course I said nothing to Horton about it, but came directly here to find that cub and finish him. But now, with the same stupidity that has marked your course in the matter from the first, you have let him escape."

"Perhaps no harm has been done. You got the letter and no one else has seen it."

"But if he sent one to Horton, why not to the president or anyone else?" asked Starne.

"I don't think so. He wrote that to his uncle to bring him to the rescue. No, I think we are still safe. I was blind, that I admit. But Torveo swore he was his nephew. Torveo, then, must be a traitor."

"Where did Torveo find him? I am sure there was no craft near when I threw him overboard. Still, I might have been mistaken. The 'Black Cat' sails swiftly, and it was a dark night. She would have no lights showing."

"I don't understand it," said Elvin.

"Torveo brought him here—to the Bay—and he wore a picturesque Spanish garb. He seemed to look upon Torveo as his uncle. Torveo certainly treated him like a nephew, for he beat him unmercifully with a rope's end."