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A BLOSSOM IN THE SOUL.

Across an apple ripe, from out your store,
Cut a thin transverse slice, through grain
and core,
Not quartering or ranging with the stem,
There, in the center, an artistic gem,
Safe in that casket, guarded and concealed,
Held to the light, is unto you revealed;
Perfect in outline, though long hid in
gloom,
Is limned a perfect, shapely apple bloom;
The spirit of the blossom, from the past
Preserved within the apple's heart to last.
A seal and symbol, though thus veiled and
muted—
That blooms are really souls of ripened
fruit.
That blossom once made fragrant far and
wide,
Like scented snow, but who thought it
would hide
Within this body as a secret shrine,
Perfect in form and in ghost-like outline,
Proof of the all-important, gladsome truth,
That old age may possess the heart of
youth,
Men missed its youthful presence, thought
it dead,
Watched for its disappearance with vague
dread,
Long missed its beauty, thought its petals
gone,
Yet here, like some veiled nun, the flower
lived on,
Its fragrance sealed, its beautiful petals
furled,
Retiring for a season from the world,
But all the while the body 'round it draped,
Was by God's law of beauty deftly shaped,
And all the rosy-cheeked, prosaic whole
Was thus perfected by a flower-like soul;
Sealed in its casket, of its life a part,
Printing a blossom on its inmost heart,
Thus sleeps the music in the silent lute,
Thus lives the blossom in the ripened fruit,
Thus may the human thought and human
tongue,
Take beautiful form from thoughts forever
young;
Gray hairs and furrowed face its outward
part,
But blooms of childhood in its inmost heart.
I. EDGAR JONES.

"Yes,"
"You cannot mean—"
"Sylvester Morley," interrupted the
lawyer.
"Mr. Morley!" I exclaimed, joyfully.
For I knew, great as Sylvester Morley's
influence was, there was one who wielded
a greater, since she could influence
her father. Was it her sweet self that
had come to my aid through her
father? It would be happiness to know
this; but then—why had she passed me
without a greeting?
My face must have told a whole story to
the shrewd old lawyer. When I
turned toward him again there was a
very grave expression on his face, and a
contemplative look about his sharp
eyes as he regarded me.
"You seem highly elated by this," he
said.
"Oh, I am. What young man would
not feel highly honored in knowing
that a man of Mr. Morley's standing
had defended him?" I exclaimed.
The old fellow saw the blush which
spread over my face, however, and he



"Ah! She loves you then."

smiled as he replied: "I do not court
your confidence, but it is plain there is
some power behind Mr. Morley which
led that gentleman to defend you. Now,
believe me, Mr. Conway, I do not ask
for curiosity; there is a grave purpose
in the question I am about to ask you,"
he went on, as the smile died from his
face and what seemed to me to be deep
concern appeared instead. "The question
is this: Are you an especial friend
of Miss Morley's? Are you engaged to
marry her?"
"No. But, had the suspicion of the
robbery not fallen upon me, I probably
would have asked her to be my wife
long before now." I replied, rather
wondering at myself for telling this to the
old fellow on so short an acquaintance.
"Ah, she loves you, then?"
"That I cannot say. I believe she did
think very highly of me at one time;
but I promised not to hold any
communication with her until my inno-
cence was known. It is a year since
then. Whether her feeling for me has
changed or not I do not know."
"You have kept your promise, then?"
"Why, certainly!" I answered, with
some indignation at the implied doubt
of me.
"Now about the investigation you de-
sire to engage in," Sonntag said,
changing the subject rather abruptly.
"What do you propose to do? How go
about it?"
"Oh, hire some smart detective," I
replied. "I suppose that will be the
only way. What else can I do?"
"Do you think the bank officials have
done nothing? Do you think you could
find any shrewder detectives than have
undoubtedly been working on the case?
If the bank with all its tremendous
resources has not succeeded in running
the robbers down, how can you expect
to succeed when your limited means
would make your search merely a
superficial one?"
"But, heavens, man! what am I to do?
Carry this load to the grave? Why, Mr.
Sonntag, this suspicion of me, you can-
not imagine what a horrible thing it is,
how it darkens my life!" I exclaimed,
in bitterness of spirit, as I realized how
hopeless my case seemed.
"You have been patient so long under
your trouble, a little more endurance
will not hurt you," Sonntag said, in
answer to my despairing words.
"You'll come out of it all with flying
colors some day. Now it may not
look so to you, but to me it appears
that you have done a great deal your-
self, in the investigations which no
doubt are still in progress."
"How can that be? I have done nothing."
"And that is exactly what I mean.
That very course seems to me to be a
great feature in the search, though
you cannot see it in that light." Sonntag
smiled in a knowing way.
"In what respect has my supineness
aided the case?" I asked, curiously.
"By allowing the real perpetrators of
the crime to feel secure in their posi-
tion, knowing as they probably do that
you are still the only suspected party." I
was much impressed by the old fel-
low's words.
"You ought to have been a detective,"
I remarked, at which he turned his
sharp glance toward me and answered:

"Yes, I might have done something
in that line. But I prefer a quiet life."
Sonntag followed me out to the lug-
gy. I took up the lines, but a thought
occurred to me, and I delayed my de-
parture to voice it.
"Do you know Mr. Morley?" I asked.
"No, I do not," was Sonntag's answer.
"Then where did you get your in-
formation about that gentleman's de-
fense of me?"
"Oh, such news gets out sometimes.
Still, I don't mind telling you. It was
from Horace Jackson I received the in-
formation."
"From Jackson!" I exclaimed, in sur-
prise. "You know Jackson, then?"
"Yes; merely a speaking acquaintance,
though. He comes here quite
frequently."
"How can he get away from the
bank?" I asked.
"He is not employed there now.
Jackson has become quite wealthy, at
least so he himself says. He has made
some big strikes speculating in coal
lands. He said he could not afford to
devote his time to the bank for a paltry
salary when his interests outside had
grown so important. So he left about
five or six months ago."
"Then he did finally fulfill his threat
of leaving," I remarked. "He was al-
ways talking about leaving." I con-
tinued, in explanation. "As he still
held on to his position notwithstanding,
it got to be a standing joke in the
office about Jackson quitting the job."
"Ah, indeed? He seemed, then, to
desire that every one of his associates
might expect his leaving at any time?"
remarked the lawyer, with a signifi-
cance I could not then account for.
"I suppose so, or he would not have
reiterated his intention so frequently.
And he's become rich? No wonder.
He told me once he was interested with
Mr. Morley in a few business ventures.
Well, he's lucky. You'll be over, then,
to-morrow?"
"Yes. Good-day."

CHAPTER VIII.

When I again passed the depot at
Sidington on my way home, there was
a lady on horseback talking to the
agent.
It needed no second glance to tell me
it was Florence Morley. Her face was
turned toward the fellow, and so she
did not see me. I drove along slowly,
keeping my eyes upon her, and debat-
ing in my mind whether I should stop
and address her or not.
It was a strong temptation, and only
fear held me back, a cowardly fear too.
I doubted how my overtures might be
received. I had chosen my course of
my own accord and I would follow it.
If it was contrary to her wish she
would find a way to tell me.
After passing the station I allowed
my horse to continue at a walk, so that
Florence must catch up with me if she
intended to ride to her home from Sid-
ington.
The resolve to stick to my promise
was growing weaker since Sarah's com-
ment upon it. A word from Florence, I
knew, would cause me to break it, and
I really was impatient for that word.
Soon the sound of approaching hoofs
beating the hard road reached me.
Nearer it came and nearer, until finally
I caught a glimpse, out of the corner
of my eye, of a swaying petticoat.
She pulled in her horse to a walk,
and then I turned my head and glanced
at her. My heart was in my throat
when I looked, but the smile that greet-
ed me dispelled my fears like mist be-
fore the morning sun.
But the smile was not all that told
me of her emotion at again meeting me.
The deep brown eyes were suffused
with tears. With my own heart leaping
for joy, I reined my horse to a stand-
still. In an instant I was at her side.
She extended her hand, and with my
assistance sprang lightly to the ground.
I took her horse's bridle over my arm
and, with the disengaged hand, helped
her climb into the buggy.
"Tie the horse to the back axle, then
come here beside me," were the first
words she said. I lost no time in obey-
ing.
Imagine, if you please, the over-
whelming joy to be seated once more
beside her who held my whole heart in
her keeping.
I could not trust myself to speak, and
it was she who began.
"Are you not pleased to see me once
more, Mr. Conway? Because if you are
not, I certainly will not tell you how
happy I am in again meeting an old
friend."
The soft, sweet tones of her voice,
which I loved so to hear, had now a
tremble to them. I glanced at her, and
—well, Florence was still my true heart,
as she had been throughout, notwith-
standing my doubt and fear.
"The past year has been an eternity
to me," I finally said.
"And who is to blame for that, I wonder?
And, too, when was the mystery
cleared up, since you are now speaking
to me?" she said, with a joyous laugh
which told me as plainly as words
could how she had missed me.
"It is not cleared up; sometimes I
think it never will be. I could not have
found fault with you had you forgotten
me. Will you forgive me when I con-
fess I was fearful you had?"
"No. I do not think I can quite for-
give that. What reason had you for
mistrusting me?" she earnestly asked.
"You passed me this morning, you
know, without bowing."
"I was so startled, and we had gone

by before I realized that it was you
who were standing there. That was
a slight cause for mistrusting me, sir."
"It was and I am very sorry. Indeed,
I have been a fool right through the
whole affair. I see it now. I had no
right to make such a promise."
"Well, I do not think you were a
fool. But, forgive me, that promise was
a foolish one, and—just a trifle un-
kind." The tears again started in her
eyes, and her voice took on the tremble
which went so appealingly to my heart.
"Never again will I be so foolish!" I
exclaimed. "I will see your father and
tell him I have broken my promise, that
it was impossible to keep it, and that it
is simply absurd to subject us to the
misery of a longer separation. May I
tell him that? May I speak for both of
us?"
She hung her head, while the red
flush spread over her face. Then she
murmured: "Yes, speak for both of
us. Why not, since it is true? Perhaps
you'll find father has changed his views
a trifle."
"Not in his opinion of my innocence,
I hope," I said. "I have been told he
strongly objected to my arrest. And I
know whose influence caused him to
do so."
"Not mine, really," Florence earnestly
replied. "Father believed you were
innocent, and took the stand he did
for that reason. I did not know about
the robbery until after the first meet-
ing of the trustees. It was at that
meeting that he opposed your arrest.
I remember he felt quite triumphant
afterward, for most of the trustees in-
sisted upon your immediate arrest, and
it was only after father said that he
would never consent to it that they gave
up the point."
"Now that is pleasant to hear," I
cried, joyfully. "What reason have you
to think he has changed his views re-
garding the promise?"
"This morning, after we had passed
you, I said: 'That looked like Nelson
Conway.' Father laughed at me, and
answered that it must have been an
hallucination produced by constantly
keeping my thoughts upon you."
It is impossible to describe the fascina-
tion of Florence's manner when she
told me this—how maidenly bashful-
ness blended with love's boldness, how
the blushes dyed her smooth cheek,
while her eyes shone with a confident,
happy light.
"Then at lunch this noon father
asked me if I—I liked you as much as
ever. 'Liked' was not the word he
used, but never mind, we'll use it now."
"And what did you answer?" I asked,
eagerly and expectantly.
"That not a day went by that I did
not think of you. And oh, Nelson," she
continued, her voice deep and full in its
earnestness, "that was not half the
truth. Why should I hesitate to con-
fess it to you, my dear friend?"
Here I made use of my disengaged
arm. I could not help it. I drew her



"And what did you answer?"

closely to me and kissed her blooming
cheek.
"I certainly shall not go on if I am in-
terrupted," Florence said, in gentle re-
monstrance.
"What did your father say in an-
swer?" I finally asked.
"He said he thought perhaps it was
unjust to both of us to insist on your
keeping the promise."
"Did he say that?" I exclaimed. "Then
Florence—" but really it is enough to say
that the dear girl promised to be my
wife, even though the suspicion should
not be removed from me, providing Mr.
Morley's consent could be gained; and
she moreover promised to do all she
could to help me gain his consent.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gentlemen in Court.
At an assize court the late Justice
Maule was engaged in passing sen-
tence on a prisoner, when one of the
officers of the court annoyed him by
crossing the gangway beneath him
with pupers for members of the bar.
"Don't you know," cried the judge, se-
verely addressing the official culprit,
"that you ought never to pass between
two gentlemen when one of them is
addressing the other?" Having thus
relieved his mind, the judge proceeded
to pass sentence of seven years' penal
servitude on the other gentleman.—
Household Words.

—Every time a woman cleans house
she finds a lot of things she had forgot-
ten about.—Washington Democrat.

Thrown into the Shade.
"It's a little tough on our young Chicago,"
laughed the man from Saginaw, "and I
wouldn't tell it in Bay City. I had some
business down in Texas that required a
good deal of railroad travel. One day I
found myself on the parlor car with no one
but the porter and the natural desire for
companionship asserted itself. After we
had talked for a time, during which he had
the tact to address me as 'cunnel,' he ven-
tured to inquire in an apologetic way where
I was from.
"Saginaw," I responded.
"Sag'naw, cunnel; whar's dat, sah?"
"In Michigan, my boy."
"O, yes, sah. Mich'gan. Dat's in De-
troit. I had a gen'l from dar las' wintah,
sah."
I simply went into the smoking com-
partment and communed with myself for
the rest of the trip."—Detroit Free Press.

Bad Pay and Hard Work.
The bad pay and hard work of trained
nurses has often been made the subject of
benevolent remonstrance by eminent medi-
cal men and non-professional philanthropists.
It is well for an invalid, before he gets so bad
as to need a nurse or doctor, to use Hostet-
ter's Stomach Bitters if he has chills and
fever, constipation, rheumatism, dyspepsia
and nervousness. Use it regularly.

A Cure.
Author—I am troubled with insomnia. I
lie awake at night hour after hour thinking
about my literary work.
His Friend—How very foolish of you!
Why don't you get up and read portions of
it?—Boston Traveler.

A Round of Pleasure.
Belle—How would you like to enjoy a cen-
tury of bliss?
Bettie—Oh, I have, you know. Will and
I enjoyed one last summer, on his tandem.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Bad Eruptions
Soros Broke Out and Discharged
But Hood's Cured.
"My son had eruptions and sores on his
face which continued to grow worse in
spite of medicines. The sores discharged
a great deal. A friend whose child had
been cured of a similar trouble by Hood's
Sarsaparilla advised me to try it. I began
giving the boy this medicine and he was
soon getting better. He kept on taking
it until he was entirely cured and he has
never been bothered with eruptions
since." Mrs. EVA DOLBRAE, Horton, Ill.

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