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NEMAHA, · · · · · NEBRASKA

GOING ALONE.

With curls in the sunny air tossing, With light in the merry bright eyes, With laughter so clearly out ringing-A laugh of delight and surprise: All friendly assistance disdaining,

And trusting no strength but its own, The past fears and trials forgotten, The baby is "going alone.

How often the help he has needed Has carelessly strayed from his side;

The hand of the loved one to sustain him, His tottering footsteps to guide. See, he has fallen while reaching for sun-

beams Which just as he grasped them have

And tears of vexation have followed-

But now he is "going alone.

All through life he will learn

This lesson again and again. 'He will carelessly lean upon shadows, He will fall and weep over the pain, He will learn what a stern world we live in,

And he may grow cold like the rest; But keep a warm sunny welcome

For those who are truest and best; Yet not trusting his all in their keeping But stronger and maniler grown,

Chastened and taught by past sorrow He learned to walk bravely "alone."

And yet not alone, for our Father The wandering footsteps will guide Through all the dark waves of earth life. And over the river's deep tide. Ah! here is a strength unfailing.

A strength we can perfectly trust,

When all human aid unavailing The "dust shall return unto dust."

Katherine C. Ackerman, in Banner of Gold.

NITE CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR A CLEW BY WIRE Or, An Interrupted Current. BY HOWARD M. YOST. Copyright, 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co. CHAPTER IX.-CONTINUED.

Sarah greeted me effusively. The good soul seemed to have a constant fear that each time she saw me would be the last.

"Can you let me have a saw, a chisel and a hammer?" I asked.

"Ach, yes. Bud vhat for, Nel?" "I am going to find out what is in that cellar," I answered.

"How you ged in?"

"By cutting through the floor." "Dat will be hard work, Nel. De tim-

ber under de floor is awful thick." "I know that. But I have plenty of

time, and so will be able eventually to get through."

The tools were produced, and I started homeward, Sarah sending after me an earnest appeal for carefulness and the avoidance of danger.

I intended to commence the task of getting into the sealed apartment immediately upon my arrival home. The

not been done, the new mason-work would be glaringly perceptible. Let us go into the house cellar and have a look at the dividing wall there." It needed but a glance to see that this

wall had not been tampered with. The whitewash was old, and there was no spot where it had been renewed.

"I have akready examined the outside place," the old lawyer remarked, as we ascended the stairway.

"That was not whitewashed, and, if I remember rightly, the stones used asked. looked old and worn like the rest of the foundation." I said.

"Yes; the stones used in both the doorways were old ones. But they are of a different kind of stone," he remarked, with a shrewd smile.

"Different kind? What significance would that have?"

"All the stone quarried about here is limestone. You will find the foundations and walls under your house are built with this kind. If any other kind was used it would have to be brought dow. from a distance. Sandstone was used for the two doorways."

"And was therefore brought from a distance?" I asked.

"Perhaps not in this case."

"But you said there is nothing but limestone quarried about here," I suggested.

"And that is true. The stones used in the doorways had been used before, for they are old and weatherbeaten. Do you remember a small stone building up at the mountain, which years ago was used as a schoolhouse?" my lawyer asked.

"Oh, yes! It was known as the Mountain school," I replied.

"Well, it is fast going to ruin," Sonntag continued; "has not been used for years, I am told. The point is here: That old schoolhouse was built of sandstone. Where the builders got the stone I, of course, cannot say, but evidently not around here. It is my belief the stones in the two doorways were taken from the old tumble-down schoolhouse."

"And supposing your surmise is a correct one, does it furnish you with a clew to the person or persons who did the job?" I asked.

"Perhaps," he replied, shortly,

As he raised his head to answer, recollection flashed upon me. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "I have been cudgeling my brain in the endeavor to remember where I had seen you before."

He quickly turned toward me with a half-smile on his face, but offered no reply.

"I have seen you in Philadelphia," I continued.

"Possibly. I used to live there before coming to Twineburgh," he remarked, indifferently.

"You have been in Twineburgh but six months," I went on. "Yes."

about a year ago. I almost knocked each one's estimate of the time."

been newly whitewashed. If that had session of me. There is enough business used was still in his hand, but the paper here to enable a single man to live well, had fluttered to the floor, besides allowing him more leisure. 1 was looking for such a business, andand found it in Twineburgh."

"Well, you certainly are an odd fellow, if you will excuse me for saying so," I remarked, with a laugh. "Yes, I am rather odd."

When we reentered my bedroom, Sonntag's quick eye caught sight of the

tools under my bed. "Going to cut through the floor?" he

"That is what I intended to do. I'm going to know what is down there," I replied, decidedly.

Then I told him about the noises I had heard which had seemed to come from beneath, the slamming of the door, and the pistol shot. I also told of the voices I had heard both in the attic and in my room, and all I had observed regarding them.

The old lawyer listened intently, and when I had finished walked to the win-

"Do you suppose that the sound of the voices could in some way have come from the telephone wire?" I finally asked.

"Not being an electrical expert, I cannot say," Sonntag answered, turning from the window.

"It seems impossible the voices could be heard without the aid of a receiver." remarked.

"Perhaps there is a receiver both in your room and upstairs-not like the ones we are accustomed to, of course, but one formed by nature. Certainly there are possibilities in electric force which we have not yet discovered. You

say the sounds occurred only when a wind was blowing which caused the wire to swing against the lightning rod?"

"That was surmise, for I have had no opportunity to watch when the wind blew. But it seemed the most natural explanation of the rappings."

"And you had no way of ascertaining whether the sounds in your room here and in the attic were produced by the same voice and at the same time, or whether there were two voices independent of each other?"

"Why, you know it was impossible for me to be in the attic and in my room too," I answered.

"Perhaps we may be given an opportunity to find out something about the voices," Sonntag said, with a gesture toward the window.

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"There is a thunderstorm coming up. It will undoubtedly be preceded by a wind," the old lawyer said.

"Yes, yes! How fortunate it is that you are here!" I exclaimed, excitedly, for I comprehended his meaning. 'Now you remain here, and I will go up to the attic," I went on. "Each of us must note the exact time the sound is heard. We had better compare watches,

"And I saw you for the first time so that there shall be no difference in

The old lawyer not seeming to notice my approach, I tapped him on the arm. He gazed around at me with wide, staring eyes, then drew a long breath. "What was it that happened?" he

finally asked. "Oh, did you eatch it, too? Nothing

but a little demonstration of electrical force," I replied. "It was quite close to us. The house must have been struck by the bolt; or perhaps the lightning rod saved it."

"It was awful!" the old fellow exclaimed, "There was a stream of fire reached half way across the room. It came from the wall there, right near the chimney. Well, it's over, and neither of us hurt." The old fellow shook himself together. "After this, no more experimenting in electricity for me, especially during a thunderstorm. I'll stick to-to the law," he said, with a flash of his bright eyes which told me he had recovered from the effects of the shock.

"Then you did not take any note of the voice?" I remarked.

"Yes, yes. Here it is; and you?-ah, that's good. Now let us compare."

The two slips of paper were laid on the table. "The first words taken note of



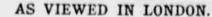
Where I had heard the voice I took my stand on my paper," Sonntag began, "are, you have my-then a pause, and yours are: Never will. Ah!" he exclaimed, in deep satisfaction, "they seem to run along well together. Now you begin and read, and where the raps are indicated pause, and I will put in my words. Let's see if we can get any sense out of it."

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIANS

Reports of Committees to the General Arsembly at Marshall, Mo., Show the Church Is in Good Shape.

MARSHALL, Mo., May 21.-At yesterday's session of the Cumberland Presbyterian general assembly, Gen. H. H. Norm an, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., was chosen moderator. Rev. J. W. Laughlin, of St. Louis, superintendent of the general missionary work, read the report of the board of missions and church erection. From this report the following facts were gleaned:

In spite of the distressed financial condition of the times, there are great reasons for con-gratulation over the work of the board. The results from anniversary day, 1898, were more gratifying than last year. Work has been carried on in 15 city missions. At present 13 of these are manned by well-equipped and efficient missionaries. The field occupied by mission work in Japan embraces one-twentieth of the entire area of the empire and one-eighth of the population. The women's board reports a total receipt for the year of \$11,069.73. The sum received for foreign missions was 19,570.-22; for home missions, \$2,402.27; the church erection, \$476.81; special and synodical offering, \$24,122,94: a contribution from Mrs. Eliza-beth Barclay, of Petersburg, Ili., of \$13,841. The church erection fund shows a total of #28,-592.70, of which #20,151.99 is loaned to 18 churhes. A resolution was passed memorializing President McKinley to secure religious liberty and protection for missions in Caba and the Philippine islands, when the government is established, before allowing them to pass from under the control of the United States.



Newspapers Continue Their Pro-American Comments-What a European War Might Bring on.

LONDON, May 21.- The weeklies continue their pro-American comments on the war and its international developments. The Speaker says:

The ultimate results of the war cannot be doubtful. Any check the United States may receive will only increase its determination to persist. The intervention of the powers would make that determination unalterable: and if European complications bring on a European war, every great power in Europe, except ourselves and Germany, will find what Italy and Spain have found already-that its government is sitting on a volcano.

The Spectator, discussing the Spanish crisis, says:

The plain truth of the matter is that if Senor Sagasta should fall to protect Cuba or to induce some of the continental powers to venture upon active intervention he will be superseded by a military dictatorship or a revolutionary junta.

SECOND CALL IMPROBABLE.

Unless Unforescen Circumstances Develop No More Troops Will Be Necessary-Wants Five Colored Regiments.

WASHINGTON, May 21.-It is now stated that President McKinley will make no further call for volunteers unless unforeseen circumstances render such a step necessary. The mustering in of the 125,000 men already called for is proceeding most satisfactorily. The president considers 125,-000 volunteers, the 10,000 immunes and the regulars sufficient to carry on a successful war. The organization of the regiments is progressing most satisfactorily. President McKinley is greatly in favor of giving the colored people five of the ten regiments that are to be raised.

thought that danger of some kind might lurk in the cellar would not deter me. And the pistol-shot I had heard the last night seemed to indicate that there might be a degree of peril in the work. I did not like the idea of the dank, musty odors ascending into my sleeping apartment, but I could easily remove to one of the spacious chambers upstairs, and thus escape them.

On arriving at the house, I took the tools into my room. I looked over the floor, and, after quite a time debating where the hole should be made, determined to begin over in one corner. Before I had time to commence operations, a loud knock sounded on the front door.

Hastily shoving the tools under the bed, I went out through the hall and opened the door. My visitor was Mr. Sonntag.

CHAPTER X.

I ushered the old lawyer into the room. After a few commonplace remarks he said: "That walling-up of those cellar doorways has made quite an impression on me. Suppose we have a look at them."

I was very willing. Together we descended the stairs to the storeroom.

Mr. Sonntag examined the place where the door had been, minutely, as though he expected to find in the stones of the wall some intimation of what was on the inside. He even went so far as to scratch off patches of the whitewash.

"It is rather dark here," he finally said, glancing around.

"Perhaps the door can be opened," I auggested.

"I have the key with me, but maybe it would be best not to use it. Give me a few matches."

I handed him all I had with me, and he, by the light afforded, examined closely the places where he had scratched off the whitewash.

While watching him, the thought again occurred to me that I had seen or met him previous to my arrival at Nelsonville.

"Do you know it seems as though I had seen you before?" I said.

"Yes, so you remarked during your visit to my office yesterday," Sonntag try town." replied, as he stepped back to where I was standing.

solid wall," he went on; "so if the floor. room behind it is being used for some

you over as I was coming out of the president's office in the Safety security bank. You were just going in, and I ran into you."

"Ah, possibly. I have had business dealings with that concern," the old lawyer replied.

"And you knew Mr. Perry, the president?"

"Yes, slightly."

"Then why did you ask me at the time if I was the president?" I asked, Sonntag gave a twitch of the shoul-



Mr. Sonntag examined the place minutely.

der, and his shrewd sharp eyes twinkled.

"Did I ask you that?" he queried. "Do you not remember?"

"Can't say that I do," he replied. "It seems strange you should leave the city to engage in the practice of law in a small town like Twineburgh," I said, musingly,

"Why strange?" was his curt question.

"Oh, well, you are quite advanced in years, and, with your long experience, ought to have commanded a larger and

He did not reply for a few moments, "There is no doubt of that being a face with his eyes turned toward the

"I became tired of city life," he finally purpose, entrance is not gained from said. "I have no family depending upon here. See what pains have been taken me, and so am at liberty to follow out standing in the middle of the room in

I pulled out my watch and approached Sonntag. His hand went up to his vest pocket and he was about to follow my example, when upon our hearing came that small, soft, high-pitched voice.

We stood gazing into each other's eyes for a moment, then I made a rush for the door.

The lawyer detained me, and in great impatience I waited.

"Take paper and pencil with you," he said. "Jot down the words and indicate the raps in the exact order that they come. I will do the same with the words and pauses. Now go."

I went up the two stairways on the jump. The wind was coming up strong, and the heavy thunder rolled in the distance. Near the small window, where I had heard the voice, I took my stand. The raps from above were louder now, and besides, in the daytime, lost a great deal of the uncanniness which the gloom and solitude of night had given them.

The voice was sounding, though not as distinctly as before, which was probably on account of the loud moaning and whistling of the high wind.

My paper and pencil were ready, and I listened with strained attention to eatch the words.

This is what my paper showed:

"Never will (rap, rap, rap) consent under existing (rap, rap-a grating noise, probably caused by the wire being held against the lightning rod by the force of the wind) the property removed (raps) place to bring you (raps) hid where (raps) never find (raps) talk wisdom I shall (raps) night and take (raps) dollar will you ever-"

Right here the garret was flooded by a blinding glare, and immediately followed crash on crash close above me.

Stunned by the noise and too dazed for the moment to realize that the threatening storm had burst, I feebly tottered toward the stairs and sank down upon the top step.

The rain was coming down in torrents and the roar on the roof seemed but an echo of the thunder. I was soon able to arouse myself from my dazed condition, and, remembering the obmore lucrative practice in a large place ject of my errand, went back to the like Philadelphia than in a small coun- spot where I had stood to recover the paper and pencil, which had fallen from my hands. There was no desire to but stood with a whimsical look on his continue investigations while the storm lasted; so, picking up the paper, I hastened downstairs to my room.

I noticed a strange odor as I went through the doorway, and saw Sonntag to hide the work. The whole wall has | any whim which happens to take pos- i a strange attitude. The pencil he had |

This is what we read: "Never will-"

"you have my-"

"consent under existing-"

"circumstances you have broken faith with me in every-"

"way why was-"

"the property removed-"

"from the original-"

"place to bring you-" "to time what did you do with it

afely-"

"hid where-"

"you can-"

"never find-"

"it unless you-" "talk wisdom I shall-"

"go for it this very-"

"night and take-"

"it away and not one-"

"dollar will you ever-"

"Right here is where the shock came," I said, after reading the last phrase, "Of course I took no more notes after that. Have you any more?"

"No. The flame came, and I got no further," Sonntag answered. "This certainly is curious. There seems to be a complete circuit formed somehow, or. more properly, two circuits; when one is closed the other is opened by that closing, and vice versa."

While making the foregoing remark the old fellow was leaning over the table, intently scanning the two papers. "You say a flame shot out into the "oom?" I asked.

"Yes."

"From where?"

"Between the window and chimney, it cemed to be," he replied, without lifting his head.

I stepped over to the place indicated. There was a large nail sticking in the wall, which had been covered with whitewash. A flannel coat which I had hung on the nail the night before was now lying on the floor, a charred ruin.

The nail itself was blackened, and was quite hot, as contact with my fingers told me.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, starting back, "this is the strangest phenomenon. What a wonder the house is not ablaze!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Old Story.

Frank-Some genius in Birmingham has invented a buttonless shirt.

Billy-Why, that's old. I've worn them ever since my wife learned to ride a bike .- Tit-Bits.

The Infant Class.

"Bobby Longears, give the plural for 'child.' " "Twins."-L'Illustre de Poche.

Murderer Now a Lieutenant.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., May 21. -- Charles E. Myers, who about eight years ago was convicted of murder in this county and sentenced to be hanged, but reprieved and later discharged as insane, is now a lieutenant of a Pennsylvania company of volunteers stationed at Chickamauga. Myers was convicted for killing John Weir, of Independence, while he was sleeping in the Liberty street depot. He was murdered for his money, Myers striking him with a coupling pin.

Fatal Snowslide in the Northwest.

SEATTLE, Wash., May 21. - The steamer Morgan City has just arrived in port with the news of a terrible snowslide down the Valdes glacier. Fully 100 persons were caught by the avalanche and buried alive. Many were rescued, however, but probably 20 lives were lost. Among the dead is A. Johnson, of East St. Louis, Ill. The Valdes mountains are on the gulf of Georgia, coast of British Columbia.

The Cuban Blockade Reported Illusory.

LONDON, May 21.-The Madrid correspondent of the Standard says: El Imparcial expects Senor Aunon to display great vigor in the marine office. The other papers are less enthusiastic about him. The blockade of Cuba and Porto Rico is considered illusory as Spanish warships and merchant vessels are frequently moving from port to port between the islands.

Cyclone Causes Big Property Loss.

ROCKFORD, Ill., May 21.-Nearly a score of lives lost, dozens of persons injured, close to \$1,000,000 worth of property destroyed, many farms laid waste, growing crops cut off, and with ruin and devastation everywhere in its destructive path is the partial record of the terrific cyclone that swept over Carroll and Ogle counties Wednesday evening.

McKinley Will Touch the Button.

OMAHA, Neb., May 21.-At noon, Wednesday, June 1, President McKinley will be placed in telephonic communication with the officials of the Transmississippi exposition and his message will be read before the assembled people on the grounds. The president will touch the button that will start the exposition machinery in motion.