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NEMAHA, - - - - NEBRASKA.

SONG OF THE TEN-INCH SHELL

From the noiseless gloom of the inner tomb They raise the drossy ore: From the blinding red of my flame birthbed My glowing frame they pour: With rhythmic beat of dancing feet

The great trip-hammers swing. They forge me well, the shapely shell. Bride of the battle-king.

Now still I stand; on either hand My right companions be, Gray, grim and lean as the shadow seen Of the shark in the dusky sea; Till the bugie shrill my time fulfill,

And away at last I ride To the light of the sun, where my bridegroom gun Shall clasp me a moment's bride.

A touch, a spark, and hark! oh, hark!-Impregnated with fire, Hot with the heat of hate, and fleet With the fury of desire I fly! I fly! my goal is nigh; I light the whirling shell-And the air around shricks to the sound And the agony of hell!

The iron beams give, the steel plates rive To my tyrannous claim of way; The sea leaps in where I lightly win-Down from the light of day, Down, down we go, the shattered foe And I that dealt the doom, Back to the night, mine old birthright, And the silence of the tomb! -Harold Ryley, in Temple Magazine.



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CHAPTER V .- CONTINUED.

When he was gone I sat down to count my money, and found I had but ten crowns in all the world. With prudence, however, this would last some time. Still it was gall and wormwood to me to have to weigh each item of disbursement. It would be necessary as well to renew my attire, which, with the exception of the leather buff coat, was almost runed by the hard wear it had been exposed to on my journey. I sat down to rest, but now that I had reached Florence a reaction set in, and, assailed by a full sense of my position, I gave way to despair. In a little time I became more composed; but it was impossible to keep still with the fire in my heart, and I sallied into the street, taking care to note landmarks, so as to find my way back. In this manner I must have gone for about a quarter of a mile, when I was Lrought to a standstill by the coming of a gay party down the street, in the direction opposite to mine, all marching by the light of many torches, to the music of a band. The musicians led the procession, which was flanked on each side by a number of flambeaux bearers, and a retinue of servants, all bearing swords despite the law.

The merry-makers walked in pairs, each lady resting her fingers on her cavalier's arm, and all laughing and talking with the utmost good humor. I was compelled to draw myself to the wall to admit of their passing, and, whilst thus giving them the road, the light fell brightly on me, and I became an object of alarm to some of the fair, who gave utterance to pretty little exclamations of terror, with the result that I came in for haughty looks from the gal-

In the middle of the promenalers were two ladies, who, apparently not having partners of the opposite sex, had linked themselves together, and the attention of the taller of these was bestowed upon me for a moment, and it was not flattering. As she wore a mask, I could see little of her face beyond the half contemptuous look in her eyes, which were dark at night, and a short curl of the upper lip, with which she no doubt intended to express the same sentiment as her glance. I waited calmly until the whole party passed on, admiring the grace of the demoiselle who had favored me with her scornful survey. I watched them until they turned off into another street, and then went on, idly wondering who the people were, and more especially the darkeved lady.

The street behind me was in gloom, a few yards in front of me a lamp hanging from a wall threw a dim radiance; beyond that there was gloom again. Through the darkness before me I heard the sound of hurrying feet, coming in my direction, and, atmost before I was aware of it, the newcomer and I fell into the circle of the light, and met face to face.

It was D'Entrangues! He knew me as if

by instinct. "You!" he exclaimed, and on the instant his sword was out. I said nothing. I was blind, mad with anger. My whole soul hungered for his life as I thrust at him, and in doing so slipped my foot over the edge of the narrow pavement and fell heavily. He was on me at once; something flashed in his left hand and I felt a stinging sensation all over my left side. He did not wait to see the result of his blow. Perhaps he made too. sure, and, springing over me, ran into the darkness beyond. I scrambled up at once, and made an attempt to follow; but my brain began to reel, and I was compelled to lean

against the wall to support myself. The clash of steel, however, had aroused some of the inhabitants, and, hearing footsteps approaching, I pulled myself together with an effort, and, making across the road, turned back to my lodging. Here again I felt too weak to proceed without help, and sank to the ground, knowing I was ideeding freely. By this time two or three men came ap, and, after surveying the spot under the street lamp, crossed over in my direction. The rays of a lantern held by one of them discovered me, and they bastened up. I begged the favor of their assistance to my abode, saying I had been stabbed, and this the worthy citizens readily accorded; and,

room gave me all help in dressing my injury. The dagger, which I had to extract, had gone through the folds of my cloak, but was turned by a steel buckle on the strap of my buil coat, and had cut through the coat and down my side, inflicting an ugly flesh wound. This in itself was not dangerous; but I had lost much blood, and when the kind citizens had gone, in making an attempt to rise from my chair, I had orly just time to reach my bed before I became un-

CHAPTER VI.

BERNABO CECL I cannot say for what time I lay thus bereft of sense; but on coming to myself I saw the candle in my room was all but spent, and the wick flaring in a long flame. I looked to see if my wound had broken out a-bleeding afresh, and was glad to find this was not the case, and that the bandages were in their position. The small effort, however, nearly set me off once more. The room swam round, the bright flame of the candle dwindled down to a little star, no bigger than a pin point, and then began slowly to increase in size as the faintness passed off, and I was able to see clearly again. Any attempt to move gave me agony, and, closing my eyes, I lay still. I heard the candle expire with a splutter, and leave me in darkness. Then I began to get light-headed, and unable to control my thoughts. Somehow my mind traveled back to the days of my childhood, and the figure of the only living relative I can remember, my father, came before me, standing just as he was wont to stand, when about to give me a lesson in the exercise of the sword, and repeating a warning he never ceased to din in my cars. "Learning," he said, "is of little use to a gentleman. You need not know more of books than a Savelli should, but in horsemanship and in the use of the sword-" he finished with a gesture more expressive than words. And truly old Ercole di Savelli was never a bookworm, though he ended a stormy life in his bed.

He was the son of that Baptista di Savelli, who was ruined with the Prefetti di Vico and other noble houses during the time of Eugene IV. Such estates as Baptista had were transferred with the person of his sister Olympia, who married into the Chigi, to that family, and with them the custodianship of the Conclaves. Baptista di Savelli left his son nothing but a few acres. The latter tried to woo Fortune in the Spanish war, but did not obtain her favors. He returned to Italy, and, poor as Job though he was, hesitated not to marry for love, and engage in a lawsuit with Amilear Chiga. What between the one and the other, Ercole was ruined in a hand turn. His wife died in giving birth to me, and, disgusted with the world, he retired to a small estate near Colza in the Bergamasque. There he devoted himself to a pastoral life, and to bringing me up as a soldier, until, one fine day, having contracted a fever, he received absolution and died like a gentleman and a Christian.

I followed the profession for which I was intended, joining the levy of the duke of Urbino, and sharing in all the ups and downs of the times, until Fortune did me a good turn at Fornovo. Subsequently things went well with me, and, although I had to mortgage my narrow lands, to raise and provide the equipment for the men, with whom I joined Tremouille, I was in expectation of a full reward, when I was so suddenly stricken down.

Thinking of these things in the dark, tormented by a devouring thirst, which I was unable to quench, haunted by the impression that my last hour was come, and that I should die here like a dog, without even the last rites of the church, I fell into a frenzy and began to shout aloud, and rave as in a delirium. D'Entrangues came before me, wearing a smile of triumph, and I strove impetently to reach. Then the whole room seemed to be full of my enemy, from every corner I could see the white face, the red hair, and the smile of successful malice. The figures, each one exactly like the other, floated over me, stood by my side, sometimes brought their faces within an inch of mine, until I imagined I felt a flame-like breath beating on me. Finally they flitted backwards and forwards, rapidly and more rapidly, until there was nothing but a mass of moving shadow around me, which gradually resolved itself again into a single form. I strove to reach for my sword to strike at it. but my arms were paralyzed. So through the livelong night the phantom stood at the foot of my bed, until the white morning came in at my window, and I fell into a

When I awoke I found the old intendant of the building bending over me. The fever had abated, but the thirst still remained "Water," I gasped through my parched lips, and he gave me to drink.

To cut a long story short, I arranged with this man for such attendance as I should want, and to do him justice Ceci-for that was his name-performed his part of the contract, getting me food, attending to the dressing of my wound, to which he applied a most soothing salve, and such other offices a helpless person must expect. He did not trouble me much with his presence during the earlier part of my illness, but came as occasion required him, and, when he had performed his work, left me to my reflec-

I may note here that I never again saw the people who helped me when I was wounded. Having assisted me to my lodging, and aided me to dress my hurt, as I have said, they departed, and apparently gave me no further thought. This I am persuaded was not due to unkindly feeling, but to prudence, and a wish to avoid being mixed up in an affair such as mine appeared to be; for the times were such that it was better for a man's head to be unknown to the Magnifici Signori of Florence.

Subsequently, when things changed with me, I caused public cry to be made, requesting the worthy citizens to come forward; but my attempt was of no avail, beyond producing a half-dozen or so of rascal impostors, who swore to helping me, under circumstances that never occurred, on the chance of hitting a gail on the head, and obtaining a roward. But this was long after my illness, and the block in the Bargello may have, since that time, been a resting place for the heads of the good Samaritans for all I can say, I took a longer time in mending than I thought I should, for an inflammation set in, the fever came back, and when that was passed I recovered strength but slowly. It was at this time, however, that I discovered the advantage of reading, having up to now borne only too well in mind my father's saying on that subject.

tot content with that, when I reached my ! I began with "Polislano's Orfeo," a poor | prudent to take another name on entering | Chicago Dolly News.

affair, and then procured, to my delight, a translation of "Plutarch's Lives." these books were obtained with the greatest difficulty, so old Ceci, the attendant, said, from the library of a great Florentine noble, in which a nephew of his was employed in copying manuscripts, and the old man charged me an entire double florin for the use of the latter alone; an expenditure I grudged at first; but which I would have willingly paid twice over before I finished the volume. I inquired the name of the nobleman; but Ceci was not inclined to tell me, and I gathered that the owner was probably unaware that his books were taking an airing, and enabling his library scribe to turn a dishonest penny. On the binding of the Plutarch was pricked a coat of arms. a cross azure on a field argent, with four nails azure; but I could not, for the life of me, remember this device, although I had served in every part of Italy except Rome. Finally it came to my mind that the bearings, no doubt, belonged to some merchant prince of Florence, and would therefore be unlikely to see anything more of fighting than a street riot, and therefore I dismissed the subject.

I did not neglect, whilst lying in enforced idleness, to take such steps as I could to discover the whereabouts of D'Entrangues, and specially instructed old Ceci to make inquiries of the followers of La Palisse. He brought me news in a couple of days that the Frenchman had left Florence a fortnight ago, and it was understood he was going to join the army of Cesare Borgia, that cursed serpent who was lifting his head so high in the Romagna. This was ill news indeed, for I had been lying helpless for close upon a month; but I was on the mend at last, and resolved to follow him as soon as 1 had strength to travel.

During my illness I had frequently thought of madame, and with the thoughts of her there mingled recollections of the dark eyes of the lady who had looked at me through her mask, on the night I was stabbed. I could think of madame in no way but with a kindly feeling: but, strange as it may seem, any recollection of the other made my heart beat, and I would have given much even to have obtained another glance at her. In the meantime, however, my first business was to try and replenish my funds, for my supplies were almost exhausted by the drain made upon them during my illness.

Old Ceci, the intendant, had in his way formed a sort of attachment for me, and now that I was better generally spent an hour or so with me daily in converse. One day I let out some hint of my condition, and Ceci, after a little beating about the bush, approached me with a proposal.

'Signore," he said, "there are those in Florence who would like things changed. We want our Medici back; but we want also a few good swords, and I could tell you of a way to fill your purse.'

"Say on," I replied, and the old man, having first bound me to secrecy, informed me



Something flashed in his left hand and I felt e stinging sensation

that certain nobles in Florence wanted a good sword or two, to rid them of a great political opponent, in order to pave the way for the return of the Medici; and without mentioning names in any way, which, he said, would be given to me later, proposed that I should undertake the task.

I realized at once that his suggestion meant nothing short of assassination, and saw that my old acquaintance was apparently up to the ears in a political plot. My first idea was to spurn the suggestion with indignation; but reflecting that it would be better to know more, and by this means, if pos sible, save a man from being murdered in cold blood, I affected to treat the matter seriously, and replied that I was as yet unfit for active work, but that as soon as I was better I would discuss the subject again. He

then departed. Perhaps the time will come when the minds of men will shrink with horror from crime, even for the sake of a good object, and however much I loathed the proposal made to me, I could not but recollect that the noblest names of Milan were concerned in the Olgiati conspiracy, and that a pontiff had supported the Pazzi attempt on the Medici. This being so, there was excuse for Ceci and his leaders, whoever they were; but my whole soul was wroth in me at the thought that I had been deemed capable of doing the business of a common brave, and if it were not for the reason stated above, I would have flung the old conspirator out of the room. This insult also had to go down indirectly to D'Entrangues, and as I grew better my desire to settle with him rose to fever heat. The question, however, was my resources. Turn which way I would, there seemed to be no way of replenishing them. The idea presented itself to me to join the Borgia, who with all his faults was ever ready to take a long sword into his pay. After all, it would perhaps be better to seek to fill my purse in Florence, and let my vengeance sleep for awhile. It would be all the

weeter when it came. With these ideas in my head, I was sitting one afternoon at the little window of my room, putting a finishing touch to the edge of the dagger which D'Entrangues had left with, or rather in me, and congratulating myself that the blade was not a poisoned one, when I heard, as from a distance, a hum of voices, which gradually swelled into a great roar, and above this the clanging of a bell with a peculiar discordant note. Almost at the same time old Ceci bustled into my room, evidently in a state of high excitement, and called out:

"Messer Donati-Messer Donati! It is to be war-war!" I should add here that I had judged it

Florence, and adopted the first one that struck me, although I afterwards thought that Donati was not quite the name to win favor with the Florentines, amongst whom the memory of Messer Corso was still green, although so many years had passed since he was done with. Whether I let my own name out or not during my illness I am unable to say; at any rate, Ceci never gave me any such hint. The news the old man brought was not unexpected by me, yet I caught a touch of his excitement and answered:

"War-where? Tell me." "It is this way, signore; Naples has risen, and the Great Captain has driven D'Aubigny out of Calabria. All the Romagna has gone from Cesare as that," he waved his hand as if throwing a feather in the air.

"The Holy Father has cast his interdict on Florence, and Pisa is burning the Val di Nie-

"The devil!" I exclaimed, "this is more than I thought. The interdict is bad, Messer He grinned as he answered: "Bad for the

pope. Medici or no Medici, we will not have a priest interfering in Florence. "I see," I said, "you are a Florentine first, and conspirator afterwards; but how do the

French stand?" With us, for we pay. It is said, however, that things are uncertain with them, that Monsignere d'Amboise, who is now Cardinal of Rouen, has gone to Rome, and that Tremouille is awaiting the king.

"The king! Louis is at Macon." "Yes, Louis himself, and the Lord knows how many barons besides, with pedigrees as long as their swords, who will eat up our corn, and pillage our vineyards from the Alps to the Adriatic. But I came here to ask, signore, if you will come with me to see. It is hurry and make haste, for I cannot wait. The Carroccio has left St. John's.'

I had almost recovered my full strength, and was accustomed to walk out daily at dusk in order to avoid observation, whilst at the same time I could by doing so exercise my muscles; yet at first I felt inclined to deeline Ceci's invitation, alleging weakness as my excuse, for my anger was still warm against him on account of his proposals to me. Reflecting, however, that if I offended him it would probably fatally injure any prospect I had of saving the person whom the conspirators intended to kill, I thought it best to affect a friendliness I did not feel, and changing my mind in regard to accompanying him slipped on my sword, and follewed the old man downstairs. We hastened as fast as we could to the great square. The people were swarming out of the bouses, and the streets were full of a harrying throng, all directing their steps to the point whence we could hear the bellowing of the mob, echoed with answering cheers by those making towards the piace of assembly Around us there was a murmur like that of millions of bees, as men, women and children jostled their way to the Palace of the Signory. My companion, who stopped every now and again to open his jaws as wide as the mouth of a saddle-bag, and give forth a yell, hustled along at a great pace, and I made after him with scarcely less speed.

By good fortune, and a considerable amount of pushing, we made our way through the press, which appeared to me to be composed entirely of elbows, and at last reached the market place. Here the crowd behind us slowly drove us forwards, and finally gave us the advantage of a good position. The square was lined with men at arms and stout citizens with boar spears in their hands.

All at once there went up a shout louder than ever, the crowd swayed backwards and forwards, then opened out, and admitted the Carroccio er war-car in Florence. It was painted red, and drawn by oxen housed in red trappings. The great beasts had dragged the car slowly from the chapel of St. John's, where it stood in times of peace, and labored along under its weight. From the car itself projected two poles on which hung the banner of the Commonwealth, a red giglio on a white field. Immediately behind this came another car, bearing the Martinello or war-bell, which was incessantly clanging out its angry notes. It was to ring now for a full month, without ceasing.

Around the cars were the principal nobles of the city, and the oxen being guided to the "bankrupt stone," were there unharnessed. Pictro Soderini, the brother of his eminence of Volterra, who was then Gonfaloniere for life, raised his hand. In a moment there was silence, and the vast audionce listened to the brief oration that fell from the lips of their chief magistrate. He painted in stirring words the dangers of the times; he called to the people to forget party hatreds in the face of the common crisis; he appealed to their past, and then concluded: "Therefore," said he, "for the safety of the state, have we to whom that safety is intrusted put our hope in God, and our hands to the sword. Citizens, we give to our enemies, to Rome, and to Spain, war, red war-and God defend the right!" With that, he drew off his glove of mail and flung it on the payement, where it fell with a sudien crash.

The silence of the crowd continued for a ittle, and then, from 40,900 throats rang out cheer after cheer, as the sturdy citizens roared out their approval of the gage thrown

In the midst of all this some partisan of the Medici, hysterically excited, raised a shout of Palle! Palle! "Blood of St. John!" exclaimed Ceci,

'who is that fool? He will die." It was the well-known cry of the exiled Medici, and it drove the crowd to madness.

Instantly there was an answering yell. "Popolo! Popolo! Death to tyrants!" I cannot tell what happened exactly; but in the distance I saw a man being tossed and torn by the mob. For a moment, his white face rose above the sea of heads, with all the despair in it that the face of a drowning man has, when it rises for the last time above the waves; then it sank back, and omething mangled and shapeless was flung out into the piazza, where it lay very still. stood awestruck by this vengeance.

Yet the Medici will come back, signore!" Ceci whispered this in my ear, as he stood with his hand on my shoulder.

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Those Loving Cirls.

Maude-Aunt Mary has a lock of George Was' ington's hair. It has been in our family ever since the revolution-

ary war. Clara-Indeed! I wasn't aware that one of your ancestors was a barber .-

ANOTHER STRONGHOLD TAKEN

Men Under Col. Lockett Capture a Place Heretofore Considered Impregnable, with Prisoners and Ammunition.

Washington, Dec. 30 .- The adjutant general received a cable message from Gen. Otis telling of the capture of a mountain stronghold beyond Mont Alban, northeast of San Mateo, formerly supposed to be impregnable, and the capture of many prisoners and a large quantity of arms and ammunition. The dispatch is as follows:

Manila, Dec. 30, 1899 .- Col. Lockett with regiment and two battalions of the Fortysixth, one of the Forty-fifth and a company of the Twenty-seventh infantry, with two guns, attacked the enemy, 600 strong, on their mountain strenghold beyond Mont Alban, northeast San Mateo. A large number were killed and wounded; 24 taken prisoners. Lockett captured one cannon, 40 rifles, 20,000 rounds of ammunition, 500 pounds powder, arsenal fortifications, all food supplies and considerable other property. This captured point is located on mountain trail and formerly was supposed to be impregnable. Our casualties: Lieut. Enslow, Eleventh cavairy and five enlisted men wounded, mostly slight. Private Matson, Fortyfifth infantry, drowned.

HE BRINGS PROPOSALS.

A New Filipino Delegate from Luzon Want the President to Make Some Kind of Compromise.

New York, Dec. 30 .- The Journal quotes J. L. De Fernandez, who claims to be a delegate from the Filipino congress to America, as saying: "If President McKinley will decide on anything like reasonable terms for the surrender of Aguinaldo and the Filipinos under him and will inform the Filipino congress through us, its representatives in this country, the Filipinos will lay down their arms within the next month or two and the war will end." De Fennandez said the army was not satisfied with Aguinaldo since he ordered one of its most popular generals killed, but he added that the contest would continue so long as the president should refuse the Filipinos the terms they asked and that two countries were anxious to supply them with arms.

TERRORIZING THE NATIVES.

Insurgents Who Were Compelled to Evacuate Coast Towns in Luzon Are Returning in Small Bands.

Manila, Dec. 30 .- The insurgents who evacuated the coast towns between Dagupan and Vigan, fleeing to the mountains before the advancing Americans, are returning in small bands to the towns the Americans do not occupy, terrorizing the natives and Chinamen who showed friendship for the Americans. The natives and Chinamen are seeking the protection of the American garrisons. Col. Wessels' cavalry, while scouting in the vicinity of Trinidad, found evidence of Filipino soldiers being in that vicinity, but it was impossible to bring about an engagement. The recent increase in garrison of Namacpacan against a threatened rebel attack on Christmas day, averted trouble.

Will Be No Fusion.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 30.—The people's party state central committee met here to-day. The state convention will be held in this city February 22. The committee believes that it will have at least 25,000 votes at the next state election. There will be no fusion with either of the old

Over 15,000 Men Put to Work.

Hartford, Ind., Dec. 30.—Last night at midnight, 44 window-glass plants, representing 1,700 pots, went into operation. These plants have been idle since last June and furnish employment to 15,000 glass workers in this state and about 1,500 in this city where the largest plant in Indiana is located.

France to Increase Coast Defenses.

Paris, Dec. 30.—The government will submit to the chamber of deputies at the beginning of January, a bill, providing for the defense of the French coasts and colonies, and to increase the strength of the fleet. The cost of the defense of the coasts and colonies is estimated at 120,000,000 francs.

Would Not Forgive His Son-in-Law.

Guthrie, Ok., Dec. 30.-At McKinley, five miles from here, John Thomas shot and killed W. C. Bayles, his son-in-law, Bayles married Thomas' 14-year-old daughter last May against the father's objections and the disagreement has since ex-

One Killed, Eleven Injured.

Denver, Colo., Dec 30 .- The Cheyenne flyer on the Union Pacific railroad crashed into the Boulder Valley train at Brighton, Col., at six o'clock this morning. One man was killed and 11 persons were injured, among whom is Mrs. Young, of Mansfield,

The Montgomery's Mysterious Cruise.

Washington, Dec. 30.-It develops that the United States cruiser Montgomery has been on a secret mission to Liberia, Africa, performed, it is believed, with a view of locating a site for an American coaling station on the Liberian coast.