# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, - - - - NEBRASKA.

Plains, plains and the prairie land which the sunlight floods and fills, To the north the open country, southward

THE QUILL-WORKER.

the Cypress bills, Never a bit of woodland, never a rill that

flows. Only a stretch of cactus beds, and the wild,

sweet prairie rose; Never a habitation, save where in the far southwest

A solitary tepes lifts its solitary crest, Where Neyka in the doorway, crouched in

the red sunshine, Broiders her buckskin mantle with the

quills of the porcupine. Neykia, the Sloux chief's daughter, she

with the foot that flies, with the hair of midnight and the wondrous midnight eyes,

with the deft brown fingers, she with the soft, slow smile, She with the voice of velvet and the thoughts that dream the while-

"Whence come the vague to-morrows? Where do the yesters fly? What is beyond the border of the prairie

and the sky? Does the maid in the Land of Morning sit in the red sunshine.

Broidering her buckskin mantle with the quills of the porcupine?" So Neykia, in the westland, wonders and works away,

from the fret and folly of the "Land of Waking Day, And many the pale-face trader who stops at the tepee door

For a smile from the sweet shy worker and a sigh when the hour is o'er, For they know of a young red hunter who

oftentimes has staid To rest and smoke with her father, though his eyes were on the maid, And the moons will not be many ere she in

the red sunshine Will broider his buckskin mantle with the quills of the porcupine,

-E. Pauline Johnson, in Black and White.



[Copyright, 1895, by D. Appleton & Co. All rights reserved.]

# CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

I resolved not to go back to my lodging, but to quit Florence the moment I had secured my horse. It was necessary, however, to provide some change of attire. I did not intend to substitute a steel corselet for my buff-coat, having a mind to fight my way back to fortune with no defense but that over my heart, and contented myself with purchasing a light steel helmet, a pair of stout riding-boots, a cloak, and some other articles which could go into a small valise, capable of being fastened on to the back of a saddle. These I left at the vendor's, promising to call for th or so, and hurried toward the horse market, my shadow still keeping behind me, in his accustomed place. Opposite the Baptistry I heard, to my surprise, some one shouting my name, and looking in that direction saw a man running across the payement towards me. I recognized at once one of my lances, Jacopo Jacopi, a Lucchese, whom I had every reason to believe devoted to me. He had served with me at Fornovo and after; and although he subsequently left me for a little time, on my joining the Venetian fleet against the Turks, he returned to my banner once more, when it was spread on firm ground, and had always proved a devoted follower. He came now to me with joy on his face, shouting out, "Ah, excellency! It is I, who am a glad man to see you."
"Jacopi!" I exclaimed, "but my name

is no longer Savelli. It is Donati now-and what do you here?"

He looked a trifle embarrassed, as he replied: "I am seeking service-I left the army when your excellency left."

Knowing the man to be a stout soldier. I decided on the instant what to do. "See here," I said, "I have no time to

lose. Will you follow me once more? I am bound to Rome on an urgent affair, and leave to-day.'

"Will a dog sniff at a bone? Will a cat pass by cream? Will an ass turn up his nose at a carrot? I will follow to the devil, let alone Rome, excellency, and at once if you

"Have you a horse?"

"Nothing, signore, but an arquebus and tny sword, which I have at my lodging." Then come with me, we must buy two herses, and leave at once.'

"I am ready, your worship," and taking his place a little behind me we hurried on. We will have a hard task to get to Rome, now that the whole country is up, signore," said Jacopo, as we walked along.
"I have thought of that," I answered; "I propose to go by Leghorn, and taking ship

there, proceed to Rome by sea. Jacopo gave such a groan at this that I turned round in surprise, and became at once aware that my shadower had crossed the road and come so close up to us that he must have heard every word of our conversation. This was most annoying, and a disaster of which the future consequences might be most serious. I determined however to be rid of him for the rest of my stay in Florence at any rate, and addressed him

"Signore, I seem to have excited much curiosity in you. May I ask what it is you

He stood for a moment, at a loss for reply, and then said: "The road is as free to me as to you."

"I admit that," I said; "but I object to your stopping to listen to my conversation, and therefore will be obliged by your passing on, unless you want a more severe punishment than you received last night.'

He turned pale with anger, and slipped his hand into his vest; but as suddenly pulled it out again, and without another word hurried past us,

"Mark that man, Jacopo," I said; "wherever he is, there is danger for us; and now tell me some news of the army."

"The duke is in full march on Perugia, and means to drive Cesare thence. The whole country is awake, as you know. The general, Ives d'Alegres, is come on a mission to Florence.'

"Ives d'Alegres here!" "Yes, excellency, and the lord of Bayard has hurried to Rome." "Then this means something that I can-

"Nor can I explain, excellency." "And tell me, has the duchesse de la

Tremouille gone back to France?" "Yes, by sea from Leghorn, with a great train of ladies, just before war was declared again. It is said she is gone to the court of the king of Macon, and the escort was

commanded by Count Carlo Visconti. "Do you know any who went with her?" "Nearly all the ladies who were at Arezzo, for the duke, it is said, would have none of

them, now that war was begun again." I had to come to the question direct: "Was Mme. d'Entrangues in the train of

the duchess?" "I am sure of that, excellency. I was with them as far as Siena, when I took my

So she had gone, and I felt a relief at the news. Once in France, she would be safe with her family, and I was honestly glad she was out of the dangers of the time.

We had now reached the horse market, and with some search discovered two likely-looking animals, whose price was within the measure of my purse. I could not af-ford to pick and choose to any great extent, but for 40 crowns became the owner -after a little trial, which showed they were as sound as I could sec-of two nags, one a bay, and the other a russet, with an off foot white above the pastern, an unlucky color, and the white marking denoted deviltry. But he was a shrewd-looking beast, and I kept him for myself, giving the bay to Jacopo. Having paid on the spot for these, together with the necessary saddlery, we rode to the shop where I had left my purchases, and collected them. It was here that the idea struck me that there was an opportunity to keep my word, and return her gift to Madonna Angiola; therefore asking messer the shopkeeper for sealing-wax and some parchment, which he willingly supplied on a small payment, I carefully folded up the tari, and sealed up the packet. Taking it in my hand, I went out to Jacopo, who was holding the horses, and said:

"See here, Jacopo. Take this packet to the house of the secretary Machiavelli. It lies in the ward San Spirito, near Santa Felicita, and cannot be missed. Deliver it anto the hands of the Lady Angiola, say nothing, and come away. There is no re-ply needed; you follow?"

"Right. Then after doing this you may dine, collect your arms, and meet me in an hour and a half at the San Frediano gate. And you might as well bring a feed for the horses with you. Stay, here are two crowns.

"It shall be done, your worship. I know the secretary's house, and the rest is sim-

He mounted his horse, and trotted off; and, reflecting that a chaffinch in a cage is better than a mavis in a bush, and that I might as well dine now whilst I had the chance, I swung myself into the saddle, and proceeded at a smart pace toward the

Double Florin. on my way there, and whilst doing so came face to face with a riding party. It was composed of several ladies and gentlemen, and amongst them was Machiavelli, who glanced at me with a friendly twinkle in his eye, and gave me an imperceptible nod of approval. Almost immediately behind him was old Ives d'Alegres, riding with a bolt upright seat, and making himself agreeable, in his bear-like manner, to Lady Angiela, who rode beside him. There was no avoiding them, and yielding to a sudden impulse I saluted as they came up. A look of contempt spread over the features of the general, who made no response, and Madonna Angiola kept her eyes fixed before her, as if she had seen nothing. They passed by in a moment, leaving me speechless with anger, for, owing to my failure to preserve a disguise, I had allowed my beard to grow again, and D'Alegres without doubt recognized me. There was some excuse perhaps for him; but none I could think of for her, and, to add to my chagrin. I thought that Jacopo would probably waste hours in awaiting her return. I let my horse out to a hand gallop, notwithstanding the pavement, and luckily doing no injury to any of the passers-by or to him, pulled up in a few minutes at the door of my ordinary. Here, although I tried to eat, I was so angry that I could only trifle with my food, and, raging within myself, I drank a full measure of wine, swallowed such morsels as I could, and went to see after my horse. By my directions he had a light feed, and was being rubbed down. As provision against accidents, I purchased a bottle of Chianti, together with a reast fowl and a loaf of white bread, and these I placed in my saddle-bags. Then, seeing to the saddling of the horse myself, I exchanged my velvet cap for the steel helmet, and drawing my sword-belt in by a hole, sprang into the saddle, and went on at a leisurely pace towards the San Frediano gate. There was still plenty of time, so I made no hurry, and, indeed, when I reached the gate, the gong there boomed out five o'clock, leaving a half hour still to spare before Jacopo was due. I pulled up therefore at the side of the road, and dismounting, led my horse up and down. It was whilst thus engaged that I noticed a priest, mounted on a smart cob, trotting in the direction of the gate, and knowing that a misfortune and a friar are seldom apart, I observed him narrowly as he passed. He drew his cowl, however, over his face, so that I could make nothing of him; but, on reaching the gate, he stopped to ask some questions of the sentry there, and the man, in raising his hand to salute, slightly startled the horse, which threw back its head. This sudden movement made the hood the rider wore fall back a little, but it was enough to enable me to see it was the library scribe, old Ceci's nephew: and I augured no good from this, resolving nevertheless to be on my guard more than ever. The pretended priest received an

answer to his inquiry, and, giving his bene-

at a pace that showed his seat on the library

stool had not interfered with his seat in

and yet Jacopo did not come. I waited until the gong struck six, and was just about to ride off, leaving a message with the guard,

when I saw him approaching. "Make haste," I cried, as I mounted;

'you are late."
"Pardon, excellency! But the lady was not there. I had to wait a full hour before she came back from riding, and Gen. d'Alegres was with her.' 'Did you give the packet?"

"I did, excellency. I rode up, asked who Lady Angiola was, and presented the packet, saying it was from Cavaliere di Savelli, my master." "Oh, glorious fool! Did I not tell you

to say nothing, but merely give the packet into the lady's hands?" "Body o' me, excellency! But there were so many about, my wits almost went a wool-gathering. I gave madame the packet, however, and she took it."

my name was Donati? Did I not tell you

"Said anything?"

"Nothing, excellency-never a word." There was no use crying over spilt milk, and cursing Jacopo in my heart for a muddle-headed fool, we started off. On reaching the sentry, I thought I might as well try and find out what the sham friar was looking for. The man raised his hand in salute as I came up, and flinging him a crown I bade him drink to the health of the Signory therewith.

"Marry! I will with pleasure, and yours, too, excellency," he said, as he pocketed the

money, evidently stirred by the amount. "Instead of mine, drink to the health of my good friend, the monk, who has just gone on. Can you tell me if he inquired for anyone here?"

I relied on the simplicity of the man, and on taking him by surprise with the question, and as it happened I hit my mark.

"In truth, excellency, the reverend father inquired about a party of five horse men, who took the road to Leghern about four o'clock this afternoon. He doubted much if be could overtake them 'ere nightfall, he said, and would have to ride hard.' I poised another crown on my fingers, ab-

sently. "Do you know any of the party who went ahead?" "No, excellency; but their leader was an old man with a long white beard, and I think I heard him addressed as Ceci. Excellency, the wine will flow to-night-a hun-

dred thanks." I dropped the crown into his palm, moving him to his closing words. "Come on, Jacopo. It grows late," and, setting spurs to our horses, we rode at a

#### CHAPTER XII. THE AMBUSCADE.

gallop.

It is good to go through the air, with the strength of a brave horse under one, to know that his strong muscles are stretching with an enjoyment as keen as his rider' pleasure, to hear the air whistle as one cuts through it, and to feel the blood fairly dance in the veins. After those weary weeks of illness, of inaction, and of mental despair I had passed through, it was as if new life was poured into me, to know that I was once more in the saddle, with a prospect, however faint, of regaining all I had lost. As the landscape on each side of me melted into a green gray streak, it seemed to carry away with it my suffering; as the true horse answered willingly to the touch of my spur, I forgot the past, and was once again Ugo di Savelli, with a spirit as high as the days before the black sorrow To the left of the road waa broad stretch of springy turi, crossed by a fairly wide water channel. I could not resist giving the beast a burst over this, and, followed by Jacopo, galloped over it with a free rein. Both the horses took the jump like bucks, and, carried away by the mement, we held on, until we reached the stony and bowlder-covered incline which led to the valley of the Greve. Here the turf came to a sudden end, in a line such as the edge of a calm sea makes in a bay, and then began a steep descent of gravel and loose stones, whose many colors of gray, othre and brown, were splashed here and there by masses of short, thick shrubs, which gradually increased in denseness, until they spread before us, a sea of somber green, that stretched to the clear blue of the Greve. Here, on the crest of the slope, I drew bridle, thinking the horses had enough of it for the present, and that it would be well to husband their strength. Jacopo pulled up alongside of me and, stooping to put the neck of his mount, said:

"Excellency, the horses are in good con dition; they will carry us well to Leg-horn!" He spoke the truth, for although they might have been in better training, as the few clots of yellowy white foam on the part of the reins which had touched their necks showed, still we should have been content with less from new and practically untried purchases, such as we had made, and I congratulated myself mentally on our luck, for Barabbas himself would have had much to learn from the horse-dealers of

"By keeping at this pace, excellency," said Jacopo, as we trotted on, "we shall reach the Resa shortly before it gets quite dark and I submit that we stop there to feed the horses. As your honor commanded, I have brought a meal for them, and there was space enough in the sack for a snack for me, which would do at a pinch for two, if your excellency would but condescend to

"You say well, Jacopo; but I also am an old soldier, and my saddle-bags are full. A fasting body makes but a faint heart, whether for man or beast on the other bank of the Resa then, we shall call a halt. There is a little light still, enough to in-

crease the pace-so onwards!" We broke into a hand gallop, keeping one behind the other, and following the wind ings of a cattle track, for I had purposely avoided the road after receiving the in formation I had extracted from the sentry at the San Frediano gate. It was evident that the party of men, followed by Ceci's nephew, had left Florence to carry out some desperate design. I had been dogged all day by this man, and now he had galloped off in disguise to join the men who had left Florence before we had, and amongst them was his uncle. Ceel's words at our last interview, and the persistent manner in which I was followed, left no no room to doubt that I was the object of their attention, and that it would be diction, in true sacredotal manner, rode off | necessary to keep well on the alert. I did not apprehend danger at once, but thought that if an attack were made it would be the saddle. It was now fully the half hour, I in the narrow valley between the low hills

to the north of Montespertoli, or at Ponte Elsa, each of which places was particularly suited for an ambuscade, although, of course, considering their numbers, the attempt might be made elsewhere, and openly, without very much danger. So with another hurried word of warning to Jacopo, and holding my sword ready, I galloped along, increasing the pace as much as possible, whenever we went past a clump of trees, and both of us keeping as sharp a lookout as the light, or rather darkness, permitted. We avoided the regular ford of the Resa on the Montespertoli road, crossing higher up in the direction of Montelupo, and here got a good wetting, for the water was deeper than we anticipated. Had Ceci and his friends only lain in wait for us at this point, we should have had no chance. As it happened, however, we had taken a zig-zag route, which had either thrown them off the track entirely, or we should meet them further on, either at one of the two spots mentioned by me, or in some other equally convenient locality. At any rate, we were safe for the present, and that was something to be thankful for, even if we were in darkness. So my thoughts ran on as we scrambled somehow to the opposite bank of the Resa, and groped our way up until we felt soft grass under our feet, for we had dismounted on fording the stream, and led our horses by their bridles up the steep left bank. Here we called a halt, determined to await the moon, and Jacopo managed somehow to tether the borses, fastening the halters to the stump of a tree he discovered by stumbling against, and on which he wasted some of those curses he was so anxious for me to reserve for my enemies. After giving the horses their feed, which they nosed out readily enough, despite the darkness, he joined me where I sat on the grass trying to dry, and wrapping up the lock of his arquebus in a woolen cap, which he produced, to keep it from damp, he took his seat beside me at my invitation.

It was fall-to now, to our supper, and adding my store to my faithful foilower's supply 1 sunk distinctions of rank, and we enjoyed a meal, with a hearty contentment that had been a stranger to me for many a day. When the last drop of wine in the bottle was finished, and we had picked our last bone, Jacopo arose with a

"Before supper, excellency, I was ready to eat and then fight my way through an army; now, beshrew me, if a sound nap of an hour or so is not much to my taste!"

I could not forbear smiling, but did not

rise to the hint, and when our horses were saddled again, and every buckle and strap examined with the minutest care, we mounted and set off. As although we both well knew the direct road to Leghorn, but were not acquainted with the district so as to correctly pursue our way by moonlight, I decided to run the gauntlet of the ambuscade, if there was any, and take the risk of coming off with a whole skin, to the certainty of losing our track by chancing short cuts, which might lead to, Heaven alone knew where! Now that we were once more on the road, we trotted along at a fairish pace through the silent night. The way led for some distance over an uneven plain, covered with a multitude of white stones, that shone in the moonlight like water. The plain gradually narrowed to where it was intersected by a chain of low hills, and it was in crossing these that we should have to ride through a narrow gut, and possibly hills, the short, stunted foliage that tufted he plain changed to a half-grown forest, in the midst of which the road wound, and here we waited for a second, whilst Jacopo examined his piece to see that all was aright, and gingerly blew at the match thereon, to give the fire a little strength. This being done, we proceeded with the greatest caution, riding one behind the other, and going slowly, as we feared a pitfall of some kind among the trees. Luckily there was none, and at last we got out of the immediate presence of the forest, and into the gut, where the precipice rose high on each side of us. All was rock and stone, but the road was fairly even, a trap could have been seen, and going slow a mistake here, se we clapped spurs to the horses and sent them along, and although momentarily expecting to see the flash of an arquebus, we ere agreeably disappointed, and got out

of the passage without mishap of any kind. "Animo! Signore, we are out of this, and to-night will not be bread for the teeth of these brigands;" and Jacopo, whose horse had carried him a little in advance, drew rein to let me come up, and we rode out of the tail of the pass.

"I hope so, but we are not out of the vood yet," and I pointed to where a dip in the ground showed there was a small stream, and on the opposite bank the road again led into forest land.

"And I was just going to beg your worship's leave to troll a catch," said Jacopo; and as he uttered these words we plashed into the shall stream before us. Almost at this moment my horse neighed shrilly. and an answering neigh from the wood before us rang out into the night.

Crack! Crack! Two red tongues of fire licked out from the darkness of the trees, we heard the loud report of firearms, and a brace of balls sang past, unpleasantly close to my head.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# The Question of Hends.

"How can you beat and scratch your husband in this terrible way?" said a judge to a woman of spirit and independence. "Don't you know that he is the head of the family, and ought to be respected as such? Don't you know that he is your head too, and ought to be obeyed?"

This was pretty severe doctrine to preach to a distracted family, but every man in the world will say that it is strictly true, and ought to be enforced. This woman, however, was unterri-

fled, and in very pert tones said: "Judge, is that man my head?" "Most assuredly he is," was the re-

"Well, judge," said the stern disciple of a logical system, "is there any good reason why I shouldn't scratch my head if I wish to?"-London Tit-Bits.

The first large iron bridge was built

### TWO BILLION DOLLARS.

Treasury Statement Shows That the "Medium" Increased About \$23,000,000 in January-Almost One-Half Gold.

Washington, Feb. 4.-A \$2,000,000,000 country in actual money supply was shown to be the position of the United States for the first time by the statement of circulation prepared at the treasury department. The money in circulation January 1, 1900, was \$1,980,398,170, an amount never before attained. The figures for February show an increase of nearly \$23,-000,000, and carry the total money in actual circulation in the United States to \$2,003,149,355. The per capita circulation, for an estimated population of 77,116,000, is stated at \$25.98. One of the features of the \$2,000,000,000 circulation is the fact that nearly half of it rests upon gold, being either gold coin or gold certficates issued against gold coin in the custody of the treasury. The gold coin reported in circulation on February 1 was \$619,447,176. and the gold certficates were \$184,882,-

#### AN AFFECTING SCENE.

Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Lawton Overcome by Emotion, Embrace One Another and Then Faint.

Chicago, Feb. 5.-The funeral train bearing the bodies of Maj. Gen. Lawton, Maj. Logan and Maj. Armstrong arrived at the Chicago & Northwestern depot last night. Awaiting the train were Mrs. John A. Logan, Maj. Logan's mother, Charles E. Wilson, secretary of Gov. Mount, of Indiana, representing the state in receiving Gen. Lawton's body, and several local committees. When the train stopped Mrs. Logan was one of the first to mount the steps of the sleeping car in which was the widow of Gen. Lawton. Mrs. Lawton was comforting her young son, Manley, when Mrs. Logan appeared. There was a moment of silence and suspense. Then the two bereaved women, overcome by emotion, embraced and mingled their tears, and as the two women wept together their emotions proved too strong and they fainted simultaneous-

### GEN. ALGER INTERVIEWED.

The Ex-Secretary of War Thinks It Unfortunate That Americans Should Mix Up in South African Affairs.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 5 .- Ex-Secretary of War Russell A. Alger said yesterday in the course of an interview: "It is most unfortunate and in exceeding bad taste for the public men of the United States to mix up in the affairs of South Africa at the present juneture. It is particularly unfortunate when the animus is directed against meet our danger. As we approached the Great Britain-she who was our valuable friend of two years ago. During our war with Spain Great Britain's whole attitude towards us was so unmistakably friendly that its influence in preventing what might otherwise have occurred in the way of European intervention will never be capable of full measurement. We owe her a debt of gratitude and the least we can do to repay it is to abstain from interference in her present struggle against the South African republies."

# FEDERAL ELECTION LAW.

Republicans Talking of a Measure for Kentucky, Mississippi and Missouri-Congressman Bartholdt Advocates It.

St. Louis, Feb. 4 .- A Globe-Democrat special from Washington says: A federal election law to meet conditions in Kentucky, Missouri, Mississippi and other states has been drawn up by some of the republican leaders of the house, and unless there is a change in the presentiment of the republicans it will be introduced in a few days. Congressman Bartholdt, of Missouri, informed the republican caucus that unless a measure of this kind was passed by congress they had seen the last republican representative from Missouri, and his statement, taken with the conditions alleged to exist in Kentucky, Mississippi and other states, has aroused a strong feeling among republicans.

# DUE WARNING TO CHINA.

United States and European Powers Join in a Note to the New Dynasty Saying Foreigners Must Be Protected.

New York, Feb. 4.-According to advices received by the state department at Washington from Minister Conger, accredited to China, there is a secret society organized in China, he avowed object of which is the murder or expulsion of all foreigners in the celestial empire. Members of the society are known in China as the "Boxers." Mr. Conger has joined with representatives of other powers in presenting a joint note to the Chinese government demanding that it provide adequate protection to citizens and subjects of western nations residing in China.

# Kobbe's Latest Victory.

Manila, Feb. 4.-Brig, Gen. Kobbe has occupied the islands of Samar and Leyte. In the fight at Tacloban ten insurgents were killed and the Americans captured five cannon with their artillerymen.