THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - NEBRASKA.

THE WRECK.

Across the night a gray moon fell Through hars of shifting cloud, to set Where iron reef and white wave met Sullenly at the doors of hell.

It saw the great ship's dying three, As one with dim, drawn face, who sees A dumb beast in its agorfles, And may not help, and cannot go;

And, peeping still from wind-wrought caves,

It watched amid the swirl and strife Unloyely atoms, each a life. Tossed on the uproar of the waves.

Sick to the heart with fear untold Of that mad shughter half descried, It crept behind a cloud, and died. Then the black night was ley cold.

Last, out of chaos calmly bright, Day dawned, and, with a greeting roar, Triumphant ocean flung to shore His broken playthings of the night. -Sydney Bulletin.

11-11 AGN SU S. LEVETT YEATS.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE RESCUE OF ANGIOLA.

The next day, as the big gun from the citadel boomed out the twelith hour and all the bells of the town clanged forth the time, five horsemen rode through the gate of St. Angelo, whose doors were spread wide open. The single sentry on duty paced sleepily up and down; he was longing for his noontide siesta, and the guard of a half-score of Baglioni's lances lay with their armor off, basking in the mellow sun. A subaltern officer, who had evidently dined to some purpose, reclined on his back, half in, half out of the shade of a few olive trees that grew to the left of the gate, and the ruby on his cheeks showed up all the brighter against the green of the grass on which he was stretched. The horsemen were myself and my four followers. We had taken the route I went the day before with Gian, and the plan I had formed was this: On my gaining admittance to the house Jacopo and Bande Nere were to put themselves at the door and engage the guard there in conversation. Gian and the lackey were to hold the horses. As soon as I ascertained the position of Angiola's room I would blow shrilly on a whistle I had purchased for the purpose. My men at the door, who were armed with arquebuses as well as their swords, would hold the passage, and I should try and account for the Cavaliere Paolo and bear off the prize. If we succeeded, we could easily make the gate, and then, the road to St. Jerome lay open before us. The fact that the attempt was to be made in broad daylight, too, would be a safeguard, as no one would deem that such a deed, usually done under cover of night, was to be adventured at this hour. I had partly paved the way for my entrance by my call of yesterday, and was provided with a sufficiently plausible story to keep the cavaliere engaged, whilst I took stock of his surroundings. Jacopo, too, had been carefully drilled as to how he was to announce me, and the question resolved itself into hard hitting, and a little luck. I had dressed myself with particular care, wearing my bull coat under a gay jerkin, and a short velvet cloak hung from my shoulders. This almost gala attire was to act as a further blind, and give all the appearance of a mere visit of ceremony. There was, of course, the possibility of my being refused admittance, and of the Cavaliere Paolo declining to see me; but this was not probable, and if it did happen I was ready for a bold stroke, and for this Bande Nere carried with him a grenade with which to blow open the door. As it turned out, however, we had no difficulty on this score. On reaching the house I glanced up, and saw a face peering at us through the caging of one of the windows above, but it was almost immediately withdrawn. Jacopo dismounted and knocked firmly. The same performance, I have described, of opening a grating was gone through, but on my name being mentioned the porter shut his peep-hole, there was the sound of the removal of a bar, the clank of chains, and the door swung open with a sullen groan, disclosing a hall, in which stood two men, completely armed, their arque buses at the ready in their hands, whilst the doorkeeper himself, a sturdy knave, stood full in the entrance, swinging a bunch of kevs. 'Is the Cavaliere Paolo Baglioni within?" I asked, as I dismounted, taking it for granted I was to be received, from the preparation I saw was made.

'Will you be good enough to announce the Cavaliere di Savelli-on an urgent afmouille?

fairl The man turned round to a closed door behind him, rapping at it with his mailed hand. From inside I heard a shuffling noise, a heavy body lurched against the door, and there was a scratching at the wood. No answer, however, came to the knock.

"Knock again," I said, a little impatiently, and this time a deep voice called out: 'Enter.'

I placed my hand on the door to open it. when the sentry spoke with unexpected civility:

"Take care of the beast, signore!"

."The beast-what beast?" I asked, pretending not to know anything of Pluto's existence.

"His excellency's bear-do not fear itelse it might injure you-cospetto! But it is a perfect fiend if you run from it. It killed a poor woman the other day.'

"Thanks, friend, I will beware," I answered, and pushed open the door, springing back a yard as I did so, for with a short roar that echoed through the house a huge bear rose on his hind legs and struck out at

my face with his claws. "Diavolo! go back," shouted the sentry to the brute, and I whipped out my sword; but the animal merely stood in the open doorway, making no further advance, his great jaws open and puffing like a blacksmith's bellows.

"Cospetto! excellency, call off the bear," shouted the sentry again; indeed he seemed positively to hate the animal, and from inside came a low, deep-toned but mocking laugh. "Come back, Pluto-down, you brute-down!" then there was a heavy "thud," the tinkling of shivered glass, and the bear, dropping on its fore feet, shambled back into the room. I was considerably startled and not a little angry, but, concealing these feelings, stepped boldly into the room, keeping my drawn sword still in my hand.

"The Cavaliere di Baglioni?" I inquired.

"At the Cavaliere di Savelli's service," and a tall figure rose from a lounge chair and surveyed me. I confess that my heart began to beat a little fast when I saw the man against whom I was to pit myself. He was far above the middle height, and proportionately broad. His grizzled hair, parted in the middle, hung down straightly to his neck, and a thick gray beard and mustache hid his mouth and chin. A cruel hooked nose, almost Hebraic in shape, was set between a pair of small and piercing eyes. His complexion was deathly pale, and by the light which fell from the barred window I saw beneath the skin the little red lines of swollen veins which marked an intemperate life. At a small table beside the chair was a pack of cards and a glass half filled with red wine, the bottle from which the wine was taken was lying in fragments at the door, where it had fallen and broken to bits, after being flung at Pluto. The bear was now beside his master, facing me, his huge head held down and swaying from side to side. We remained for half a minute staring at each other, and then Baglioni spoke again, with his deep, sneering accent: "Is it usual for the Cavaliere di Savelli to pay visits with a drawn sword in his hand?"

"Is it usual," I replied, "for gentlemen to be received by having a savage beast set at them?

"Oh, Pluto!" and he touched the bear; Pluto was not set at you, man-you would not be here if he was.'

"Probably-if, however, you will call the beast to one side I would like to discuss my business with you, cavaliere."

"Shut the door and sit down there," he replied, "Pluto will not disturb us-you can put back your sword. It would avail you little," he grinned. It cost me an effort, but I did as I was bidden, and Baglioni sank back into his lounge, the bcar still standing and keeping its fierce eyes on me. Its master, however, kept running his hand up and down its shaggy coat, whilst he asked, in his measured voicei

reception he will get-or, nearer still, to Tre-

"And why come to me ?"

"Because of your influence with your cousin, and because you are a man who will play for a big stake," and I risked the shot. His eyes flashed and his hand stopped in its movement through the fur of the bear.

"My influence with my cousin is-that," he snapped his fingers, "but a big stakeyes-I like playing for big stakes."

I stooped and picked up a card, holding it idly up between my finger and thumb. "This, what I propose, is a bigger stake than you could ever get on the king, cavaliere," and with a twist of my wrist I sent

the card from me; it hit the wall opposite with a smart tap, and then floated slowly and noiselessly down to the floor of the room.

The man's eyes followed the card, and he muttered as if to himself: "A big stake-yes-Carlo gives me nothing

-I am his jailer-I, who in a single night have lost two lordships to Riario, have now not a ducat to fling in the air, except what the niggard allows me.'

I did not like the part I was playing, but I knew enough of the state of affairs to be certain that D'Amboise would richly reward the person who could detach Baglioni from he Borgla. I said no more than the truth, therefore, when I added, quietly:

"You would have another lordship, or two maybe, to stake if my proposal were carried out.

"Cospetto!" he said, "it is useless."

"Then I am sorry," I replied, rising as if to depart, "but must wish you good day."

"Diavolo! Cavaliere, you are not going without some refreshment. Ho! without there," and his deep voice pealed out like a great bell.

The bear, which had stretched itself on the floor, rose with a grunt, but Baglioni pressed its head down, and it sank back and began to hum itself between its paws, like an enormous bee, or rather with the sound a thousand bees might make.

After a little delay there was a knock at the door, but apparently, as usual, the person outside, whoever he was, did not feel disposed to come in. My host rose in anger and stepped across the room, followed by his beast, the latter passing unpleasantly close to me.

There was an altereation at the door; my host went out with his pcl, and for a minute or two I was left alone. I moved my scat nearer to the small table beside Baglioni's lounge, and, taking up the pack of cards, began to shufile and cut them.

The cavaliere came back very soon, a flask in one hand and a glass in the other.

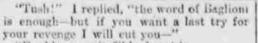
"Blood of St. John!" he exclaimed, as he set them down with a clink on the table, 'those rascals-I will have their ears cut off-they fear this poor lamb," and he fondled the great bear, which rose on its hind feet and began muzzling its master.

"I am not surprised. Corpo di Bacco! The king again!" and I flung down the pack in apparent disgust.

"Down, Fluto!" and Baglioni turned to "The king again. What was that you me: said?"

"Cutting left hand against the right. I lost three times."

"I lost ten thousand one night over cutting-bus help yourself," and he pushed the



"Double or quits?" he burst in.

"No, cavaliere," and I dropped the words out slowly, "the five hundred against a five numutes' interview with the Lady Angiola. He leaned back in his chair in amaze, and went on: "Listen to me, I only want five minutes' speech with her-in your presence if you will-come, shall I cut or will you?" 'Diavolo!" he muttered, "if Carlo hear,

of this-well, yes-I will cut first-the tena bad card to ...eat." I cut carelessly and faced my card. It

was a king. "Hell and furies!" he burst out. "You

have won. Come, sir," and, rising, he ad-vanced towards the bear.

"A moment, cavaliere. I said in your presence. I did not include Messer Pluto there in the interview."

He gave me an unpleasant look, but stopped short. 'Very well," he said, and, taking a large

key from his girdle, went on before me.

It cost me a great effort to keep cool; up to now my luck had been so great that every moment there was a temptation to put all to the hazard of one stroke. I smiled under my beard as I thought of the imposing fool Count Carlo had placed in charge of his prize, and when I saw the huge shaking hand clutching the key I could not help thinking that nerves like that would never hold a sword straight, and that for all his size and courage the cavaliere was not a very formidable foe.

In a few steps we reached the door he wanted, and Baglioni, after knocking once, simply turned the key and pushed open the door.

Looking over his shoulder I saw a small but well-furnished room, and standing in the middle of it, in startled surprise at this sudden intrusion, the figure of Angiola. Quick as thought I made a warning gesture, and almost at the moment Baglioni turned round with:

"A visitor for you, madam."

She did not seem to recognize me, but at the warning gesture I made a faint flush came into her cheek. She stood looking at us half frightened, half indignant, and at last spoke.

"I do not recognize-"

"Ugo di Savelli, madam," and I bowed.

Her lips curled a little as she answered: "Well, Messer Ugo di Savelli-Cavaliere Ugo di Savelli, I should say-is it not so? May I ask your business? If it is any message from your master I decline to hear it," and she turned away with a motion of supreme disdain, thinking no doubt that I was a follower of Count Carlo.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Baglioni at my look of discomfiture, "the future countess can speak her mind. I pity Carlo. You had best cut short your five minutes, cavaliere, and come back to the cards."

At this moment I heard the bear whining below, impatient for his master, and I knew his bonds were all too slender to hold him. There was nothing for it but to save Angiola in spite of herself. All this happened in a flash, and with my full strength I hit Baglioni below the left ear, just where the neck and head united. So sudden, so unexpected was the blow that the huge man rolled over like an ox, and a short shrill scream broke from Angiola. My sword was out in a moment, and I stood over Baglioni.

"A cry, a movement, and I kill you like a dog," I gasped out, my breath coming thick and fast; "throw the key to the lady-pick it up, girl-quick-now run to the door and stand there-I am here to save you." It was done at once for Baglioni saw he must obey or die, and springing back I closed the door quickly and turned the Ley. Almost as I did so I heard footsteps hurrying below, and blew loudly on my whistle. The sound of the whistle was followed by an angry shouting that was drowned by a terrible roar, and I snw Pluto Lefore me, rushing up the stair, with the end of his broken chain still hanging to him. Baglioni was battering at the door behind me. He was safe enough, but my companion had dropped in a faint, and I wanted all my hands and all my nerve to meet the beast, who was now on the stairway, not ten feet away from me. Close to me was a heavy stool. I seized this and flung it at the animal with all ray strength, and getting between his forefeet in caused him to stumble and shp back a balf dozen steps, but with another roar Fluto gathered himself together and rushed up again, his jaws agape and white with foam. I gave him the point deep into his neck. It might have been a pin prick, and he dented the steel with his teetb. Rising to his feet he struck at me, tearing my short cloak clean off my shoulders, and then my sword was up to the hilt in his side and we grappled. My left check was once touched by his claws, and seemed to be hanging in ribbons; but although almost blinded with blood and choked by his fetid breath I held my head well down and drove my dagger again and again into the beast. Angiola had recovered from her faint, and above the grunting of the bear, the battering at the door and the clash of steel below I heard her laughing in shrill hysterics. My strength was failing. I was about to give up all for lost when there was a loud report, and with a howl the bear fell backwards. My hand somehow fastened itself to the hilt of my sword sticking in the animal's side, and the weight of him, as he fell back, and as I shook myself clear, freed the blade. I stood half dazed, watching the huge black body sliding limply down the stairs, until it lay in a shapeless heap on the landing. Jacopo's voice brought me to myself.

THE DAM GAVE WAY.

Awful Disaster at Austin, Tex., Caused by a Cloudburst.

Colorado River Rose 50 Feet in an Instant After the Break and Many People Were Swept into Watery Graves

Austin, Tex., April 9.-The great dam across the Colorado river, which was constructed seven years ago at a cost of \$1,000,000, was swept away Saturday by a flood. The break occurred at 11:15 o'clock and caused a rise of 50 feet in the river below the dam. Twenty-three persons are known to have been drowned. The power house of the municipal water. electric light and power plant, situated immediately below the dam, was flooded, and eight persons, men and boys, were caught in the power room and all except one were drowned. Frank Jones, an engineer, escaped by grabbing a belt and hauling himself out hand over hand through an opening in the roof of the building before the water reached him.

At the time the masonry work of the dam gave way about 500 persons were near the east end of the structure watching the flood pour off over the crest. Without warning a break occurred near the corner of the dam and a stretch of the masonry work about 500 feet long swung out. The great bank of water in Lake McDonald formed by the dam instantly leaped into the wide opening and with a roar that was heard for several miles, the flood tore down into the valley.

A few hundred yards below the dam, a point of land extended about 200 feet into the river. There were on this point at the time the break occurred a number of persons, including a woman and two children, and a party of university students. Before these people could gain a position of safety, the water struck the projection, covering it instantly. The woman and two children, six men, names unknown, and one university student are known to have been drowned. Some of the others were caught in the stream, but managed to escape the main current and gained the shore after a desperate struggle.

Several hundred persons were at the foot of the wagon road bridge across the Colorado river when the ery reached them that the dam had broken loose. A minute later, and before many of the panie stricken spectators could take to flight, a solid wall of water 50 feet high swept down the valley and struck the bridge with terrific force. Owing to the absence of driftwood the bridge did not give way under the powerful blow.

On the south side of the river the flood spread itself over the valley for



"He is, signore-be pleased to follow."

With a warning glance to Jacopo I stepped in, finding myself in a hall of middle size, the walls discolored with age, and chipped and cracked in many places-clearly the Casino Baglioni needed repairs. At the end of the hall was a spiral staircase, whose stone steps, worn to a hollow in the middle by the passing and repassing of feet, marked its great age. Up this narrow stairway I followed the man, until we reached a corridor, hung on each side with rusty suits of armor and old and tattered banners. The place was very damp, and there was a musty smell about it, as if no pure air ever came that way. It was evident that the cavaliere was on the alert, for a man was on guard here, armed like those below, with sword and arquebus. To him my guide addressed himself.

"He has come," he said, jerking his thumb backwards at me.

"Well, announce him," said the sentinel. "That is for you," answered the janitor, "I had enough of Pluto this morning." With this he turned on his heel and ran back downstairs, jingling his keys.

The sentry stood still, however, and after waiting for half a minute I spoke, my bloc. rising a little within me.

"Well, and to what do I owe the honor of this visit?'

"You would prefer no beating about the bush?"

"It is my way."

"Well, then, eavaliere, I have come from Rome with a special object, and that is to ask you to change sides and to use your influence with your cousin, Count Carlo, to do likewise.

"I follow the head of my house."

"Exactly. You are aware that His Holiness is now over 70 years of age.'

"The lambkin of God, Alexander-yes." "Well, he cannot go on forever, and if he were to die it is an end to the Borgia."

"Ho! ho!" he laughed, "it is an end to the Borgia-Cavaliere, your employers are mad. It will take not a little to break Cesare-Cesare Borgia, Duke of Romagna, Imola and Faenza, Marquis of Rimini, Count of Forli, Lord of Pesaro and Fano, Gonfaloniere of the Church-good for a low-born bastard-ch? Ho! ho! break Cesare! Not you."

"Stronger trees have fallen, signore-remember, we have France and the Florentines on our side, and 20,000 men, under Tremouille and Trevulzio, are not 20 miles from you."

I was playing a risky game. If I did succeed in inducing this man to listen to my proposals, and he actually persuaded his cousin to do likewise, it would be a terrible blow to the Borgia. On the other hand, I ran the immediate risk of being arrested and kept a prisoner or killed outright. But it was the only way to gain time and look about me; and whilst Baglioni reflectively stroked his strange pet, making no reply to my last speech, I glanced cautiously but carefully around the room. Like the passage outside, the walls were hung with old armor and old flags. Time had defaced the pictures on the ceiling, and such furniture as there was was old, and the coverings of the chairs and tables moth-eaten and winestained. The stale odor of wine mingled with the must of a long untouched room, and everywhere, on the tables, on the chairs, and strewn here and there on the floor, were cards. Evidently the cavaliere had a weakness in this direction, and like lightning it flashed upon me that if he were a gambler the game was probably in my hands, and I would drop policy and turn to the cards. My thoughts were interrupted by Baglioni, who broke the silence. "What evidence have you to show you are the person you represent yourself to be?"

"I can offer you none. In matters like these one docs not carry evidence aboutbut if you like to send a trusted messenger to Rome, to the Cardinal d' Amboise-see the ' not pay you at once," he said, in a low tone.

My sword was up to the hilt in his side.

flask towards me, and then filled his own, which he drained at a gulp.

"Come, cavaliere-you are in no hurry-cut me through the pack."

"With pleasure, but my purse-beaver is downstairs—will you permit me to see him?" "By all means-the heavier the purse the better for me.

"A favor-I cannot play with that beast near me-could you not send him away?"

"Send him away-my familiar," he said, with an awful smile. "No, no, Di Savellihe is my luck; but I shall keep him at a distance if you like."

I rose and went down to Jacopo, and found him and Bande Nere already on friendly terms with the guard. I took my purse from him and found time to whisper a warning to strike the moment he heard my whistle. When I came back I was relieved to find the bear fastened by a chain to a ring in the wall. The chain itself was weak and could have been snapped with ease, but the animal made no effort to strain at it, and lay down as contentedly as a dog. Baglioni had pulled a table into the center of the room and was seated at it, impatiently rufiling the cards.

"Back at last," he said, and his voice had lost its measured cadence; "heavens, I have not spread the cards for a whole year-what stakes?"

"Simply cutting the cards?"

"Yes. It is the quickest game I know." "Say a crown each turn to begin with." We cut through four times, and I paid over two crowns. Baglioni laughed as he put them on one side; "peddling stakes these, cavaliere-make them ten crowns a cut." "Agreed-three cuts and a shuffle.'

He nodded, and I paid ten crowns, feeling at this rate that my purse would soon be empty; but I saw that the fever was taking hold of him, and offered to double the stakes and won. From that moment luck favored me, and at the end of half an hour's play the cavaliere had lost all his ready money, about 60 crowns, and owed me 500 besides. He did not take his losses well; all the restrained self-command which he first exhibited gave place to a wild excitement, and his bands shook as he shuffled the cards, his whire face paling whiter than ever.

"Curse the cards!" he said, "I have no Juck !

The moment had come for which I had been watching. Time after time I felt inclined to strike a sudden blow, but held myself in.

"No more to-day, cavaliere," I said, filling my glass; "I have business and must away." A red flush came to his forehead; "I can-

"For the love of God-quick, excellencyquick!"

God, I suppose, gives men strength sometimes for His own purposes. And so it must have been with me, for I picked my dear up in my arms and half giddy and staggering made my way to the entrance door. I need not say I had no time to look about me, but Jacopo helped me with my burden. Lifting her to the pommel of the saddle, I sprang up behind, and, drawing my darling close to me, with a shout of triumph I set free my plunging horse and let him go with a loose rein.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hubby Holds the Record.

Polite Shopman (showing goods)-Here is sometihng I would like to call your attention to, madam. It is the very latest thing out.

Mrs. Rounder (absently)-If there's anything out later than my husband I'll take it, if only as a curiosity .- Tit-Bits. | Pennsylvania.

a distance of a mile. Men and houses and thousands of head of live stock were caught in the torrent and washed away. Many men, women and children abandoned their homes, when they heard the roar of the water coming down upon them and saved their lives by flight.

The Burglar Was There All Right.

St. Louis, April 8 .- While two detectives sat in wait for the expected arrival of a burglar in the residence of Justice of the Peace Cline, 4321 Olive street, and while the family was at dinner, the expected visitor entered the home, walked up to the second floor, passed through the hall in plain sight of the spot in which the officers stood, and, after stealing \$1,400 in valuables and money, effected his escape as easily as he had entered.

China Duly Warned.

London, April 8.- A special dispatch from Shanghai announces that the American, British, German and French ministers sent a joint note to the Chinese foreign office demanding the total suppression of the society of Boxers within two months and announcing that otherwise the powers mentioned will land troops and march into the interior and northern provinces, Shan Tung and Chi Li, in order to secure the safety of foreigners.

Agricultural Bill Carries More.

Washington, April 8 .- The agricultural appropriation bill reported to the house carries \$4,116,400, being \$390,778 more than the law for the current year. An additional allowance of \$40,000 for seed distribution is granted upon the petition of 225 members of the house.

Dewey May Go to Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo., April 8.-John R. McLean, brother-in-law of Admiral Dewey, has engaged commodious quarters at one of the leading hotels for the democratic convention in July. The rooms are choice and it is hinted that they are to be shared by Admiral Dewey.

Pattison for Vice President.

Chicago, April 9 .- From the inner sanctum of the national democratic committee comes word that the running mate of Mr. Bryan has been selected, and that it is no other person than ex-Gov. Robert E. Pattison, of