

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

THE DEBUTANTE.

Here in her dainty chamber
On the snow-white bed it lies,
The dress that brought such a sparkle
Of joy to her violet eyes.
A wonder garment fashioned
In yards upon yards of lace,
With knots of silvery ribbons
To fasten the folds in place.
Go lay it away forever
In the sweet, dead leaves of the rose,
With the fan and the fairy slippers,
The gloves and the silken hose,
The bodice, too, that was fitted
To her girlish and graceful shape,
And, heavy with frosty fringes,
The long white opera cape.
For Madge she is done with dancing,
And the pleasures and pains of life;
No babe shall call her mother,
And no man call her wife.
For below in the darkened parlor,
With her slender feet unshod,
She lies on a couch of lilies,
All dressed for the Court of God.
—Mina Irving, in The Puritan.



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CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

I borrowed an arquebus from one of my men, and the arrangement was that we were to charge out after a volley, the first shot of which I was to fire. All being now ready, it was only necessary for us to wait. I would merely add that in order to prevent discovery by the neighing of the horses, we had muzzled ours as far as possible. There was now a dead silence, that was only broken by the rustle of the leaves overhead, an occasional crack amongst the dry boughs as a squirrel moved against them, or the uneasy movement of a horse, which caused a clink of a chain-bit, and a straining sound made by the leathers of the saddlery, that was not in reality so loud as it seemed; but caused Jacopo and Bande Nere to scowl fiercely at the unfortunate rider, a scowl which was only equalled by their stolidly impassive faces, when their own beasts sinned. We had not long to wait; presently we heard voices shouting, the clatter of horses trotting, a rapid reining in at the ascent, and a number of followers and lackeys, some mounted on horses, others on mules, with led mules beside them, came past, and went on, heedless of the eager faces watching them through the trees. One or two of our horses became so uneasy that I was afraid of immediate discovery, but so occupied were the knaves in babbling together, all at once, that what with this, and the thwacking of their animals, and in some cases the efforts to remain on, we remained unnoticed. Then there was a short interval, and the suspense was strained to breaking point. In a while we heard the firm beat of a war horse's hoof, and our quarry came in view. First came Monsignore Bozardo, a tall, thin man, wrapped in a purple cloak, with a fur cap on his head. He rode a strong ambling mule, and by his side was the commander of the escort. Immediately behind were four troopers, then the mules with the ducats, behind these again six other lances, whilst the rear was brought up by half-a-dozen lackeys, without a sword amongst them. But what struck me almost dumb with surprise was that the leader of the escort was none other than D'Entragues himself. There could be no mistake, his visor was up, and I saw the hollow face, the long red mustache, and almost caught the cold glint of his cruel eye. At last! I raised my arquebus and covered him. At last! But a touch of my finger and the man was dead. I could not miss, my heart was mad within me, but my wrist was firm as steel. In another moment he would be dead, dead, and my revenge accomplished. It was already in my hand. I looked aside for a second at the line of breathless faces watching me, then back again to the muzzle of my weapon. D'Entragues was now not 20 yards away. I could scarcely breathe as I pointed the arquebus at his heart. I had already begun to press the trigger, when something seemed to come across my mind like lightning. I saw in a moment that lonely room in the Albizzi palace, where I had knelt to my God and sworn to put aside my vengeance. The weapon shook in my grasp.

"Fire, signore," whispered Jacopo hoarsely. With an effort I jerked the muzzle in the air, and pulled the trigger. The report was followed by four others, and two of the troopers fell. The next moment we were on them with a shout, and there was a clash of steel, as fierce blows were struck and received, now and again a short angry oath, and sometimes a cry of pain. I did not want to take life, but a trooper came at me, so I had to run him through the heart, and the man fell forward under Castor's hoofs, with a yell I shall never forget. The next instant D'Entragues and I crossed blades, and whether he recognized me or not I do not know, but he fought with a skill and fierceness I have never seen equaled. At last I lost my temper, and cut savagely at him. He parried on the forte of his blade, but so furious was the stroke that it broke the weapon in his hand, and almost unheeded he reined back skillfully he avoided another cut I made at him, and drawing a wheel lock pistol from his holster, fired it straight at me. At the flash, some one dashed between us. I heard a scream which froze the blood in me, and a body lurched forward and fell to my side, whilst a riderless horse plunged through the press, and galloped away. I saw the light of the golden head as it fell, and forgetting everything, forgetting D'Entragues, forgetting all but the fact that a dreadful deed was done, I sprang down from Castor, and raised St. Armande in my arms. As I did this a hoarse yell from my men told me the day was won; but I had no ears for this, no eyes for any-

thing, except the slight figure, which lay in my arms gasping out its life. "Congratulations, signore, we have taken the lot," and Jacopo, bleeding and dusty, rode up beside me. "At too great a price," I groaned; "help me to carry—" I could say no more. "Here, two of you secure those mules—Bande Nere, see to the wounded—Queen of Heaven—the chevalier—" and Jacopo, giving his sharp orders, sprang down beside me, and together we bore our unconscious burden under the shadow of the oaks. A dark figure stepped to our side, and kneeling down supported the lifeless head on his arm, whilst hot tears fell from his eyes, as he prayed over her. It was the abbe. "How did this happen?" I asked, "did I not say you were not to move?" "It was done at once," he answered, "I could not prevent it—alas! How can I carry this tale back to St. Armande?" "Water, excellency." Jacopo had brought some clear water in his helmet. I thanked him with a look, and he stepped back, leaving us three together, two who were living, and one who was going away.

I bathed the forehead and drawn lips, from which flowed a thin stream of blood, and as I did so her eyes opened, but the film of death was on them. "Di Savelli—Ugo—" and she was gone. Gone like a flash, flung swiftly and fast into eternity, struck down, perhaps unwittingly, by the arm which should have been a shield to her. I have often wondered if D'Entragues ever knew who fell to his pistol shot. If he did, God pity him! In the one glimpse I caught of his white face, as he swung round and rode off, I thought I saw a look of horror. But everything went so quickly, that then I had no time to think, and now I can recall but the end.

To her dead lips Carillon pressed his crucifix, into her dead ears he mumbled prayers. I knelt tearless, and prayerless, beside him, thinking only of the great love that had laid down a life.

One by one my men stole up, and stood in a half circle, leaning on the cross-handles of their swords, over which the grim, bearded faces looked down on us in pity.

Suddenly Carillon raised his crucifix aloft. "My Father," he cried, "receive her soul!" And some one said softly: "Amen!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE VENGEANCE OF CORTE.

We buried our dead; and madame slept beneath the ilex, in the courtyard at the castle, below the north wall. Over her nameless grave we raised a rude cross, and after it was done, Carillon bade me farewell. He was going, he said, to bear the story to St. Armande, and when he reached it, I with there was sorrow in the Picard chateau, whence madame took her name. It was with a heart of lead that I rode into Sassoferato, and there, as arranged, made over my prize to Hawkwood. The tale of the ducats was complete, and the Englishman, giving me myittance, held out his hand, saying bluntly: "I wronged you, Di Savelli; but I know now. We all know, for Bayard has told us." I hesitated. Many memories came to me, and there was bitter resentment in my soul. They had all been too ready to believe. They had flung me forth as a thing too vile to touch, and now—it was an easy matter to hold out a hand, to say: "I am sorry," to think that a civil word would heal a hideous wound. The kind world was going to forgive me, because it had wronged me. Such as it was, however, it was the world, and things had made me a little humble. After all, if the positions were reversed; if I stood in Hawkwood's place, and he in mine, how should I have acted? I would not like to say.

"Come," said Hawkwood, "let the past be covered. Come back—we want you." "As you will," and I took his grasp; "I will come back in a little time. Till then adieu!" "Good-by!" and we parted. Five minutes later, I was spurting to Rome, my following at my heels. It was, in a manner, putting my neck on the block, for Bozardo was probably making his way thither with all speed, and doubtless D'Entragues as well. Recognition was almost certain; but risk or no risk, I was bound to see the cardinal, and tell him my task was done. Little did I think, however, as Costor bore me, with his long, easy gallop, across the oak forests of the Nera, that the face of affairs in Rome had been changed in an hour, and that, had I so wished, I might have, in safety, proclaimed what I had done from the very house tops. As we came nearer the city, it was evident that there was some great commotion within, for, from every quarter pillars of dim smoke rose up in spiral columns, and then spreading out like a fan hung sullenly in the yellow of the sunset. It was clear that houses were burning, and swords were out. We soon began to meet parties of fugitives, hurrying from the city, and making across country in all directions. They avoided us like the plague, and the mere glint of our arms was sufficient to make them scatter to right and left, leaving such property as they could not bear with them to the tender mercies of the roadside. Some of my men were eager to ride after the runaways, and question them; but I forbade this, knowing we should hear soon enough, and that if there were danger, it would be best to hold together.

"Per Bacco!" and Jacopo, riding up beside me, pointed to a black cloud, which slowly rose and settled above the vineyards of the Pincian hill, "we had best go with a leaden boot, excellency. There is a devil's carnival in Rome, or I am foresworn."

At this juncture, we turned an abrupt corner of the road, coming upon a crowd of fugitives, who seemed to be running forwards, caring little where they went, so that they put a distance between them and Rome. Amongst the throng was a figure I recognized; and in a mean habit, mounted on a mule, which was seized with an obstinate fit, and refused to budge, although soundly thwacked, I saw the cardinal of Strigonia. Bidding Jacopo keep the men together, I rode up to him, and asked:

"Can I render your eminence any aid?" His round eyes, starting out of his head like a runaway hare's, glanced at me in fear, and the stick he bore dropped from his hand, no doubt much to the satisfaction of the mule. At first he was unable to speak, for my words seemed to fill the man with terror, and I had to repeat the question, before he stammered out:

"You are mistaken, sir; I am no eminence, but a poor brother of Mount Carmel, on my way to Foligno, out of this hell behind me,"

and he glanced over his shoulder towards Rome. "I see," I answered with a smile, "but if the poor brother of Mount Carmel will look more closely at me, he will see a friend. In short, your eminence, I am Di Savelli."

"Corpo di Bacco! I mean our Lady be thanked. And so it is you, cavalieri! Take my advice, and turn your horse's head to Foligno. On beast!" and he kicked at the mule, which moved not an inch.

"I am for Rome, your eminence; but what has happened?"

"Oh, that I had a horse!" he groaned. "What has happened? Everything has happened. Alexander is dead or dying. Cesare dead, they say, and burning in hades by this. Orsini and Colonna at the old game of hammer and tongs—"

"And the cardinal—D'Amboise?"

"Safe enough, I believe, as the Orsini hold the Borgo, and have declared for France."

"Trust me, your reverence, you will be safer in Rome than out of it. The whole country will rise at the news, and the habit of Mount Carmel will not save the cardinal of Strigonia. Turn back with me, and I will escort you to the Palazzo Corneto."

To make a short story, D'Este agreed after a little persuasion, and the mule was kind enough to amble back very willingly to Rome. We placed his eminence in the center of our troops, and went onwards, entering the city by the Porta Pinciana, riding along leisurely in the direction of S. Trinita di Monti, and thence straight on towards the Ripetta. It was a work of no little danger to make this last passage, for everywhere bands of plunderers were engaged in gutting the houses, many of which were in flames, and we continually came across dead bodies, or passed houses from which we heard shrieks of agony. We could help no one. It was all we could do to keep our own heads on our shoulders; but by dint of shouting, "A Colonna!" with the Colonna, and "Orsini! Orsini!" with their rivals, and sometimes hitting a shrewd blow or two, we crossed the Ripetta, and in a few minutes were safe in the Palazzo Corneto.

Here we were received by Le Clerc, who comforted the trembling Strigonia, with the assurance that an excellent supper awaited him, informing me, almost in the same breath, that D'Amboise was in the Vatican. I lost no time in repairing thither, which I did on foot, accompanied by Jacopo alone, and made my way without let or hindrance to the Torre Borgia. Here everything was in the wildest confusion, and the Spanish soldiers of the pope were plundering right and left. I stumbled across De Leyva, who, with a few men at his back, was trying to maintain order. He gladly accepted the offer of



my sword, and we did what we could to prevent the wholesale robbery from going on. In a brief interval of rest, I asked:

"Do you know where D'Amboise is?"

"In the Sistine chapel, with half-a-dozen others; De Briçonnet guards the entrance." "And Alexander?"

"Dead or dying—I do not even know where he is; Don Michele has seized as much as he can, and, carrying Cesare on a litter has escaped to Ostia."

"Then Cesare is not dead—"

"No. Cross of St. James! see that?" and he pointed to a reeling drunken crowd, full with wine and plunder, who passed by us with yells, into the great reception rooms.

Followed by the few men who remained steady, De Leyva dashed after them, and with Jacopo at my heels, I made for the Sistine chapel. I reached the Scala Regia, and although I knew the Sistine chapel was but a few feet distant, yet, owing to the darkness that prevailed, I missed the way, and Jacopo was of course unable to help me. Groping onwards we came to a small door, and pushing it, found it to open easily. It led into a narrow, vaulted passage, where the darkness was as if a velvet curtain of black hung before us. "I do not like the look of this, excellency," said Jacopo, as we halted in front of the door.

"Keep a drawn sword," I answered, "and follow me."

We could only go in single file, and picked our way with the greatest care, our feet ringing on the stone floor. Except for this, the silence was intense, and we could hear no sound of the devilry outside. The passage continued, until we almost began to think it had no end, but at last the darkness gave way to a semigloom, and a faint bar of light gleamed ahead of us. At this we increased our pace, finding a sharp corner, a little beyond which rose a winding flight of stairs, ending before a half-open door, through which the dim light came. I put my foot on the first of the steps, and was about to ascend, when we were startled by hearing a moan of mortal agony, followed by a laugh, so wild and shrill, so exultant, and yet so full of malice, that it chilled us to the bone. It pealed through the door, and echoed down the passage behind us, until the horrid cadence became fainter and fainter, finally dying away into the black darkness.

"God save us!" exclaimed Jacopo, "it is a fiend laughing its way to hell."

We went on, with chattering teeth, to adjure me to go no further; but crossing myself, I bade him be silent, and stepped forwards. Since that moan of agony, and terrible laugh of triumph, there was no sound, and I could almost hear my heart beating, as I reached the door. Jacopo had nerved himself to follow me, and stood pale and trembling at my shoulder, his sword quivering in his shaking hand. I was myself not free from fear, for no man may combat with spirits, but after a moment's hesitation, I looked cautiously in. I saw before me a room of great size, dimly lighted by two tall candles, burning on each side of a massive bed-

stead, on which lay a man bound, and writhing in the throes of death. The light, though faint around the room, fell full on the face of the man, and horribly as the features were changed, distorted as they were, I saw they were those of Alexander, and that he was in his last agony, alone and friendless in his splendid palace. Yet not alone, there was another figure in the room. As I looked, it stepped out of the gloom of the rich curtains at the window, and standing over the bed, laughed again, that terrible laugh of devilish joy. At the sound, the dying man moaned through his black, foam-clothed lips, and Corte, for it was he, bent over the body and mocked him.

"Roderigo Borgia, Vicar of Christ, hell yawns for you; but a few moments, Borgia, but a few moments of life; think you, that you suffer now? There is more coming—things I even cannot dream of." In the face of Alexander came so awful a look of expectancy that I could bear it no longer. I stepped into the room, and putting my hand on Corte's shoulder, said:

"Come, let him die in peace."

He turned on me with a snarl, but recognizing me, laughed again.

"Ha! ha! Let him die in peace. Why, man, you saw her die, and can say this? But he is going too. It is a week since his doctor, Matthew Corte, bled him for an age, and touched him with a little knife, just a little pin prick. He began to die then; but he is not yet hot enough for him. He dies in too much peace. Why, my dog died in more agony! But he has felt something. See those torn curtains! See this disordered room! He tore those curtains in his madness. He bit at the wood of the chairs, he howled like a dog at the moon, and they tied him here, and left him. I alone watch. I will let him die in peace. Ha! ha! It is good. I do not want him to die yet. I give him food, and he lives. In a little while perhaps he will die. But in peace! ha! ha! I could almost die with laughter, when I hear that. It is too good! Ha! ha!"

I saw it was hopeless to do anything with Corte, and the pope was beyond repair. I might have cut down the madman, but it would have served no purpose. For a moment I thought I would pass my sword through the Borgia, and free him from pain. It would have been a mercy, but I luckily had the sense to restrain myself. Again, Alexander deserved his fate, and a few minutes more or less would make no difference. So I left the wretch to die the death of a dog, that befitted his life, and turning on my heel, went back through the passage.

Jacopo heaved a sigh of relief as we came out, and I felt a different man as I ran down the steps of the Scala Regia. Here I met with De Leyva again, and told him what I had seen.

"The Camerlengo has just gone to him," he answered, referring to the pope, "and you have missed D'Amboise. He has returned to the Palazzo Corneto. I can do nothing here, and am going myself. Do you walk or ride? I have no horse."

"Walk," I answered, and the Spaniard linked his arm in mine, as, followed by Jacopo, we took our way back to the cardinal's house.

On reaching there I sought D'Amboise at once. He had heard of my arrival, and was awaiting me. After a brief greeting, I told him his business was done, and handed him theittance I had received from Hawkwood. He was mightily pleased, as may be imagined. I felt it my duty to inform him of the death of St. Armande, telling him how it occurred, without in any way disclosing my knowledge of the secret. He was much affected.

"It is a sad business," he said, "but we have other things to think of now. Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" And to this day I am unaware if he knew or not.

But the night was not yet over, and late as it was, there were yet things to be done. About midnight we heard that Alexander was dead, and a few minutes later Gentil' Orsini hurried to the cardinal. They held a hasty council, and De Briçonnet and I were summoned. News had come that Cesare had not yet left Ostia, that he was too ill to travel, and D'Amboise and Orsini resolved on a bold stroke. It was nothing less than the capture of Borgia. Orsini offered to lend 200 lances for the purpose, but a leader was wanted. He could not go himself, as his arch enemy, Fabrizio Colonna, held all Rome on the left bank of the Tiber, and was in sufficient force to make a dash for the Borgo at any moment. The short of it was, that at the cardinal's recommendation, I received the command, and about two in the morning set out for Ostia. If the ships Cesare had hired had arrived the matter was ended, and we could do nothing; but if not, there was every chance of his surrendering without a blow, as although he had about 500 men with him, they were not to be relied on, except the half-dozen cut-throats who formed his personal guard, and who might be trusted to fight to the last. The luck which had followed me so far favored me again, and pressing on as fast as our horses could bear us, we came up with the fugitives in the early morning. Only one ship, too small to hold all, had come, and they were crowded on the banks of the Tiber, making every effort to embark. The river shore was strewn with the enormous quantity of baggage they had with them, and a scene of the utmost confusion took place on our arrival. The ship was drawing up to the quay, and we could see the litter of the Borgia, surrounded by the few men who meant to fight. The affair was over in five minutes, and Cesare was my prisoner. Seeing how matters stood, the master of the ship anchored in mid-stream, heedless of the yells and execrations of the followers of the Borgia, who were not spared by my men. Indeed, I had great difficulty in keeping Cesare from harm. He was in truth very ill, but was able to gasp out as he yielded:

"Maldetto! It is my fate. I had prepared for everything except being ill." He then lay back in his litter, and spoke no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMAN'S WIT.

The French ambassador of the day complained to a bright English woman of high rank because her country failed to intervene in the Franco-Prussian war, ending his diatribe with the remark: "After all, it was to be expected. We used to think you were a nation of shopkeepers, and now we know you are." "And we," said she, "used to think the French a nation of soldiers, and now we know they are not."—N. Y. Post.

OHIO REPUBLICANS.

The Platform Cordially Indorses Expansion and Lauds Past Achievements of the Party—Delegates-at-Large.

Columbus, O., April 26.—The republican state convention here yesterday was of national significance. The delegates and alternates-at-large represent close personal as well as political friends of the president, and the platform is just as it came from Washington with the addition of the anti-trust resolution and the omission of the Porto Rican resolution.

The platform adopted reaffirms the declaration of principles made by the republican party in St. Louis in 1896, indorses the administration of President McKinley and declares that under the wise and beneficent administration the republican party has restored prosperity to the country. The platform continues:

In the field of world duty and influence the party met an unavoidable war for humanity with unequalled vigor and success, has crowned the matchless triumph of our arms on sea and land with the courageous acceptance of its high and solemn obligations, has faithfully studied and sought equally the true honor of the nation and the greatest good of the people who have come under our flag, and has through the wise use of expanded opportunity led our country on pathways of greatness and renown.

We reaffirm the principle on which the republican party had its birth and on which Abraham Lincoln was elected president, that the representatives of the people have full power over territory belonging to the United States, in harmony with and subject to the fundamental safeguards of our free institutions for liberty, justice and personal rights. We sustain the president and congress in exercising this power with due regard for the safety and welfare of the union and with the most just, generous, humane and fraternal consideration for those over whom the authority of the nation is extended. We advocate for them free schools, full security for life, liberty and prosperity, the most liberal measures for the development of their agriculture and industry, and the largest degree of local self-rule for which they are fitted. We have faith in American patriotism, character and capacity, and we know that American government will extend the inestimable blessings of freedom, law and civilization to the peoples who are brought under our protection.

The insurrection of Aguinaldo is kept alive by the hope of democratic success based on the false cry of "imperialism." We condemn this unpatriotic policy as being responsible for the continued war in the Philippines, with its cost of lives, suffering and treasure.

THE CONSPIRATOR TRAPPED.

Man Who Married a Woman to Get Her Money and Then Deserted Her at Last Lodged in Jail.

Guthrie, Ok., April 26.—C. D. Glaze was arrested at Oklahoma City and brought here and locked in jail upon a charge of embezzlement and fraud. Glaze deserted his wife here a year ago, several months after he married her, leaving her sick in bed, taking \$5,000 of her money, selling her farm and even disposing of her horse and buggy. He fled to Alaska. The case was so aggravated that the governor offered \$300 for the arrest and conviction of Glaze. Mrs. Glaze, who has since obtained a divorce, was formerly the wife of Henry Kendall, a well-known money lender of this city. She obtained a divorce from Kendall shortly before marrying Glaze, receiving about \$7,000 alimony. After Glaze's disappearance it was learned from letters he wrote that he was a nephew of Kendall and came here at the latter's solicitation to marry the woman and make away with her money.

CREATED A SENSATION.

Congressman Moody Accused a Fellow-Member of Receiving Bonds and Stocks of a Pneumatic Tube Company.

Washington, April 26.—In the house Wednesday Mr. Moody made a bitter attack on the pneumatic tube provision in the post office bill. The service, he said, was constructed by contractors who took their pay in stocks and bonds. He created a sensation by declaring that one of the principal holders of these stocks was a member of the house committee on appropriations. Mr. Moody declined to give his name. The house voted, 87 to 50, to strike out of the bill the entire appropriation for pneumatic tube service.

Uncle Sam Averted the Conflict.

New Orleans, April 26.—The steamship Sunniva, which sailed from Bluefields less than a week ago, reached port to-night. At the time of her departure from the Central American port absolutely all danger of a war between Costa Rica and Nicaragua was over. The residents of Nicaragua are now beginning to realize that the United States took a hand in averting the conflict.

The Boers Retire from Wepener.

London, April 26.—The war office has issued the following from Lord Roberts, dated Bloemfontein, April 25: "The enemy retired from in front of Wepener last night and this morning fled northeastward along the Ladybrand road. Their number was between 4,000 and 5,000."

Quay Heads the Delegation.

Harrisburg, Pa., April 26.—The Pennsylvania republican convention selected eight delegates-at-large to the Philadelphia national convention headed by ex-Senator Quay, and instructed them to vote for McKinley.