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NEHAHA, - - - NEBRASKA.

DISTRUST.

It is not the mountain, it is not the land;
And it is not the deep, wide sea;
And not the stretch of the desert sand
Can separate you and me,
Sweetheart,
Can separate you and me.

Hands may clasp and tighten and hold,
And heart be pressed to heart,
Yet only shadows the arms unfold,
If souls have grown apart,
Sweetheart,
If souls have grown apart.

Nor yet the gallop of racing horse
Can make the distance wide,
And not the steam of electric force
Can banish us side from side,
Sweetheart,
Can banish us side from side.

But the cruel thought, the harsh distrust,
The word that biteth sore,
Each from each apart could thrust
So far we could meet no more,
Sweetheart,
In this world never more.

—Blanche Nevins, in N. Y. Independent.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"I shall be grateful to you all my life for the service you have rendered me," I replied. "But how did you manage to gain admittance to this house?"

"It was quite easy; the birds had flown," he answered. "Has the suspicion not struck you that they were going to clear out and leave you there to starve?"

"The brutes," I answered. "But I'll be even with their leader yet. And now let us get away from here as quickly as possible. Have you any idea where our man has gone?"

"To Naples," Lepallard replied. "I disguised myself as a pompous old bourgeois, and I was behind him when he asked for his ticket and distinctly heard what he said."

"Then I shall go after him at once," I replied. "He will in all probability be off his guard. He will imagine me to be still locked up in this room, you see."

"And I shall accompany you, if you will permit me," said Leglosse.

"But why?" I asked in surprise. "What have you got to do with him? You have no case against him, and you cannot spare the time to do it simply out of kindness to me."

"It's not kindness, it's business, my friend," he replied. "You may not believe it, but I have a warrant for your man's arrest."

"On what charge?"

"On a charge of being concerned in a big embezzlement in Cochin China," he answered. "We laid the other two men by the heels at the time, but the Englishman, who was the prime mover in it, we have never been able to lay our hands upon. I felt certain that day when I met him in Amsterdam that I had seen him somewhere before. Ever since then I have been puzzling my brains to discover where it was, and why it was so familiar to me. A photograph was eventually sent us of the Englishman by the colonial authorities, but in that photograph he, the person I suspect, wears a beard and a heavy mustache. It is the same man, however, and the description, even to the mark upon the face, exactly tallies with Hayle. Now I think I can help you to obtain a rather unique revenge upon the man, that is to say, if you want it. From what you have so far told me, I understand that you have no evidence against him strong enough to justify the issue of a warrant. Well, I have that evidence, and between us you may be sure we'll bring him back to Paris."

"This was delightful hearing after all we had been through lately; at any rate I greeted the prospect of Leglosse's cooperation with acclamation. It would be hard if between us we could not find Hayle and bring him to the justice he so richly deserved."

"Now, let us get out of this," I said. "I must obtain something to eat if I perish in the attempt. I am nigh starving. A basin of soup, a roll and a cup of coffee are all that I have had to-day."

"You shall dine at once," he answered, "and here. There is an excellent little restaurant further down the street, and one of my men shall go there and tell them to bring you up a meal. After that you shall go home and change your costume, and then we will arrange what shall be done about the traveling."

This programme was carried out to the letter. We made a good meal, at least I knew that I did, and when it was eaten, a cab was procured, and in company with Leglosse I said good-by to the house in which I had spent so short a time, yet in which I had been so miserable.

"I shall never know how to repay you for your kindness," I said to my companion as we drove down the

street. "Had it not been for you and your men I should now be starving in that wretched place. I'll certainly forgive Hayle, if he is ever successful enough to take me in again by one of his rascally tricks."

"You must not let him do that," returned the Frenchman, shaking his head. "Our reputations are at stake."

When I reached my own apartments the concierge was much relieved to see me. She had been told that I was dead, perhaps murdered, and Leglosse's visit to find me had not helped to reassure her. A packet of letters and telegrams were handed to me, which I carried up to my room to read them while I was changing my attire. Never before had I been so glad to get out of a dress suit.

I had just finished my toilette and was in the act of commencing the packing of the bag I intended taking with me, when there was a tap at the door. I opened it, to find the concierge there.

"There is a lady in the parlor to see monsieur," she said. "She has a maid with her."

"A lady to see me?" I asked, incredulously. "Who on earth can she be?"

The concierge shook her head. In my own mind I had arrived at the conclusion that it was Mlle. Beaumaraais, and that Hayle had sent her to discover, if possible, whether I had escaped from my confinement or not. On finding out that I had, she would telegraph to him, and once more he would be placed on his guard. At first I felt almost inclined not to see her, but on second thought I saw the folly of this proceeding. I accordingly entered the room where the lady was awaiting me. The light was not very good, but it was sufficient for me to see two figures standing by the window.

"To whom am I indebted for the honor of this visit, mademoiselles?" I began.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Fairfax?" the taller of them answered. "You forget your friends very quickly."

"Miss Kitwater?" I cried, "what does this mean?"

"It is a long story," she answered, "but I feel sure that you will have time to hear it now. I am in terrible trouble."

"I am indeed sorry to hear that," I answered, and then glanced at her maid as if to inquire whether it were safe to speak before her. She interpreted the look correctly and nodded her head.

"Yes, Mr. Fairfax," she said, "you can say what you please before Nelly." "Then am I right in interpreting your trouble as being connected with your uncle?" I asked.

"Yes, that is it," she answered. "You have guessed correctly. Do you know that he and Mr. Codd have disappeared?"

"Disappeared?" I repeated. "Have you any idea where they have disappeared to?"

"No, but I can hazard a very shrewd guess," she replied. "I believe they have crossed to Paris in search of Mr. Hayle. Since last Sunday my uncle has been more depressed than ever, while the paroxysms of rage, to which he is so subject, have been even more frequent than ever. If the truth must be told, I fear his troubles have turned his brain, for he talks to himself in such a queer way, and asks every few minutes if I have received news from you, so that I cannot help thinking his mind is not what it should be. You must understand that on Saturday last, thinking it might possibly be required for the case, I drew a large sum of money from the bank; more than £100, in fact. I securely locked it up in my writing table, and thought no one knew anything about it. Yesterday my uncle and Mr. Codd went for a walk, and did not return, though I watched for them several hours. While I was thus waiting I opened the drawer in the writing table to procure something I wanted, and discovered that the money was missing. Only one construction could be placed upon it, Mr. Fairfax. They had wearied of their inactive life, and had set off in search of Hayle."

"They are aware of his address in Paris, are they not?"

"Yes, my uncle repeated it from morning until night," she answered. "In point of fact he did little else. Oh! it is terrifying me beyond measure to think what may happen should they meet."

"You need not fear that," I replied. "Hayle has tired of Paris and has bolted again. Very probably to a place where they cannot hope to find him."

I believe she said "God be thanked" under her breath, but I am not quite certain upon that point. I did not tell her of the trick Hayle had so lately played upon myself. If the telling were necessary it would be able to come later on.

"May I ask what brought you to Paris, Miss Kitwater?" I inquired, after a pause.

"My great fear," she answered. "I wired to you from Charing Cross to say that I was coming. Did you not receive my message?"

I remember the fact that, not having time to open them all before I was called away, I had put some of the telegrams on one side. As ill luck would have it Miss Kitwater's must have been amongst these. I explained that I had been away from the house all day, and only that moment returned.

"I felt," she said, ignoring my excuses, "that I must come to you and tell you all that has transpired. Also that I might implore you to keep the men apart at any cost."

"We can easily find out whether they have arrived in Paris, and also whether they have been to Hayle's apartments," I said. "That would certainly be one of the places which they would try first."

While I was speaking there was the sound of a step in the corridor outside, and the next moment Leglosse entered the room. He was in the highest spirits, as he always was when he was about to undertake a new piece of work. Seeing that I had visitors he came to a sudden standstill.

"A thousand pardons," he said in French. "I had no idea that you were engaged. I will wait outside."

"Don't do anything of the kind," I returned in the same language. "Come in, and let me introduce you to Miss Kitwater, who has just arrived from England."

"Miss Kitwater?" he repeated, in some surprise. "Surely I understood you to say that your client, the gentleman who had lost his sight through Hayle's treachery, was M. Kitwater?"

"That is quite right, and this lady is his niece," I returned. "She has brought me extraordinary intelligence. Her uncle and his companion have suddenly disappeared from the little village of Surrey, where they have been staying some time with her. It is her belief that they have come to Paris in search of Hayle. There would have been trouble had they met, but, fortunately for them, and for Hayle, he has given them the slip once more. It would be possible for you to find out whether they arrived by the morning train, and also whether they have made inquiries at Hayle's apartments, would it not?"

"Quite possible," he answered. "It shall be done at once. I will let you know in less than an hour what I have discovered."

I thanked him, whereupon he bowed to Miss Kitwater, and then disappeared.

"M. Leglosse is also in pursuit of Hayle," I explained. "He holds a warrant for his arrest on a charge of embezzlement in Cochin China. For that reason we are following him to Naples to-morrow morning."

"To Naples. Has the wretched man gone there?"

"So we have been led to believe," I answered.

"Then do you think my uncle will find it out and follow him?" she asked, wringing her hands. "Oh it is all too terrible. What shall I do?"

"Well, if I might be allowed to be like David Copperfield's Mr. Dick, I should be practical, and say, 'dine.' I suppose you have had nothing to eat since you left England?"

She gave a little wan smile.

"We have not had very much, certainly," she answered. "Poor Nelly, you must be nearly starving."

The maid, however, protested that she was not; but was not to be de-



"WE'VE BEEN DONE AGAIN," I CRIED, BRINGING MY FIST DOWN WITH A THUMP UPON THE TABLE.

nied. Bidding them remain where they were, I went downstairs and interviewed my faithful friend, the concierge. With her I arranged that Miss Kitwater and her maid should be provided with rooms in the house for that night, and having done so went on to the nearest restaurant. In something less than ten minutes all was settled, and in under 20 they were seated at their meal. At first the girl would not sit down with her mistress, but, with her usual thoughtfulness, Miss Kitwater ordered her to do so.

"And now, Mr. Fairfax," she said, when she had finished, "we must discover the hotel where we can stay the night. At present we know of no place in which to lay our heads."

"You need not trouble about that," I said. "I have already arranged that you shall have rooms in this house if you care to occupy them. The old lady to whom it belongs is a particular friend of mine, and will certainly do her best to make you comfortable. I presume that it was your bag I saw in the concierge's office, when I was there just now?"

"We left it there," she answered, and then gave me my reward by adding: "It is very kind of you, Mr. Fairfax, to have taken so much trouble. I cannot thank you sufficiently."

"You must not thank me at all," I replied. "In helping you I am only doing my duty to my client."

I had scarcely said the words before I regretted them. It was a foolish speech, and a churlish one as well. She pretended not to notice it, however, but bade her maid go down to the concierge's office, and take the bag to the room that had been allotted to her. The girl disappeared, and when she had gone Miss Kitwater turned to me.

"Mr. Fairfax," she said, "I have another favor to ask you. I assure you it concerns me vitally. I want to know if you will let me go with you to Naples. In order that I might not be in your way, we might travel in different compartments; but go I must. I am so frightened about my uncle. If I follow him to Naples, it is just possible I might be able to dissuade him from pursuing Hayle. If he were to kill me for preventing them, I would not let them meet. Believe me when I say that I am terribly anxious about him. Besides—"

Here she paused for a moment, as if she did not quite know how to continue what she had to say to me.

"As I have said, you and M.—I mean the French gentleman—could travel in your own way. All that I want to be assured of is that I may be in Naples and at hand should anything happen."

"If you really wish it, I do not see why you should not go?" I replied meditatively. "But if you desire my candid opinion, I must say that I think you would be far better off at home. Still, if you desire to come, it's not for me to gainsay your wishes. We will arrange therefore that, unless you decide to the contrary in the meantime, you accompany us by the 8:50 train to-morrow morning."

"I thank you," she said.

A few moments later Leglosse returned with the information that it was as we suspected. Kitwater and Codd had arrived in Paris that morning, and had visited Hayle's lodgings only to find him gone.

"What is more important still," he continued, "they have managed to learn that Hayle had gone to Naples, and they will probably leave by the 2:50 train to-morrow morning for that city. It is as well, perhaps, that we arrange to travel by the next."

"Courage, courage, Miss Kitwater," I said, seeing that she was trembling. "Try not to be frightened. There is nothing to fear." Then turning to Leglosse, I added: "Miss Kitwater has decided to accompany us to Naples. As a matter of fact, my position in the case has undergone a change since I last saw you."

He looked from one to the other of us as if in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Hitherto," I replied, "I have been acting against Hayle, with the intention of securing him, in order that my clients might have a most important meeting with him. For the future, however, my endeavors will be used in the contrary direction. They must never meet!"

"Then the best way to bring about what you desire is to assist me," returned Leglosse. "Let me once get my hands upon him in the name of France, and they will never meet."

"But we have to catch him before we do that," I said.

"Never fear, we will do it," he answered, confidently, and that seemed to settle it.

Next morning at 8:50 we left Paris for Naples.

[To Be Continued.]

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

An Iowa Hotel Clerk Who is Entitled to the First Prize for Thoughtfulness.

"Chicago is on the top limb, of course," said the drummer who was just returning from a trip, says an exchange of that city, "but they have a graceful way of doing things farther west."

"I was staying at a hotel in an Iowa town a few nights ago when a bellboy woke me out of my first sleep to hand me in the card of a man I had never heard of and to ask me to come down to the office at once."

"Tell him I'm in bed," I replied.

"Yes, sah, but he wants to see you mighty bad."

"Then he may take it out in wanting. I'll see him in the morning."

"But he can't wait," persisted the boy.

"Then he can move on."

"But he dun won't, and de night clerk says you'd better come down. Needn't be in no great hurry, sah, but come down when you is all ready and bring your grip along."

"I saw that something was up," continued the drummer, "and I got out of bed and dressed myself. I began to smell smoke as I dressed, but the elevator was running, and there was no excitement."

"The night clerk was putting the books and valuables in the big safe, and as I walked up to the counter he smilingly said:

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Blank, and I didn't until the last minute, but as a matter of fact the hotel is on fire and has got to go. Nothing to pay, thank you, and may I kindly ask you to step outdoors before the ceiling comes down on your head?"

CHILDREN FROM CUBA.

Eleven Thinly-Clad Waifs Were Being Taken to California to Be Taught the Buddhist Religion.

New York, Nov. 3.—Eleven children, whose average age is ten years, arrived to-day from Santiago, Cuba, en route to Point Loma, Cal., to join the Universal Brotherhood. The immigration officials of this port have been asked to hold these children as possible objectionable aliens, for special inquiry. The children are in charge of Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, who intended to accompany them to Point Loma, where Mrs. Katharine A. Tingley, high priestess of the Universal Brotherhood, and known as the "purple mother," is said to have established a temple for teaching children the Buddhist religion. The little immigrants were all thinly clad and felt the cold northern air keenly. Their case has come under the special attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which will ascertain for what purpose the children were brought to the United States.

WOMAN WITH AN AX.

At Fort Gibson, I. T., Mrs. Emma Welsh Smashed a Gambling Den and Took Her Husband Home.

Muskogee, I. T., Nov. 3.—With an ax in her hand Mrs. Emma Welsh climbed to the roof of a blacksmith shop and from that to a second story window of a gambling house in Fort Gibson. After smashing the window she got inside, where her husband was found. The infuriated woman used her ax quick and hard and before the occupants of the room could get out of the doors and windows she had demolished most of the furniture in the room. When she had finished she took her husband and went home. She says he has been frequenting the place and losing his money and that she appealed to the officers in vain.

Burned Him at the Stake.

Sardis, Miss., Nov. 3.—An unknown negro was burned at the stake at Darling, Miss., for the murder of E. O. Jackson and a mill owner named Roselle at Darling, Miss. The negro was burned by a mob of 4,000 persons, both white and black. Just before the lighting of the funeral pyre the negro confessed that he had committed the double murder with the assistance of two white men. The motive was robbery. The money, the negro stated, was divided among the three.

Ladrones Committing Outrages.

Manila, Nov. 3.—A portion of a gang of ladrones which has been operating on the island of Biliran crossed over to the island of Leyte and entered a small town near Carigara. Here they captured and beheaded the presidente of the town murdered his wife, whom they slashed with bolos, and abducted the presidente's children. The motive of this crime is said to have been the presidente's friendliness with the Americans.

Damages for a Lodge Initiation.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 3.—A circuit court jury brought in a verdict of \$2,500 for Mrs. Mary J. Lewis against the Modern Woodmen of America. Mrs. Lewis sued for \$50,000 damages for injuries alleged to have been received by her husband, since deceased, while being initiated into the Coopersville camp of the order last winter. As a result of these injuries, it is alleged, necrosis set in, which caused death.

Monthly Circulation Statement.

Washington, Nov. 3.—The monthly circulation statement issued by the comptroller of the currency shows that at the close of business October 31 the total circulation in national banks was \$380,476,334, an increase for the year of \$20,564,651 and an increase for the month of \$13,482,736.

Faith in West Point Unshaken.

London, Nov. 2.—Gen. Leonard Wood, who inspected the best German military school two months ago has been visiting the chief British nursery of the art of war. His faith in the superiority of West Point in all matters relating to the education of army officers is, however, unshaken.

A Pretender Has Arisen.

Tangier, Morocco, Nov. 2.—It is reported that the sultan's brother will leave the capital with 2,000 troops to quell a local uprising that has broken out near Tessa, three days march east of Fez, where a pretender has arisen, claiming the throne as the sultan's elder brother.

Germany at the World's Fair.

Berlin, Nov. 2.—The bundesrath has decided that Germany should be adequately represented at the St. Louis exposition in 1904 and a commissioner will be appointed soon.

The Public Debt.

Washington, Nov. 3.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business October 31 the debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to \$958,507,721.