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NEMAHA, - - - NEBRASKA.

THE CITY INCORRUPTIBLE.

Hark! 'Tis roar of labor, A ceaseless, deafening sound, Now from the trembling scaffolds, Now from the yawning ground; Nat the red fires of Vulcan, Nor Cyclops' pristine powers, Could match their feats of magic Who shape this world of ours!

With myriad panting engines, With countless picks and drills, They arch the threatening rivers, They pierce the hostile hills; In steam and smoke and lightning Earth's captive forces play, 'To weld with Titan touches The city of to-day.

Still from their sunken footholds Those cobweb buildings rise Whose panes ray back the morning, Whose foreheads touch the skies; While many a crowded workshop, And tolling mill and mine, **Vield up their costly treasures** To make them fair and fine.

Yet, void of civic honor, Of justice, light and law. What were the proudest structures That e'er the round world saw? Rome was a queenly empire, Bui power and wealth and state Land fame and triumphs failed her,

With sons no longer great.

Firm stand the nation's bulwarks, Her fortunes wax apace,

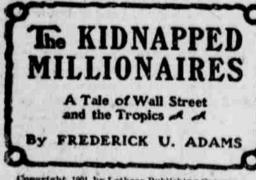
While Virture guards her hearthstones, And Truth her market-place;

Lo. theirs are streets and temples

That dwarf the courts of kings-

A free and glorious city

Of incorporeal things! -Dors Rend Goodale, in Youth's Companlon.



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CHAPTER XXII.-CONTINUED.

A cheer went up when they saw that immediate danger was past. Vincent went to the rescue of "Socks," who was dripping with water and chattering with fright, but entirely subdued.

"You are a mascot, all right, 'Socks,' old boy!" said Vincent, as he loosened the chain so that the monkey would not choke to death. "This beats climbing trees, doesn't 11 ?**

Mr. Carmody and the others made of the hull of the boat. The strain had caused a slight if on an ocean liner. Save for the Geak in the third compartment, but bank of fog, it was a perfect night they had no difficulty in stopping it. on the water. The raft swayed gent-The kitchen was somewhat disar- ly to the deep breathing of the sea, ranged and a number of dishes and the masts groaned in musical broken, but the damage was not serious. "The Jumping Jupiter" had successfully withstood its baptism and Sidney stretched himself on a and thus far had justified the hopes of the builders. For half an hour Sidney held his course straight out to sea. Then he headed to the north. The big lateen sails were pulling splendidly, and though the craft responded slowly to the tiller, there was no trouble in holding her to the course. They now had a clear view of the coast. "Where is the gateway?" asked Mr. Carmody, who had been looking intently along the shore for some time. "I cannot see it."

dinner was ready. They stretched given his superior the essential facts he looked at the "Helen Carmody." an awning over the afterdeck and set a table beneath it. Sidney lashed the tiller in position and all proceeded to enjoy the repast. A haze was stealing over the ocean and the wind dying out. For a time "The Jumping Jupiter" had been making four or five miles an hour, but the breeze, as It came heavy with perfume from the shore died down until it was barely strong enough to straighten out the

striped sails. "Well, Capt. Hammond, what do you think of it?" asked Mr. Morton



SIDNEY.

as he lit a cigar and leaned back in his chair.

"There is but one thing to do," said Sidney. "We must keep on this course until we round that cape. At this rate it will be dark before we make it. We will stand well out to sea, so as to have plenty of leeway in case of an east or northeast wind." The big mountain peak was now almost exactly to the west of them.

"If that is old Popocatepet!, as I think it is," said Sidney, pointing at the huge purple mass, "Vera Cruz is only a little northwest of here. When it gets dark I will hold her north, and take no chances of running ashore on this island."

As the afternoon wore away, the haze settled and slowly blotted out the shore line. They crawled along at hardly two knots an hour. It was exasperating progress, but there was no help for it. In the evening the haze lifted and showed the cape still in the northwest. This proved that' the tide was pulling against them. The wind died away to a breath, and the sun sank, a huge red ball of fire in a bank of orange clouds. At ten o'clock the wind swung into the southeast and freshened, but the haze yet hung over the sea, and Sidney

held his course to the north. All but Sidney and Mr. Kent retired to the bunks and slept soundly as cadence to the rippling of the water. At midnight Mr Kent took the tiller. steamer chair and enjoyed two hours of untroubled slumber. He awoke and relieved Mr. Kent, who then took his nap. Twice during the night Sidney turned the boat to the west, and held that course until the hollow thunder of the surf warned him to stand out. At about three o'clock the breeze quickened, and a 20-mile breeze sprang up, coming straight from the west. This compelled him to cease any more landward experiments, and "The Jumping Jupiter" rolled along at a five-mile-an-hour rate. "It is satisfaction to know that we are going somewhere," said Sidney to himself. "We must be past the cape by this time. If the fog lifts with this breeze, daylight will show where we are."

Rockwell and Vircent announced that In a cipher cablegram Chalmers had perspiring Cuban at the oars. Then concerning Hestor. The reply of Robert Van Horne was prompt and decisive in instructing Chalmers to make public the facts. The inference was plain that Mr. Van Horne had no hesitancy in sharing his manag- luted him with an impressive gesture. ing editor's suspicions. Mr. Chalmers therefore prepared a four-page article, and awaited for the day fixed for the disclosure. Miss Carmody ordered the steam

yacht bearing her name put in commission, and her captain announced that he was ready to weigh anchor on an hour's notice.

At three o'clock Tuesday afternoon a cablegram was handed to Mr. Chalmers. It was in the cipher which had been given to the reporters working on the mystery. Translated it read as follows:

"Havana, Cuba, Tuesday, May 16. To William Chalmers, New York Record: Have solved mystery. Col. John McIn-tyre, of Havana, built Hestor bungalow year ago. Hestor designed it. Located nine hundred miles southwest of Havana. McIntyre will act as guide. McIntyre is in Havana with me. I saw the 'Shark' Sunday in Gulf. Wire instructions to Hotel Pasaje. Also wire \$500. Claim special reward of \$50,000. "BERNARD SEYMOUR.

"Envoy Extraordinary."

Chalmers dashed into Jack Stevens' room with the cablegram.

"Can we rely on that?" asked Mr. Chalmers. "Seymour was deceived once. He may be wrong again. What do you think?"

"I think he has found our man!" said Stevens without a moment's hesitation, "That cable sounds like business. It explains Seymour's silence. He is the luckiest reporter in the country. I would stake my life he is right."

"We will take the chance," said Chalmers. "Do not say a word. We will leave for Havana to-night. Be ready to start at seven o'clock. You will go by rail."

Chalmers issued a few instructions to his assistant and hurriedly explained what had happened. A few minutes later he was on his way to the Carmody mansion, having first ascertained that Miss Helen was at home. In a few words he explained what had happened. The young heiress was radiant with joy.

"I knew you would find them!" she exclaimed. "From the moment you said we could not fail. I was sure of success! Oh, isn't it splendid!] could cry for joy!"

"This is no time to cry," said the practical Mr. Chalmers. "We must start for Havana at once. How soon can you be ready?"

"I can be ready in an hour," said Miss Carmody. "Mrs. White is here. She is going with me. Can you go, Mr. Chalmers?"

"Certainly I can go," said that gen-

The yawl came alongside the brassraileó gangway.

Capt, Baldwin, of the "Helen Carmody" stood at the head of the gangway. Mr. Bernard Seymour sa-"Good morning, Captain!"

Cept. Baldwin bowed but said nothing.

"I am Bernard Seymour; special commissioner of The Record," said Mr. Seymour. "Present my card and my compliments to Miss Carmody and Mr. Chalmers."

"Come aboard, Mr Seymour," said Capt. Baldwin. "I am glad to meet you."

"Ah, is this Seymour?" said Mr. Chalmers, who now appeared. "Glad to meet you, old man. Accept my congratulations. I hope you are not mistaken in your man."

"I never make but one mistake on the same case," said Seymour, shaking hands cordially with the managing editor. "When can 1 pay my respects to Miss Carmody?"

"Here she comes now," said Chalmers. Miss Carmody came forward radiant in a yachting costume of white broadcloth, trimmed with gold braid. "I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. Bernard Seymour," said Mr. Chalmers.

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Seymour," said Miss Helen as she extended her hand. "I have heard so much of you it seems as if I knew you. I am glad to welcome you aboard the yacht."

Mr Bernard Seymour bowed profoundly. He had framed a speech, but it had eluded him. He felt that he must say something.

"You can't lose me. I am glad to meet you, Miss Carmody. The pleasure is all mine."

There was a twinkle in his eye which was irresistible, and Miss Carmody laughed until the color came to her cheeks, and she looked more charming than ever. She took Mr. Seymour in charge, and induced him to tell the story of how he came to solve the mystery of the Hestor bungalow. Mr. Chalmers listened to Mr. Seymour's carefully prepared narrative.

"When I received Mr. Chalmer's telegraphic advices," said Mr. Seymour, "I made up my mind that the first place to search was along the lumber docks. I thought it all over, and said to myself, it is like this: If Hestor has built a house in tropical America the lumber probably came from New Orleans, which is the great lumber market of the south. The contractor might hail from any place, but naturally he would ship his material from New Orleans. It was nearly dark when I arrived in the city. I went to the hotel, looked at my mail, and went from there to the docks. I questioned stevedores, dock-wallopers, sailors and levee men of all descriptions. I went finally to a resort frequented by such men. There were probably 50 of them in the room. I picked out a smooth-looking colored boy and told him I would give him \$5 if he would ask every man present if he ever helped load lumber for a man named Walter B. Hestor. I told him all about Hestor; that he was a newspaper man who owned a yacht called the 'Shark,' and that he was eccentric, and liberal with his money. "He was a bright coon," said the veracious Mr. Seymour, "and he wanted to earn that money in a hurry. He got on top of a beer keg and made a speech. Once in a while he would misstate a point, and 1 would correct him. When he was through a darkey, with a face as black as the ace of spades came forward and asked me how much I would give to know what boat that lumber was shipped on. I did not want to appear too anxious, so I offered him \$2. We went to one side, and he told me that about a year ago a man arrived in New Orleans with a yacht called the 'Shark,' and that the owner superintended the loading of a lot of lumber, doors, windows and stuff on a schooner called the 'Sam Walker.' He described Hestor to a dot. He said Hestor's chief amusement was to throw money to the negroes along the levee to induce them to sing and dance. He would stand on the 'Sam Walker' and throw coins by the hour, until the levee was black with darkies. I knew he had the right man. I gave him the \$2 and promised him \$10 more if he would locate the 'Sam Walker' for me. At about midnight we found that the schooner was at Lake Pontchartrain, and was going to sail the next morning. I paid my colored friend and started for the 'West End.' I found the 'Sam Walker.' I wanted to get the information without exciting suspicion. I learned that the first mate was ashore in some of the drinking resorts of the place. Then I ran across a friend of mine who was much intoxicated. I used him as a tool. Early in the morning I found the first mate. From him I learned that the schooner was going to Haer. There was no way to shake my took him along.

[To Be Continued.]

Texas Finds a Remedy.

Fate, Tex., Sept. 21 .- Texas has seldom, if ever, had such a profound sensation as that caused by the introduction recently of a new remedy for kidney diseases. This remedy has already been tried in thousands of cases, and in almost every case the results have been wonderful. Henry Vaughan, of Rural Route No. 3,

Fate, says of it: "I suffered with Kidney Trouble for over 18 months. I was very bad and could get nothing to help me till I heard of the new remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. I began to use these pills, and very soon found myself improving. I kept on and now can say I am absolutely cured and free from any symptom

of my old trouble. "I am very glad I heard of this wonderful remedy and I would strongly advise any-one suffering with Kidney trouble to try it, for I know it will cure."

Proper Distinction.

Little Mary's big sister was engaged to Mr. Brown, who was away on an outing trip with Mary's brother. Her father was writing to his son and prospective son-in-law and asked the little girl if she had a message to send to Mr. Brown. "What shall I say, pap?" asked she. "Why," said the father, "I believe it in the fashion to send your love."

Some minutes later her father inquired: "And what shall I say to brother Tom?" "Well," replied the little miss, with • righ, "you may send my fashionable love to Mr. Brown and my real love to Brother Tom."-Philadelphia Press.

Chenp Excursion to the South.

On Oct. 20th the Kansas City Southern Ry. (Port Arthur Route) will run a cheap excursion from Kansas City and all stations in Missouri and Kansas City and all stations in Missouri and Kansas to Lake Charles, Shreveport, Beaumont and Port Arthur. The rate for the round trip will be \$15, limited to 21 days from date of sale, good to stop over on going trip at all points en route, provided final destination is reached inside of 15 days from date of sale. This exceptionally low rate, together with liberal stopover privileges allowed, should in-sure a great crowd, especially in view of the fact that this is the most delightful season of the year to visit the Southland. Similar low rates will probably be placed in effect from points north and east of Kansus City: Ack your ticket agent

Every effort will be made by the Company to secure the safety and comfort of its pa-trons. All inquiries relative to desirable locations to visit or other information will be cheerfully furnished. Address either S. G. Warner, G. P. & T. A., F. E. Roesler, T. P. & I. A. or J. H. Morris, T. P. A., Kansas City, Mo.

Laundered.

Fat Woman (after the museum fire)-I miss the tattoed man.

Manager-Oh, he's down here, but you don't recognize him without his decora-tions. You see, the firemen accidentally turned the hose on him .- Philadelphia Record.

Stops the Cough

and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents

"It's hard to have a lot of debts that you simply can't pay." "Oh! I don't know. It's worse to have a lot that you simply have to pay."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infalltble medicine for coughs and colds.-N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

All that one gains by falsehood is, not to be believed when he speaks the truth.----Aristotle.

"I can see it," replied Sidney, "but I would never suspect it was an inlet unless I knew it to be a fact. From any point at sea the rocks look solid and continuous. The gateway is just south of our flagstaff. Do you see it now?"

It was as Sidney said. The coast was so formed that no inlet showed. Half a mile from shore there was mothing to distinguish the entrance to the bay from a score of ragged indentations in the black cliffs. As they proceeded they came to the ridge of rocks which formed the north horn of the crescent. This they imagined to mark the north boundary of the island, but as they neared it they found it was but the south end of a bay which seemed to be 12 or 15 miles across.

"This is a pretty good-sized island, Hammond," remarked Mr. Kent, as this new panorama spread out before their view.

There was a puzzled expression on Sidney's face. As Mr. Kent spoke, the massive outlines of the snowwhite peak, which had been seen from the island, slowly came into view above the hills along the coast. in zeal but barren in results. Mr. The land now opposite them was low and fairly flat. The big rock on their port side was seen to be the end of a spur of small mountains which Carmody. He prepared the leader came down to the ocean.

"I do not understand it," said Sidmey. "There is no such island as this on any of our maps? Where can we be? This island is at least 40 miles Hestor as the prime mover in the portant event in the life of Mr. Ber-

Sidney pointed to the cape perhaps 15 miles away. It was now two

As he spoke there was a faint glow in the eastern sky. Mr. Kent awoke with a yawn.

"Where are we at?" he asked. Sidney shook his head. "We are headed north," he said.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE RESCUE.

Representatives of the New York Record watched every European port for the arrival of Walter B. Hestor and the steam yacht "Shark." According to all calculations, the yacht was due at the Azores not later than May 12th, but no word came from these islands. Day succeeded day with no news of the famous millionaire correspondent.

In the meantime the detective staff of 40 picked newspaper men under Jack Stevens was indomitable Chalmers was steadily losing faith, but by no word or action did he disclose his loss of confidence to Miss for an article to be published in The Record on Wednesday, May 17th, in which was set forth the discoverwith his promise to Miss Carmody. o'clock in the afternoon, and Mr. due until the 22d or 23d of the month. offset. He critically watched the

tleman. "You did not intend to leave me behind, did you?"

"Why of course not," said Miss Carmody, "but I am so excited I do not know what I am saying. Will Mr Stevens go with us?"

"He will go by rail and boat, and we will meet him "in Havana," said Chalmers. "You had better send word to your captain at once. Tell him I will be on the yacht by seven o'clock. Please warn him to keep the destination a secret. Do not forget to take along lots of wraps; it may be cold on the ocean."

Chalmers returned to his office, and for an hour was busy with instructions to his assistants. He issued orders that The Record should give no hints of pending developments, and selected a special cipher to cover new possibilities. He then proceeded to the pier and boarded the yacht. Miss Carmody and Mrs. Isabel White had arrived, and the latter was in a flutter of excitement. The yacht swung on her keel and headed down the East River and out into the bay. Before twilight had faded, the "Helen Carmody" was well out to sea and making for Havana with a "bone in her teeth."

The "Helen Carmody" was a fine specimen of marine architecture. She was fitted with every convenience and luxury. She was larger than the "Shark," having more staterooms and more powerful engines. While more comfortable and stauncher. she was not so fast as the "Shark." Mr. Carmody had sacrificed speed for room and artistic effect, yet there were few yachts that could show a wake to the "Helen Carmody."

It was late Saturday afternoon when the frowning heights of Morro castle were seen across the waters, and it was nearly midnight when they dropped anchor in the harbor of Havana. It was decided to remain on the yacht until morning, so the "Helen Carmody" lay within easy distance of the shore.

Sunday morning a yawl put out from the Havana docks. It had as passenger a small man with a "sandy" moustache, and hair which could be classed under no other color than red. He sat straight and looked dignified. He wore a natty suit of gray, with a large carnation in the ies which had been made pointing to lapel of his coat. This was an imtong and perhaps longer. That must conspiracy. This was in keeping nard Seymour, but he felt equal to him to let me go aboard the schoonthe occasion. There was a subdued In the meantime Editor Van Horne twinkle in his blue eyes, which no friend, whose name is Bender, so we had sailed for New York, but was not assumption of dignity could entirely

Opium and Liquor Habits Cured. Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think .- Emerson.

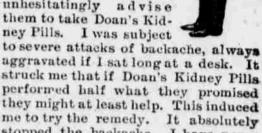
Perfectly simple and simply perfect in dyeing with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable .-- Sir Thomas Browne.

TRIED BY TIME.

Eugene E. Lario, of 751 Twentieth Avenue, ticket seller in the Union Sta-

tion, Denver, Col., says: "You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver papers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy I said when first interviewed that if I had a friend and acquaintance suffering from backache or kidney trouble I would unhesitatingly advise them to take Doan's Kidney Pills. I was subject



me to try the remedy. It absolutely stopped the backache. I have never had a pain or twinge since." A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Lario will

be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

