

THE AVOWAL.

I love thee! oh, no words can say
One half my love, however I try,
And yet my heart must have its way
And seek expression in a cry.

I love thee! oh, I love thee, sweet,
Though met with anger and with scorn,
Still would my lips my love repeat.

I love thee! oh, would thou couldst know
The hunger of my lonely heart,
Amid the throng I hide my woe
And mask with smiles the secret smart.

I love thee! oh, I love thee, all,
My hopes and dreams around thee range,
Though storm and tempest wreck my fall,
My deathless passion ne'er can change.

I love thee! lo, all pomp and power
Beside thy love would sink from sight;
And even glory's crimson flower
Would pale before that pearl of light.

O matchless pearl! if it were mine,
So happy all my days would be,
My heart would throbb with bliss divine,
And angel eyes would envy me.

—Samuel Minturn Peck

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.
As Paul Morton entered, the dying man turned his glazing eyes toward him, and then toward the boy at his side, as if again to commend him to his care.

"Poor gentleman! So he's dead," said the nurse with a professional sigh, "and no doubt he's better off."

No answer was made to this remark. Neither Paul Morton nor Robert seemed inclined to speak. The former was brought face to face with the consequence of his crime. The latter was filled with the first desolation of grief.

Three days later the funeral took place. Paul Morton took care that everything should be in strict accordance with the wealth and position of the deceased. He strove to satisfy his troublesome conscience by paying the utmost respect to the man for whose death he had conspired.

Owing to the long absence of Ralph Raymond from the country there were not very many who remembered him, but Paul Morton invited his own friends and acquaintances liberally, and the invitation was accepted by a large number as there are always those who have some morbid feelings and appear to enjoy appearing at a funeral.

The rooms were draped in black. The door bell was muffled in crape, and the presence of death in the house was ostentatiously made known to all who passed. Among these there was James Cromwell, who for some reason, nearly every evening, after his hours of labor were over, came up to take a look at the houses in Twenty-ninth street, which appeared to have a great attraction for him.

When he saw the crape he managed to learn through a servant the precise hour of the funeral, and applied to his employer for leave of absence on that day.

"It will be inconvenient," said his employer. "I must go," said the clerk, "I wish to attend a funeral."

Supposing that it must be the funeral of a relation, or at least, a friend, the employer made no further objection. As the time of the service approached, James Cromwell attired himself in his best, and made his way to the house. His entrance was unnoticed among the rest, for there was a large number present.

He got into an out-of-the-way corner, and listened attentively to the solemn service for the dead, as performed by one of the most eminent clergymen in the city. Among the rest his eye rested on Paul Morton, who sat with his face buried in his handkerchief.

At length Paul looked from behind the handkerchief, and his eye roved over the company. Suddenly he turned livid. His eye met that of a thin young man, with light hair, in an out-of-the-way corner, and he remembered at once under what circumstances they had met before.

CHAPTER VII.

Paul Morton Has a Visitor.

Paul Morton's consternation can hardly be described, when, in the number who had come to witness the funeral ceremonies of Ralph Raymond, he recognized the shopman in the obscure druggist's shop where he had purchased the poison. The sweat stood out upon his brow, and he eagerly questioned himself—how much did this man know, or what did he suspect, or was his presence purely accidental?

The company who were assembled, left the house, and with them James Cromwell. He went back to his room, not feeling that it was of importance to remain longer. He had shown himself at the funeral, he had been recognized, and thus he had paved the way for the interview which he meant to have, and that very shortly. Two evenings later, he approached the house in Twenty-ninth street, and ascending the steps, boldly rang the bell.

The servant who answered the summons, looked at him inquiringly, supposing from his appearance that he had merely come to bring some message. "Is Mr. Morton at home?" "Yes, he is at home."

"I would like to see him." "He doesn't see visitors, on account of a death in the family. I will carry your message." "I must see him," insisted the clerk, boldly.

"I don't think he will see you." "I do. So go and tell him I am here." "What name shall I carry to him?" "The name is of no consequence. You can tell him that the young man whom he noticed at the funeral is here, and wishes to see him on very important business."

"That's a queer message," thought the servant, but concluded that it was some one who had something to do with furnishing something for the funeral, and was anxious to get his pay.

Mr. Morton was sitting in his library, or a room furnished with books, which went by that name, when the servant entered. "There is somebody to see you, sir," she said.

"Who is it?" "I don't know his name." "Is it a gentleman?" "No, sir." "Did you tell him I was not receiving visitors now?" "Yes, sir."

"He said he wanted to see you on very important business." "Why didn't he give his name?" "He said that I was to tell you it was the young man you noticed at the funeral," said the servant.

Mr. Morton turned pale, but at once recovered himself. "I am not sure that I know who it is," he said, "but I can easily ascertain. You may bring him up." "You are to come up," said the girl, reappearing.

James Cromwell smiled in conscious triumph. "I thought so," he said to himself. "Well, now for my game. It will be a difficult one, but I will do my best."

Left alone, Paul Morton began to consider how he should treat the new-comer. He resolved to affect no recognition at first and afterwards indifference. He thought he might be able to overawe the young man, from his own superiority in social position, and so prevent his carrying out the purposes he proposed. Accordingly, when James Cromwell entered the room he arched his brows a little, and looked inquiringly at him.

"Have you business with me?" he said, abruptly. "Did not my servant inform you that, on account of a recent death, I am not receiving callers at present?"

"I thought you would see me," said the young man, with a mixture of familiarity and boldness. "If you have no business with me, I am at a loss to know why you have intruded yourself upon me at such a time. Perhaps, however, you were unaware of my recent affliction."

"I am quite aware of it, Mr. Morton. In fact, I was present at the funeral, if you refer to the death of Mr. Raymond, and unless I am greatly mistaken, you yourself observed me there."

"You were present at the funeral! What brought you here?" "That seems rather an inhospitable question. For some reasons of my own, I felt an interest in what was going on in this house, and made it my business to become acquainted with all that passed. When I heard of Mr. Raymond's death, I resolved at once to attend the funeral."

"I suppose you must have known Mr. Raymond, then," said Paul Morton, with something of a sneer. "No, I had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the gentleman," said James Cromwell, who, far from being overawed by the evident haughty tone of the other, preserved his composure with admirable success.

"Was Mr. Raymond rich?" he asked nonchalantly. "You impertinent scoundrel! begone instantly, or I will summon my servants and have you kicked down my front steps!" "That might not be altogether prudent, Mr. Morton," said James Cromwell.

"Might not be prudent! What do you mean by your cursed impudence?" demanded the merchant, glaring furiously at the druggist's clerk. "What do I mean?" repeated James Cromwell. "Do you wish me to answer your question?" "I demand that you answer my question, and that immediately," said the merchant, hardly knowing what he did, so carried away was he by his unreasonable anger.

"Very well, I will do so," said the clerk, quietly; "but, as it may take a brief time, will you not be kind enough to resume your seat?"

CHAPTER VIII.
The coolness displayed by James Cromwell had its effect upon the merchant. Mechanically he obeyed, and resumed his seat.

"Say what you have to say, and be done with it," he muttered. "It may be necessary for me to remind you that I am employed in a druggist's shop on the Bowery."

"I hope you like your situation," said Paul Morton with a sneer. "No, I don't like it, and that is the reason why I have come to you, hoping that you will help me to something better."

This was said with quiet self-possession, and Paul Morton began to realize with sadness that this young man, whom he had looked upon with contempt, was not so easily to be overawed or managed as he had expected.

"This is a cool request, considering that you are a comparative stranger to me." "Then," said James Cromwell, leaning slightly forward, and looking intently at Mr. Morton, "may I ask to what use you have put the subtle poison which you purchased of me ten days since?"

The color rushed to Paul Morton's face at this direct interrogation. "The poison?" he repeated. "Yes, you certainly have not forgotten the purchase."

"I think you must be mistaken in the person." "Pardon me, I am not." "Suppose that I did buy poison, how should you identify me with the purchaser, and how came you to know where I lived?" "I sent a boy to follow you home," said Cromwell.

"You dared to do that?" "Why not? We have no curiosity about our ordinary customers, but when a person makes such a purchase as you did, we feel inclined to learn all we can about him."

"A praiseworthy precaution! Well, I admit that I did buy the poison. What then?" "I asked to what purpose you had put it?"

"Very well, I have no objection to tell you, although I deny your right to intrude in my private affairs, which I regard as a piece of gross impertinence. I bought it, as I think I stated to you at the time, at the request and for the use of a friend."

"Would you tell me the friend's name?" asked the clerk imperturbably. "He lives in Thirty-seventh street."

"What is his name?" "None of your business," exclaimed the merchant passionately. "I beg your pardon, but I was blamed by my employer for not taking down the name of the purchaser, and I told him in return that I would gather full particulars."

"You may tell him it is all right. He must have heard of me and of my firm, and that will satisfy him."

"But the name of this gentleman in Thirty-seventh street—" "Is not necessary to the purpose." "Has there been a death in his family within ten days?" asked the clerk in quiet tones, but there was a significance in them that sent a thrill through the frame of the listener.

"What makes you ask that?" he stammered. "I will tell you," said James Cromwell, boldly, throwing off his reserve. "It is as well to be frank, and there is no use in mincing matters. I do not believe this story of the man in Thirty-seventh street. I think you bought the article for your own use. Since the purchase there has been a death in your house."

"Your inference is ridiculous," said the merchant nervously. "My intimate and dear friend, Mr. Raymond, was sick of an incurable disease, as the physician will testify, and it could have terminated in no other way."

"I am quite willing to believe you are right," said the clerk. Still, under the circumstances, you will not object to an investigation. I feel it my duty to inform a coroner of the facts in the case, and if on examination no traces of the action of poison can be found in the deceased, of course you are entirely exonerated from suspicion."

THE CAMORRA IN ITALY.

CUSTOMS OF A TERRIBLE BLACKMAILING SOCIETY.

All Classes Pay Tribute to the Powerful Organization—Chief Ciccio's Remarkable Career of Crime.

As an organized secret society the Camorra was doubtless introduced into Southern Italy at the time of the Spanish domination. Little by little the institution crept into the national life, and to-day, in spite of the repeated knocks that it has had on the head from a determined government since the unification of Italy, it is still so powerful that even its name causes a shudder.

There are all grades of Camorrist, from the elegant signore who cheats at cards in parlors or clubs, or who blackmails families whose skeleton in the closet he has discovered, and who imposes his medication in business matters in order to get some profit out of the affair, down to the lower strata.

The Camorrist of the lower classes works on servants of all classes—the cook in her kitchen, the butler, the coachman and the gardeners. Of course, he reaps a rich harvest from all gambling houses, lottery establishments, and from usurers, who have to pay him a regular fee.

The Camorra of the lower classes threatens with his knife, or his razor, or his revolver. The Camorra of the upper class threatens with the sword, or the knife, or some hired assassin.

The youth who has entered the Camorra remains for some years almost the slave of the chief Camorrist of the section in which he lives. Incidents are very common in the Southern Italian cities of the imprisonment of a young Camorrist for a crime which is known to have been committed by an elder one.

Toward 30, if he has good luck, the novice, having passed through the various grades, is admitted to the rank of Camorra proprietor, or becomes a partner in the co-operative enterprise of theft, murder and blackmail.

The Camorrist has his special cafes, their hotels, their houses into which no others penetrate, and where they live in luxury.

The punishments for offenses against the Camorra are terribly severe. Treason, spying, the stealing of the society's money, the unauthorized murder of a member of the society in quarrel or for jealousy are all punished by death.

Less grave offenses, like rebellion, are punished by fines, or sometimes by exclusion from the society, or with beatings which often break the limbs or disfigure the features of the culprit, or—and here is a very curious detail of Italian life—with the "Sfregio." This is a slashing blow with a keen-bladed razor in the face, and is the most common form of vengeance exercised by the agents of the Camorra in the lower ranks of society.

There have been many celebrated Camorrist whose relations have extended even to the highest circles of nobility, says the New York Journal. The famous Ciccio, a Neapolitan type, whose many exploits have been legendary for a quarter of a century, exercised an almost royal power.

Many amusing incidents of his magnanimity are given. On one occasion a professor of music in Naples came home to find that his splendid grand piano had been carried off. Evidently the Camorra was the only society big enough to undertake such an extensive theft as this in broad daylight.

So the poor professor went to Ciccio and submitted his case to him, explaining that he could not gain his livelihood without his piano, and humbly expressed the hope that the Camorra would not ruin him.

"Go home," said Ciccio, "and your piano will be in its usual place very soon, although I haven't the slightest idea where it is now."

In a few hours Ciccio had summoned all the Camorrist of Naples before him, and given orders for the restoration of the piano. He was at once obeyed, and the delighted professor went to him with a fine gold watch as a present. Ciccio flew into a rage, and literally kicked him out of the place.

Ciccio was quite a magnificent prince of blackmail. On great occasions, festivals and holidays, he used to parade in a carriage lined with satin and gold lace, drawn by three magnificent black horses, harnessed in the Russian fashion, with yellow leather trappings, plated with thick silver.

Ciccio drove his splendid team himself, and saluted right and left almost as if he were a royal personage. About three-fourths of the people of Naples daily felt his power more than they felt that of the reigning monarch.

A person who accompanied Ciccio one day to a great festival remarked that all the carriages on the road allowed him to pass them, and all the women crowded to the windows of the houses to admire the magnificent Ciccio.

Little by little, however, the power of Ciccio began to decline. His all-regal sway had aroused many rivals, and the authorities took advantage of this to worry the signorino, as the populace called him.

harbor saw him off with as many honors as if he had been a visiting prince instead of a blackmailer of a distinguished reputation. No sooner had Ciccio reached the island where he was to pass a certain time a virtual prisoner than he had a quarrel with some ambitious Camorrist who had been sent there before him, not, perhaps, without a secret hope on the part of the government that they would kill the famous Ciccio. One of them came up to the great man, and, to annoy him, familiarly offered him an cigar. Ciccio boxed the fellow's ears, bringing the blood to his nostrils, and said to him that he did not allow inferiors to offer him anything.

The Camorrist called a dozen of his comrades to his aid, and they rushed upon Ciccio, but they did not know their man. The hardy hero of a thousand armed encounters in the streets of Naples, the great chief of blackmail, armed himself with a huge piece of wood, backed against the wall and laid the whole party out in about five minutes. The number of broken heads and arms and disfigured faces was great. Ciccio was master in the island as long as he remained there.

This celebrated Ciccio died about two years ago at the age of 52 of an epileptic attack, and not a single journal in Italy spoke of him in terms otherwise than extreme politeness.

BEFORE THE CRUSADERS.

The Immense Trade Carried on Between Europe and Asia. The trade and manufactures of the Christian realm in Palestine were regulated. Moslem caravans were protected by treaty and merchants of Mosul were established in Acre. The imposts on every kind of merchandise were fixed and custom-houses and toll-bars were established along the roads or at the city gates.

There was also an excellent law, says a writer in the Edinburgh Review, that none might carry arms in the streets, which must have prevented many violent outbreaks.

In the bazaars of Aleppo and Damascus were to be found the carpets of Bagdad and Persia, with glass from Irak, and Chinese porcelain, ivory and perfumes, sandal wood-musk and aloes, olives and spices, silks, velvets, satins, cloth, including camlets of camel-hair curtain from Syria, and cotton. Many precious eggs were sold, such as opium and rhubarb, tamarind, cantharides, cardamoms, scammony and senna.

A great trade with Northern Russia, having its port at the mouth of the Don, brought from the "land of darkness" rich furs of ermine, the Siberian squirrel, the red and white fox, the marten, beaver, otter and wildcat. The Latins were very fond of fur for dress and for the "mantle" of scarlet, fur-lined, in which they slept. The furriers had a street in Jerusalem, and the Moslems, also, especially in the north, were equally accustomed to the use of precious furs.

The trading stations of the Jews, the Genoese and the Venetians extended far into Turkestan, north of Oxus, and at Aden, the Arab traders of the Red sea met in Chinese junks and brought the wealth of India and of the far East to the Italian markets in Alexandria. Moslem laws allowed the pilgrim to Mecca to trade on his journey.

Hard to Beat. Playwright—Is her acting natural? Manager, enthusiastically—Natural! Why, when she appeared as the dying mother last night an insurance agent who has her life insured for £4,000, and who was in the audience, actually fainted.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Sagacious Wooer. Mabel—Papa is getting anxious about your calls. Yesterday he wanted to know who you were. Adorer—Um—I say, Mabel, if he mentions the subject again, tell him you heard me grumbling about high taxes.—New York Weekly.

CONVERSATIONAL WAIFS. "These girls that marry foreigners ought to be very careful." "Well, as a general rule they examine the titles pretty closely."

Fig—Chestermead is a very gentlemanly fellow. Fogg—You may well say that. I have known him to purposely run into people on the sidewalk in order to say something polite and pleasing.

Bertha—Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are absolutely effeminate. How do you account for it? Harold—I suppose it is hereditary. Half my ancestors were males and the other half females.

"You are indeed kind to me," said the bore, languishingly, "but, Ethel, I would rather have you sincere than kind." "And I, on the contrary," said the commonsense girl, earnestly, "would rather be kind than disagreeable."

"Mr. Silverback, who are you supporting in this campaign?" Mr. Silverback—My son-in-law, sir. "Well—oh—I didn't know he was a candidate." Mr. Silverback—Possibly, not, sir, possibly not; but I have to support him all the same.

"Then, when you have finished your lecture," said the professor of elocution and deportment to young Dulle, "bow gracefully, and leave the platform on tiptoe." "Why on tiptoe?" queried Dulle. "So as not to wake the audience," replied the professor.

Auntie—How very industrious you are. I love to see little boys studying at home. Little Johnny—Yes'm I always learn all my lessons at home. Auntie—That's exactly what all children should do. Little Johnny—Yes'm. It gives us more time to have fun at school.

Impure Blood

Manifests itself in hot weather in hives, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause great annoyance. The cure is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Sarsaparilla, which makes the blood pure and removes all such disfigurements. It also gives strength, creates an appetite and invigorates the whole system. Get Hood's.

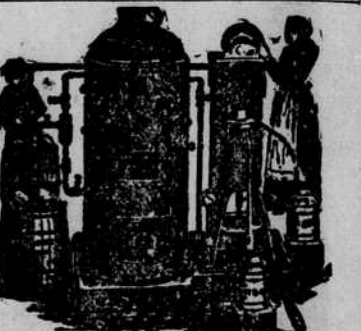
Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST, NO SQUEAKING. \$5. CORDOVAN. FRENCH MANUFACTURE. \$3.50 POLICE. 3 SOLES. \$2.50 2 WORKINGMEN. EXTRA FINE. \$2.17 2 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. \$3.25 2.17. BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe. Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profit. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold every where at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute, if your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

A HANDSOME PICTURE FREE. WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Patent Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 15 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc. WOOLSON SPIECE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO.



Davis' Cream Separator Churn, power hot water and feed cooker combined. Agents wanted. Send for circular. All sizes Hand Cream Separator. Davis & Rankin B. & M. Co. Chicago.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURE CATARRH. PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS.

WELL-MACHINERY. Illustrated catalogue showing WELL AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND JETTING MACHINERY, etc. Sent Free. Have been tested and approved. Sioux City Engine & Iron Works, Successors to Peck Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa. 2117 Union Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE! Madame FACE BLEACH. Approved by the faculty of the University of the U. S. Have not used my Face Bleach, on account of price, which is \$2 per bottle, and in order that all may give it a fair trial, I will send a Sample Bottle, safely packed, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c. FACE BLEACH removes and cures all blemishes, freckles, pimples, spots, blackheads, sunken nose, scars, eruptions, wrinkles, roughness of skin, and restores the complexion. Address: MME. A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N.Y. City.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS. Successful Prospective Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, city since.

EDUCATIONAL. OMAHA Commercial College. You can begin your time for 3 hours work. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Address: RICHMOND BLDG., OMAHA, NEB.

Omaha Medical College. 14th Street, Omaha, Neb. Oct. 1. For Catalogue send to W. O. BRIDGES, Secy.

Worthington MILITARY ACADEMY. For catalogue address: Rev. J. HEWITT, Lincoln, Neb.

OMAHA Business Houses. CLOTHING for MEN and BOYS. If you wish to save from \$2 to \$10.00 on a suit write for our new Fall Catalogue containing stylish fashions. NEBRASKA CLOTHING CO., Cor. 4th and Douglas Sts., Omaha.

BRUSHES. The S. M. GUNSAUL CO. Mfrs. and Jobbers of Brushes of all kinds. Special attention paid to order work. 409 to 415 So. 7th St., Omaha.

TWIN DYE WORKS. Council Bluffs, Ia. and Omaha, Neb. Billiard and Pool Tables, Bar Glassware, Send for catalogue. Gate City Billiard Table Co. Omaha. FIXTURES.

Hotel Dellone. Omaha, Neb. 14th and Capitol Aves. Best \$2.00 a day house in the state. Free proof. REED & CASEY, Proprietors.

Silks and Dress Goods. The best and best stock fashionable Silks, Dress Goods and Ribbons. Write to HAYDEN BROS., Omaha.

Cameras \$2.50 "PHOTORET." Watch size. Mounted for 25 views. Taken from Heyn Photo Supply Co., Executive Agt., 1215 Farnam St., Omaha. Everything in Photo Supplies for Professionals and Amateurs.

Wall Paper 4c ROLL. Only \$1.00 required to paper walls of room 15x25, including border. Send 10c postage and get FREE 100 beautiful samples, and guide how to paper. Agents for sample book \$1.00. It pays to keep good order. Write quick.

HENRY LEHMANN, 1230-1234 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB.

DR. MCGREW. THE ONLY SPECIALIST WHO TREATS ALL PRIVATE DISEASES. We make a specialty of the treatment of all cases of Gonorrhea, Syphilis, etc. Every cure warranted. 18 years experience. 1230-1234 Douglas St., Omaha, Neb.

