TO TRADE Small Farm for Cheap Ranch

Mr. Ranchman: Are you tired of ranch life and long, cold winters?

Would you like to live in a thickly settled, level, highly improved and beautiful locality, close to good towns, schools and churches, where they have 41 inches annual rainfall, with short, mild winters and long, pleasant summers?

The finest corn, small grain, timothy, clover, alfalfa, bluegrass, vegetable and fruit locality in the U.S., only two hours ride from Kansas City, the best market west of Chicago.

If you have a clear, cheap ranch that is good, and would trade for a nice improved small farm well located, send full description, location and price of your ranch in first letter; prices must be right

Wait & Dean, Blue Mound, Kansas



Lincoln Floor Finishes

You can refinish your floors yourself at a trifling cost. Just clean the floor thoroughly, let it dry and apply the Lincoln Floor Paint, Lincoln Floor Varnish or Lin-Co-Lac.

It only requires a small amount, the cost is trifling. A quart can will be sufficient to finish 75 square feet of surface, two coats, wit a smooth, hard surface that's easy to clean and easy to keep clean.

Our "Home Painting Jobs" book tells you how to make your old floors like new and how to give pine or softwood floors the durable finish and elegant appearance of expensive hard Wood. Ask for it-it's free.

BRENNAN

The Faith of Mari A Case of Too Many By AGNES G. BROGAN

A great city. There is a noise in the streets, over the streets, under the streets. A whirling mass of human beings in the morning rolls down from the north like the ebbing tide and flows up again in the evening. And all night the whirl goes on, but a different whirl. There is a glow of electric lights; the streets are full now not of workers, but of pleasure seekers. They pour into the theaters, into the hotels, into the restaurant. And then they pour out again.

Captives in the cage of the city jail, men moved about like bees in some mammoth hive, and not unlike the buzzing of bees came the continual hum of their low voiced conversation. Here rough faced men passed the anxious hours, engaged boisterously in a game of cards, while over there others

sat lost in deep brooding dejection. One figure alone seemed to stand apart, different from them all. This difference might have been accounted for by the jaunty suit and cap and the high white collar which the young man wore; but, after all, it was a certain infectious light of good humor in the boyish blue eyes, an irresponsible air of happiness, which distin-guished Peter Olaf from his companions in crime. Once again he walked the length of the long room, keeping time to his step by a subdued though merry whistle; then he paused sociably at the side of a prisoner who glowered up at him. Peter spoke with a soft foreign accent.

"That makes twelve times around," he said. The man addressed lumbered to his feet, joining the youth in his walk

"What chu here for?" he growled. The boyish blue eyes widened, while dull red crept to the blond hair on Peter's forehead. "Bigamy," he announced briefly. The elder man stood still with a muttered exclamation.

"Bigamy," he repeated, and exclaimed again-"bigamy, a kid like you? What chu do it for?"

Peter Olaf shook his head. "I didn't mean to," he said slowly. "I-I don't know

"It just happened. Far away in Russia was Mari. Before I came to this new country Mari and I were mar-

"Some day I would send her money; then she must come to me. So I told her we would be rich here and happy. And Mari was glad. At first I wrote to her long letters, and then"- Peter stopped abruptly. When he spoke again his tone was harder, more constrained.

"Well, in the house where I boardfool you and lie to you, yet you can fored lived Bianca. I was lonely here in the strange country-oh, very, very lonely.

"Bianca was most kind and beautiful.

ful, half marticulate cry Mari clasped her trembling hands.

"Peter," she whispered-"oh, Peter!" Dumbly the guilty youth stood peering through his cage. The woolen shawl which the girl wore fell back from her head, revealing the well remembered clustering curls. The sound of his home tongue upon her lips brought a sob to Peter's throat. "I came," Mari went on breathlessly,

"to you, beloved. Because you had not been able to send me money, should that then keep us apart? So I worked and worked." The words melted into a soft, little laugh. "Oh, you did not know that I could be so clever, Petercould of myself earn so much money, enough to bring me to the far America.

But me, alone-I did it." The triumphant tone turned now to one of deep compassion. "And you, my Peter"the girl said quickly-"they have made you suffer. Because of a cruel, wicked mistake they have placed you here behind their great locked doors.

"'He is married in this country.' the men tell me, but I ask them how can that be. It is foolish, for is not my Peter my husband, and have I not here our printed records? But the interpreter is very stupid, and he will not understand, and he tells me over and over again, 'Peter Olaf is married,' so

I come away angry." The girl tossed her head. "Be brave, beloved," she said, "and all will yet be well.

"Do not grieve that I must go back, for so they have ordered. 'Return at once to your own country,' the stern man said, as though that were punishment to me. I am glad-glad

"Here the people are so strange and fine and grand; here no one cares." Mari caught her breath sharply. Tears welled in the golden black eyes. She waited, wondering at his silence, and then, with a sudden hopeless gesture, Peter stretched forth his arms.

"Mari," he murmured brokenly, "if could but touch your hand."

"Have I not, then, the same longing?" she answered tremulously. "But when they have learned their mistake. Peter, when they know of their wrong, then they will set yeu free, and you will hasten back to our happy home land

"There will I be to welcome you and see in the garden our fruits and flowers are growing and upon the hills our sheep. So you will be content and happy forevermore, so you will never care again to wander."

"Mari," the boy cried out in despair, "how may I then come to you-I who am so unworthy?

An attendant laid a kindly hand upon the girl's shoulder. "Time's up," he reminded. Mari looked back through

the screen with reproachful eyes. "You unworthy, Peter?" she said ten-derly. "You"— Then obediently Mari followed on up the stair. Outside before the jail a dark faced Italian paused to adjust the golden harp which he carried. At his side, in bizarre cos-tume, tripped a red lipped girl. With a swift sidelong glance at the man she flirted her beribboned tambourine.

"I go in there, Toni," she said. "I not play on the boat today." The Italian stood looking down upon her with a sort of dogged devotion, "You go to see him, Bianca," he said

give?" The girl shrugged her shoul-"What do I forgive?" she asked pert-



By ELLSWORTH TOWNSEND

I like to talk with John Atherton, a retired detective friend of mine, for he has a fund of incidents that occurred during the days of his active service that I find interesting. Some of them happened to him personally, and some were told him by his fellow craftsmen during idle hours. This is one of Atherton's stories that especially pleased me from the ingenuity and assurance perpetrated by a rogue:

There are two ways by which crooks work, the one with, the other without confederates. Both ways have their advantages. A man who works alone doesn't have the fear of being betrayed by his pal, for where one is offered an easy letting off from a hard sentence if he will squeal he is pretty liable to squeal. But a man who has a confederate can do what one man can't do

alone In one way crook pals will usually stand by each other. When one is in danger the other will do all in his power and take considerable risks to help him out. I was once put on a job to track down a man called Jerry Wilson, who was in the confidence department of roguery. Wilson usually worked countrymen. He was one of the most accomplished swindlers I ever met. He had been an actor and was proficient in the art of making up. We would hear of him one day passing as a stockbroker, at another as a clergyman and again as a cotton planter with a perfect southern dialect. Of course we didn't know at the time that these were one and the same man, but we often suspected it and in time learned it from Wilson himself. One day a countryman reported at

police headquarters that he had been victimized by a man who passed himself off for an Englishman. The countryman had come from England twenty years before and had never become Americanized. Englishmen seldom become naturalized. You will find thou sands of them in this country, and other countries for that matter, who have become old men and not seen England since they were children and are still British subjects.

The man who picked him up doubtless heard him speak with his British lingo had stepped up to him and hailed him as a fellow countryman. One born, he said, under the British flag and once accustomed to the home accent could always be placed as an Englishman. Then he launched out on the demerits of this "bloody country" and won the farmer's heart completely.

A confidence man becomes very expert in drawing out information from a greenhorn, and the new acquaintance -Henderson he called himself-was "he who was not your husband. He evidently an adept at this work, for that he had been mistaken for some the farmer soon learned that they both came from the same county in Eng-land and from the same town and others became convinced that the man knew the same persons. Henderson being a later arrival, gave his former fellow townsman lots of information as to what had become of many of his old friends-who were living and who were dead and who had married. The result was a friendly drink at a "public," as they call a saloon in England, followed by a friendly game, with the consequent transfer of several hundred dollars of the farmer's money to the pockets of Mr. Henderson, who, when he had drained his fellow countryman's resources, slipped out through a back door. Well, we got on to Mr. Henderson but were deficient in proof. The farmer's testimony might have been met by an alibi and other subterfuges, and I decided to capture him at his own game. Having located him, I stood near him and, adopting the British accent, began to talk about dear old Merrie England. The fellow chimed in, and we were soon hobnobbing together. I had my pocketbook stuffed with marked bills, which passed into my countryman's possession. Then I tipped a confederate the wink, and together we took him in. There couldn't have been a surer case against a man than that, could there? From facts I gathered and the man's ability to personate different characters I believed I had got the slippery Wilson, and I intended to put him where he would trouble the public no longer. In making up a jury to try him we got nine good men, when somehow we couldn't get any further. Some were exempt and some had sufficient excuses. When we got the elev-

have had an engagement films ar. for he seemed to be in a hurry. He held a consultation with the prisoner's attorney-whom he had assigned to de-fend him-who said that he had little or no evidence for the prisoner and did not think what he had would require ten minutes to bring it out. Upon this the judge told the obliging juryman that he was very sure he would have plenty of time to make his train.

"I'm glad of that, your honor," said the gentleman. "There's nothing I dread so much as waiting for anything, especially for a train."

The judge's opinion as to the period of the trial proved quite correct. For awhile it seemed that it would be put through at railroad speed. The charge was read to the prisoner, and he was asked to plead. He said he was a British subject and asked if that would make any difference. When told that it would not he pleaded not guilty.

I gave my account of how I had trap ped him, and his victim testified against him. The accused declared that he was a British subject from Australia and if his home were not so far away he could easily prove his respectability. The twelfth juryman impaneled asked him a few questions about Australia, which he answered evidently to the juryman's satisfaction. But this didn't cut any figure because it didn't matter where he came from. We had the deadwood on him. We expected the jury to convict him

without leaving their seats, but they didn't. Then we thought they might be half an hour, but the half hour passed, and they didn't come back. The judge went home to dinner, leaving instructions to be called when a verdict was reached. He wasn't called. The jury remained out the rest of the day and all night. In the morning they sent word that they would like to be discharged since they couldn't agree. This made the judge angry, and he sent back word that the evidence was absolutely convincing and they must agree. Indeed, they were given to understand that they must bring in a verdict or they would be kept where they were till the crack of doom. They stood out till about 10 o'clock the second night, then sent word that they had come to an agree ment. The judge was summoned, and they filed into court. The judge asked the customary questions. "Have you arrived at a verdict?"

- "We have, your honor.' "Do you find the prisoner guilty or ot guilty of the charge?"
- "Not guilty."
- "What!"
- "Not guilty, your honor."

There was nothing to do in accordance with the law except to dis-charge them. Convinced that there had been some rascality practiced, I stationed myself at the door and scrutinized every man as he went out. I noticed that the twelfth juryman, who had volunteered, led the rest out of the courtroom, and I heard him de-scending the stairs three steps at a time.

I was convinced that he had impos on us all with a view to getting on the jury, then standing out for an acquittal. learned that he had told his fellow jurymen that he had lived in Australia and had known the prisoner there and could vouch for his being a respected citizen of Melbourne. He was sure one else and would not on any ac to bring in a verdict of not guilty rather than disagree and subject the state to the expense of another trial. There was no way of holding the man who had been tried. He had been acquitted of the charge of which he was accused and could not be tried again for that crime. So we made a virtue of necessity and let him go. Six months after this two men were arrested for confidence work. I went to the trial for information and a look at the prisoners, since it was my custom to keep track of the rogues brought in. The moment I looked at the prisoners I recognized both of them. One was the man who had swindled the farmer and whom I had supposed to be Jerry Wilson. The other-would you believe it?-was the twelfth juryman who had forced his acquittal.

Notice to Breeders

I have traded for the Frank Shoemaker "This she told me." The boy pass-Shire stallion and have also purchased a new Jack which I will stand at my place this season.

SERVICE FEES Shoemaker Horse or Jack \$12.50 Percheron Horse \$10

If mares are sold or removed the service fee becomes due and payable at once. Care will be taken to avoid accidents but will not be respon-51.4 sible should any occur.

O'NEILL, NEB.

NEIL

Save Work-Worry= Money using a STOVER GASOLINE ENGINE. Made right. Sold right.

A. MERRELL

Send for llustrated catalogue free

> SANDWICH MFG. CO. Council Bluffs, Ia.

General Agents.

Together we went to many placesly. out upon the ferryboats in the moonlight, down to the sands of the sea. And Mari seemed to fade away so far I could scarce remember her face. It grew dim like a dream one has almost forgot

"And so I did not send to Mari the money. May not one have a new wife in a new country when one shall never return to the old? Bianca also had a lover who would have married

what could I do?" he asked. "Could I lose Bianca?" And then that very day when we were married Mari comes along to this country. Alone she had worked and saved, and now she is here.

"And Mari asks them to find me for her-the officials-and when they find me I am married again. So you see it is bigamy. That is what they tell me, and I must be held for trial." The boy clutched the prisoner's sleeve fearfully. "What will they do with me?" he cried.

The hardened man, whose own crime had brought suffering to many, stared disgustedly into the frightened face.

"Do with you," he answered flercely -"do with you? I don't know, but 1 hope they will lock you up. I hope they make you work as she never thought of working-that little Russian thing you deserted. Chances are they won't do it, though. That innocent, baby face of yours will carry you through. You'll only be deported."

"Deported?" questioned the boy eagerly. The man turned on his heel. "Yes," he answered gruffly-"sent back where your kind belong."

Peter Olaf stood considering. He seemed to see again the little village that had been his home, the tiny schoolhouse where he and Mari had gone so many years together. Then across his memory flashed a picture of Bianca-Bianca of the crimson lips and laughing eyes. The great oaken doors just beyond the heavy screen opened now and closed with much grating of locks. As through a mist he saw the figures of an officer and a girl.

"Forty-five!" rang out the officer's voice, and the girl's slender figure came waveringly, indistinctly, toward him. A moment she stood, her white face pressed close against the veiling wires, her dark eyes shining golden black in the reflected light. Then with a joy-

"He leave her for me. If he leave me for her"-Bianca's eyes narrowed-"but Petro he not do that," she said. Halfway to the impressive entrance she turned back to smile at him. "You wait for me. Toni?" she called, and the Italian answered with sad resignation

"Always I wait for you, Bianca." She smiled at Peter also, showing her pretty white teeth, as he drew near the forbidding screen.

"Hello!" she greeted him gayly. 'Hello,, but I cannot shake hands "Would you?" Peter asked her grave

ly. "Would you if you could?" "Why not?" laughed Bianca. "You will be free," she added quickly. "I ask the man at the desk if they send you to jail, and he frown, and he say he think not. They send you back perhaps where you belong. But, Petro," she whispered softly, "when you are free you will come back to me? Promise. I am your wife."

The boy leaned wearly against the screen. Through it came the fragrant breath of roses in her hair.

"Promise, Petro," the girl caressingly implored him.

"I will come back to you, Blanca," he answered evenly. She laughed a little as she turned away.

"Goodby," she said. And as she came out again into the light and found the Italian still waiting in patient hopelessness Bianca anticipated the burning question of his eyes.

"No," she said, slowly shaking her head; "no, Toni; he never come back to me; never, any more." The man leaned forward, unbelieving.

"He told you that?" he asked eagerly. "He not tell me," Bianca replied, with a shrewd little smile. "He not need to tell me; I know."

"Beloved!" the man entreated and spoke no other word. For a moment the singing girl swayed her tambourine teasingly before her mocking face; then, suddenly serious, she gazed at him across the tinkling bells.

"Your kind, Toni," she said gently; 'the slow kind. It is the best." And far out upon the pier another girl sat, her upraised face glorified in the light of the setting sun, her dark eyes filled with dreams. "Deported," murmured a pitying voice, but the immigrant girl was smiling happily as she followed the long line into the great white ship. Mari had entered upon the journey into her promised

land.

that the judge was getting impatient. A gentlemanly looking man in the courtroom said that if the trial would not occupy much time he would help us out. He was immediately served with a summons, accepted and sworn in.

The trial didn't require or it was not given a long time. The evidence was perfect, and the conviction was considered a mere matter of form. Besides, there was the gentleman who had, volunteered to serve on the case provided he would not be long detained. After he had been sworn in he told the judge that he was really exempt, but would not claim exemption provided he was assured that he would in every probability be discharged within a couple of hours since he was waiting for a train that would leave at the expiration of that time. I think the judge must

But this was not all of my surprise. At the trial of the two men it came out that this twelfth juryman, who was willing to help us out if it didn't take too long, was none other than Jerry Wilson. He and the other man,

Tom Murphy (and other names), had long worked confidence games together, and when his pal was in trouble Wilson had made himself up for a gentleman, had gone into the courtroom to watch the impaneling of the jury and in the nick of time had offered himself to help us out.

I confess that in all my experien I never knew a clearer case of one rogue standing by another. Wilson ran an awful risk. Had I known when he left the courtroom that he had single handed "hung" the jury 1 should enth man so much time had been lost have kept him in sight, trumped up a charge against him and held him till I could find out who he was. That he feared something of the kind was evident from the haste with which he got away.

> After the conviction of the two men (they were sent up for twenty years) I visited Wilson in jail, and he told me much about his operations. He said that when he played the twelfth jury-man trick he was more afraid of my getting on to it than any one else, for I had completely outwitted his pal with my marked bills. When he saw me station myself at the courtr door to watch the outgoing of the jurymen he thought it was all up with him. The moment he reached the street he ran like a deer, entered an alley and was soon beyond capture.