He shall not escape me!" The tall, powerfully built man, attired in a suit of dark blue, who hissed those words through his set teeth, stood in the shadow of a one story coal house in a dark, noisome, Philadelphia-like alley, and watched with widely staring eyes a figure moving slowly along down the Hong Kong district of Clark

The watcher was wide awake, and the se loons had not yet closed for the night.

It was evident he was not a policeman Emerging from the alley he followed stealthily the object of his pursuit like a sleuth hound on track of its prey. Moving slong in the shadow of the buildings and halting now and then, but never relaxing for one instant his eager watchfulness, he kept his man in sight for nearly an hour.

Down Clark to Harrison, west on Harrison to the river, across the bridge to Canal, up Canal to Monroe, and westward on that street for many and many a weary block moved this singular—or rather plural—pro-

"He little thinks he is followed," muttered the relentless pursuer, "Pil shadow him to his lair now if it takes till the next centen-

At last the man whom he was following halted at a modest dwelling, opened the gate that afforded entrance to the little yard in front, and as he turned to close it his face, plainly visible in the glare of a street lamp close by, was for one brief moment exposed to the hawk-like gaze of the mysterious pur-suer in the dark blue suit, who had crouched in the shadow of a friendly Indian eigar sign across the way. The next instant he had disappeared within the bouse.

With a smothered cry of exultation the eager watcher took out a note book and pencil and jotted down a memorandum. His fingers trembled with excitement.
"I saw his face!" he said in a hysterical

whisper. "I was not mistaken. And now I have his street and number. At last I am on the trail. If he finds out anything about that mysterious disappearance I'll know just where he goes to get it. Ha! At last! At

He was a high priced detective shadowing a \$15 a week newspaper reporter to see if he could find some clew to the latest mystery that was baffling the entire force.—Detroit

Met a Deceiver.

"That's the way with some of these aristo crata," he observed, as he leaned against a telegraph pole and held a wet rag to his eye. "They are full of deceit from top to bottom."
"How did it happen?" asked the pedestrian
who had halted to offer his sympathies.

Two blocks down-house a red brick. I alied to strike the woman for a quarter. Man sat on the steps. He looked thin and pale and weak. Wanted to know what I was after, you know. Looked upon him as small potatoes and advised him to keep quiet. He imped up and shed his coat."
"Was that all?"

"Not quite. Ordered me to git. I couldn't

"Not quite. Squared off and knocked me into the middle of next week, and then picked me up and threw me over the fence into the street. Blamed deceiver, he was Had muscle like an ox, and he put up his dukes just as handy as Sullivan. Say, stranger, did he black both my eyes?"—De-troit Free Press.

Mission Dolores

"What is your mission here, sir!" asked the old man, with a frown.
"I am on three missions, sir," replied the

"Well, what are they?" inquired the old man impatiently. "Per-mission to marry your daughter, ad-

ion to your family circle and sub-mission to the regulations of your household."

"Ugh!" grunted the old man, who was something of a joker himself. "I have one little mission to offer before I conclude any

arrangements with you."
"Name it," cried the poor young man eagerly. "I will only be too glad to perform it."

Dis-mission!" shricked the old man with

a loud, discordant laugh, and the poor young man fell dead at his feet.—Washington Critic.

I asked her if she'd take a stroll, She said she didn't care. I asked her if she'd take my arm,

I saked her if she'd take my arm,
She said she didn't care.
I carelessly remarked "How warm!"
She said she didn't care.
"Lot's take the opera in," said I,
She said she didn't care.
"What seats do you prefer I'd buy?"
She said she didn't care.
"What seats do you prefer I'd buy?"
She said she didn't care.
"Ob, do I wake, or do I dream!"
She said she didn't care.
"Oh, will you be my boany bride?"
She said she didn't care—to have
More than one husband at a time.
—Minnespolis Tribus

"Johnny," said his mother, "I don't want you to play with that little Brownjones boy any longer, do you hear?" "Yes'm," said Johnny. "Now, don't let me hear of you disobeying

"No'm," said Johnny, dutifully; "but I may fight him, mayn't I, if I want to?"—Punch.

Following the Old Lines. Smith-I notice that the telegraph line men take the advice of the old philosophers in

Smith—They begin at the bestom and work up.—Boston Courier.

Louise-Does your father approve of your

engagement!
Lily—Oh, yes; papa thinks George real
smart. In fact, he pinched papa in a wheat
deal last week.—Chicago Heraid.

How He Lost Her.



A HUNGER STRIKE.

Compelling the Governor of a Siberies

Prison to Consider Grievances. In his Siberian series in Century Mr. George Kennan gives the following account of a prison revolt among the exiles: A few days later—about the middle of July—all the rest of the state criminals were brought back to the political prison at the Lower Diggings, where they were put into new and much smaller cells that had been made by erecting partitions in the original kameras in such a manner as to divide each of them into thirds. The effect of this change was to crowd every group of seven or eight men into a cell that was so nearly filled by the sleeping platform as to leave no room for locomotion. Two men could not stand side by side in the nar-row space between the edge of the platform and the wall, and the occupants of the cell were therefore compelled to sit or lie all day on the plank nares without occupation for either minds or bodies. No other reply was made to their petitions and remonstrances than a threat from Khalturin that if they did not keep quiet they would be flo; ged. With a view to intimidating them Kl alturin even sent a surgeon to make a physical examina-tion of one political, for the avowed purpose of ascertaining whether his state of health was such that he could be flogged without endangering his life.

This was the last straw. The wretched state criminals, deprived of exercise, living under "dungeon conditions," poisoned by air laden with the stench of excrement buckets, and finally threatened with the whip when they complained, could endure no more. They resolved to make that last desperate protest against cruelty, which is known in Russian prisons as a "golodofka," or "hunger strike." They sent a notification to Maj. Khalturin that their life had finally become unendurable, that they preferred death to such an existence, and that they should refuse to take food until they either perished or forced the government to treat them with more humanity.

No attention was paid to their notification, but from that moment not a mouthful of the food that was set into their cells was touched. As day after day passed the stillness of death gradually settled down upon the prison. The starving convicts, too weak and apathetic even to talk to one another, lay in rows, like dead men, upon the plank sleeping platforms, and the only sounds to be heard in the building were the footsteps of the sen-tries, and now and then the incoherent mut-

On the fifth day of the "golodofka" Maj. Khalturin, convinced that the hunger strike was serious, came to the prison and asked the convicts to state definitely upon what tern they would discontinue their protest. They replied that the conditions of their life wer unbearable, and that they should continue their self starvation until the excrement buckets were taken out of their cells; until they were permitted to have books and to exercise daily in the open air; until they were allowed to direct the expenditure of their money for better food and better clothing than they were furnished by the government, and until he (Khalturin) gave them a solemn assurance that none of them should be flogged.

The commandant told them that the talk about flogging was nonsense; that there never had been any serious intention of resorting to the whip, and that, if they would end their strike, he would see what could be done to improve the material conditions of their life. Not being able to get any positive assurances that their demands would be complied with, the prisoners continued the "golo-

On the tenth day the state of affairs had become alarming. All of the starving men were in the last stages of physical prostration, and some of them seemed to be near death. Count Dmitri Tolstoi, the minister of the interior, who had been apprised of the keep a "skorbnoi leest," or "hospital sheet," setting forth the symptoms and conditions of the strikers, and to inform him promptly of any marked change. Every day thereafter a feldsher, or hospital steward, went through the cells taking the pulse and the temperature

of the starving men.
On the thirteenth day of the "golodofka" Maj. Khalturin sent word to the wives of all political convicts living in the Lower Dig-gings that they might have an interview with their husbands—the first in more than two months—if they would try to persuade them to begin taking food. They gladly assented, of course, to this condition, and were admitted to the prison. At the same time Khalturin went himself to the starving men and assured them, on his honor, that if they would end the hunger strike he would do everything in his power to satisfy their de mands. The entreaties of the wretched heart broken women and the promises of the commandant finally broke down the resolu-tion of the politicals, and on the thirteenth day the first and most obstinate hunger strike in the history of the Kara political prison came to an end.

Although the name of Edgar A. Poe is seen in the papers often enough to keep his memory alive, and to promote lively discussion concerning the manner of his life and death, yet public interest in him is so slight that few people visit his grave, in Baltimore, in the graveyard of the Westminster Presbyterian church, at Fayette and Green streets, one of the busiest sections of the city. Poe's monu-ment, erected through the efforts of the school teachers of Baltimore, can be easily seen from the street, and it is a significant sign of the rtness of public memory, that thousands of Baltimoreans—so says a writer from Bal-timore—have never turned aside to visit Poe's grave.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The English Language in Paris. More books and magazines in English are read now in Paris than at any previous pe-riod in the history of the country. If within a hundred years French was the language of diplomacy, Paris is beginning to acknowledge what Voltaire to his death denied, that English can be the language of thought. A few years ago it would have been as impossible to hear English spoken in the high precincts of Parisian cultivation as for Sir Thomas More and Erasmus to have conversed in German instead of Latin. Now English may be heard everywhere in Paris, and Mme. Carnot entertains Lady Lytton in her guest's vernacu-lar,—New York Tribune.

Tennyson's Tribute to Horace. Lord Tennyson told Mr. Edmund Gosse not long ago that he attributed his command of metrical language mainly to the thorough acquaintance which he enjoyed from early youth with the "Odes of Horace." His father insisted upon his reciting on successive morn-ings the whole of the four books of the "Odes" without a break. "Horace was my master," said Lord Tennyson, "Horace and Keats."— New York Star.

Some one has recommended the application of a thick solution of gum arabic to burns as being the best application that can be made. It relieves the pain almost immediately and the process of healing goes on under it rapidly. Many years' observation confirm the value of the remedy.—Medical Summary. His Complexion Was Against Him.

Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Persia, is one of the favorites in Washington society, and he is very fond of going out and calling on the ladies, and is always most hespitably received wherever he goes. That is, almost always, for an experience he had last Sunday afternoon proved that he was not as cordially received at one house as has been his wont in the past. Ghooly Khan started out with the purpose of making a round of calls. It is his custom to pay his respects to the ladies of the fashionable world on Sunday the same as on week days. Sunday being an extremely pleasant day, his landau was not brought into use. He walked from his residence on M street to Massachusetts avenue, in the neighborhood of Fourteenth street, where the objects of his first call resided. Walking up the stone steps in an indolent fashion, he reached the door and rather timidly touched the electric bell. After lingering some moments the servant appeared, and before Ghooly Khan could utter a word she shouted out: "The ladies are all busy and cannot be bothered with you now." "Well," said the minister, completely non-plused, "there must be a mistake; take in my card."

"Oh! don't worry them now," answered the servant, not allowing him to finish his sentence. "They are all about going to dinner and don't care for any one to see them at this time-you'd better come again in the morning; and the side door is always the

handlest place for such as yez to call." The minister waited for no more. The rebuff he had received at the hands of the unruly servant completely paralyzed him. He made no more calls that day, and had about concluded that he had had a sufficient dose of

American society.

The ladies of the house soon learned of the "horrible" manner in which their distinguished caller had been received, and they at once made heroic and happily successful efforts to have the affair settled on a basis satisfactory not only to themselves but to the distinguished envoy from Teheran. - New

A Tragedy.

The vigilantes had just captured a noted gambler, and, leading him to a convenient ree, were about to string him up. The Victim (despairingly)-Pity me for my

mother's gray hair! [They bind him hand and foot.] The Victim (beseechingly)-Twelve thouand dollars if you spare my life!

[They fit the noose about his neck.] The Victim (earnestly)-The title to the richest gold mine in the west! [They selze the rope and prepare to haul

im up.]
The Victim (confidently)—Say, boys, let me off, and I'll show you how to hold four aces every time! The Vigilantes (in chorus)-Unbind him-

for his mother's sake—pity—too bad to hang—such a thorough gentleman. [They kneel before the gambler.] Tableau.—Yale Record.

"Was going up on the car the other night," e said, "and met a friend on the platform. Had a big package under his arm. Offered him a cigar. He took it. Didn't know till he got off that he had four boxes under his arm. What do you think of that?" "Rather odd."

"Should smile to ripple! Made a mistake, however, and gave him a cigar that was loaded. Had it loaded to blow my brother's head off.

"And it exploded?"

"Becher life! Maybe you have seen a man out riding with no eyebrows and his nose done up in a rag. Same man. Never speak to me again. So long."-Detroit Free Press.



Caller-Isn't Sub-Rosa a rather pecul ame for a servant, Mrs. Lightfootf Mrs. Lightfoot-Yes; her name is Rosa

and we've added the prefix. Caller—Oh, I see, because you are all under the Rose.—Life.

She Knew Her Place. Omaha Housewife-Now, Bridget, I want to be real kind to you and treat you like one of the family, but I want you to remember your place. Don't try to do as I and my daughters do.

Bridget—No, indade, mum! I never had much bringin' up, but I've too much sinse for that.—Omaha World.

Cheap Refrigerating.

Ice Dealer—Shall I leave ice for you this

season, as usual, Mr. K. !

Mr. K.—No; I have been neglecting my social duties lately, and shall be able to get through the summer without ice, I think.— Burlington Free Press.

Spring Poet (handing a roll of paper to the editor)—There, sir, I think there's some stuff in that poem.

Editor (glancing at it)-There is, indeed, my boy. It's all stuff. Good morning .-Easily Fixed.

Waiter-Ahem, sir, you have forgotten to

Broker—Oh, yes, your tip. I had forgot-ten. Buy A. H. and Q. preferred at 28 and sell at 40.—Exchange. The Invariable Rule. .

The first impulse of a boy with a new watch is to assure himself that none of its 175 parts are missing. - Jewelers' Weekly

The Truth of the Matter Once a pleasure loving Teuton put his Sunday go
to — suit on, and he started for a frolic in
the much neglected zoo.

Gazed with speechless satisfaction upon every
rare attraction, and he wondered when 'twas

over what he next had better do But his moment's indecision was arrested by a

vision, and at once the other creatures seemed comparatively crude.

Twas that gratis exhibition of conceit and inantion, that from poverty of language we are forced to call a "Dude."

But the Teuton, unacquainted with the genius, nearly fainted, could that be a human being so unusually shaped?

"Hi!" he yelled, the seven sleepers must have opened up their peepers, "Got in himmel, vere's der keeper for der mongkey half eggaped."

—Philadelphia Press.

The Wrong Man Hanged Perry Thrall, who has just died in Macon City, Mo., confessed a crime for which an-

was hanged. In 1864 William Vandeventer and his wife murdered at their home, a few miles from Florida, a small town north of here. Bill Duly, a colored man, was suspected, ar-rested, tried and convicted, and hanged in Paris, Monroe county, a few months after the murder. Thrall, on his deathbed, confessed the crime, together with others in dif-ferent parts of the country. Duly accounted for his presence at the Vandeventer residence in this way: He said that some one of the party to the murder had told him to meet them there, and they would pay him a sum of money indebted to him. On his arrival there he discovered that the real object was to shoulder on him the deed, and right well they succeeded. After the killing, and the murderers had fled, Duly went into the house and placed the old lady, who was not quite dead, on the bed, and he, too, went away. The old lady died a day or two later, and was barely able to tell her friends that a negro man had come into the house and laid her on the bed. Duly was suspected, arrested, brought to her bedside and recognized.

Thrall was a daring character and committed many depredations. In 1865 he and a companion, now living, dashed into a movers' camp in Monroe county, and with drawn revolvers forced the party to disgorge all the money in their possession. The wife of one of the movers was so badly frightened that she gave premature birth to a child, from the effects of which she hung between life and death for months.

Thrall was arrested, together with his pal, at the home of the brother-in-law of the latter, a highly respected man. They were fully recognized by the movers as the men who robbed them, and were placed in jail at Paris. Both were sent to the penitentiary for the robbery, and Perry was set to work in the painting department. Here he developed considerable talent, and soon gave signs of becoming a landscape artist and portrait painter, which he turned to good use after being liberated.

While in Texas on a raid Thrall, it is said. found out that four negro soldiers had been paid off by the government. He followed them to the outskirts of the town and killed all four and took their money.

It is said that Thrall in his confession implicated two respected citizens of the state in the Vandeventer murder.—Kansas City

A Tame Wasp.

Some tribes of insects are "domestic enough, but this is far from saying that they are welcome, and, in fact, of all living objects of research those of the entomologist yield the fewest "pets." Every one to his taste, how-ever, and Reason has a correspondent who can love a wasp, and speak an appreciative word for it.

Some time ago, he says, I experimented quite thoroughly with some of these little fellows, and could not but admire their scrupulous cleanliness and remarkably good

One which I called my "pet wasp" plainly evinced his delight when he was allowed to lie in the palm of my hand, while I stroked him with the fingers of the other hand, almost as one would stroke a cat. He did sur prise me once by stinging me, but I am convinced it was purely accidental.

The next time you have an opportunity, eatch a wasp as he makes his morning toilet, and if you do not fall in love with the little fellow for his neatness, his grace and his gen-eral good behavior, it must be because you are jealous of his accomplishments

A Polyglot Monument.

In the village of Court Saint Etienne, Brabant, a Belgian has erected a monument to all religions. The Romans first put the idea of a Pantheon into form, although the fellowship of all faiths was recognized by the Greeks in many ways, and even by the Egyptians and Hindoos. This Belgian monument is forty feet high, of two stories and a cupola. The four facades in French, Greek Sanskrit and Egyptian characters give the famous old saying, "The one has many names." On the outside of the columns are carved the monogram of Jesus; the name Allah in Arabic; that of Odin in Scandinavian, or Runic; the Greek invocation at Delphi, "Thou art;" the sacred monosyllables of Hebrews, Brahmins, Chaldeans and Chinese; and as symbols are to be seen the hammer of Thor, the thunderbolt of Jove, the sacred flame of the Parsees, and the Buddhist wheel of the law. Some one says it is rather a tomb than a monument.—Globe-Democrat.

Same as the King. Louis XI of France once took it into his head to visit the kitchen and see what was going forward. He there found a little fel-low, about fourteen years of age, busily en-

gaged in turning the spit with roast meat.
The youth was handsomely formed and of
so engaging an appearance that the king
thought him entitled to some better office than the humble one which he filled. Accosting him Louis asked whence he came, who he was, and what he earned by his occupation. The turnspit did not know the king, and replied to his interrogatory without the least embarrassment: "I am from Berny; my name is Stephen, and I earn as much as the king." "What, then, does the king earn!" rejoined Louis. "His expenses," replied Ste-phen; "and I mine." By this ingenious answer he won the good graces of the monarch, who afterward promoted him to the situation of groom of the chamber.—San Francisc

Beverage for Consumptives. There is a Tartar drink called "Kefer, which much resembles "Koumiss," well known as an admirable beverage for consumptives and others suffering from wasting ases. Dr Levy tells how a very good imitation of it may be made. His method is as follows: Freshly prepared sour milk is briskly shaken up and then placed in a soda water bottle, together with 2 per cent. of sirup. The mixture is well corked and kept in a warm place for three or four days. At the end of that time a most agreeable effer-vescing beverage is obtained by uncorking. the bottle. It contains some 2 per cent. of alcohol. If required for use more speedily, a few drops of lemon juice should be added to the sirup.—Boston Herald.

Danger in Artesian Wells.

There are some who are of the opinion that an ample supply of good water could be ob-tained by sinking artesian wells in the city of Philadelphia, or near it. It should not be forgotten that the artesian wells made in this city by persons who intended to use and supply the water as a beverage were closed by our health department because a thorough investigation proved at the water so pro-cured could not be used with safety. It appeared that the water taken from the wells had not escaped contamination from the waste and sewage of a large population set-tled for many years on the surface of the soil.—New York Times.

"Have you felt slippers?" inquired an old lady in a shoe store. The clerk, who was new at the business and rather young, an-swered solemnly: "Yes, ma'am, many a For Late Styles and Immense Satisfaction.

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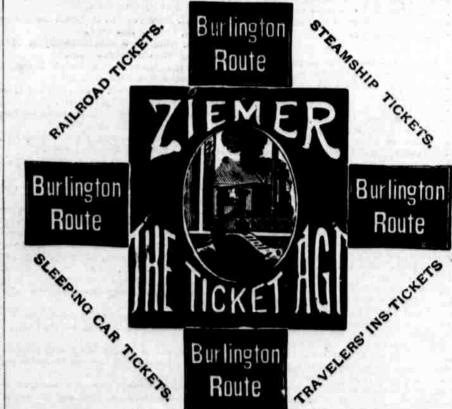
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