OU will be my wife, Louise? And you will wait for me until I return, will you not, my darling? Surely, your father will give his consent to our marriage when he realizes how dearly you love me!"

Charlie Miller's voice was full of earnestness. He was standing in a secluded corner of the veranda of the Hotel Eastman, at the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas, with the girl he loved at his side. She lifted her dark eyes to his handsome face, and in their true depths he read the sweet secret of her love. He drew her closer to his heart, and his dark head was bent, while his soulful eyes gazed into hers.

"I do not know," she murmured. "I will tell you the truth, Charlie. I fear opposition. Papa has set his heart on my marrying Mr. Day—Mr. Davenport Day, and I—I—hate him!"

"But surely, darling," the young man interrupted, hopefully, "your father will consent when he sees that your happiness is at stake?"

"You do not know my father," she sighed. "He is very stern and set in his ways. And you do not know Davenport Day. By the way—you have never met him, Charlie!"

"No! and I do not care to. Louise, that man shall never take you from me—I swear it!"

Then, after a brief pause, during which the lovers were perfectly happy, he went on:

"So! our pleasant sojourn at the Hot Springs is nearly over. I am ordered South for my health, and you—will remain here until——"

"Until papa decides to move on," she interrupted, smilingly. "You know, he and I are birds of passage, this spring. Why, we may even reach New Orleans, yet—your objective point!"

"I wish you would!" exclaimed the young man enthusiastically. "Fancy the happiness of meeting you there, Louise! And so our happy time here is over."

"Oh, yes, and, by the way, Charlie, I have taken Davenport Day's photograph!"

"Yes?"

"You see, dear," Louise went on, persuasively, "he left the day you arrived here; and I took a snap-shot at him while he stood at the depot, waiting for his train. He will be back soon, and oh, how I dread it! Papa thinks there is no one like him, and he is rich and influential, and he seems so certain that I will be his wife. I fairly hate him!"

"Where is his picture?" demanded Miller, a little savagely.

"Ah, dear! I have never taken the trouble to develop it," she cried. "I'll tell you, Charlie, since you are going away to-morrow, I will develop the photograph, and forward it to you, so that you may see the face of your rival—ahem!" throwing her arms about his neck with a pretty little gesture, which plainly told the young banker that he had nothing to fear from Davenport Day.

Then followed a tender farewell, for Charlie was to leave on the early morning train, and Louise would not be able to see him again.

The lovers had hardly left the secluded corner of the veranda, when, from the shadow just below, a tall, dark figure crept forth. A man with a red face, dark eyes and hair and

ATTACKED FROM BEHIND.

mustache; the general aspect of a stage villain—Davenport Day. His face was darkened with anger, and he shook his fist in the direction which the young people had taken.

"So!" he muttered, harshly, "that is my rival! The young man from Chicago had better beware, for Davenport Day is not an easy one to baffle. I must marry that girl! Her father is worth a couple of millions and I need them. Ah! my fine Chicago boy, you had better look out, for your little game is not won yet—not much! He must be put out of the way. It will not be impossible. He has never seen me, and he must not see my photograph. Confound that kodak! It has caused me trouble enough; but I'll conquer yet!"

It was on a fair April morning, when a cab rolled up to the St. Charles hotel, in the quaint old city of New Orleans, and a young man alighted. Entering the hotel he registered his name: Charles F. Miller, Chicago, Ill. Almost the first person he encountered was an old friend, Bruce Hayes, who was traveling with a dramatic company.

"Halloa," old boy!" cried Bruce, who was a genial fellow. "I'm glad to see you. I want to introduce to you an acquaintance of mine, who has just arrived and is doing the Crescent City. You and he ought to know each other!"

"Very well!" returned Charlie Miller. So, a little later, the introduction was accomplished, and Miller found himself in company with a tall, dark man, who answered to the name of Burton Dalton. He was extremely clever and agreeable, and Charlie found as the days went by, that time passed in his society very pleasantly. But Charlie was vaguely uneasy. He was conscious of certain strange and curious circumstances. He was followed everywhere, when alone, by a man whose face he could never see, try as hard as he might. Once late at night, while passing down Royal street, he was suddenly attacked from behind by an unseen foe, who flourished a sharp knife in close proximity to the young man's heart. A vigorous outcry from Charlie brought the police to the rescue, but the would-be assassin was gone. The police warned Charlie to be on his guard, especially in certain streets; and then he called a cab, and was driven back to the St. Charles, his mind full of conflicting emotions.

Another thing troubled him beyond words. In all the time he had been in New Orleans, he had not received one letter from Louise, not a line, nor the expected kodak picture—nothing.

Late one night Charlie Miller was awakened to find some one in his room. A tall figure with a masked face was bending over his open trunk, hastily turning over its contents. With a stifled cry Charlie sprang up in bed; but the thief dashed wildly past him, and was out of the room in an instant. No traces were found of the thief, and upon investigation, Charlie discovered to his surprise, that none of his valuables were missing; nothing but a package of kodak pictures, which were yet to be developed.

Saturday night, the twenty-eighth of April, came, and Charlie invited his friend Dalton to accompany him to the St. Charles theater. The play was unsatisfactory, and between the second and third acts Dalton excused himself for a few moments, and left the theater. He went straight to the St. Charles hotel, and going to the office, inquired for mail for Charles F. Miller, and received a letter and a small package. At sight of the package, his face grew dark.

"That accursed kodak picture has come at last!" he muttered. "And now Miller will recognize me; for I have never disguised myself, trusting to do my work and get away before it was too late. In vain have I tried to put him out of the way. He is ever on the alert, and though he does not suspect me, he is on the lookout for his hidden foe. To-night is to see the end. I have arranged all. We are to drink in Miller's room after the theater; his drink will be 'doctored,' and he will not live an hour. No one will suspect me, as I have an excellent disguise in readiness, and will ship on board a certain little craft, which will be far away from here before morning."

These murderous thoughts were rushing through his mind—the horrible purpose to remove his rival forever from his path, that he might win the girl who would—did he but know it—never be coerced into marriage, when hasty footsteps fell upon his ears, and turning swiftly, he saw before him—Charlie Miller.

Burton Dalton dropped the stolen mail upon a table, and stood glaring wildly at the unexpected apparition of Miller upon the scene. But Charlie's quick eyes had caught sight of his own name upon the package, and, with a swift bound, he possessed himself of it, and tore it hastily open. A small package of kodak pictures, which Louise had neatly developed, and the one on top was the picture of Davenport Day.

A cry of surprise fell upon the silence, and, turning, Charlie Miller beheld Louise Stewart in company with her father. With outstretched hands, she rushed to his side.

"Oh! Charlie! Charlie!" she cried. "I have never had a letter from you since you left me at Hot Springs, and I was so sure that you were ill, I persuaded papa to come on here! I know now who intercepted our letters; I have found him out; it is that horrible Davenport Day—and, why! Charlie—there he is now!" And her indignant eyes rested upon Burton Dalton's wrathful face, who saw that his game was up.

All at once the cry of "fire" arose upon the night. The St. Charles hotel was wrapped in flames from dome to basement. It had broken out so suddenly, and must have been burning so long, that there was no hope.

In the midst of it all, the horrible conflagration, the shrieks and groans, and mad excitement, Davenport Day beheld his rival holding Louise close to his heart, making mad haste through the horrors of the scene out to safety. With a wild execration, the villain turned swiftly, and plunged into the flames. It is not known whether he meant to sacrifice his own life, or whether, bewildered by the discovery of his attempted crimes, and maddened by the awful scenes around, he lost control over his own actions, but it is certain that he perished in the burning building, and was seen no more.

Over his bad past Louise and her lover, now happily united—for her father no longer opposed the marriage—have agreed to drop the veil of forgetfulness. They are happy, and so we will leave them.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL OF "PROSPERITY" AND SUICIDE STATISTICS.

One of the "Results" Which "Prove the Capacity and Wisdom of the Republican Party For Meeting Financial Difficulties."

[Special Correspondence.]

According to the annual police report, there were in 1898, 673 cases of suicide in New York city. * * * The police gave aid in 526 cases of attempted suicide, but that was not the total number of such cases, as 606 persons were arrested for trying to kill themselves, of whom 255, or nearly half, were women.—New York Press.

The foregoing shows that in the year 1898 at least 1,279 people in New York city found life so intolerable that they tried to escape it.

Men and women of America, what have we done to make such a hell of this great country that to get out of it 1,279 people in one city in one year risk the other hell of fire and brimstone which is said by some theologians to await those who end their own lives? There is no effect without a cause. What is the cause of this misery?

At about the time these suicide statistics were published in The Press another paper in New York said editorially:

The safety of the republic does not depend upon Democratic vagaries or pretences, but upon the strength and well defined purpose of the Republican party. That party has given the country a period of unexampled prosperity. It has led the country through another war with signal success and glory. It has met financial difficulties with such courageous reliance upon its convictions that the results are a proof of its capacity and wisdom. It has, with the millions, the incalculable advantage that it carries the flag and stands for the honor of the nation.

Are these two quotations related to each other? Yes. Politicians, "prosperity" and suicide are very often cause and effect. It is not assumed that all the people who attempted suicide in New York last year did so because of direct financial distress. Other causes were sometimes added to these. But who reads the papers and does not know that "out of work," "couldn't find employment," "did not want to be a burden," etc., are the most frequent causes given for suicide? And these do not take into account that indefinable depression, arising from a general feeling of insecurity and fear of losing a job, which aggravate other causes.

What and when is this "period of unexampled prosperity" which the Republican party has "given the country?" Is it now? What are the "results" which "prove the capacity and wisdom of that party for meeting financial difficulties?" Must not these 1,279 suicides be counted among the "results?"

What "boots the safety of the republic" to the man or woman going through the agony that precedes the destruction of that strongest of all instincts—self preservation? What to them is "the honor of the nation?" What care they who "carries the flag?"

This long and ghastly army of suicides march before us, examples of "unexampled prosperity" and "results" of Republican financiering. Only this part of the picture is not given by the "prosperity howlers."

It is not easy to see why the Republican party should claim so much credit (?) for the present condition of affairs. Has this administration obeyed the money power more faithfully than did the preceding one, called Democratic? Did not Cleveland show the same "courageous reliance upon his convictions" and meet "financial difficulties" in the same way—by issuing bonds? Did he not, to maintain the gold standard, issue $262,000,000 worth of bonds, on which the people, in their 30 years' bondage, must pay $314,400,000 and still owe the original debt of $262,000,000? So far as meeting "financial difficulties," a Cleveland Democrat and McKinley Republican are the same.

This story may be old, but it is new to me and seems to illustrate the point in hand: A California man asked another man if he had ever seen two things exactly alike. The other man thought he never had. The California man said he had. The other man asked what they were, and the answer was, "A Cleveland panic and McKinley prosperity."

Let newspapers say what they will, from no country truly prosperous would so many people flee at the cost of their lives. Not long ago a note going the rounds of the papers stated that "fully 2,500 persons commit suicide in Russia every year." We deplore "the horrors of Siberia" and look on "the tyranny of the czar" as things which make life intolerable in Russia, but in one year in this country under the Cleveland regime 6,600 persons were reported as suicides. Judging from New York, this "period of unexampled prosperity," in which the Republican party boasts of "the results of its capacity and wisdom," will show a still larger percentage.

In the closing chapter of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote as follows: "This is an age of the world when nations are trembling and convulsed. A mighty influence is abroad surging and heaving the world as with an earthquake. And is America safe? Every nation that carries in its bosom great and unredressed injustice has in it the element of this last convulsion."

These words, written with reference to chattle slavery, apply with tenfold force to the injustices of today which enrich some beyond all possible need and impoverish others beyond all possible endurance. We are still suffering terrible retribution for the wrongs inflicted on the helpless victims of those old slave days; what will come upon us if we persist in a course which drives to a miserable death so many of the victims of wage slavery?

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

LAUGH AT THE IDEA OF IT.

Hastings People Do Not Believe Viola Horlocker was Hypnotized.

The report coming from Jacksonville, Ill., to the effect that Viola Horlocker claims to her physician that she has no recollection of events for several days preceding the day in which the attempt to murder Mrs. Morey was made, nor for several days thereafter; that she has no remembrance of making such an attempt, and that if she did it was at the suggestion of a stronger will than her own, is looked upon with considerable amusement by the people of Hastings who are so familiar with every phase of the case. The idea that Miss Horlocker was suffering from hypnotic influence is a recent creation. Judge Ragan, leading counsel for Miss Horlocker, says that the report is all news to him; that no such claim has ever been made by any of Miss Horlocker's attorneys, and that there was nothing in it whatever. He stated further that no attempt would be made to dispose of the case by feigning that the defendant was insane, but that she would go to trial in the plea of not guilty, and the case would be fought on the ground that she never committed the crime with which she is charged. The judge further promised some sensational developments when the case comes up.

Safe Robbed of $100

Between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon the safe of Eldredge & Gilbert, commission merchants at York, was robbed of $100. The safe was not locked, and is is evident that person who did the job knew of its being generally left in this condition. The safe was uninjured except the wooden drawers, which were pried open. Not long since the safe in O. Froid's shoe store was tapped in a similar manner, by the safe door being unlocked, but no money was secured

Badly Hurt.

At Grand Island Saturday evening while engaged in unloading from a wagon a 6,500 pound boiler, George Broadwell, a contractor, was seriously injured, the heavy weight rolling over him. His body was pressed between the boiler and the plank leading to the factory and pressed into the space of the three cross planks, about five and three-quarter inches. Five ribs were broken near the spine and two short ribs fractured, yet he is doing well this morning, and if no inflammation sets in it is expected he will recover.

May Cost a Life.

At Nebraska City Fred Kramer, a five-year-old boy, was taking home a small wagon load of corn husks from the canning factory, when in some manner he was run over by a heavy wagon loaded with corn. The wagon ran over his foot, which pulled him under the wheels, which passed over his head and arm, partially crushing his skull and paralyzing his arm. It is doubtful if he recovers. No blame is attached to anyone.

Barn Struck by Lightning.

The large barn of Rudolph Umbland, near Eagle, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Mr. Umland was fortunate in getting all of his horses out. The barn, several set of harness, several tons of hay, and various articles were burned. The entire loss will probably be about $1,000, with partial insurance on the building and hay.

Sleeps on the Track.

An unknown man was found crushed to death under the wheels of a switch engine in the Rock Island yards at Fairbury shortly after midnight Saturday night. But little is known of him other than that his name is Jack McDonald, and that he had been employed on the Rock Island steel gang that is operating in this vicinity.

Aged Surgeon Injured.

Dr. E. H. Bartlett, a veterinery surgeon who has been in Wyoming looking after the stock in one of Kilpatrick Bros. & Collins grading camps, was brought to Hastings recently suffering from a broken hip-bone. He was injured last Thursday by being kicked by a horse.

Settling with the State.

County Treasurer Lloyd Monday remitted $22,000 to the state treasurer at Lincoln to take up a portion of a $50,000 issue of Otoe county bonds held by the state. Mr. Lloyd had previously taken up $10,000 if this issue and expects to cancel $15,000 more before the close of the year.

Suffers a Broken Leg.

Dick Lane, a farmer living south of Exeter had the misfortune to have his left leg broken below the knee while returning home. His team ran off a culvert and into a ditch.

Loses a Finger.

A young son of Richard Meredith got his hand caught in the cog wheels of a clothes ringer, and lost the greater portion of one finger.

Woman Swallows Poison.

Mrs. Belousek, living south of Humboldt took poison a day or two ago with suicidal intent, but prompt action on the part of the family in securing medical aid, saved the woman's life. Family trouble is the alleged cause of the act.

Talking of New Creamery.

The subject of a creamery at Table Rock is being strongly agitated, and, if the proper encouragement is shown to the enterprise, it will become an assured fact.

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TRUTH AND OTHER THINGS

The roses do not smell as sweet;
The pulse does not as strongly beat,
Life is not as near complete—
The next day after.

The world is not so full of woe;
The skies a little brighter grow;
Silas doesn't seem so slow;
The second day after.
—Papillion Times.

Sugar Making in Old Mexico.

It has often been wondered at that Mexico, with a climate admirably adapted to sugar raising, has never entered into competition with the United States. Official figures show that the republic of Mexico is now producing annually about 80,000 tons of sugar, all made from cane and with the most primitive machinery. It is all consumed at home. Figures which are also official show that Cuba produces annually a million tons of sugar, or twelve times more than is produced in Mexico, and on one-fifth the number of plantations. The reason advanced for this difference is that Cuba employs modern methods of machinery, while Mexico does not. There is no likelihood that Mexico will come into the sugar market as an exporter for a great many years. Cuba, however, will develop with great rapidity in the manufacture of sugar, and under American direction her factories are expected to almost double their output within a decade. Mexico cannot hope to be a formidable rival in the sugar producing industry until she discards her old custom of manufacture and adopts at least some of the modern labor-saving appliances.

A Parisian Skirt.

Long skirts are denounced as so inconvenient for walking that Dame Fashion, sensible woman that she is—at times—has decided to make a virtue of necessity and retain round skirts. By round skirts are meant those that barely touch the ground in the back. Demi-trains are retained for ceremonious calls made in a carriage, and the long train is used only for dinner and evening receptions. This renders superfluous all the various more or less complicated systems of dress-lifting which have been offered to the feminine public within the last few months. All that is needed is a single large button and a button-hole tab inside the skirt, by means of which the back breadth can be raised somewhat when the state of the pavements demand it; and skirts being scanty about the top, there is no appreciable addition to the bulk at the waist. The short street costumes of cloth or camel's-hair which are coming into favor again are composed of a plain skirt reaching to the instep, finished with rows of stitching around the bottom, and a tight-fitting jacket of the same material with wide sleeves. The last remnants of drapery still cling to skirts in the "movements" which dressmakers give them by cross folds on the hips on either side or on both sides, which prevent a clinging skirt from too sharply defining the figure.

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$1 Ayer's Hair Vigor	75c
75c Boschee's German Syrup	50c
50c DeWitt's One Minute Cough Syrup	35c
$1 Malted Milk	50c
$1 Kemp's Balsam	75c
50c Shiloh's Consumption Cure	35c
$1 Peruna	50c
$1 S. S. S.	50c
$1 Emulsion Cod Liver Oil	75c
$1 Beef Iron and Wine Tonic	75c
25c Griggs' Glycerine Salve	14c
25c Gray's Tea	10c
$1 Miles' Nervine	75c
$1 Paine's Celery Compound	75c
$1 Kilmer's Swamp Root	75c
35c Cascarets	25c
$1 Pierce's Favorite Prescription	75c
25c Best Tonic	20c
All Other $1 Patent Medicines	50c
All Other 50c Patent Medicines	45c
All other 25c Patent Medicines	20c
Fine Machine Castor Oil, per gallon	25c
Fine Machine Lubricating Oil, per gal	25c
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