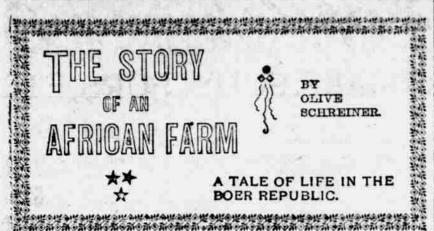
November 16, 1899.



(Continued From Last Week.]

"No; it never seems se to me," she answered.

The sun had dipped now below the hills, and the boy, suddenly remembering the ewes and lambs, started to his feet.

"Let us also go to the house and see who has come." said Em as the boy shuffled away to rejoin his flock, while Doss ran at his heels, snapping at the ends of the torn trousers as they fluttered in the wind.

CHAPTER III. "I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN."

As the two girls rounded the side of the "kopje" an unusual scene presented itself. A large group was gathered at the back door of the homestead.

On the doorstep stood the Boer woman, a hand on each hip, her face red and fiery, her head nodding fiercely. At her feet sat the yellow Hottentot maid, her satellite, and around stood the black Kaffir maids, with blankets ously. "Tant' Sannie is not wholly twisted round their half naked figures. 'Two, who stamped mealies in a wooden block, held the great stampers in him, which he mistook for one of surtheir hands and stared stupidly at the prise, he added quickly: 'Ah, yes, yes, object of attraction. It certainly was not to look at the old German overseer, who slood in the center of the group, that they had all gathered together. His salt and pepper suit, grizzly black beard and gray eyes were as familiar to every one on the farm as the red gables of the homestcad itself, but beside him stood the stranger, and on him all eyes were fixed. Ever and anon the newcomer cast a glance over his pendulous red nose to the spot where the Boer woman stood and smiled faintly.

"I'm not a child," cried the Boer woman in low Cape Dutch, "and I wasn't old face. born yesterday. No; by the Lord, no! You can't take me in! My mother didn't wean me on Monday. One wink of my eye, and I see the whole thing. I'll have no tramps sleeping on my farm!" cried Tant' Sannie, blowing. "No, by the devil, no, not though he had 60 times six red noses!"

There the German overseer mildly interposed that the man was not a tramp, but a highly respectable individual, whose horse had died by an accident three days before.

"Don't tell me!" cried the Boer woman. "The man isn't born that can take on the hearth, and it cast its ruddy me in. If he'd had money, wouldn't glow over the little dingy room, with he have bought a horse? Men who its worm eaten rafters and mud floor Rome's priests, seducers! I see the ous little place, filled with all manner devil in his nose!" cried Tant' Sannie, of articles. Next to the fire was a shaking her fist at him. "And to come walking into the house of this Boer's child and shaking hands as though he came on horseback-oh, no, no?" The stranger took off his hat, a tall battered chimney pot, and disclosed a boots, bits of harness and a string of bald head, at the back of which was a little fringe of curled white hair, and he bowed to Tant' Sannie. "What does she remark, my friend?" he inquired, turning his crosswise looking eyes on the old German. The German rubbed his hands and hesitated.

Dutch people de not like those whe are not married."

"Ah." said the stranger, looking tenderly at the block, "I have a dear wife and three sweet little children, two lovely girls and a noble boy."

This information having been conveyed to the Boer woman, she, after some further conversation, appeared slightly molistied, but remained firm to her conviction that the man's designs were evil.

"For, dear Lord," she cried, "all Englishmen are ugly! But was there ever such a red rag nose thing with broken boots and crooked eyes before? Take him to your room!" she cried to the German. But all the sin he does 1 lay at your door."

The German having told him how

matters were arranged, the stranger made a profound bow to Tant' Sannie and followed his host, who led the way to his own little room.

"I thought she would come to her better self soon," the German said joybad-far from it, far." Then, seeing his companion cast a furtive glance at we are all a primitive people here-not very lofty. We deal not in titles. Every one is Tanta and Oom-aunt and uncle. This may be my room,' he said, opening the door. "It is rough; the room is rough-not a palace, not quite. But it may be better than the fields, a little better." he said, glancing round at his companion. "Come in, come in. There is something to eat, a mouthful, not the fare of emperors or kings, but we do not starve, not yet," he said, rubbing his a pleased, half nervous smile on his

"My friend, my dear friend," said the stranger, seizing him by the hand, "may the Lord bless you, the Lord bless and reward you-the God of the fatherless and the stranger. But for you I would this night have slept in the fields, with the dews of heaven upon my head."

Late that evening Lyndall came down to the cabin with the German's rations. Through the tiny square window the light streamed forth, and without knocking she raised the latch and entered. There was a fire burning are thieves, liars, murderers, and broken, whitewashed walls, a curigreat tool box; beyond that the little bookshelf with its well worn books: beyond that, in the corner, a heap of filled and empty grain bags. From the rafters hung down straps, "reims," old onions. The bed was in another corner, covered by a patchwork quilt of faded red lions and divided from the rest of the room by a blue curtain, now drawn back. On the mantelshelf was an endless assortment of little bags and stones, and on the wall hung a map of south Germany, with a red line drawn through it to show where the German had wandered. This place was the one home the girls had known "My dear friend," said the stranger, for many a year. The house where Tant' Sannie lived and ruled was a place to sleep in, to eat in, not to be happy in. It was in vain she told them they were grown too old to go there. Every morning and evening found them there. Were there not too many golden memories hanging about the old place for them to leave it? Long winter nights, when they had sat round the fire and roasted potatoes and asked riddles and the old man had told of the little German village where, 50 years before, a little German boy had played at snowballs and had carried home the knitted stockings of a little girl who afterward became Waldo's mother, did they not seem to see the German peasant girls walking about with their wooden shoes and yellow, braided hair and the little children enting their suppers out of little wooden bowls when the good mothers called them in to have their milk and potntoes?

THE NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT.

rolled together as a scroll and the stars shall fall as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs and there shall be time no longer, "when the Son of Man shall come in his glory and all his holy angels with him." In lower and lower tones they would talk till at last they fell into whispers. Then they would wish good night softly and walk home hushed and quiet.

Tonight, when Lyndall looked in Waldo sat before the fire watching a pot which simmered there, with his slate and pencil in his hand. His father sat at the table buried in the columns of a three weeks' old newspaper, and the stranger lay stretched on the bed in the corner, fast asleep, his mouth open, his great limbs stretched out loosely, betekening much weariness: The girl put the rations down upon the table, snuffed the candle and stood looking at the figure on the bed. "Uncle Otto," she said presently, laying her hand down on the newspaper and causing the old German to look up over his glasses. "how long did that wan say he had been walking?"

"Since this morning, poor fellow! A gentleman, not accustomed to walking -horse died-poor fellow!" said the German, pushing out his lip and glancing commiseratingly over his specta cles in the direction of the bed where the stranger lay, with his flabby double chin and broken boots through which the flesh shone.

"And do you believe him. Uncle Ot to?"



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walked for only one day, his boots would not have looked so, and if"-"If!" said the German, starting up in

his chair, irritated that any one should doubt such irrefragible evidence. "If! Why, he told me himself! Lock how he lies there," added the German pathetically, "worn out, poor fellow! We have something for him, though," pointing with his forefinger over his shoulder to the saucepan that stood on the fire. "We are not cooks - not French cooks, not quite-but it's drinkable, drinkable, I think, better than nothing, I think," he added, nodding his head in a jocund manner that evinced his high estimation of the contents of the saucepas and his profound satisfaction therein. "Bish, bish, my chicken!" he said as Lyndail tapped her little foot up and down upon the floor. "Bish, bish, my chicken! You will wake him."

He moved the condle so that his own head might intervene between it and the sleeper's face, and, smoothing his newspaper, he adjusted his spectacles to read.

The child's gray black eyes rested on the figure on the bed, then turned to hundred miles to look at her! Often the German, then rested on the figure again.

"I think he is a liar! Good night. Uncle Otto," she said slowly, turning to the door. Long after she had gone the German folded his paper up methodically and

put it in his pocket. The stranger had not awakened to

partake of the soup, and his son had fallen asleep on the ground. Taking two white sheepskins from the heap of sacks in the corner, the old man doubled them up and, lifting the boy's head gently from the slate on which, it rested, placed the skins beneath it. "Poor lamble, poor lamble!" he said,

tenderly patting the great rough bearlike head. "Tired, is he?"

He threw an overcoat across the boy's feet and lifted the saucepan from the fire. There was no place where the old man could comfortably lie down himself, so he resumed his seat. Opening a much worn Bible, he began to read, and, as he read, pleasant thoughts and visions thronged on him. "I was a stranger, and ye took me

in." he read. He turned again to the bed where the sleeper lay.

"I was a stranger."

Very tenderly the old man looked at him. He saw not the bloated body nor the evil face of the man, but, as it were, under deep disguise and fleshly conceniment, the form that long years of dreaming had made very real to him. "Jesus, laver, and is it given to us, weak and sinful, frail and erring. to serve thee, to take thee in?" he said softly as he rose from his seat. Full of loy, he began to pace the little room. Now and again as he walked he sang the lines of a German hymn or muttered broken words of prayer. The little room was full of light. It appeared to

"Believe him? Why, of course I do. the Duke of Sutherland was bornbrought me to my mother. 'There is only one name for this child,' she said. 'He has the nose of his great kinsman,' and so Bonaparte Blenkins became my name-Bonaparte Blenkins. Yes, sir.' said Bonaparte, "there is a stream on my maternal side that connects me with a stream on his maternal side." The German made a sound of astonishment.

"The connection," said Bonaparte, "is one which could not be easily comprehended by one unaccustomed to the study of aristocratic pedigrees, but the connection is close."

"Is it possible?" said the German, pausing in his work with much interest and astonishment. "Napoleon an Irishman!

"Tes." said Benaparte, "on the mother's side, and that is how we are related. There wasn't a man to beat him," said Bonaparte, stretching himself. "not a man, except the Duke of Wellington. And it's a strange coincidence," added Bounparte, bending forward, "but he was a connection of mine. His nephew, the Duke of Wel-

lington's nephew, married a cousin of mine. She was a woman! See her at one of the court balls-amber satin, daisles in her bair! Worth going a

seen her there myself, sir!" The German moved the leather thongs in and out and thought of the strange vicissitudes of human life

which might bring the kinsmen of dukes and emperors to his humble room

Bonaparte appeared lost among old memories.

"Ah, that Duke of Wellington's nenhew" he broke forth suddenly. "Many's the joke I've had with him. Often came to visit me at Bonaparte Hall. Grand place I had then-park. conservatory, servants. He had only one fault, that Duke of Wellington's nephew," said Bonaparte, observing that the German was deeply interested in every word. "He was a coward, what you might call a coward. You've never been in Russia, I suppose?" said Bonaparte, fixing his crosswise looking

eyes on the German's face. "No, no," said the old man humbly. "France, England, Germany, a little in this country-it is all 1 have traveled." "I, my friend," said Bonaparte, "have been in every country in the world and speak every civilized language excepting only Dutch and German. 1 wrote a book of my travels-noteworthy incidents. Publisher got it-cheated me out of it. Great rascals, those publishers! Upon one occasion the Duke of Wellington's nephew and I were traveling in Russia. All of a sudden one of the horses dropped down dead as a doornail. There we were-cold nightsnow four feet thick-great forest-one herse not being able to move sledgenight coming on-wolves.

'Spree!' says the Duke of Wellington's nephew.

"'Spree, do you call it?' says I. 'Look out.'

"There, sticking out under a bush, was nothing less than the nose of a the German that Obrist was very near bear. The Duke of Wellington's nephhim and that at almost any moment | ew was up a tree like a shot. I stood the thin mist of earthly darkness that quietly on the ground, as cool as

the handkerehief to his pocket. "Ingratitude-base, vile ingratitude-is recalled by it. That man, that man, who but for me would have perished in the pathiess wilds of Russia, that man in the hour of my adversity forsook me." The German looked up. "Yes," said Bonaparte. "I had money, I had lands. I said to my wife: 'There is Africa, a struggling country. They want capital; they want men of talent; they want men of ability to open up that land. Let us go.'

"I bought £8,000 worth of machinery -winnowing, plowing, reaping machines. I loaded a ship with them. Next steamer I came out, wife, children, all. Got to the Cape. Where is the ship with the things? Lost-gone te the bettom! And the box with the money? Lost-nothing saved!

"My wife wrote to the Duke of Wellington's nephew. 1 didn't wish her to. She did it without my knewledge.

"What did the man whese life I saved do? Did he send me £30,000; say. Bonaparte, my brother, here is a crumb?' No; he sent me nothing.

"My wife said, 'Write.' I said: 'Mary Ann, no; while these hands have power to work, no; while this frame has power to endure, no. Never shall It be said that Bonaparte Blenkins asked of any man.""

The man's noble independence touched the German.

"Your case is hard; yes, that is hard," said the German, shaking his head.

Bonaparte took another draft of the soup, leaned back against the pillows and sighed deeply.

"I think," he sald after awhile, rousing himself, "I shall now wander in the benign air and tast - the gentle cool of the evening. The stiffness hovers over me vet. Exercise is beneficial."

So saying, he adjusted his hat carefully on the bald crown of his head and moved to the door. After he had gone the German sighed again over his work:

"Ah, Lord! So it is! Ah!"

He thought of the ingratitude of the world.

"Uncle Otto," said the child in the doorway. "did you ever hear of ten scars sitting on their tails in a circle?" "Well, not of ten exactly, but bears do attack travelers every day. It is nothing unheard of." said the German. 'A man of such courage too! Terrible experience that!"

"And how do we know that the story is true, Uncle Otto?"

The German's ire was roused.

"That is what I do hate!" he cried. "Know that it is true! How do you know that anything is true? Because you are told so. If we begin to question everything-proof, proof, proof-what will we have to believe left? How do you know the angel opened the prison door for Peter except that Peter said so? How do you know that God talked to Moses except that Moses wrote ft? That is what I hate!"

The girl knit her brows. Perhaps her thoughts made a longer journey than the German dreamed of, for, mark you, the old dream little how their words and lives are texts and studies to the generation that shall succeed them. Not what we are ta what we see, makes us, and the child gathers the food on which the adult feeds to the end. When the German looked up next, there was a look of supreme satisfaction in the little mouth and the beautiful eves.

"Ah-well-ah-the-Dutch-you know-do not like people who walkin this country-ab"

laying his hand on the German's arm. "I should have bought myself another horse, but crossing, five days ago, a full river, I lost my purse-a purse with £500 in It. I spent five days on the bank of the river trying to find it -couldn't; paid a Kaffir £9 to go in and look for it at the risk of his lifecouldn't find it."

The German would have translated this information, but the Boer woman gave no car.

"No. no! He goes tonight. See how he looks at me, a poor, unprotected female! If he wrongs me, who is to do me right?" cried Tant' Sannie.

"I think," said the German in an undertone, "if you didn't look at her quite so much it might be advisable. She-ah-she-might-imagine that you liked her too well-in fact-nh"-

"Certainly, my dear friend, certainly." said the stranger. "I shall not look at her."

Saying this, he turned his nose full upon a small Kaffir 2 years of age. That small naked son of Ham became instantly so terrified that he fled to his mother's blanket for protection, howling horribly.

Upon this the newcomer fixed his eyes pensively on the stamp block, folding his hand on the head of his cane. His boots were broken, but he still had the cane of a gentleman.

"You vagabonds se Engelschman!" said Tant' Sannie, looking straight at him.

This was a near approach to plain English, but the man contemplated the block abstractedly, wholly unconscious that any autagonism was being displayed toward him.

"You might not be a Scotchman or anything of that kind, might you?" suggested the German. "It is the English that she bates."

"My dear friend," said the stranger. "I am Irish, every inch of me-father Irish, mother Irish. I've not a drop of English blood in my veins."

"And you might not be married, might you?" persisted the German. deeper speculations-of the times and PREWITT - - 1214 0 STREET

And were there not yet better times than these - moonlight nights, when they romped about the door, with the old man, yet more a child than any of them, and laughed till the old roof of the wagon house rang?

Or, best of all, were there not warm, dark, starlight nights, when they sat together on the doorstep, holding each other's hand, singing German hymns, their voices rising clear in the still night air, till the German would draw away his hand suddenly to wipe quick-Is a tear the children must not see? Would they not sit looking up at the stars and talking of them--of the dear Southern Cross; red, fiery Mars; Orion, with his belt, and the Seven Mysterious Sisters-and fall to speculating over them? How old are they? Who dwelt in them? And the old German would say that perhaps the souls we loved lived in them. There, in that little, twinkling point, was perhaps the little girl whose stockings he had carried home, and the children would look up at it lovingly and call it "Uncle Otto's star." Then they would fall to seasons wherein the heavens shall be

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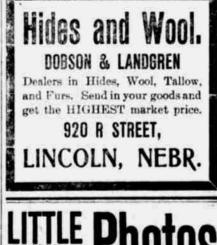
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which the friends at Emmaus, beholding it, said, "It is the Lord!"

Again and yet again, through the long hours of that night, as the old man walked, he looked up to the roof of his little room, with its blackened rafters, and yet saw them not. His rough bearded face was illuminated with a radiant gladness, and the night was not shorter to the dreaming sleepers than to him whose waking dreams

brought heaven near. So quickly the night fled that he looked up with surprise when at 4 o'clock the first gray streaks of summer dawn

showed themselves through the little window. Then the old man turned to rake together the few coals that lay under the ashes, and his son, turning on the sheepskins, muttered sleepily to know if it were time to rise.

"Lie still, lie still! I would only make a fire," said the old man.

"Have you been up all night?" asked the boy. "Yes: but it has been short, very

short. Sleep again, my chicken. It is yet early."

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

CHAPTER IV.

BLESSED IS HE THAT BELIEVETH. Bonaparte Blenkins sat on the side of the bed. He had wonderfully revived since the day before, held his head high, talked in a full, sonorous voice and ate greedily of all the viands offernow and again as he watched the finmud floor before him mending the bottom of a chair.

doorway looking at a book. Then he he smoothed the little gray fringe at

the back of his head and began: "You are a student of history, I permade evident to me."

"Well-a little-perhaps-it may be," said the German meekly.

"Being a student of history, then," 'you will doubtless have heard of my great, of my celebrated, kinsman, Napoleon Bonaparte?"

"Yes, yes," said the German, looking up. "I, sir," said Bonaparte, "was born at

this hour on an April afternoon three and fifty years ago. The nurse, sirshe was the same who attended when

2 POLY STATE OF WELL POLY

clouded his human eyes might be with- am this moment, loaded my gun and drawn and that made manifest of climbed up the tree. There was only one bough. "'Bon,' said the Duke of Welling-

ton's nephew, 'you'd better sit in front.'

"'All right,' said I, 'but keep your gun ready. There are more coming." He'd got his face buried in my back. "'How many are there? said he. "'Four,' said L.

"'How many are there now?' said

"'Eight,' said I. "'How many are there now?' said

he. "'Ten.' said I.

he.

""Ten, ten! said he, and down goes his gun.

"'Wallie,' I said, 'what have you done? We're dead men now.' "'Bon, my old fellow.' said he, 'I couldn't help it, my hands trembled 80!"

"'Wall,' said I, turning round and seizing his hand, 'Wallie, my dear lad, goodby. I'm not afraid to die. My legs are long; they hang down. The first bear that comes, and I don't hit him. off goes my foot. When he takes it, I shall give you my gun and go. You may yet be saved, but tell, oh, tell Mary Ann that I thought of her, that I prayed for her!"

"'Goodby, old fellow!" said he, "'God bless you,' said L

"By this time the bears were sitting in a circle all round the tree. Yes." said Bonaparte, impressively fixing his eyes ed him. At his side was a basin of on the German, "a regular, exact cirsoup, from which he took a deep draft cle. The marks of their tails were left in the snow, and I measured it aftergers of the German, who sat on the ward. A drawing master couldn't have done it better. It was that saved me. If they'd rushed on me at once, poor

Presently he looked out, where, in old Bon would never have been here to the afternoon sunshine, a few half tell this story, But they came on, sir, grown ostriches might be seen wander- systematically, one by one. All the ing listlessly about, and then he looked | rest sat on their tails and waited. The in again at the little whitewashed first fellow came up, and I shot him; room and at Lyndall, who sat in the the second fellow-I shot him; the third-I shot him. At last the tenth raised his chin and tried to adjust an came. He was the biggest of all-the imaginary shirt collar. Finding none, leader, you may say.

"'Wall,' I said, 'give me your hand My fingers are stiff with the cold. There is only one bullet left. I shall ceive, my friend, from the study of miss him. While he is eating me you these volumes that lie scattered about get down and take your gun, and live. this apartment. This fact has been dear friend, live to remember the man who gave his life for you!" By that

time the bear was at me. I felt his paw on my trousers.

"'Oh, Bonnie, Bonnie!' said the Duke said Bonaparte, raising himself loftily, of Wellington's nephew. But I just took my gun and put the muzzle to the bear's ear. Over he fell-dead!"

Bonaparte Blenkins waited to observe what effect his story had made. Then he took out a dirty white handkerchief and stroked his forehead and

more especially his eyes. "It always affects me to relate that adventure," he remarked, returning

"What dost see, chicken?" he asked. The child said nothing, and an agonizing shriek was borne on the afternoon breeze.

"O God, my God, I am killed!" cried the voice of Bonaparte as he, with wide open mouth and shaking flesh, fell into the room, followed by a half grown ostrich, which put its head in at the door, opened its beak at him and went away.

"Shut the door! Shut the door! As you value my life, shut the door!" cried Bonaparte, sinking lato & chair, his face blue and white, with a greenishness about the mouth. "Ah, my friend," he said, tremulously, "eteralty has looked me in the face! My life's thread hung upon a cord! The valley of the shadow of death!" said Bonaparte, seizing the German's arm.

"Dear, dear, dear," said the German, who had closed the lower half of the door and stood much concerned beside the stranger. "You have had a fright. I never knew so young a bird to chase before, but they will take dislikes to certain people. I sent a boy away once because a bird would chase him. Ab. dear, dear!"

"When I looked round," said Bonaparte, "the red and yawning cavity was above me and the reprehensible paw raised to strike me. My nerves." said Bonaparte, suddenly growing faint, "always delicate, highly strung, are broken, broken! You could not give a little wine, a little brandy, my friend?"

The old German hurried away to the bookshelf and took from behind the books a small bottle, half of whose contents he poured into a cup. Bonaparte drained it eagerly.

"How do you feel now?" asked the German, looking at him with much sympathy.

"A little, slightly, better."

The German went out to pick up the battered chimney pot which had fallen before the door.

"I am sorry you got the fright. The birds are bad things till you know them," he said sympathetically as he put the hat down.

"My friend." said Bonaparte, holding out his hand, "I forgive you. Do not be disturbed. Whatever the consequences, I forgive you. I know, I believe, it was with no ill intent that you allowed me to go out. Give me your

hand. I have no ill feeling, none!" "You are very kind." said the German, taking the extended hand and feeling suddenly convinced that he was receiving magnanimous forgiveness for

(Continued next weeek.)