The Drunkard

FARNUM ST. JOHN,

mine. See what the will says:

to the use of my said son, Stephen." | tions. I hurry by.

favoritism. But my father, Stephen L. times of the trains, I have no fear of not the heart to attempt its improved drove on. 'No, we haven't,' I groaned. Warren, sr., knowing Gerald's failings, their approaching me unawares. 'As usual the old rascal has secured bequeathed his property in this way, By and by, I have the feeling that have I the ability. For I am still

had laid aside and we tried to keep know no more. him with us. Nellie did not want him . for fear-! How careful he had to be. nothing. At my right is a thicket of

Yand she was charming enough with him, I noticed) and I added my persua- way. But I know that house! That is had not seen the frowns. He thought every entrance. farm and so he walked down the road toward the village. Nellie wanted me find it covered with hair. What is this? to go with him; but I was too busy to I never wear a beard. Have I been take him myself and I did not want asleep? Is this some Rip Van Winkle him to take one of my horses, because illusion? And my clothes-they are drunkerds sometimes do such incon- my old-no, someone gave them to me. weniencing things. So I stayed at home. Who? Steve Warren, my brother, and I suppose I could have gone with him I am-I-I-am Gerald, the Drunkard! and kept close watch over him. But I hate to act as a bodyguard and to this realization and the agony of it. have people notice me. Besides, Ger- I sit up and, as by instinct, my hand ald is not the most prepossessing person and I feel ashamed when I am and closes around a bottle. Although

heard stories of his having obtained tiful to my eyes. But that convulsive liquor at one of the Hillside saloons clutching is at my throat again. My end of his leaving the place minus his jaws are set; my cheeks are affame; cost and vest-I guess he gad no money my eyes are half closed. I pour the with which to pay for what he drankand then he was seen leaving the With music ringing in my ears; with town. I suppose he is tramping about. as is his custom, and I suppose he will with heaven just at hand-I forget that come back this way in a week or two or a month and we will do just the same things again. We have gone veranda and the lamp throws a bright through this little program many

Gerald Warren used to be the wittiest, handsomest boy in that township. stands his wife, Nellie, holding the He was everyone's favorite. Old and lamp with one hand and with the other young liked Jerry Warren-all except on his arm. They are talking-I canmy father, who had little patience not hear their words. He kisses her: to like him; but I do not now. He and hatred; she is weeping. Then he hates me and loves Nellie, He was once walks down the path, and until the my rival and people say that he was gate at the road is closed, the light given more encouragement than I, and streams out into the night and she that, had it not been for his dissipa- stands there, her face sad, but ilren instead of Mrs. Stephen L. Wartactory and often under protest.

my wife seems to like him so return, demn h m. There is much coolness be-

ess gallant Heigh-ho! Well, I have determined to go to the and I run until I can run no longer. the hearing of this petition. Mr. Daly wants me to be there and so I trise early in order to catch the morting trans to Wolverton. Nellie is up, occarding up as Gerald. God spares my life and are pures a little breakfast for the morting up as Gerald. God spares my life and reason and, this afternoon. I am lying in my room, weak and woefully bandage. The whole terrible dream is still in my mind. I am aroused by a step near the bed. I cannot see and their manner that neither objected to being with the other. They did not know of his approach.

I was afraid to declare myself, said the other Man, supremely ignorant of the fact that every word was overwhear the lamp and it lights and makes it look. The bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. Take the bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. Take the bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. Take the bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. They did not want to be a step near the bed. I cannot see and the Other Man, supremely ignorant of the fact that every word was overwhear the lights and makes it look. They did not want to be a step near the bed. I cannot see and the Other Man, supremely ignorant of the fact that every word was overwhear the lights and makes it look. They did not want the other manner that neither objected to be in fact that every word was overwhear the leave and neck turn hot under the lamp and it lights and makes it look. The bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. The bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. The bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. The bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. The bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. The bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. The bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. The bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. The bandage from my eyes, please and makes it look. The bandage from my eyes, please and the other manner that neither objected to be bandage in the bandage from my eyes. county seat, Wolverton, to be present

weeping. I feel ill at ease and often your eyes." look back as long as the house is vis- "Then I am blind," is my agonized ible. But it is quite cark yet in the cry. I hear her softly weeping. According to the letter and the spirit early morning and I soon lose sight of After a time, I ask her to read to me.

to the undisputed possession of the the acquisition of the coveted eighty other things, I hear this: tract of land, eighty acres in extent, acres. Now I am passing it. It is a "Mr. Gerald Warren, younger son tener he appeared to be a fluent and adjoining my own property, of like forlorn place—all weeds and under- of the late Stephen L. Warren, sr., unconscionable liar, yet when you came dimensions. I have long gazed at it brush. How beautiful my own well former owner of Tanglewood, died at to scrutinize any of his statements with covetous eyes; but they shall be cared for farm is, in contrast with this St. Luke's in Wolverton, where he was closely it was impossible to catch him covetous no longer. The land shall be jungle. I have scarcely set foot on removed last Saturday. He never rein the slightest deviation from the "Fifth—I hereby give and bequeath asked Gerald to do something toward vulsions."

"One to my son, Stephen L. Warren, that developing it. But he has been too "He was nearly twenty-five years of certain eighty acres of land known as deeply in debt and in liquor. I have age and, but for his fatal addiction to often offered to help him; but be has the liquor habit, would, with his ac- morning while driving down the road Sixth-I hereby give and bequeath savagely declined such offers. The land complishments and abilities have made with a friend we happened to encounto my son, Gerald G. Warren, that cer- has been a source of trouble between a mark in the world." tain eighty acres of land known as us and its dark and forbidding aspect | She reads on, and another paragraph | Uncle Bob,' I said, 'that was a pretty the South Tanglewood Farm, in trust is not brightened by these recollec- is noticeable:

take proper care of the part bequeathed half a mile of walk to the station. The far been unsuccessful. to him, for he is but the trustee of my deep cuts or elevated banks indicate The eighty acres adjoining Tangleestate. You will say the will is barsh- the undulations of the country and the wood are still covered with rank ly drawn and that it shows marked road turns right and left. Knowing the growths of weeds and brush. I have at last,' chuckled my friend as we

as he naturally wished it kept in the someone is following me. I look back blind and always shall be. I try to be hands of his descendants and not along the track, yet dim in the morn- patient under my burden; sometimes wasted. I never squander anything; ing light, but no one is in sight. There I think it greater than I can bear. that is why I am rich. Gerald is poor are so many turns in the road that I Like Cain of old, I cry out, "Am I my because he squanders everything, cannot see the track more than a hun- brother's keeper?" Perhaps on my Whatever harshness appears in the dred yards from where I now am. Al- sightless eyes, God has placed the the roadside, and here and there it was will is there by reason of the unfitness though I am brave, the chill of heart mark of murderer. of Gerald to take charge of any of the that comes to me is appalling. Alone, property. People call him Gerald, the the world asleep, I begin to fear. Walk Drunkard. He is younger than I-not ing swiftly on, my boots clicking on quite twenty-five years old. But he the ties, I am soon lost in half relooks like an old man. His youth has morseful, half determined thoughts gone to waste and his manhood prom- and, only when I hear labored breathing, do I turn quickly around and see A whole year has gone by and Ger- a man within twenty yards of me with ald has not yet entered upon the prop- upraised hand in which is a club. He erty left to him. "Have I seen him in is running toward me. Fright takes that time?" Oh, yes: I saw him a possession of my limbs and I cannot month ago. In fact, he appeared at our escape. Helpless I await him. His door one morning, all rags, dirt and club is descending and his breath all misery, and Nellie (Nellie is my wife. liquor-laden is on my face and his evil We have been married three years.)- bloodshot eyes are those of a devil and Nellie, I say, somewhat against my in- his face is that of Gerald and I hear clinations, prepared a room and bed his words, "How I hate you!" and see for him and I gave him an old suit I a flutter of white up the track and cheerful smile and silent acquiescence

He stayed with us that day and night current bushes; there is a tree; here is and next morning he was quite him- a clump of grass. Farther off, is a self and we were very glad. But, house and there are lights in some of face. Then she smiled again. The and sacrificing to it even her children's along that afternoon, or the next, he the lower windows. Still farther off, raid he would go to town and he went. I see the low line of sky just beginning frown another smile. although we did not want him to, and to turn gray. I lie here, dazed, waiting for the morning. How I came here Nellie tried a hundred little devices I do not know. It will soon be day of his embarrassment. He had seen sions; but he had a strange look in his my-no-does it not belong to me? only of the months that had passed eyes and he said he was tired of the Who am I? A horrible strangling draws my hand to my throat and I -well, Gerald was a crunkard and so old and worn. They are some of

I am now thoroughly aroused by goes to the inner pocket of my vest it is so dark I can hardly see, yet the lquor that the bottle contains is beauam Gerald, the Drunkard

See! The door is opening on the glare on the gravel walk and the lilac bushes near by. A man, my brother, Steve Warren, steps out and there with his rollicking boy. I, too, used I shudder with a spasm of jealousy tions, nothing stood in the way of lumined gazing after her husband Nellie's becoming Mrs. Gerald G. War- Then the door closes and I am here crouching, listening. Presently it opens ren, jr. This tends to make me cherish again and she peers out, as though the same feelings for him which he hoping to see him returning. Then, stertains for me. I suppose my char- half mad with what I have seen and bleness and patience are rather per- with the fiery liquid in me, I spring forward and am by her side. She is nother thing which serves to keep terribly frightened and screems so this tense feeling is the fact shrilly that I fear he will hear her and gan to enjoy the game of smiles and

bout him. I am a cold, practi- you? What are you crying for " These cal n an and I dislike to see a man and a dozen like incoherent questions spoil is life and it makes me writhe I pour into her ears. Then, hurriedly, to take his part when I con- she tells me where Stephen is going and I understand all his plan. The on Gerald's account. And he man I hate is going to steal my land. knows of the trouble and it makes I will kill him. I run down the walk ness. In fact it was a cozy little chat him sneer and we clash on the most and wrench off a picket from the trivial sub acts. However, I conceal fence. I see a hundred hands pointing my feeling; and I think they feel from every turn in the road and they worse about the matter than I do. all point in the direction of my all point in the direction of my Nellie does to think I ought to have brother. As I run by my farm, I hear joy. George's long absence from such this eighty a was which was left to a voic crying "Kill him!" I am soon Gerald, and with I show her the copy on the railroad track and I see him of the will and ; our tout the paragraph | shead of me, walking swiftly with head that gives me the beneficial ownership down. But I am swifter and I almost sioned remark. Not a few kindly in the property, and the one provid- laugh at his helplessness. I am close friends twitted him about his repre ing that it shall swert to me in case to him now and he looks around. He hensible attempt at monopolization and of his death, she tells me I have is rooted to the spot. My club will one or two seriously advised him to be no right to the fart and that I would crush him like a shell. My speed, as generous and "give someone else a rob a defenseless min of his portion. I bear down upon him, is irresistible. But I am firm and I have had my at- With a cry of wild delight at the suctorney. Mr. Daiy, proper a petition cess of my chase and with demoniacal reviving old acquaintances and joking, to the county court, a king that I be strength, I bring the heavy picket flirting and dancing as though the sucallowed possession of the property, on down on his head with all my might the ground that, as true too, he is not and he sinks to the ground and I spurn taking proper care of my state. Nel- him where he lies. There is a wom-lie, knowing of my plan, is in sorrow an coming toward us running along the and bitterness and we are not very track and I drop my weapon and, companionable. We used to be quite vaulting the fence at one side of the when he looked about for her she was reptimental and romantic in the old track, run like the wind. A thousand not to be found. A number of friends days; but lately she is so cold and writhing shapes and torments are with noticed this and whispered. It was formal and I presume I am, too, and me now and they whisper "He is dead! late and thinking that she had gone Ha, ha, ha! You have killed him!

my shoulder and pleads with me. But Her voice breaks as she tells me in a I resolutely kiss her and leave her whisper, "There is no bandage over

of my late father's will, I am entitled it. I pluck up my spirits thinking of She reads some local news and, among

By the terms of this will, I am the I soon come to the crossing. The day of the Tanglewood farm, is reported real or beneficial owner of the entire is already breaking. I take to the rail- out of danger. All efforts to appreestate, and Gerald is bound by law to way track, as it will save me nearly hend his unknown assailant have so

ment although it is now my own; nor 'As usual the old rascal has secured

A Social Utilitarian

J. HARRY PENCE.

The strains of the Zenda Waltzes floated through the hall. Mabel Gray apparently paid little attention to what was going on, but not a thing escaped her observation. A timorous young man stepped hesitatingly to her side and stammered out a request that he be allowed the "pleasure of the dance." dismayed at his own boldness, but a to his request made his face radiant. She noticed this and smiled again. She had also noticed the other man across It is night. I remember and know ment in her direction and the frown

George Powell was an excellent dancer and during the waltz lost much well, she had deigned to notice that he He could scarcely believe it, but while he was lost in the thought the sweet voice of his partner added another con-

"It has been a long time since we have seen much of you and this seems like old times. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

'Oh, nowhere. That is, I have not been away. I've been working hard,

"It's so like you to separate yourself from your friends and let your busiess monopolize you. You will be an old man before you reach middle age. did care for the frivolities of life. Still I suppose you have reaped the reward of diligence and devotion to duty?" He was silent some moments and

hen with more than a touch of significance in his voice he replied:

She understood perfectly and with consummate tact, changed the subject. He was not diplomat enough to return to it and another partner claimed her for the next dance, but the sun had He had known the Other Man for a Now, to see him annoyed was full rethe shrine of his divinity and he be-

Soon after the dance he was again at her side and she was as gracious as be, very much interested in his busithey had before they were again intereasional frowns from across the hall.

ty and others claimed his attention. Besides his actions had already occachance." Thus, though he hated to do cess or failure of the evening depended and conversed with.

After this penance duty he felt that he had a right to return to Mabel, but the evening had no more interest for him. He wandered aimlessly about * for a while, grumpy and disappointed,

"An old countryman I used to know when I was living in south Georgia," remarked a college professor apropos

Uncle Bob's Hailstone Story.

of sudden changes in the weather, "was in at least one respect a very remarkable character. To a casual lis-

"One day in early spring we had an unusually severe fall of hail, and next ter the old fellow at his gate. 'Well, bad hailstorm we had yesterday.' 'I "Stephen L. Warren, jr., proprietor should say it was,' he replied. 'You just oughter seed some of the stones that come down in my back yard.' 'How big were they?' I asked. 'Bout as big as small watermelons,' said he. 'Well, we've caught him in a whopper all the advantage of a fine, large lie and at the same time has adhered rigidly to the truth. Look at that vine.'

"An early watermelon wine was festooning the bottom rail of a fence by studded with minute green spheres Asia about the size of gooseberries. My Chifriend made no comment. I never tried to catch Uncle Bob again."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Arab's Parlor.

A woman traveler in Egypt is amazed at the dearth of the natives' household goods, says a correspondent of the Chicago News. There is little furniture because the Arab needs little. His life is spent out of doors, and he can sleep in any handy gutter as peaceably and His voice trembled as though he were happily as a child, while most of his meals are eaten in the open air.

In one exceptionally luxurious house, that of a charwoman, the traveler found a parlor. It was regarded as a sort of shrine by Fatima. She had that flitted for a moment across his lishment all the money she could spare wants. The visitor was shown through a broken down doorway into a squalid passage, where two rooms at either end revealed perspectives of greater squalor beyond. Children teemed from

Arrived at the holy of holies, the bered that at their last meeting she brand new Birmingham lock. Distant had, or, at least, it seemed to him that | Manchester had supplied a carpet blazing with roses and small creton curtains of brilliancy to match. Such things are in Cairo called "fellah" (vulgar), as none but fellahin are found the Muski she had captured two or -social utilitarian." three glass vases, and in them-the last touch of triumph-were artificial flow-

Chinese Superstition,

When General Grant was visiting China, Chester Holcombe, for many years secretary of the American legation at Peking, secured for him a privi-But you always were serious and never lege never before that time accorded to a foreigner, the privilege of admission into the sacred precincts of the Temple of Heaven in Peking.

Now, it is contrary to the settled bethe temple ground, under any circumstances. It is said that should a Chinese guard venture even to carry a baby girl in his arms within the forbidden lines he would probably be punished with death. Not knowing of these restrictions, a number of ladies in General Grant's party ventured to follow him when he visited the sacred edifice.

Realizing the seriousness of this action, Mr. Holcombe afterward apologized to the emperor's representative for the conduct of his countrywomen this did not disturb him a great deal. and was informed that the intrusion would be overlooked, but must be kept as secret as possible, for should the populace learn of it an antiforeign outbreak would be likely to follow. They would not forgive such a pollution of their most sacred building.-Leslie's

> To Clean and Polish a Pinno. In cleaning and polishing a piano go over the woodwork with a cloth wet maraffin oil, being generous with the oil where the woodwork is very much soiled. Let this remain two or three hours. This is to soften the dirt. Then wash with soap and water and a soft cloth, being careful not to let any water touch the works inside the piano. Use a good white or a white castile soap. Wipe dry with a soft cloth and polish with soft, old linen or chamois

leather.-Ladies' Home Journal. All His Fault. "Women beat the world."

"What's the matter now?" "When my wife wants anything pretty to wear, she hints around until I persuade her to buy it, then after she has worn it out she pitches into me for encouraging her to be so extravagant." -Chicago Record.

Dimes to Offset Dollars. "I can always tell when Harry has indulged himself in an extravagant

"He always comes bome and wants to treat me to a trolley ride."-Detroit Free Press.

Impossible. The Prosecutor-By the way, weren't you once arrested for horse stealing in Arizona? The Witness-Fer horse stealin? In

After a preacher has made a married couple one they each immediately set to work to find out which is the one. - 139 South 10th St., Between 0 & N, Kansas City Times,

dianapolis Press.



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fault. I was afraid you wouldn't speak to be purchasers of them, but poor Fa- so I employed him to bring you to tima's horrors are not yet quite cata- your senses. He did his little part very logued. From some common shop in well. In fact he was an excellent-ah

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