

IT IS EVER THUS.

At Astra, De Profundis, Keats, Bacchus, Sophocles, Aris Letus, Euripides, Spring, The Emmeides, Dead Leaves, Metempsychosis, Waiting, Theocritus, Vanitas Vanitatum, My Ship, De Gustibus, Dum Vivimus Vivamus, Sleep, Falligens, Salmir, Sursum Corda, At Mt. Desert To Miss—

SACRIFICED HIS SUCCESS.

A Great Man Throws Away His Greatest Chance.

He threw away a great chance of success and has been a happier man ever since. There is no one but myself in England now who knows exactly how it happened, and as I was thinking over it tonight—something in the papers about a clever detective in New York brought it all fresh back to my mind—it seemed to me such a queer story altogether that I think it will interest others to know it.

I must just alter one or two of the names, that's all, because it is not so very long since it happened, and it came out in one or two papers at the time, but all more or less wide of the mark. None of them had just the rights of it.

You see, no one could make out how Allan got away so easily—no one knows except my friend and I, and one man over the seas, and not even the cutest Yankee could ever guess the truth.

It is stranger than fiction, as you will find. But this is the story. I put it short enough, for writing is not in my line. I can think things out in my head and turn them over and over till there is not much left of them that has not been put through the sieve, so to speak, but when it comes to pen and ink I'm a poor hand. It means sitting down indoors for hours, and that I am not used to. No, thank heaven, I can earn my bread by some other way, or very little bread would come to me, and no chance of butter or cheese.

This is not my story at all; I mean, not about my own life. It is about a friend of mine, George Markson.

If I told you his real name, you would probably remember it at once, he was one of the best known detectives of the time. Talk about five senses, George had ten at least. He could see round a case and through a man, and into your mind almost, and tell you what you were thinking of, better than you knew yourself.

And all so quiet—you would not think he saw much, but he had seen everything at a glance and forgotten nothing. I have known him to look into a room that he had never seen before, and in the evening when we were sitting together, he would describe that room down to the maker's name on the clock, as minutely as if he were holding a picture of it in his hand at the time.

He worked on his own account, and he had constant and well paid employment, since the day he tracked the man who robbed the bank of Westminster; you may remember the case—a daring daylight robbery.

He traced him after a long search to Paris, and spotted him there as a garcon in a cafe—a good disguise, too. George was in Spain after that for a long time, and then went to Cairo, so I did not see him for more than a year. He came back with a reputation more brilliant than ever, and settled down into the same rooms he had shared with me before he left.

He was a middle aged man when I knew him, and the severe mental strain of his employment, together with home troubles, made him seem older than he was.

His wife, to whom he had been much attached, had died many years ago. His only son, too, had turned out badly, not into debt (the old story of a weak will influenced by bad companions), and then had emigrated to the gold diggings and was believed to have died there after a few more wasted years of riot and dissipation.

His father had built many hopes on his only son, and had carried about an unhealed wound caused by the bitter disappointment of all his expectations.

At the time I am writing about, I saw there was something more than usual on George's mind. He never talked about what he was engaged in, and I took care never to plague him with questions, but it happened that a chum of mine, named Miles, told me that George had missed a good clue, and that another man, named Smollett, was beginning to make a name, and was now bent on outdoing George.

drive to Holloway," he said. "Will you come?" I knew by this that he would tell me more of his errand. I rose at once. He looked at his watch. "The cab will be round in a few minutes," he said quickly. "I'll tell you what it is, Tom, if I miss this I shall give up this work altogether. I have not been very lucky lately, old man, though I have not worried you about my affairs."

"They never worry me," I began. "I only wish you—"

"I know—I know," he interrupted kindly. "You think your back is broad enough to carry my troubles as well as yours, but you shall never have mine to bother you, Tom, while you have any of your own. This is the only thing you have heard of,"—and then he went on to tell me the details of the case that Miles had referred to.

"I came across the track this afternoon," he said, "and now it's only a question of time."

He drew a deep breath of relief and threw his shoulders back. "I did make a mess of that last thing, and that makes me more keen about this. You see, there's another man," I knew he meant Smollett, who would give a good bit to get hold of this job before me, but there's not much fear of my losing it now."

He smiled as he spoke and looked more hopeful than he had done for a long time.

We said nothing more and drove off. It was a wet, cold night, and I was glad when the cab stopped and we left it at the corner of a shabby looking side street.

"Third door on the right," said George, partly to himself, "past the coal yard, over the butcher's. You wait here for two minutes, Tom; if I am not down then, you follow me. Back room on the top of staircase. My name is Tom. Don't stand in the wet. Here's a doorway to shelter in."

At the end of two minutes I was climbing quietly up the narrow, dark staircase. No sound of voices anywhere.

"Bird's flown. Bad luck to him," I thought. "Awfully hard on George, poor fellow."

I was at the top, when suddenly there came the sound, so seldom heard, of a man's voice broken by sobs, striving to speak quick and coherent.

"Ah! found it's no go, confessing his sins," I smiled to myself, and pushed the door ajar.

Ah! how could I have known George's voice, always so quiet, so self-controlled? How could I recognize him? I was at the top, kneeling on the floor, by the side of a poor, miserable bed, holding in his arms the figure of a man? A head was resting on his shoulder; his hands were smoothing back the dark hair from a thin, white face on which his own tears were fast falling.

"Come, my boy, no time to lose. You know me, Bob, dear, quick; say you know me—your father, Bob; it's only your father. You must get out of this. No one knows but me, Bob, no one will know, no one will follow you—quick, quick." And with a sob in his throat, he turned round and saw me.

He had forgotten my existence, but now seemed to think that I knew everything.

No explanation that this was his lost son, whom he had tracked to earth, and whose discovery was to bring him so much credit. No thought of the object for which he had come. The detective was not there; in his place stood a broken-hearted father, with but one thought in his mind—how best to get his unhappy son out of the reach of the law which had so nearly caught him.

heard from Markson? Oh, of course, he would be as mute as a fish. Hard lines on him, too, when he had got the whole thing as neat as could be. Went to the very house yesterday where Allan was. The man at the pub saw him go into the house. Ha! ha! what does my lord Allan do? Awfully sharp fellow! lets himself down by a rope out of a back window and goes off in Markson's own cab—not him, ha! ha! Markson is furious after him too late. Smollett is furious that he was just out of it. He found out where Allan was hiding and came on the scene a day behind the fair. Pity he did not get the chance. He'd have nailed him. Every one says that Markson has made an awful mull of it, and now the fellow has got clean away, no one knows where. Who's the best man now? You can't say much for your side, Tom."

As I watched him stride away toward the park I thought: "Yes, but thank God, Smollett did not get the chance."—The Strand Magazine.

TAKEN IN. How a Smart Officer Was Taken at His Word. President Lincoln's sage proverb relative to the disadvantage of "swapping horses in the middle of the stream" applies to many of the ordinary affairs of life. Especially should it be taken to heart by the joker who is not sure of his game. Says the war correspondent, Irving Montagu, in "Camp and Studio."

During the Russo-Turkish war, when we were on very short commons, we were one day about to do justice to a fowl which we had—well—caught, and duly cooked. On turning, we were surprised to find one of a long train of Cossack bullock-drivers, stopping and looking down at us with envious curiosity.

We began talking to him with playful badinage, rubbish which we felt, being in English, would do well enough for an illbred Muscovite. He listened to our chaff with stolid indifference, until Cooingsby, dividing the fowl, and holding up one half by the drumstick, said:

"Does the fondness of cold fowl sort in your family, dear boy? This sort of thing would suit you to a T."

In a moment, that clumsy wogor became a new man. All nervous energy and settled purpose, he sprang suddenly forward, grasped the fleshy end of that drumstick in his grimy fingers, and the next instant, had mangled it, beyond reclaim.

He had taken Cooingsby at his word, and we were left on short commons in a moment, that clumsy wogor became a new man. All nervous energy and settled purpose, he sprang suddenly forward, grasped the fleshy end of that drumstick in his grimy fingers, and the next instant, had mangled it, beyond reclaim.

Then, turning to a dog which I had not before noticed, he said: "Crunch, poor Crunch! Hungry too? Never mind, there's the bone. Make the best of it. Thank you. Good-morning. Remember, there may be Britishers in Cossack garb, as well as wolves in sheep's clothing."

A PORTUGUESE COURTSHIP. Laborious Process by Which an Acquaintance is Achieved. The Portuguese are very conservative in their ideas of the position of women in society, and they got their ideas from their Moorish masters in bygone centuries. Consequently girls lead a very shut-in life; they go regularly to mass on Sunday mornings and take occasional walks during the week, always accompanied by one or two chaperons. Young men never call at the house, and if they did would not be admitted "except on business." This strictness leaves but one way open for an interchange of sentiments, and that is the window, and it is quite the thing to make use of it. It is not considered ill-bred to stare in Portugal; a man may stare at a girl he does not know as long as he likes; he must not do so to a girl he has been introduced to unless she gives him some encouragement by returning his glances. A girl will sit at her window all the afternoon looking into the street, and her adorer from the street looks at her, and this is so much the custom that it attracts no attention from the passers-by. From looks they proceed to bows, to smiles, to a few words, then he follows her to church, finds if she is going to the theater, and goes too, serenades her with his guitar on moonlight nights, and finally an offer to her father. He is then received by the family, and allowed to come to the house in a quiet way till the wedding, and after that the young couple usually live either with her parents or with his, and the even tenor of their life continues.

HIS PRESENTS RETURNED. The Ballet Girl Went Back on Him in a Cruel Manner. He was an actor out of a job and looked so woe-begone that I stopped to speak to him.

"Had I had luck?" I asked. "Well, I should say so." "No engagement?" "No; but that doesn't bother me. I can get one easy enough when I want one."

"What's the trouble, then?" "My girl's gone back on me." "I shouldn't think that would trouble a man like you." "Oh, I don't care for the girl much, but she used me mean."

"Yes?" "She was in the ballet, you know." "Why didn't you know, but what of it?" "Why; she's returned all the presents I've given her in the past six months."

"That's good. You can use them again." "But I can't. That's what makes me mad. To think I should have wasted so much good money on presents that would never be of any more use!"

"Why, what were they?" "You won't give it away if I tell you?" "No; never." "Fourteen pairs of tights.—Buffalo Express

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The Alliance in Washington. The Farmers Alliance stands 10,000 strong to-day in the state of Washington, while lecturers and organizers are hurrying here and there, mustering willing hosts of new members into the new ranks, organizing new lodges by the score every week, and in the language of the leading papers: "The situation looks gloomy for practical politicians," consequently, we predict with a "vision clear" that the result in '92 will not turn on "how New York goes," but on how the Alliance and Grange go. Republican ring papers and corruptionists in the north very naturally swear that the Alliance move is only a trick of the Democratic party and a few "sorehead Republicans" in order to defeat the Republican party. Likewise the Democratic ring papers and corruptionists of the south wipe the perspiration from their ungenerous faces and swear and howl that it is only a scheme gotten up by Republican "carpet baggers" in the south in order to break the "solid south," and enhance their chances for office. We yell "rats," we have heard that "gag" many times before. The fact is the farmers in both north and south fully realize that their interests are common, also, that it is not only their duty to save and reap, but to reject in toto the lying words and spongy promises made to them by both the old party leaders and take hold of state and national affairs, and superintendent at least the making of such laws as will work for their enlightenment as well as to the profit of others.—Goldendale Courier.

New York's Arrogant Plutocracy. The plutocratic idea is taking a firmer hold upon the governmental departments of New York year by year. Its latest manifestation is in the management of the so-called public parks of the city. We have it upon the authority of the Commercial Advertiser that children cannot play in Central park without permits from the commissioners, which are granted only for specified days, but that nothing of the kind is required of people who drive in the parks in carriages. This discrimination in favor of the wealthy is not surprising in the case of a community that has been accustomed to worship the almighty dollar and submit to be overridden by millionaires in the Jay Gould stripe. Probably in no other city in the United States would the people submit to the exclusion of children from its parks while they remained free to the "carriage people."

The People Catching On. The people are catching on to the fact that if the party bosses believed that the people had the ability and were determined to shake off the shackles of plutocracy, and substitute a government by the people for the rule of the few, they would rush to the front in advocacy of the demands of the Farmers Alliance before sundown today, though it is 5 o'clock p. m. at this writing. The trouble is the people have submitted so long and money has ruled so easily, that these bosses have concluded that the people are incapable of extricating themselves, that their efforts will end in defeat that plutocracy will win, and these bosses desire to be on top when the smoke of battle clears away. No hope is left to the people except self-reliance, born of oppression and despair. They must fight their own battles.—Southern Mercury.

Western Advocate: A few days ago we picked up a copy of one of our county papers printed about six years ago, and in its columns we find the encouraging statement that "according to the register of deeds three mortgages have been released during the last six months for every one placed on record." About once a year for the past ten years the same item has been set afloat, and yet in the face of the assertion, which is always "according to our register of deeds" the mortgage indebtedness of the people has gradually grown larger and larger, and the number of homes sacrificed has rapidly increased in number. Why is this?

Successful Independent Meetings. HERWELL, Neb., Sept. 29, 1891. Assistant Lecturer Pratt addressed a large and enthusiastic audience at this place last Saturday September 26th. He spoke for two hours and a half, and his address was one of the best ever delivered in the county. It was duly appreciated and much enthusiasm was awakened. The people of Garfield county are in earnest and will carry the county for the independent ticket by a handsome majority.

On Monday, the 28th, Mr. Pratt and T. W. Bartley, of Burwell, addressed a meeting at Bartlett, Wheeler county. This meeting was also a very successful one, and all are enthusiastic for the independent ticket.

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