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COUNTRY PUBLISHERS CO., OMAHA. Vol. 5—No. 21—1902

A department official in Washington says that a few days ago he gave a job paying $2 a day to an old man who was a millionaire but a few years ago. The old gentleman attended the national republican convention at Minneapolis in his special car. Senators who were his guests on that trip secured the humble place for him.

At Malta 82 per cent of the parents have chosen English as the language of instruction for their children as against 18 per cent in favor of Italian.

Lord Kelvin favors the general adoption of the metric system. He said before the house committee on coinage, weights and measures that 90 per cent of the people who had ever given the matter any thought were in favor of the change, and the other 10 per cent he characterized as "stupidly ignorant."

The town of Loanhead in Midlothian, Scotland, has refused to adopt the libraries act, and consequently loses Mr. Carnegie's gift of $60,000.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Steel Magnate Schwab is to give a $100-a-plate dinner to guests in colonial costume. Ragged regiments, however, will not be in order.

Prince Henry has become so democratic since his visit to this country that it is now proposed to send him to the Reichstag as the representative of the German middle classes.

Liberal subscriptions are being made to the fund for the widow of the late ex-Governor John P. Altgeld of Illinois. Colonel William J. Bryan has given $100.

Mayor Seth Low's office, which he occupied as president of Columbia college, has been fitted up as a bibliographical museum. Rare editions, old manuscripts and papyri, besides the famous Phoenix collection of literary curiosities, are on exhibition.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of the late Potter Palmer is that he paid more taxes than any man in Chicago. It is said that he never sent his books out of town to be audited or dodged the assessor in his rounds. May his tribe increase.

The board of directors of the Charleston exposition has decided that it would be inexpedient to continue the fair longer than the time originally set, and it will accordingly be closed on the first of June. Some if its friends wished it to be continued until July 4.

The library erected at Hawarden by national subscriptions to perpetuate Mr. Gladstone's memory is rapidly approaching completion. The site is the one chosen by Mr. Gladstone himself for the temporary library in use before his last illness. It stands near the church on an eminence overlooking the Dee estuary.

The Boston committee having in charge the raising of a fund for the relief of those persons who were dependent upon the drowned Monomoy lifesaving crew, have collected $45,873 for the object and have given up the trust. They have distributed $9,587 and have turned over the balance to the Massachusetts Humane society, which will distribute it to the families of the deceased life savers at such times and in such manner as it may deem expedient.

Consul General Evans may find his experience with applicants in the pension office useful in dealing with stranded Americans in London.

Congressman Sulzer was busy writing at his desk the other day when a republican colleague came over and asked him to go to the ball game. "Sorry I can't join you. Fact is I am too busy playing the other national game."

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is good for many painful ailments; its use will surprise and delight you. 50c and $1.00 at druggists.

Kamchatka has many volcanoes, the only ones in Russian territory that are still active.

A ROMANCE OF MANY LIVES' ERRORS.

BY ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

Author "A Slave of Curcumstances," "A Bargain in Souls," "The Black Ball," "The Cruel City," "A Woman's Will," "At the World's Mercy," "The Scarlet Cypher, "The Secret of the Marionettes," &c.

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CHAPTER II.

The landlord of the Bluebell Inn of Exton was dozing in a corner of his cafe one morning, moodily meditating on the dullness of business and the appalling temperance of the natives, when he was startled by a deep voice calling out:

"Waiter, a pint of champagne!"

Mr. Peter Bowersox was on his feet, rubbing his eyes, and wondering if the voice was a part of his dreams. Not since he had started in business in that too abstemious village had any one surprised him by such an order. He looked, expecting to find a bediamonded traveler, who had strayed into his inn for want of a better, but found himself facing a small gray-bearded man, clad in a snuff-colored suit. His hands were red and knotted, he wore a shocking bad hat, while his dusty and bulbous shoes showed that he had not come in town in a carriage.

Peter thought he must have heard wrong until the order was repeated, with the pleasing addition, "Make it a quart."

Then Mr. Bowersox realized that he was confronting a pleasant reality and not a dream, and at once set down his guest as a prince traveling in disguise. It did not occur to him that princes seldom spoke with a pronounced Yankee twang.

The wine was secured from its fly-blown eminence behind the bar, where it had served for many years as an ornament. After it was duly opened, the stranger displayed his princely character when he invited the landlord to share its contents.

The stranger smacked his lips with gusto over the vile decoction of gooseberries and alhocol, to the great delight of the host, who was afraid the first taste of the beverage might be the cause of a viloent outbreak. It warmed his heart to meet with a customer so easily pleased, for the natives of the place were not very considerate of his feelings. He was a shrewd enough judge of human nature to know that the stranger was there for a purpose, so he waited respectfully to learn what it was.

"It seemed to me, as I came along that there was a great deal of excitement going on in the town for such a quiet place," began the man in the snuff-colored suit. "What's up? Some political matter on hand?" And he looked the landlord over keenly with his sharp black eyes.

"No wonder they're flyin' round like hens with their heads cut off. Ther' hain't been such doin's, I guess, since the town was started!" exclaimed Peter, who dearly loved to retail gossip.

"Ah!" And the stranger took advantage of the other's enthusiasm to drop the contents of his glass on the floor.

"There was a murder committed up to the big house. You might have pased it on the way down. Got two stun critters on the pillars on each side of the big gaet."

'Yes I passed it.'

"Ellison's wife, it seems, was walkin' in the park t'other night 'bout 10 o'clock, and she never came back alive. Was struck down right in the path near the house. Just one blow—she never spoke again."

"Bless me, what a tragedy for a quiet place like this."

"Ye may weel say so. The folks is wild. It'll go hard, I'm afraid, with the school teacher."

"What had he to do with it?" and the little man seemed to prick up his ears as if a point of interest to him had been reached.

"Well, they think he done it—and everything points that way. Ye see, the Ellison's have one child—a daughter."

"Ah," the little man pushed his glass aside, drew himself closer to the table and looked at Mr. Peter with such a piercing expression that the good landlord for a moment was speechless.

"Well, what about this daughter? Why don't you go on, man?" exclaimed the stranger.

Mr. Bowersox risked a swallow from his glass to fortify himself, made a wry face, and continued:

"The young gent what's been school teacher here for the past five years was sweet on the young lady, and them what knows says it was returned. Mrs Ellison heard of it, and was mad enough, though her husband never let on to the young man that he knowed what was up, though, of course, he couldn't help it. All the town knowed. Well, young Barnett, which the same was the school teacher's name, was pervadin' around the grounds that night. He was seen to meet Mrs. Ellison by the watchman. There was hard words between 'em, she accusin' the young man of tryin' to steal her daughter away. Jest what happened after that isn't known, but some time a'ter that a cry was heard, and when folks got on the scene they found Mrs. Ellison dead, and near by Barnett cleanin' his hands on the grass." The landlord was silent for a moment, as if to give emphasis to his words. He was astonished at the cool way in little man received his tragic recital.

"Well, that don't mean that the young man was the murderer," said the latter.

"Oh, it don't eh? Well, most of us in this here neighborhood thinks it does. And do you know that he had made arrangements to leave last night sur'ptitious-like, as they say, and had sent his trunk off, instructin' the man what carried it not to let any one know that the schoolmaster was goin' to skip. All that looks bad."

"Hum!" and the stranger for a moment drummed on the table with his stubby-red fingers. "The young man is certainly in an unpleasant position. What does he say—what is his side of the story?"

"Oh, he denies that he had anything to do with the poor lady, though acknowledgin' that they had words, and that she ordered him off the grounds. On the way out he heard this cry in the night, and, runnin' back, found her dead or dyin' on the ground."

"And what sort of a reputation does he bear in this neighborhood?"

"Oh, fust rate as far as that goes, though he never patronized me none," with rather a rueful tone in his voice. "Right smart he seemed to be. But, ye see, the mother allus was against him. Hadn't been for her he might have got the gal. Ellison, ye see, was friendly like to the last."

"Well, from what you tell me I feel sure the young man had nothing to do with the crime," said the stranger, decidedly." Perhaps it is the work of some miscreant who took advantage of his being in the grounds that night to kill her. I never heard of a young man taking such a step because his mother happened to oppose his suit. It is not common sense. Well, I must be going," and he rose and laid a piece of money on the table. "Oh never mind the change," as the landlord was counting it out. "It was worth something extra to hear such a dramatic story."

"I hope you will come again, sir."

"You might see me this evening, but I can't tell. I suppose you could put me up for a day or two."

"There's one room I think might be vacant tonight," then to himself. "And seven others if you wanted them."

"Very well, here's a dollar to hold a room for me. If I'm not here by 8 o'clock you can rent it," and he tossed a silver dollar on the table.

"You can find your way back here, I hope, sir," as the stranger was nearing the door.

"Not the least doubt of it." Then as if a sudden thought struck him:

"Where do you suppose they have held this unfortunate young man—village jail?"

"There ain't such a thing. Had one once, but as it lay empty for years it was rented to a feller what raises hens. I think Barnett is kep' in the constable's house—little gray stone cottage near the meetin'."

"Thank you—good day," and the little man disappeared through the doorway. Mr. Bowersox followed his guest outdoors and watched him go down the road at a swinging gait until he disappeared from view.

"If I was to make a rough guess I sh'ud say that was one of the young man's folks, but if he is he took the young feller's perdicament mighty ca'm like. Well, what does it matter to me anyway? I wish I had a hundred like him, that's all,'and he went back to his doze by the bar to dream of the prosperity that would come to him if his customers were all like the man in the snuffy brown suit. Meanwhile the object of his complimentary thoughts was swinging along at a brisk pace. Though small, in walking his great strength of muscle was manifest. There was nothing light or graceful in his movements, but he strode on with the clumsy power of a bull. "You landed here at the right moment," was the thought running through his mind as he made his way along, keeping a furtive outlook for the meeting-house.

"If this chap is worthy of the girl he shall have her, but first we must see about geting him free. He certainly succeeded in placing himself in a nice corner, but if she loves him we shall get him out of it."

He stepped outside to allow a carriage to pass, a handsome turnout with gold-mounted harness and sumptuous fittings. A rather handsome military-looking man with a gray moustache lolled back on the cushions. He was dressed with quiet elegance and puffed lazily on his cigar.

The little man eyed him for a moment searchingly, and then gave vent to a hoarse laugh, which the man in the carriage must have heard if the swift horses had not by that time carried him out of earshot. The little man, after looking at the vehicle for a moment, shook his head and passed on his way.

"Bears his years well, hang him!" he muttered. "And thus is virtue rewarded," and he laughed again. "How glad he will be to see me. I have a favor to ask, and I don't think he will refuse to grant it." He had no trouble in finding the place he wanted, for around the little building was a group of the townspeople talking excitedly. The center of the gathering was a very stout man in a species of uniform of dark blue, much raded and who seemed to be the center of interest.

"What you folks a blamin' me for?" he was expostulating as the little man in brown drew near. "I had to do my duty as I seen it. The young man won't be none the wus for a little rest away from the push. If he's innercent, why, he'll get free soon enough. It ain't often as justice makes a mistake. But don't you alls be too all-fired sure that he is innercent," wagging his grotesque head sagely. The town sympathies were evidently with the young man, and the village constable was the object of unkind remarks.

The subject of the discussion was just at this time reading in the room that had been allotted to him as a cell. It was comfortably furnished, and but for the fact that he was a prisoner he had nothing of importance to complain of. What he regretted was the thought that he must soon leave his comfortable quarters and be transferred to the county jail, where he was sure not to fare so well. It would have made his confinement less burdensome, too, if he could have gotten some news of Grace, but not a word had come to him since that awful night. She was prostrated when the intelligence of his arrest reached her. Since then he had heard nothing. The voices wrangling in front of the house drew him to the window, which was only lightly barred with wood. He hoped that he might catch some of the conversation, and learn perhaps what was being said of his case.

As he stood there in an attitude of attention he suddenly heard a loud "Hist!" that seemed to come from a point very near at hand.

(To be continued.)

ITALY'S POPULAR POET.

Young Daughter of a Factory Operative Has Risen to High Fame.

Rome Correspondence Chicago Record-Herald: The favorite poet of the Italians is Ada Negri, a young woman who has suddenly sprung into fame by the passionate fire of her verses and their simple, strong, true, democratic sentiment. Although she was first heard of in 1892, her works now have a larger sale than those of any other author in Italy, and she is better known to the common people than any other. She has published two volumes. The first, which included 250 pages of lyrics, passed through six editions very rapidly, and every line of its contents has again and again been copied in the newspapers. The second volume appeared in 1896, and had even a larger sale, appealing to a higher class of readers because its contents were more mature and showed a higher literary polish without detriment to their quality. Miss Negri has a third volume in press, which will appear shortly, and it is awaited with great curisoity, because since the second volume was published her circumstances and surroundings have been entirely changed and she has been translated from poverty to wealth and from the privations of a garret to the luxuries of a palace at Milan.

Ada Negri, was born Feb. 3, 1870, in a little village near Milan, where her father and mother were factory operatives. Her father died when she was a mere child and her mother led a miserable life of labor and sacrifices in order to secure an education for her child. In 1888, when she was 18, the girl obtained a situation as teacher in the village school, and took her mother out of the factory. They lived in the humblest quarters in two little rooms at the top of a tenement house, but managed to survive and were comparatively happy on wages of $8 per month. A poem entitled "The Working Mother," which has appeared again and again in every newspaper in Italy, most frequently in those which are read by the working classes, and thus had become as familiar to the Italian people as Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" is to us, is supposed to be an epitome of her career and a revelation of the feelings of a woman in her circumstances. It described the struggles of a mother who is working to educate a son, and everybody who knows the story of Ada Negri's life recognizes the personal quality.

In 1892 the girl went to Milan for a brief visit to arrange for the publication of her poems in book form, leaving her native village for the first time, and there saw luxury, beauty and art, which was a revelation beyond her dreams. The few books she had found in the village library had not prepared her for the splendor of the cathedral, the buildings of the business section and the shaded palaces of the outer streets, and, although she did not cross a threshold, her imagination was excited and her ambition received a new impulse, when after two days of delight she returned to her garret and wooden shoes. From this moment her poems took on a new color. They became brighter and more vivacious, with less melancholy, as if a few rays of sunshine had been admitted to her soul.

Marriage and Divorce Up to Date.

New York World: A well known New York woman, divorced from her husband in South Dakota seven months ago, has just married again in Indiana.

Her former husband married, immediately after the divorce was granted, a woman whom he had "learned to love" during his wife's temporary absence from home, and who was divorced in order to marry him. Likewise the man whom the first wife has just married out West was divorced from his wife, by whom he had three children, that he might marry his new "affinity."

To add to the complications of these triple divorces and remarriages, they would not be legal if contracted in the state where the parties originally lived.

It only remains for the one deserted and unconsoled husband in this state to marry the abandoned wife out West to complete the serio-comic complexities and compensations of this medley of marriage and divorce up to date.

Will any of these wealthy and highly respectable persons be ostricised by society—the remedy suggested by a worthy bishop for the divorce evil? Precedent does not seem to threaten it. Will this playing fast and loose with sacraments and contracts and domestic ties hasten the passage of a constitutional amendment authorizing a national divorce law? It ought to.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott completed, last Friday, the 25th year of his connection with the editorial department of the New York Outlook.

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PEOPLE YOU READ ABOUT.

Samuel Burwell founded the West Union, O., Scion in 1853 and is still its editor and manager. It was in this office that the late Colonel John O. Cockerill learned the rudiments of journalism.

Before arrangements had been completed for the funeral of the late Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, seven biographies of that noted clergyman were on the market. Official memoirs and biographies are yet to claim attention.

Dr. Meredith Clymer, the noted New York physician, is dead. His grandfather was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was born in Philadelphia, educated in New York, in Paris, London and Dublin, removed to New York in 1851.

During Governor Odell's six weeks' trip in the west, New York, for the first time in its history, will be governed by the speaker of the assembly. Four weeks after Mr. Odell's departure Lieutenant Governor Woodruff will leave for Europe, and for the remaining two weeks Speaker Nixon will act as chief executive.

Don't Guess at the Time.

There is no need to guess at the time if for the small sum of $3.75 you can purchase a durable, well made, stem wind, stem set, 17-jeweled, 14-K Gold Filled Watch. M. Stein & Co., the great Chicago jewelers, have for sale a very handsome watch at the above price. Write them for their free illustrated catalogue.

This is a recently expressed opinion of Congressman Littlefield of Maine: "If it were not for the newspapers the jobs which would go through congress are terrible to contemplate. If there were no newspapers at all I don't believe I would be willing to trust myself alone in the house of representatives for fifteen minutes."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A small boy went to church alone last Sunday and heard a sermon on the character and deeds of the strong man of Israel. He came home much disgusted. "I didn't like the sermon for a cent," he said. "It was all about Samson, not a word about Dewey or Roosevelt or Funston or Bob Evans or any of the other fellows."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Charles Uhtof, one of the eleven men who survived the massacre of company C, Ninth United States infantry, in the Philippine islands, has reached his St. Louis home. He was stabbed seven times, and has a bolo knife which was run through his shoulder as a souvenir of the occasion.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is the proper remedy to use in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, aches, pains, bruises, soreness; almost everyone knows it.

General Drummond, an old resident of Guatemala, says of Godfrey Hunter that he was so unpopular as United States minister that when he gave his last reception only six Chinamen and a Pole attended.

Chicago Post: "Did he inherit anything?" "Yes," "What?" "A thirst."

Somerville Journal: It is a bad habit for a man to talk while he is at work, unless, perhaps, he is an auctioneer, or a lawyer, or a minister.