



CHAPTER IV—Continued.

For answer Dick steps up to the first vehicle at the curb; the driver has crawled inside, for the night air is cool and there can be no telling how long his patron may be detained; some people seem to enter that office and never come out again so far as the public knowledge goes.

"Is there anything wrong about that?" he demands, feeling a trifle alarmed, perhaps, because he may have brought as a fare here some anarchist people who have designs upon the prefect's life.

"That's all right, you are to wait for them," with which curt remark Dick walks on, accompanied by his friend, entering their own vehicle and riding away.

"What do you suppose brought Miss Westery to the prefect's office to-night?" says Dick, slowly.

"We agreed she was hunting some one in Paris, and wondered why she had not thought to visit M. Marquand before. She has evidently come to the same conclusion herself, hence her presence at the seat of law and order. As plain as day, my boy."

"Well, I hope she may find what she seeks," remarks Dick, with a queer little chuckle, as they alight in front of their lodging-house, pay the driver, and retire.

"Indeed! Now, tell me news. I am all attention, Mademoiselle Westery."

"A younger sister, by name Beulah, was believed to have been drowned years ago when a child, with her French nurse. Recent events have aroused my interest anew—I have learned that this nurse is alive, that she has been seen in Paris. I seek her now to discover the truth—whether my sister was really drowned, and she fled in deadly fear, or perhaps kidnapped the child, hired by some enemy of my father."

"You interest me, mademoiselle. Was your father a man to make enemies?" holding a pencil with which he occasionally makes memoranda in shorthand upon a tablet of paper.

"He was always interested in Mexican mines, and met all manner of men, making numerous trips to Mexico and the South-west."

"I see. Now, the name of the nurse?"

"Antoinette Duval."

"Can you give a description of her?"

"Only as I remember her. She was a woman of middle age, and had a peculiar droop to one eye."

"Which eye?"

"The left, if I remember correctly, monsieur."

both curiosity and eagerness; she wonders what he thinks, and if he has already an idea that will prove advantageous to her. It seems incredible, and would be altogether too good to be true.

"Mamselle, you have done well to put your case in my hands. I promise nothing—it is my way—but I have a belief that I may aid you. Perhaps you might not be averse to learning where the owner of the ten shares may be; my agent may run across him in his labors," with a twinkle in his eye.

"I should be pleased to meet him before they get hold of him, although he may turn out to be the very sort of person they want. Of course, you do not work in this way for nothing."

"Ah! we are employed by Paris, mamselle—we do for you will cost you nothing except the pay for incidentals—the emphasis employed is significant enough to Pauline, who immediately takes out her pocket-book and extracts two bills of a hundred francs each."

"If that fails to cover the incidentals, let me know, I beg of you, and I will double it," she says, sweetly.

"Ah! mamselle, it will be a pleasure for the gentleman whom I shall put upon this case to serve you," he says, with a smile of admiration for the woman who can be bewitching and yet adhere strictly to business is not met every day.

"Then I will return to the hotel," rising.

"The prefect is a gentleman; he springs to his feet, and opens a door. 'This way out, mamselle, your maid will join you in the passage way beyond. We never allow visitors to depart the same way they entered,' and while Miss Pauline cannot grasp the reason for this just at the time, later on she sees things in a different light, and recognizes the fact that the police officials of Paris know their business, considering that they deal with a very clever class of rogues and swindlers, the keenest in the world. (To be continued.)"

"Nothing."

IN THE ORINOCO WILDERNESS

"It is doubtful if the Orinoco country will be properly opened up during the present generation unless a radical change of administration takes place," writes a South American traveler. "Its population to-day is believed to be actually less than it was nearly four centuries ago. The Indian stands in such fear of the Venezuelan and his government that he frequently prefers to follow the smaller waterways of the Guiana region or take overland trips through the virgin forest rather than use the broad highway that is his rightful heritage from countless ancestors. This disappearance of the Indian has greatly impeded the gathering of rubber, tonka beans and other natural products, and since immigration is not encouraged and continuous revolutions have scattered or killed the settlers of European and mixed descent it would seem that the country is steadily retrograding. There is a project on foot at present to establish a colony of Boers upon the llanos and Gen. Castro is said greatly to favor it; but the Venezuelans assert that this is because he sees a chance to augment his army with tried fighters, not because he favors foreign colonization."

"I sailed 200 leagues down this giant waterway and was amazed at the primeval condition of the country. The prefect is a gentleman; he springs to his feet, and opens a door. 'This way out, mamselle, your maid will join you in the passage way beyond. We never allow visitors to depart the same way they entered,' and while Miss Pauline cannot grasp the reason for this just at the time, later on she sees things in a different light, and recognizes the fact that the police officials of Paris know their business, considering that they deal with a very clever class of rogues and swindlers, the keenest in the world. (To be continued.)"

RELICS OF FAMOUS FRIGATE

Interesting relics from the frigate Constitution, the proposal by Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte to destroy which was defeated by vigorous protest, are in the possession of J. A. Murphey of Philadelphia. They are the logbook and ledger kept during the command of Commodore Charles Stewart, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

PARLOR MAID TOO ECONOMICAL.

Had No Idea of Wasting Fresh Water on Fish.

Mrs. M. W. Swift, the president of the National Council of American Women, was making a brief address on the subject of Christmas gifts.

ABOUT THE BALKY HORSE

One of the queer sights of a downtown street the other day was a balking horse hitched to a hearse.

RIGGED SAIL ON SLEIGH

A remarkable adventure befell a Tolley, N. D., man last week. While the Tolley Topics did not have a reporter on the spot, it secured and printed the story, but without those sidelights and highlights that the incident seems to demand.

THE GAME OF LIFE

This life is but a game of cards, and our cards are random play. Each shuffles, cuts and deals the pack. And each a trump holds turn.

WHAT IT HAS DONE TOWARD MAKING A MARKET.

Address Delivered by Gurdon W. Wattles, President of the Exchange, at the Third Annual Meeting of the Farmers Co-operative Grain and Live Stock Association at Lincoln, Jan. 17.

At the first meeting of the co-operative grain and live stock men held in Lincoln, Jan. 17th, there were 250 present. President J. S. Casady of Minden presided.

G. W. Wattles, president of the Omaha Grain Exchange, at the evening meeting addressed the co-operative men on the subject of the Omaha grain market. He said:

It is indeed a pleasure for me to attend this meeting of the producers of much interest and importance to you—The Omaha Grain Market. Fortunately for me my early years were spent on a farm in the new and growing west. I was there taught by experience those lessons of success which are not to be practiced by farmers and their families. I there learned the lesson I give you to-day—namely, that the farms are the source of all the wealth in the nation, and that those policies of government or custom which affect the producing classes are of the most vital importance to the country.

When I hear of projects to establish other markets in Nebraska, I am reminded of the advice given by a father to his seven sons. He bound together a number of sticks and offered a reward to the one who would break them. They all tried and failed, but when he unbound them, he broke them one by one. Just as the sticks are Nebraska grain markets established in order to dissipate the central force of one powerful organization, but those who favor this plan are not working for the producers of Nebraska grain. It matters much to them and to us all that they shall receive the highest possible reward for their labors. One great grain market will be of equal benefit to all.

That which has been accomplished in the two years existence of the Omaha Grain Exchange should be an inspiration to us all. The receipts for the first eleven months of its existence amounted to 15,270,000 bushels. The receipts for the past twelve months have been 34,523,500 bushels, divided as follows:

Corn 19,771,000
Wheat 5,518,200
Sorghum 7,764,000
Barley 268,000
Rye 250,000
Total 34,523,500

Nebraska is pre-eminent a grain producing state. The annual income from the surplus of the farms and ranches of this state exceeds the sum of \$200,000,000. It is this income which has built up the party system that has replaced the sod houses of the plains with the great cities that has been the fountain which has supplied the commerce to build the cities and the great cities.

Balmy Sleep.

"Blessed be he who first invented sleep." Dear old Sancho Panza. You were quite right. A monument impressive as Bartholdt's liberty in New York bay ought to rise to that inventor of "balmy sleep."

Buried in Favorite Work Basket.

In accordance with her will, Mrs. Constance Miller of New Rochelle, N. Y., was cremated, her ashes placed in a work basket, of which she had been fond, and then buried in her own yard.



MISS PAULINE INTERVIEWED BY THE PREFECT OF POLICE

kerchief against her eyes as the memories thus aroused almost overcome her.

"Can you give a description of the child?" pursues the prefect.

"I can do better. Fortunately they had this photograph taken some weeks before."

"What you say is the truth; I had never thought of it before. I cannot remember anything peculiar about Beulah—she was only two years old—unless it might be the fact that her left thumb nail was a little disfigured because of the thumb being crushed."

The Colonies of England.

They wish to be on the most cordial terms with the home government. As in 1887, 1897 and 1902, they will send delegates to confer about common interests. In a crisis like the Boer war some of them will vote money and send men to aid England. In all questions relating to peaceful development they are more than willing to confer and co-operate with the English ministers. But they do not propose to bate a jot of their control over their own affairs. "Our lady of the Snows" only speaks for all the great self-governing colonies—nations, they might better be called—when she says:

"Daughter am I in my mother's house. But mistress in my own."

Woman's Idea of Success.

A Kansas woman, Mrs. A. J. Stanley of Lincoln, has been awarded a prize of \$250 by a Boston firm for the best answer to the question, "What constitutes success?" She wrote: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."—Kansas City Star.

Much Ado About Nothing.

While the commander-in-chief of the British fleet was superintending battle practice recently on board one of the cruisers of the Mediterranean fleet, one of the guns missed fire. Mindful of recent accidents, the crew preferred to wait half an hour before opening the breach. As an extra precaution Lord Charles Beresford ordered the gun to be well secured and waited an hour. At the end of that time, with great care and numerous orders as to caution, the breach was opened. Then it was discovered that the men had forgotten to put in the ammunition.

A Bad Break.

"I hear that English nobleman has discontinued his attentions to Miss Nurtich."

"Yes, he queered himself with old Nurtich; the chump asked the old fellow if he ever followed the hounds."

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