LOUP CITY. - . NEBRASKA.

Peace.

Making peace with an ax is diminishing in popularity among modern rulers. With the ancients, however, the above means seemed to be the only kind that really counted. Caesar, after laying waste a Gaelic province, reported in his gentlemanly Latin: "The barbarians are pacified." It is related that a Gothic ruler once became converted to the Christian faith. After mourning for some weeks over the blindness of his people he called a general conference of his chiefs. At his right hand stood a missionary, at his left hand a gigantic executioner, who held a broadax suggestively resting on the block. "Friends," said the king. "I have brought you here this morning in order to teach you the great truths of Christianity." Religious enlightenment came easy in that state. These events occurred before the principles of arbitration were understood. The aim of our modern peace conference, says Collier's Weekly, is to teach the spirit of tranquillity to the individuals who form the units of the nation. The number is increasing of those who have the most definite and conclusive reasons for be lieving that righteousness and peace should go hand in hand. The world needs peace. There is plenty of room for a pacific doctrine on the German frontier, as well as on the Nevada border, where the miner said to the sheriff: "I reckon there would 'a' been trouble if I hadn't shot the guy."

Helping People to Self-Help.

In America we are just learning that the greatest gift you can give a blind man is the ability to earn his own living. Denmark extends that boon to the halt and maimed as well as to the blind. A workman crippled in a Danish factory knows precisely what to do. He goes to the school for disabled workers and learns to support himself without the lost arm or leg or finger, as the case may be. The school has made an exhaustive study of trade chances for crippled folk. It provides tools, food, medicine and free orthopedic treatment for its unfortunate pupils, buys their work as soon as it is saleable, and once they know a trade finds them positions. Here, says Mary Bronson Hartt in the World's Work, is a prophecy for the future extension of the American movement for the industrial independence of the

M. T. Oblaski writes in the Revue Scientifique concerning the North American Indians, particularly those of Canada. He is pessimistic as to their future. He notices two principal types of red men. One comes from the regions of the Pacific, is of small stature, slender limbed, fond of of the reading room again, and she the water, non-aggressive, and indolent. The other is taller, stronger, has more prominent features, abides by the land, is gay, and fond of hunting. He finds the Canadian Indian much more civilized than the Indian of the United States. But, from a Darwinian point of view, he foresees the ultimate disappearance of these aborigines. Among them there is no struggle for existence; for they are housed, fed and educated by the government: and for this reason natural selection has been interfered with. The evils of civilization have taken society of Lucerne as was at the hold of them, and will destroy them.

When the Paris cab drivers attempted to make it impossible for half a dozen women to earn a living driving cabs in the city, the chivalrous Frenchmen went out of their way to hire the women drivers. They were readily distinguished at a distance by their uniform of a low-crowned hat and a flowing cape. The women are doing a good business-so good, in fact, that certain men drivers who have lost their trade have resorted to the trick of discarding their own tall hats and coats and adopting the women's cape and low hat. The passenger who hails them does not discover the masquerade of the driver till it is too late to send the man away without being laughed at by the people on the street. There is business enough so that the women, even with this unfair competition, continue to prosper.

Whatever others may think, a small boy of New Hampshire has the proper opinion of his mother. He has sent a photograph of her to the managers of a New England beauty contest, with a brief note declaring that she is not only the most beautiful woman, but the best mother in the world.

Cleopatra was pretty fast in her barge, but she never had the accommodations of a modern swift steam yacht. If she possessed them she would, no doubt, have emigrated to America and avoided that little trouble with the asp.

That rush of immigration is in full swing. About 15,000 aliens are seeking admission to this country through the Ellis Island station, and still there are more to follow. The year is to be a record breaker.

The Cleveland street-cleaning department uses an electrical process to remove the solder from the tin cans that are picked up by the garbage wagons, and as a result is selling about \$3,000 worth of solder a year. Of course, every other big city will now proceed to do the same.

President Eliot, whose modesty is a candle to his merit, must have been surprised when some of the Harvard boys called him the greatest living the boldness of the metaphor cause you can be of use to me; the said care,



"You speak in riddles, madam."

"Riddles?" She lifted her eye-

"But you have been unfortunate."

"If you are only perplexed, I shall

across the table, her elbows support-

"I remember." I said, boldly, "when

She made a mock grimace. "Oh,

do with a henpecked philosopher?

tell me. But if you insist-your story;

"The henpecked philosopher, then,"

I shall listen patiently."

brows, hesitating. "I mean, Mr. Had-

might be friends."

I should be sorry for you?"

"I am perplexed, at least."

the world?"

be friends?"

CHAPTER VII.-Continued. So far as it lay in my power, I said, coldly. Frankly, I had not placed would perform my self-imposed task her exactly as that sort of a woman. in a direct and businesslike method. As to this method, a dozen extravagant courses of action occurred to me don, that I should be so glad if we

at once. Of the dozen I selected two as possible

a race of warriors," the mysterious woman of the reading room had said to me last night. Miss Brett, being an Englishwoman, had the blood of soldiers in her veins. The physical courage of the battlefield, then, must appeal to her. If, for instance, I should enlist in the Foreign Legion, there was the Legion of Honor to be won. The little ribbon would tell its eloquent story.

But Willoughby's life had been lost amid the dread silence of the white snows. I looked long and earnestly where the sun touched the mountain- that pointed an obvious moral. Would Now her unhappiness touched my top with a rosy light out of the morn- you like to hear it?" ing mists. The mountains seemed to beckon, to wait for me.

I had shuddered-I still shuddered, as I thought of their awful gloom and by his wife Xantippe! Am I one to summate actress, confident of her loneliness. And yet they seemed to beckon-to wait for me. I had been Regard me seriously, monsieur, and had caused her was undoubtedly genuhelpless and weak. They had conquered me. Well, I must return to conquer them. Their very immensity need not appal me. Man's glory is to I began somewhat grimly, "tells us fiercely, her voice was harsh with subdue the vast forces of nature-to that when Hercules had attained man- anger. The words she uttered were make them his own.

Bernard. There for centuries men parting of two ways. He hesitated presence than because of it. had even laid down their lives to save as to which way he should ready for the battle.

If I went to the monastery and told the good father superior of the sacred vow I had made, would he laugh at me for a madman, or would he understand and help me to fulfill it?

I began the day, therefore, vaguely hopeful. I no longer permitted myself to be troubled at the whispers of servants and guests. I even courted the society of my fellowmen. I paid my two francs admission to the kursaal, and listened with real enjoyment to its excellent orchestra.

My coat was lightly brushed. There was a faint but exquisite perothers, at the woman who was pass-

The small, but superbly poised figure, gowned with a marvelous simplicity, paused by my side a fraction of a second. It was my acquaintance had murmured a good morning. A dozen had noted the greeting and en-

I did not return it. She continued her way daintily, punishing me for my rudeness by smiling across at me mockingly as she seated herself at my right. There was something of a childish, almost fairy malice in the illusive smile.

The intermission came. All the world pushed back their chairs, and made their way through glazed doors at the rear, whence an electric bell rang persistently. The motley crowd of officers, tourists, and such of the kursaal passed through the glazed doors to play the petits chevaux-a rather harmless form of dissipation a gambling toy that permits one to lose at the most a five-franc piece.

I mingled with the crowd about the green-baize table on which the little metal horses were whirling around an imaginary race course. A croupier changed a 50-franc note for me. I tossed a coin on one of the numbers; and lost. I staked another coin, this time against the field. Again I lost. I staked all my five-franc pieces but

While I weighed them thoughtfully in my palm, my arm was touched lightly. It was my adventuress of the reading room once more. She lifted her eyebrows in whimsical concern at my ill luck.

Even these little horses, you see, madam, know that I am . to shunned." I said in a low voice.

"My friend," she smiled, vivaciously. "they are simply frightened at your black face. They are sensitive, the hours. My way leads to pleasure. the little horses. But if you coaxwe shall see. Allons, we will be prudent, a little shining franc on number 27. Now, if my brave horses only know that it is I who am asking them to win for us, we shall win."

"Ne rien va plus," croaked an official in a dingy dress suit and crumpled shirt bosom. He spun the mechanism briskly between two bony fingers and thumb. The tiny jockeys in blue, buff, green, and red sped swiftly around the course. Presently they straggled one behind the other, and came to a pause. The croupler stretched out his rake, and drew in our two shining francs with the other winnings of the

I turned to her sternly. "You see?" I cried in tragic dismay.

"Pouf! A little patience, me It is the jockeys who are sulky. I have forgotten to blow them a kiss. Quick, a five-franc piece, the maximum, on the field. This time we shall certainly win."

Three times in succession we wonnow at even odds, now with the odds in our favor. But again the electric bell rang. She shrugged her shoulders, and made a moue of regret. "Alas! At the hour of our triumph

the voice of art claraors." We returned to the concert room. "Is it not strange," she murmured after a pause in the music, "that one

longs so much for what is just be ond one's reach, while other fruit, as sweet, may be plucked for the ask-

"Or," she flashed, "that it is be-

shortly. "I am to be of use to you,

"Gently, monsieur! are we to be friends?" "And again gently," I returned with caution. "Your name, if you are seri-

A rosy-faced page pushed his way toward us, salver in hand. It was at our table he paused. On the salver was a telegram.

"For me?" cried my companion It is a sacred cause; its servants are

The boy nodded, but before he could hand the telegram to her. I had seized it myself. I made a gesture. signifying that I asked her consent to read the name addressed on the envelope. She smiled, but reluctantly,

"Madame Sophie de Varnier," read aloud, before I passed the tele gram to her.

She tore the envelope open with a jeweled cross that hung from her I was unconvinced. "You are too chatelaine. As she read the message Every English gentleman comes of generous," I said, ironically. "Does she became frightfully pale; she your interest in mankind embrace all swayed in her seat. It was not grief so much as utter despair that prostrated her. she said, softly. "Are you angry that

"Dead!" She repeated the word in French more than once in a dazed voice. "Dead, but it is incredible!"

The seconds passed. I did not not despair." She smiled at me gayly speak; I regarded her with concern. A beautiful woman is always dangering the clasped hands that framed her ous, but a beautiful woman in trouble exquisite beauty. "Come, are we to is doubly so. The friendship she had lightly begged of me a moment ago. I was tempted to offer seriously now. I was at college, a story of Socrates She had piqued and fascinated me.

But suddenly I doubted. Was it a Socrates, monsieur, and a philoso- clever ruse, this advent of the telepher! And a philosopher henpecked gram so aply timed? Was she a condupe? No; the agony the message ine. When she looked at me, it was with eyes heavy with despair. at last she spoke, her eyes burned hood he set out on a journey to see certainly not addressed to me. They I thought of the Hospice of St. the world, and presently came to a were spoken rather in spite of my

"Look! I stake all in one throw! the perishing. Well, why should I not choose. While he hesitated there I lose all-in a moment. I hold in be one of the little band for the time appeared two maidens, each of my clenched hands the liberty and being? Why should I not become a whom protested that she would lead happiness of 10,000 women and chilnovitiate in the order? A few months him the way that he should go. One dren. And then a cursed fate strikes of arduous training, and I should be of these maidens was clad chastely in from my grasp this priceless happi-



"Dead?"

ly listening.

somber but not unpleasing raiment. | ness. My poor people, my poor peo 'If, Hercules, you will go my way, ple! Again I fail you; I betray you!" you will find it rough and tiresome. There are brambles to impede your not see. Her small hands pressed her keenly. progress; there are sharp stones that temples convulsively. will cut your sandals. It will always be hazardous, but it will lead to hap- who has sent me to you now, to help piness." "Ah, happiness!" sighed the woman

opposite me. "She promised much." "The other maiden was extremely beautiful and her raiment was of silvery tissue. 'My way,' she said, softly, taking Hercule's gently by the arm, is strewn with flowers. It leads, broad and gently sloping, over soft turf, and there is music to gladden The name of the first maiden was Virtue; the name of the other, Medusa-like.

I paused; I was indeed very bold. I looked at my vis-a-vis with some trepidation. I need have felt none. She broke into light laughter, her hands clasped, her eyes sparkling. She leaned demurely toward me; her

bright eyes' mocked me. "The name of the other maiden was Vice," she cried in a hollow, lugubrious voice. "My dear gentleman, you are too delicious. Mon Dieu, I should be furious with you! You are telling me quite brutally that your cold Englishwcman-she is Virtue; and I the very wicked one-I am naughty Vice." And again she laughed deliciously. "Pardon me, it is you who are ap-

plying the moral," I protested awkwardly. "Then if it is applied not correctly,

of your extraordinary interest in me." [Hustrated") that one day the pope, in ly. "Shall I say it is because you are mimicked the preacher's style, where-

"Or good?" "Why not say brave?" I demanded,

"Or that you remine me of a dear "Say of your late lamented grand-

"Hum!" She leaned back critical- the presence of one of his cardinals "Not if you are honest," I chuckled, is an Englishman!" "No," replied the

Brilliancy and Cleverness

"An, you are courageous enough for that? Monsieur, you are a bold man.

MAJE IN

difficult to keep the sneer out of my

"I know to whom I speak, my dear

monsieur. The task I would set you

demands not the brute courage of the

fool, but the devotion of a crusader.

"I am flattered that I fulfill the re

quirements so admirably," I returned

cynically. "But you will find it difficult

to convince me that my extraordinary

courage and devotion to a good cause

make my services invaluable. Why

should you choose me from a score of

"You are right. Above all things

on an adventure. Where would it

CHAPTER VIII.

Prince Ferdinand and His Ambitions.

I returned to my hotel soberly

enough. I had told my little allegory

lightly. Now I asked myself if I

should not apply it seriously to

myself. Only this morning I had

mapped out for myself a clear path

to be followed. And already was a

siren beckoning? Already was I en-

I was intensely irritated that

should have allowed myself to be in-

terested by this Sophie de Varnier.

For the past hour I had been playing

dangerously near the fire. It had not

yet burned me; but could I honestly

say that it had not warmed, intoxi-

cated, allured? Very well, I must be

careful not to compromise myself in

Two women had met me at the part-

One of them had set me a task

And now another woman had come

to enthrall me. She had promised a

definite adventure. As to the reward

it seemed to me too brazenly obvious.

I flicked the ash angrily from my

My shoulder was tapped. I was

seated in the vestibule of my hotel.

"Yes," exclaimed a burly voice,

"It is a brutal lie, of course," he

"It is true-at least in a measure."

"Rot!" he exclaimed with cheerful

"Unless you insist, I prefer not to,"

He looked somewhat glum at this

cold-blooded explanation and stirred

uneasily in his chair. I watched him,

not. without grim amusement. He

pulled at his cigar, searching my face

with conviction. "If you feel any dis-

grace, it is your own fault, Haddon.

If you were the coward they say you

are, you wouldn't sit there smiling at

me. You would rave and swear by all

the gods that you were innocent. I

don't want to hear your story. But I

want you to know that you have one

friend from home to stick up for you,

"That's all right, then," he said with

gruff gentleness. "It must be hell to

"Oh, that was to be expected, of

course! But last night I had an ex-

perience that I wouldn't go through

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

and to believe in you."

again if I could help it."

kicking you."

I was too moved to speak

"Rot!" he cried again, and this time

holding herself proudly aloof, promis-

chanted?

the future.

ing of the ways.

be the deed itself.

not easily found."

men to help you?",

"Surely not so bold as you, madam in asking courage of a man who has been disgraced for cowardice." It was

Don't Sneeze Your Head Off.

No. Cordelia, a man doesn't neces sarily have paint in his eyes when ho

other 5c cigars. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill. History Will Be Costly.

we must be frank with each other. only one volume has appeared. You are at the Schweitzerhof? Au revoir, you will hear from me soon.' I bowed over the hand she held languidly toward me. I was embarked

> to its noblest and best use. To be on good terms with human nature, Be Well! Garfield Tea purifies the blood,

To prevent that tired feeling on ironing day-Use Defiance Starchsaves time-saves labor-saves annoy-

Obeying His Command. Benham-Did you have any com-

Mrs. Benham-Nobody to speak of.

That an article may be good as well ing nothing. If this task were actually accomplished, the reward was to -radiant, glittering, a subtle perfume lulling the senses. Her wild beauty, same money. her charm, had been frankly displayed

Siamese Object to Walking. The Siamese, above all nations in the world, hate to walk; no such mode of progression is tolerated by a Siamese if he or she can by any means ride. A Venetian gondolier will walk sometimes; even a Hollander will ride on his rough cart; but a Bangkok man -not if he can help it. His family

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to I grasped the hand he held toward use a Starch that does not stick to the

Much "Havana" Tobacco.

During the last year there were ex-I had not seen Locke since we were been intimate, but the big-hearted At first I hesitated to his cordial greetings; I was afraid he had not heard my story. But presently he plunged into the episode that had made me notorious for a day. Then

bill issued by a provincial bootmaker: The shoemaker is a man of great learning. He is a doctor as well as a surgeon, for he not only heels but performs many cutting operations. He is a fishmonger, for he sells soles and heels. He is a schoolmaster, for he gives good understanding. He is a good speaker, for he always works the thread of his argument, waxes warm to his subject, and holds all to

What reason could not avoid has often been cured by delay.-Seneca.

Any woman can make a dollar go so far that her husband will never see it

Krause's Cold Capsules will cure you almost instantly. At all Druggists, 25c.

is color blind. Lewis' Single Binder costs more than

So far the British official history of the Boer war has cost \$125,000, and

It may not be possible for a young man to measure life; but it is possible to say, I am resolved to put life

eradicates disease, regulates the digestive organs and brings Good Health! Manufactured by Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Sold by druggists.

The people of Colorado are so confident that publicity pays large dividends that they are going to spend a fund in advertising the state's re-

ance, will not stick to the iron. The big 16 oz. package for 10c, at your grocer's.

pany while I was away?

Benham-Wasn't your mother here? Mrs. Benham-Yes, but you won't let me speak to her.

as cheap, and give entire satisfaction, is proven by the extraordinary sale of Defiance Starch, each package containing one-third more Starch than can be had of any other brand for the

boat for him.-Windsor Magazine.

me with emotion. Here was a friend, iron.

ported from Cuba the enormous number of 256,738,029 "Havana" cigars. Only about 30 per cent came to the United States, the total American purchases amounting to 79,483,125 cigars. while England took 92,459,687. Germany buys from 25,000,000 to 30,000,-000 and France 10,009,000 to 12,000,-

Shoemaker's Last.

The following is taken from a hand-



Out of 18 brands of "White Lead" recently analyzed by the Government Agricultural Experiment Station of North Dakota, 5 contained absolutely no White Lead, 5 less than 15% of White Lead, and only 3 over 90% of

There is, however, a way to be cer tain of the purity and genuineness of to see that the keg you buy bears the Dutch Boy trade mark. This trade mark is a positive guarantee of absolutely Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch

Process. SEND FOR BOOK

"A Talk on Paint," gives valuable infor-mation on the paint subject Sent free

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

in whichever of the follow-ing cities is nearest you: ew York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland incinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Phili-elphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.); Pitts orgh [National Lead & Oil Co.]



The load seems lighter--Wagon and team wear longer-You make more money, and have more time to make money, when wheels are

## Mica Axle Grease -The longest wearing and most satisfactory lubricant in the world.

STANDARD OIL CO.



They also relieve Dis tress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect rem edy for Dizziness, Nat Prowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side TORPID LIVER. They

regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



GALL SALVE SORE SHOULDERS HORSES AND MULES IT HEALS THEM ANYWAY
IN MARNESS, UNDER SADDLE OR IDLE
IF NOT SOLD IN YOUR TOWN WE WILL SEND YOU

FREE shipLE, if you send us the name of your dealer. Put up in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 Cans MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS SECURITY REMEDY CO. FOR BARB WIRE & ALL CUTS "SECURITY ANTISEPTIC HEALER

## Tired Nervous Women Make Unhappy Homes



MRS.NELLIE MAKHAM

A nervous irritable woman, often on the verge of hysterics, is a source of misery to everyone who comes under her influence, and unhappy and miserable herself.

Such women not only drive hus-bands from home but are wholly unfit to govern children. ills of women act like a fire

seven-tenths of the nervous prostra-tion, nervous despondency, the "blues". sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of women arise from some organic derangement.

Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness alternating with extreme irritability? Do you suffer from pains in the abdominal region. from pains in the abdominal region, backache, bearing-down pains, nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and almost continually cross and snappy? If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition and you are threatened with

nervous prostration.

Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for nervous troubles of women than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Thousands and thousands of women

an testify to this fact.
Mrs. Nellie Makham, of 151 Morgan St., Buffalo, N. Y., writes:-

MRS. GEO. A. JAMES I suffered so I did not care what became of

I suffered so I did not care what became of me, and my family despaired of my recovery. Physicians failed to help me. I was urged to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I want to tell you that it has entirely cured me. I think it is the finest medicine on earth and I am recommending it to all my friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Geo. A. James, a life long resident of Fredonia, N. Y., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:-Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"I was in a terribly run down condition and had nervous prostration caused by female trouble, in fact I had not been well since my children were born. This condition worked on my nerves and I was irritable and miserable. I had tried many remedies without getting much help but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me back to health and strength. It has also carried me safely through the Change of Life. I cannot too strongly recommend your medicine."

Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women.

Women suffering from any form of

female weakness are invited to

communicate promptly with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Out of her vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and

I was a wreck from nervous prostration. Always helpful.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and respective or harmful drugs and today holds the record for largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any medicine the rid has ever known, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on in the laboratory at Lynn. Mass, which testimonials are on

## The Pope and Cardinal Vaughan

ship. She smiled; but the smile was be over here alone and everybody

"That must follow the explanation Oxford weekly paper, "'Varsity Life why should not a man?" upon Rampolla exclaimed: "And he

She stared at me with eyes that did

"Perhaps, madam, it is fate also

"Perhaps," she said, heavily, scarce-

Then suddenly an expression, quite

merciless, distorted her features. Her

pupils dilated in her fierce excitement.

She studied my face critically, coldly

deliberate. There was something por-

tentous, almost ominous, in this cool

stare. It disconcerted me; it made

me already regret my proffer of friend-

"Yes, I believe it. Fate has sent

you to me. And you—are you willing

"Why not?" I demanded with more

curiosity than sincerity, I confess.

to follow where Fate leads?"

Eat Sand for Dyspepsia. West Chester, Pa.-A number ople in this place who are suffering the stomach trouble have taken to be sand cure" and are taking it

On the cocasion of the great Marian | Mississippi and is packed in bags concongress in Rome, the pope sum taining a couple of quarts. It is taken moned Father Bernard Vaughan to in doses of a spoonful, and as often as represent the English speaking peo- the patient has an attack of the es. The Italians were amazed to trouble. "When any animal has an atfind him so un-English, as they tack of stomach trouble," argues a palet us have the land application," she thought, in his dramatic style. The tient, "it goes at once to the ground story goes (says a writer in the New for some clay or sand for a cure, and

is an Englishman!" "No, repned the pope, "he was born on the top of dom where they are produced to make alcohol for cooking and heat-

The little grapes grown in Greece which are sold under the trade name of Zante "currants" in this