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J. W. BURLEIGH, Editor and Publisher
J. R. GARDNER, Manager.

Among the many Booster Editions coming to this office, one of the nicest, in every way was the Ravenna News, which was printed on the very best of book paper, evidently with most excellent job ink, and every printed word, and every cut used, gave evidence of skill in that the typographical work was faultless. What a contrast to one of the Booster Editions gotten out, which has come to our attention, in which the cuts were muddy, the reading matter blurred and a large per cent either daubed with lamp black or the cuts too high to allow the proper impression, hence the entire edition a burlesque on the art preservation of arts. It is not necessary for the Northwestern to specialize which Booster Edition we refer to as our brothers of the craft will readily understand.

Mrs. Weekes, editor of the Norfolk Press, has been advised by the democratic department that the postoffice job to which she aspires is a man's job and she ought to be at home darning her husband's socks, etc. She says democracy accepts her newspaper advocacy of the party's divinity and has accepted her good words in support of its candidates and cannot consistently raise the question of her sex to keep her out of the job. That's where she gets fooled. Democracy can do anything it likes. It can make a ruling that when a man accepts a postoffice job he has to give up all other business, and then it can throw that decision over the transom and allow the selected postmaster to continue his business just the same as before, as was the case of the Loup City postoffice, where the postmaster still continues to own, write for, control and pay the bills of his paper, which he acknowledges he has not leased to his figurehead editor and to whom he claims he pays a weekly stipend.

One of the best articles telling the unbiased truth of Secretary of State Bryan's desertions of his public office to eke out an existence on the chautauqua platform is to be found in the following taken from the last issue of Collier's:

"President Wilson isn't worrying about what is said by people who don't mind their own business" is the way newspapers report the White House on criticism of Mr. Bryan. Yet Mr. Bryan was hired to help Mr. Wilson attend to the business of the United States—and the way he carries out his duties is everybody's business. Each of us has a right to like or dislike the way state affairs are transacted—or aren't; and each of us has an equal right to express their opinion. Now, Mr. Bryan seems to place his professional lecturing first and his state department responsibilities second. Reports of the disorganization of the state department are persistent, and no one is proud of all the administration's diplomatic appointments, or pretends that the Mexican and Japanese problems have been settled. Mr. Wilson is handicapped by the fact that he has no efficient secretary of state—no right-hand man of anything like John Hay's value or Elihu Root's shrewdness. This may be the president's own fault, but the graceful act upon Mr. Bryan's part, months ago, would leave been the cancellation of his remaining lecture dates—if only out of deference to general opinion. We regarded his chautauqua addresses then as a mere violation of good taste, but time passes and conditions shift. Can't Mr. Bryan see that appearances often count more than facts do? The facts are that Mr. Bryan works harder than some of his predecessors, and that in lecturing at chautauques he disseminates moral and civic truths while eking out an insufficient salary. But the appearance is that he capitalizes his office at \$250 a performance—bowing from the same platform as the "Neapolitan Troubadours," Lorenzo Zwickley, Ed. Amburst Ott, and Sears, and Taffy man. Such appearances cheapen a foreign minister's prestige in countries overseas which now hear of the chautauqua for the first time and know nothing of its educational service in the past. We may pretend that we don't care anything about foreign opinion; but what use is a secretary of state without prestige abroad as well as at home?

The Mystery of Mary

had started had fallen and left him with debts. If he had only a few hundred dollars, he could go on with it and pay off everything. He said I had inherited all that would have been his if he had done right, and he recognized the justice of it, but begged that I would lend him a small sum until he could get on his feet, when he would repay me.

"I had little faith in his reformation, but felt as if I could not refuse him when I was enjoying what might have been his, so I sent him all the money I had at hand. As I was not yet of age, I could not control all the property, but my allowance was liberal. Richard continued to send me voluminous letters, telling of his changed life, and finally asked me to marry him. I declined emphatically, but he continued to write for money, always ending with a statement of his undying affection. In disgust, I at last offered to send him a certain sum of money regularly if he would stop writing to me on this subject, and finally succeeded in reducing our correspondence to a check account. This has been going on for three years, except that he has been constantly asking for larger sums, and whenever I would say that I could not spare more just then he would begin telling me how much he cared for me, and how hard it was for him to be separated from me. I began to feel desperate about him, and made up my mind that when I received the inheritance I should ask the lawyers to make some arrangement with him by which I should no longer be annoyed.

"It was necessary for me to return to America when I came of age, in order to sign certain papers and take full charge of the property. Richard knew this. He seems to have had some way of finding out everything my Uncle did.

"He wrote telling me of a dear friend of his mother, who was soon to pass through Vienna, and who by some misfortune had been deprived of a position as companion and chaperon to a young girl who was traveling. He said it had occurred to him that perhaps he could serve us both by suggesting to me that she be my traveling companion on the voyage. He knew I would not want to travel alone, and he sent her address and all sorts of credentials, with a message from his mother that she would feel perfectly safe about me if I went in this woman's guardianship.

"I really did need a traveling companion, of course, having failed to get my dear old lady to undertake the voyage, so I thought it could do no



I Found Out That He Was a Physician.

"I went to see her, and found her pretty and frail and sad. She made a piteous appeal to me, and though I was not greatly taken with her, I decided she would do as well as any one for a companion.

"She did not bother me during the voyage, but fluttered about and was quite popular on board, especially with a tall, disagreeable man with a cruel jaw and small eyes, who always made me feel as if he would glow over any one in his power. I found out that he was a physician, a specialist in mental diseases, so Mrs. Chambray told me, and she talked a great deal about his skill and insight into such maladies.

"At New York my cousin Richard met us and literally took possession of us. Without my knowledge, the cruel-looking doctor was included in the party. I did not discover it until we were on the train, bound, as I supposed, for my old home just beyond Buffalo. It was some time since I had been in New York, and I naturally did not notice much which way we were going. The fact was, every plan was anticipated, and I was told that all arrangements had been made. Mrs. Chambray began to treat me like a little child and say: 'You see, we are going to take good care of you, dear. So don't worry about a thing.'

"I had taken the drawing-room compartment, not so much because I had a headache, as I told them, as because I wanted to get away from their society. My cousin's marked devotion became painful to me. Then, too, the attentions and constant watchfulness of the disagreeable doctor became most distasteful.

"We had been sitting on the observation platform, and it was late in the afternoon, when I said I was going to lie down, and the two men got up to go into the smoker. In spite of my protests, Mrs. Chambray insisted upon following me in, to see that I was per-

fectly comfortable. She fussed around me, covering me up and offering smelling salts and eau de cologne for my head. I let her fuss, thinking that was the quickest way to get rid of her. I closed my eyes, and she said she would go out to the observation platform. I lay still for awhile, thinking about her and how much I wanted to get rid of her. She acted as if she had been engaged to stay with me forever, and it suddenly became very plain to me that I ought to have a talk with her and tell her that I should need her services no longer after this journey was over. It might make a difference to her if she knew it at once, and perhaps now would be a good time to talk as any, for she was probably alone out on the platform. I got up and made a few little changes in my dress, for it would soon be time to go into the dining car. Then I went out to the observation platform, but she was not there. The chairs were all empty, so I chose the one next to the railing, away from the car door, and sat down to wait for her, thinking we would soon be back.

"We were going so fast, through a pretty bit of country. It was dusky and restful out there, so I leaned back and closed my eyes. Presently I heard voices approaching, above the rumble of the train, and, peeping around the doorway, I saw Mrs. Chambray, Richard, and the doctor coming from the other car. I kept quiet, hoping they would not come out, and they did not. They settled down near the door, and ordered the porter to put up a table for them to play cards.

"The train began to slow down, and finally came to halt for a longer time on a sidetrack, waiting for another train to pass. I heard Richard ask where I was. Mrs. Chambray said laughingly that I was safely asleep. Then, before I realized it, they began to talk about me. It happened there were no other passengers in the car. Richard asked Mrs. Chambray if she thought I had any suspicion that I was not on the right train, and she said: 'Not the slightest,' and then by degrees there floated to me through the open door the most diabolical plot I had ever heard of. I gathered from it that we were on the way to Philadelphia, would reach there in a little while, and would then proceed to a place near Washington, where the doctor had a private insane asylum, and where I was to be shut up. They were going to administer some drug that would make me unconscious when I was taken off the train. If they could not get me to take it for the headache I had talked about, Mrs. Chambray was to manage to get it into my food or give it to me when asleep. Mrs. Chambray, it seems, had not known the entire plot before leaving Europe, and this was their first chance of telling her. They thought I was safely in my compartment, asleep, and she had gone into the other car to give the signal as soon as she thought she had me where I would not get up again for a while.

"They had arranged every detail. Richard had been using as models the letters I had written him for the last three years, and had constructed a set of love letters from me to him, in perfect imitation of my handwriting. They compared the letters and read snatches of the sentences aloud. The letters referred constantly to our being married as soon as I should return from abroad, and some of them spoke of the money as belonging to us both, and that now it would come to its own without any further trouble.

"They even exhibited a marriage certificate, which, from what they said, must have been made out with our names, and Mrs. Chambray and the doctor signed their names as witnesses. As nearly as I could make out, they were going to use this as evidence that Richard was my husband that he had the right to administer my estate during the time that I was incapable. They had even arranged that a young woman who was hopelessly insane should take my place when the executors of the estate came to see me, if they took the trouble to do that. As it was some years since either of them had seen me, they could easily have been deceived. And for their help Mrs. Chambray and the doctor were to receive a handsome sum.

"I could scarcely believe my ears at first. It seemed to me that I must be mistaken, that they could not be talking about me. But my name was mentioned again and again, and as each link in the horrible plot was made plain to me, my terror grew so great that I was on the verge of rushing into the car and calling for the conductor and porter to help me. But something held me still, and I heard Richard say that he had just informed the trainmen that I was insane, and that they need not be surprised if I had to be restrained. He had told them that I was comparatively harmless, but he had no doubt that the conductor had whispered it to our fellow-passengers in the car, which explained their prolonged absence in the smoker. Then they all laughed, and it seemed to me that the cover of the bottomless pit was open and that I was falling in.

"I sat still, hardly daring to breathe. Then I began to go over the story bit by bit, and to put together little things that had happened since we landed, and even before I had left Vienna; and I saw that I was caught in a trap. It would be no use to appeal to any one, for no one would believe me. I looked wildly out at the ground and had desperate thoughts of climbing over the rail and jumping from the train. Death would be better than what I should soon have to face. My prosecutors had even told how they had deceived my friends at home by sending telegrams of my mental condition, and of the necessity for putting me into an asylum. There would be no hope of appealing to them for help. The only witnesses to my sanity were far away in Vienna, and how could I reach them if I were in Richard's power?

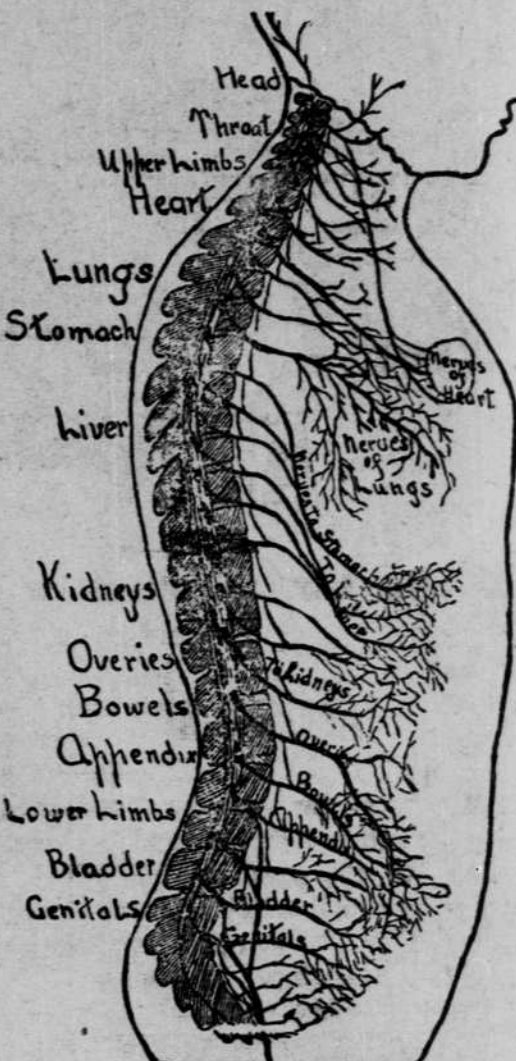
"I watched the names of the stations as they flew by, but it gradually grew dark, and I could hardly make them out. I thought one looked like the name of a Philadelphia suburb, but I could not be sure.

"I was freezing with horror and with cold, but did not dare to move, lest I attract their attention.

"We began to rush past rows of houses, and I knew we were approaching (To be continued)

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