

DEALS OF EQUITABLE

MORTON MAKES STATEMENT OF QUESTIONABLE TRANSACTIONS.

Large Sums Invested in Worthless Securities Guaranteed by the Society—Trust Company Paid \$218,264 Without Any Authority.

New York, Sept. 20.—That the Equitable Life Assurance society paid out \$218,264 to the Mercantile Trust company in connection with certain loans known as the "Turner loans" and that these payments were made without authority so far as the records of the society disclose, became known when Paul Morton, president of the society, made public a report on the subject submitted by him to the society's directors. Concerning the mysterious \$685,000 loan made by the Mercantile Trust company on the "J. W. A. No. 3 account," Mr. Morton found that no such loan had been authorized by the society and he repudiated it.

The "J. W. A. No. 3 account" loan was repaid recently by individuals. Mr. Morton discovered, however, that from 1901 to 1904 the Equitable paid \$265,000 on this loan and he has instructed counsel "to take the necessary proceedings to recover these amounts for the society."

The Searles loan was originally \$340,000 and was reduced to \$86,488. The remaining collateral of this loan, Mr. Morton finds, is without avail.

Elsam Pleads Insanity.

Minden, Sept. 20.—The trial of George Elsam, on the charge of murdering his wife near Axtell this summer, is being held now. The defense makes a plea of insanity and raises the question of Mrs. Elsam having committed suicide.

Farmer Killed by Fall.

Norfolk, Neb., Sept. 14.—While stacking hay at his farm, three miles southwest of Magnet, Andrew Brumquist, a farmer, forty years old, slipped from the top of the stacker, turned a somersault in the air as he fell struck on the top of his head and broke his neck. Death was instantaneous. Brumquist had a family.

Five Prisoners Escape.

Omaha, Sept. 16.—Five prisoners got away from the county jail during the night. They are Fred Leonard, in for holding up a bunch of men in a drug store; Harry DeLacey, under sentence of two years for obtaining goods under false pretenses; Hugh Ward and James Young, chicken thieves, and George Castle, awaiting trial for stealing a tub of butter.

Tries to Exterminate Family.

Beatrice, Sept. 14.—Crazed from drink, Harm Huls, a German, living about two miles north of town, knocked his wife down with a club and dragged her about the yard by the hair of the head. He then attempted to kill his five children. The elder ones escaped, but he struck his eighteen-months-old child over the head, injuring it seriously. Two men happened to be passing the Huls place when the crazed man was engaged in his brutal work and prevented him from making a further attack upon his family. Huls is in jail.

Democrats and Populists Gather.

Lincoln, Sept. 20.—Nebraska Democrats and Populists will hold their state conventions here today at identical hours, but in separate halls. It is thought the same ticket will be nominated by both conventions without a formal declaration for fusion. Judge William G. Hastings of Saline county is the only prominent candidate for justice of the supreme court, and his nomination is looked for in the Democratic convention. Chairman Weber of the Populist state committee said that he believed Judge Hastings would be satisfactory to the Populists. W. J. Bryan is a delegate to the Democratic convention and will make an address.

Reception to Mrs. A. A. Adams.

Superior, Neb., Sept. 14.—A public reception was tendered to Mrs. Abbie A. Adams, the newly elected national president of the Woman's Relief Corps, in this, her home town. The meeting was held in the Grand Army of the Republic hall and was presided over by a past commander, but the attendance was general and large. Expressions of congratulation and confidence were numerous, hearty and well spoken. The national headquarters of the order are established in Superior for this administration. The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" has been designated as the hymn of the order. Mrs. Mary R. Morgan of Alma, Neb., has been appointed and installed national secretary.

Teacher (of class of zoology)—What is the proof that a sponge is a living animal? Young Man With the Bad Eye—A man is a living animal. Many men are sponges. Therefore a sponge is a living animal.—Chicago Tribune.

Age does not make us childish, as some say; it finds us true children.—Goethe.

NEWS OF NEBRASKA

Haddix is Allowed Bail.

Broken Bow, Neb., Sept. 19.—W.S. Haddix, who was sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary last week by Judge Hostetter for killing Malvin Butler, was allowed bond by the supreme court, the sum being fixed at \$7,000. Judge Sullivan, attorney for Haddix says bonds will be secured within twenty-four hours. Haddix was taken to Lincoln this week.

J. B. Weston Passes Away.

Beatrice, Neb., Sept. 16.—Hon. J. B. Weston, president of the Beatrice National bank and a pioneer resident of Gage county, died at noon after an illness of several months. He was among the prominent men of the state and was at one time state treasurer. He was nearly eighty years of age and is survived by a widow and three children, two sons and a daughter.

Campers Have a Close Call.

Beatrice, Neb., Sept. 18.—George Michels and Lou Davis, who reside at Harmon, Neb., had a thrilling experience which they are not likely to forget. The young men purchased a camping and fishing outfit in this city and pitched their tent on an island in the Blue river near the mouth of Bear creek. The downpour of Thursday night caused such a rise in the river they were awakened by the rushing of water around their camp. The night being very dark, it was with difficulty they succeeded in climbing a tree, where they were held prisoners for forty-eight hours without food or sleep.

Indians Must Pay Taxes.

Omaha, Sept. 15.—Indians must pay county taxes on all personal property. Such is the decision of Judge Munger. The ruling is important. The ultimate effect of this decision will be that the government will be obliged to turn over trust funds to the Indians. The suit which called forth this ruling was one brought by the government to enjoin the officials of Thurston county from taxing \$75,000 trust funds of the Omaha and Winnebago Indians. The money, which resulted from the sale of allotments, has been held in trust by the government at the Security National bank of Sioux City. Judge Munger denied the injunction.

Aeronaut Falls Into the River.

Tecumseh, Neb., Sept. 16.—John Morrissey, a young aeronaut from Omaha, had an experience here that he will not want repeated. At 6 p. m. he made a balloon ascension from the fair grounds, going up over 1,000 feet. The Nemaha river is out all over the bottoms west of the city, and when Morrissey made his parachute drop he came down in the middle of the river, which is nearly a mile wide. He swam to a stump, where he remained until taken off by a posse of men and boys from the city, after 11 p. m. He was in the cold water, his head and shoulders alone being out, with nothing but his thighs on for over six hours.

Tornado Hits Burwell.

Burwell, Neb., Sept. 16.—A tornado demolished fifteen residences and store buildings in Burwell last evening. The storm came at about 6 o'clock from the west and passed through the northern part of the town. Mrs. E. B. McKinney, aged about sixty, was killed. Frank Henrich, Mrs. Leeper and Mrs. Dinnell are badly injured and several others hurt. The path of the storm was not very wide and extended but a short distance. It is probably the worst storm that ever visited this section and the town is badly torn up. The damage in Burwell will be at least \$50,000 and as much more in the country nearby.

Worst Storm in Years.

Omaha, Sept. 16.—Over all the southeastern portion of Nebraska and the southwestern section of Iowa there swept a storm last night of unwanted severity. In Omaha for a brief space of time the wind blew with the velocity almost of a tornado, tearing down signs, smashing in plate glass windows, ripping off roofs and stripping great limbs from trees. The rain came for fifteen minutes in a veritable cloudburst. The whole top of the Dodge hotel was blown off and a torrent of water burst in through the ceiling of the third floor on the heads of sleeping guests. During the storm Chief of Police Fitzgerald of Plattsmouth was severely, though not dangerously injured by being struck by a large piece of plate glass.

JUDGE LETTON FOR LEADER.

Nebraska Republicans Want Law Against Railroad Passes. Lincoln, Sept. 15.—Nebraska Republicans at the state convention nominated the following ticket: Justice of the supreme court, Charles B. Letton of Fairbury; regents of the university, V. G. Lyford of Falls City and Frederick Abbott of Columbus.

While the contest for head of the ticket was spirited, interest centered largely in the platform declarations, especially the planks referring to railroad passes and the transportation

question. It had been predicted that majority and minority reports would be submitted on the railroad question, but the fight was settled in committee, resulting in an outspoken declaration against rebates and passes and favorable to the upholding of the president.

On the question of passes, the convention recommends that a law be enacted to prevent their distribution. The convention concluded its work at a single session. It elected W. P. Warner of Dakota county as chairman of the state committee.

Young Court-Martial Convenes.

Mare Island, Cal., Sept. 19.—The Young court-martial convened here. Commander Young, Judge Gear, his attorney, and the full board were present. Naval Constructor Holden Evans was in the room and this gave rise to the question of the exclusion of naval experts. After consulting the naval rules and regulations Rear Admiral Glass decided that Constructor Evans must retire. The charges and specifications were read and Commander Young pleaded not guilty to each of the six charges.

RULES FOR CYCLISTS.

Quaint Regulations That Are Enforced in Foreign Lands.

In some foreign countries and cities there are rules and regulations for women cyclists which are decidedly quaint, according to the American way of thinking.

Russian women are not allowed to own cycles except by royal permission, and it is sparingly given. In fact, until comparatively lately, there have been but few Russian wheelwomen, and the majority of these belonged to the royal family.

In France women cyclists are plentiful, but a curious law exists which prevents a married woman joining a touring club unless she can present a signed declaration from her husband that he is willing that she should do so.

In Germany women cyclists are obliged to pass an examination before the city police showing that they have perfect control of their bicycles before they can obtain permission to ride in the streets, and they must carry with them their license on their cycles.

In Vienna no wheelwoman is allowed to take her hands from the handle bars while riding in the streets, and in Florence the fair cyclist is compelled to carry two bells on her machine to warn pedestrians of her vicinity.

These rules are all for the special benefit of women and do not apply to men, who doubtless are considered more capable of controlling the vagaries of the giddy wheel.—New York American.

AN OLD WELSH HOME.

Description of an Interior, With Its Sanded Slate Flags.

Robert Fowler in his book, "Beautiful Wales," makes this pretty description of an old Welsh home: "The floor was of sanded slate flags and on them a long, many legged table, an oak settle, a table piano and some Chipendale chairs. There were also two tall clocks, and they were the most human clocks I ever met, for they ticked with effort and uneasiness. They found the hours troublesome and did not twitter mechanically over them, and at midnight the twelve strokes always nearly ruined them, so great was the effort."

"On the wall were a large portrait of Spurgeon, several sets of verses, printed and framed, in memory of dead members of the family, an allegorical tree watered by the devil and photographs of a bard. There were about fifty well used books near the fire and two or three men smoking and one man reading some serious book aloud by the only lamp, and a girl was carrying out the week's baking of large loaves, flat fruit tarts of blackberry, apple and whinberry, plain golden cakes, large, soft currant biscuits and curled out cakes.

"And, outside, the noises of a west wind and a flooded stream, the whimper of an otter and the long, slow laugh of an owl, and always silent, but never forgotten, the restless, towering outline of a mountain."

PARCHMENT.

It Was Invented by the Greeks When Papyrus Was Scarce.

There is no evidence that papyrus was grown for commercial purposes outside of Egypt during the whole Roman period, and the industry of its growth and manufacture must have been a large and profitable one. In the time of Tiberius a sedition was nearly caused by a scarcity of paper, and a rebellious paper maker, in the days of Aurelian, boasted that he could equip an army from the profits of his business—and did it too.

Parchment was invented by the Greeks when papyrus was scarce, and the middle ages reinvented it. There is evidence that linen rags were used in paper making as early as the eighth

and ninth centuries. In paper of that period the fiber was chiefly linen, with traces of cotton, hemp and other fibers. The known specimens are of oriental origin and appear to have been clayed, like modern papers, the material used being a starch paste manufactured from wheat.

The oldest manuscript written on cotton paper in England is in the British museum and dates from 1049 A. D., and the oldest on the same material in the Paris National library is dated 1050. In 1085 the Christian successors of the Spanish Saracens made paper of rags instead of raw cotton, which had been formerly employed.

A Compromise.

"Haven't Henpeck and his wife settled their differences about their visiting cards?"

"Oh, yes; they've compromised on 'Mr. and Mrs. Marie Henpeck.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Wings of the Morning.

(Continued from Page Three)

ming up.

This brutal argument rather overshoot the mark. The shipowner's face flushed with anger, and Lord Ventnor hastened to retrieve a false step.

"I didn't exactly mean to put it that way, Deane, but my temper is a little short these days. My position on board this ship is intolerable. As a matter of fair dealing to me you should put a stop to your daughter's attitude toward Anstruther on the ground that her engagement is neither approved of by you nor desirable under any consideration."

It may be assumed from this remark that even the earl's sardonic temper was ruffled by the girl's outrageous behavior. Nor was it exactly pleasant to him to note how steadily Anstruther advanced in the favor of every officer on the ship. By tacit consent the court martial was tabooed, at any rate until the Orient reached Singapore. Every one knew that the quarrel lay between Robert and Ventnor, and it is not to be wondered at if Iris' influence alone were sufficient to turn the scale in favor of her lover.

The shipowner refused point blank to interfere in any way during the voyage.

"You promised your co-operation in business even if we found that the Sir-dar had gone down with all hands," he retorted bitterly. "Do you wish me to make my daughter believe she has come back into my life only to bring me irretrievable ruin?"

"That appears to be the result, no matter how you may endeavor to disguise it."

"I thought the days were gone when a man would wish to marry a woman against her will."

"Nonsense! What does she know about it? The glamor of this island romance will soon wear off. It would be different if Anstruther were able to maintain her even decently. He is an absolute beggar, I tell you. Didn't he ship on your vessel as a steward? Take my tip, Deane. Tell him how matters stand with you, and he will cool off."

CHAPTER XVII.

SIR ARTHUR DEANE was sitting alone in his cabin in a state of deep dejection when he was aroused by a knock, and Robert entered.

"Can you give me half an hour?" he asked. "I have something to say to you before we land."

The shipowner silently motioned him to a seat.

"It concerns Iris and myself," continued Anstruther. "I gathered from your words when we met on the island that both you and Lord Ventnor regarded Iris as his lordship's promised bride. From your point of view the arrangement was perhaps natural and equitable, but since your daughter left Hongkong it happens that she and I have fallen in love with each other. No; please listen to me. I am not here to urge my claims on you. I won her fairly and intend to keep her were the whole house of peers opposed to

me. At this moment I want to tell you, her father, why she could never, even under other circumstances, marry Lord Ventnor."

Then he proceeded to place before the astounded baronet a detailed history of his recent career. It was a sordid story of woman's perfidy twice told. It carried conviction in every sentence.

At the conclusion Sir Arthur bowed his head between his hands.

"I cannot choose but believe you," he admitted huskily. "Yet how came you to be so unjustly convicted by a tribunal composed of your brother officers?"

"They could not help themselves. To acquit me meant that they discredited the sworn testimony not only of my colonel's wife, but of the civil head of an important government mission, not to mention some bought Chinese evidence."

"But you are powerless now. You can hardly hope to have your case revised. What chance is there that your name will ever be cleared?"

"Mrs. Costobell can do it if she will. The vagaries of such a woman are not to be depended on. If Lord Ventnor has cast her off her hatred may prove stronger than her passion. Anyhow, I should be the last man to despair of God's providence. Compare the condition of Iris and myself today with our plight on the ledge!"

The shipowner sighed heavily.

"I hope your faith will be justified. If it is not—the more likely thing to happen—do I understand that my daughter and you intend to get married whether I give or withhold my sanction?"

Anstruther rose and opened the door.

"I have ventured to tell you," he said, "why she should not marry Lord Ventnor. When I come to you and ask you for her, which I pray may be soon, it will be time enough to answer that question should you then decide to put it."

It must be remembered that Robert knew nothing whatever of the older man's predicament, while the baronet, full of his own troubles, was in no mood to take a reasonable view of Anstruther's position.

Thus, for a little while, these two were driven apart, and Anstruther disclaimed to urge the plea that not many weeks would elapse before he would be a richer man than his rival. The chief sufferer was Sir Arthur Deane. Had Iris guessed how her father was tormented she would not have remained on the bridge, radiant and mirthful, while the gray haired baronet gazed with stony eyed despair at some memoranda which he extracted from his papers.

"Ten thousand pounds!" he muttered. "Not a great sum for the millionaire financier, Sir Arthur Deane, to raise on his note of hand. A few months ago men offered me one hundred times the amount on no better security. And now to think that a set of jabbering fools in London should so destroy my credit and their own; that not a bank will discount our paper unless they are assured Lord Ventnor has joined

the board! Fancy me, of all men, being willing to barter my child for a few pieces of gold!"

The thought was maddening. For a little while he yielded to utter despondency. It was quite true that a comparatively small amount of money would restore the stability of his firm. Even without it, were his credit unimpaired, he could easily tide over the period of depression until the first fruits of his enterprise were garnered. Then all men would hail him as a genius.

Wearily turning over his papers, he suddenly came across the last letter written to him by Iris' mother. How she doted on their only child! He recalled one night shortly before his wife died when the little Iris was brought into her room to kiss her and lip her infantile prayers. She had devised a formula of her own:

"God bless father! God bless mother! God bless me, their little girl!"

(To be Concluded Next Week.)

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