

NEWS OF NEBRASKA.

Reward Up for White's Slayer.
Kearney, Neb., Jan. 14.—Richard White, who was supposed to have been run over by a train, was found by the coroner's jury to have been murdered, and a reward of \$500 has been offered by the board of supervisors for the arrest of the murderer.

Railroad Brakeman Killed.
Lincoln, Jan. 14.—Gladstone Tate, a brakeman employed by the Burlington, was run over and killed in the yards. After being struck by the cars he was taken to the Everett sanitarium, where he died. The young man was making a coupling when he fell beneath the wheels.

Firebugs Go After Farmer.
Ashland, Neb., Jan. 12.—Three unsuccessful attempts have been made by incendiaries to burn the home of Otto Anderson, a prominent farmer in Saunders county. At the last attempt bloodhounds from Beatrice were put upon the trail of the firebugs, but were unable to track them.

Third Victim of Tragedy Succumbs.
Norfolk, Neb., Jan. 12.—As a third victim of the tragedy, Nell Bailey of this city succumbed to a stroke of paralysis, caused by the tragic death of her husband, Lee Bailey, in a duel, which killed two men last September. She was stricken the day after he was killed and never left her bed afterwards.

BOARD OF TRADE MEETS

National Organization Begins Four Days' Session at Washington.

Washington, Jan. 16.—The annual convention of the national board of trade, composed of boards of trade, merchants' associations, chambers of commerce and other business organizations, met in this city for a four days' session. Frank de La Lanza of Philadelphia, president of the national board, presided.

ENGINEERS GET RAISE

Final Settlement Reached at Wage Conference in Chicago.

Chicago, Jan. 16.—A final settlement was reached here between committees representing the railway managers and the locomotive engineers. The agreement made includes a roads west of Chicago to the Pacific coast and south to the Mexican border. The new schedule is to go into effect Feb. 1 and will affect about 27,000 engineers.

Freight engineers receive a flat increase of 40 cents a day of ten hours or less, 100 miles or less, overtime pro rata.

Engineers in switching service, first class yards, are advanced to \$3.75 per day of ten hours or less; second class yards, advanced to \$3.50 a day of ten hours or less, overtime pro rata.

In the work train and helper service the hours are reduced from 12 to 10 per day.

In the passenger service, engineers on engines having cylinders under eighteen inches in diameter receive \$2.75 per day of 100 miles or less; on engines having cylinders eighteen inches or more in diameter \$4 a day of 100 miles or less.

The Huguenots.

Here are two essays on the Huguenots by Chicago public school pupils: "The Huguenots are people in France that are followers of Victor Hugo. Their leader is a man named Jean Valjean that was a thief, but got converted and turned out well. The Huguenots are very good people. A lady named Evangeline wrote a long poem about them, but it don't rhyme." "The Huguenots is the name of a big thing like a steam roller that the mogul used in India to run over people. It squashed them to death and was very terrible. It had eyes painted on it like a dragon and snorted steam when it was running. They are no huguenots any more."

John Bright and Lord Manners.

In one of his speeches in the house of commons John Bright quoted in a spirit of banter and ridicule the well known lines written by Lord John Manners in his callow youth: Lot wealth and commerce, laws and learning die, But leave us still our old nobility.

Lord John, who was present, immediately got up and pulverized the great tribune by retorting: "I would rather be the foolish young man who wrote those lines than the malignant old man who quoted them."

Mozart.

Mozart lived thirty-seven years. His first mass was composed when he was less than ten years of age, and the enormous quantity of his compositions was the work of the succeeding twenty-seven years. Mozart wrote forty-one symphonies, fifteen masses, over thirty operas and dramatic compositions, forty-one sonatas, together with an immense number of vocal and concerted pieces in almost every line of the art.

The Masquerader

(Continued from Page Three.)

constituency—his wife. He half extricated his arm, but Fraide held it.

"No," he said. "Don't draw away from me. You have always been too ready to do that. It is not often I have a pleasant truth to tell. I won't be deprived of the enjoyment."

"Can the truth ever be pleasant, sir?" involuntarily Loder echoed Chilcote.

Fraide looked up. He was half a head shorter than his companion, though his dignity concealed the fact. "Chilcote," he said seriously, "give up cynicism! It is the trademark of failure, and I do not like it in my friends."

Loder said nothing. The quiet insight of the reproof, its mitigating kindness, touched him sharply. In that moment he saw the rails down which he had sent his little car of existence spinning, and the sight daunted him. The track was steeper, the gauge narrower, than he had guessed; there were curves and sidings upon which he had not reckoned. He turned his head and met Fraide's glance.

"Don't count too much on me, sir," he said slowly. "I might disappoint you again." His voice broke off on the last word, for the sound of other voices and of laughter came to them across the terrace as a group of two women and three men passed through the open door. At a glance he realized setting of somber river and somber stone.

Fraide smiled at her affectionately, then looked at Loder. "Chilcote has got a new lease of nerves, Eve," he said quietly. "And I—believe—I have got a new henchman. But I see my wife beckoning to me. I must have a word with her before she flits away. May I be excused?" He made a courteous gesture of apology, then smiled at Eve.

She looked after him as he moved away. "I sometimes wonder what I should do if anything were to happen to the Fraides," she said, a little wistfully. Then almost at once she laughed, as if regretting her impulsiveness. "You heard what he said," she went on in a different voice. "Am I really to congratulate you?"

The change of tone stung Loder unaccountably. "Will you always disbelieve in me?" he asked.

Without answering, she walked slowly across the deserted terrace and, pausing by the parapet, laid her hand on the stonework. Still in silence, she looked out across the river.

Loder had followed closely. Again her aloofness seemed a challenge. "Will you always disbelieve in me?" he repeated.

At last she looked up at him slowly. "Have you ever given me cause to believe?" she asked in a quiet tone.

To this truth he found no answer, though the subdued incredulity nettled him afresh.

Prompted to a further effort, he spoke again. "Patience is necessary with every person and every circumstance," he said. "We've all got to wait and see."

She did not lower her gaze as he spoke, and there seemed to him something disconcerting in the clear, candid blue of her eyes. With a sudden dread of her next words, he moved forward and laid his hand beside hers on the parapet.

"Patience is needed for every one," he repeated quickly. "Sometimes a man is like a bit of wreckage. He drifts till some force stronger than himself gets in his way and stops him." He looked again at her face. He scarcely knew what he was saying. He only felt that he was a man in an egregiously false position, trying stupidly to justify himself. "Don't you believe that flotsam can sometimes be washed ashore?" he asked.

High above them Big Ben chimed the hour.

Eve raised her head. It almost seemed to him that he could see her answer trembling on her lips. Then the voice of Lady Sarah Fraide came cheerfully from behind them.

"Eve!" she called. "Eve! We must fly. It's absolutely 3 o'clock!"

CHAPTER X.

IN the days that followed Fraide's marked adoption of him Loder behaved with a discretion that spoke well for his qualities. Many a man placed in the same responsible and yet strangely irresponsible position might have been excused if, for the time at least, he gave himself a loose rein. But Loder kept free of the temptation.

Like all other experiments, his showed unlooked for features when put to a working test. Its expected difficulties smoothed themselves away, while others, scarcely anticipated, came into prominence. Most notable of all, the physical likeness between himself and Chilcote, the bedrock of the whole scheme, which had been counted on to offer most danger, worked without a hitch. He stood literally amazed before the sweeping credulity that met him on every hand. Men who had known Chilcote from his youth, servants who had been in his employment for years, joined issue in the unquestioning acceptance. At times the ease of deception bewildered him. There were moments when he realized

that the slighter of the two women was Eve.

Seeing then, she disengaged herself from her party and came quickly forward. He saw her cheeks flush and her eyes brighten pleasantly as they rested on his companion, but he noticed also that after her first cursory glance she avoided his own direction.

As she came toward them Fraide drew away his hand in readiness to greet her.

"Here comes my godchild!" he said. "I often wish, Chilcote, that I could do away with the prefix." He added the last words in an undertone as he reached them, then he responded warmly to her smile.

"What!" he said. "Turning the terrace into the garden of Eden in January! We cannot allow this."

Eve laughed. "Blame Lady Sarah!" she said. "We met at lunch, and she carried me off. Needless to say I hadn't to ask where."

They both laughed, and Loder joined, a little uncertainly. He had yet to learn that the devotion of Fraide and his wife was a long standing jest in their particular set.

At the sound of his tardy laugh Eve turned to him. "I hope I didn't rob you of all sleep last night," she said. "I caught him in his den," she explained, turning to Fraide, "and invaded it most courageously. I believe we talked till 2."

Again Loder noticed how quickly she looked from him to Fraide. The knowledge roused his self assertion.

"I had an excellent night," he said. "Do I look as if I hadn't slept?"

Somewhat slowly and reluctantly Eve looked back. "No," she said truthfully and with a faint surprise that to Loder seemed the first genuine emotion she had shown regarding him. "No, I don't think I ever saw you look so well." She was quite unconscious and very charming as she made the admission. It struck Loder that her coloring of hair and eyes gained by daylight—were brighter than when he had seen her that morning. If he had been free to make a declaration of his regard, he would not be believed. Human nature prefers its own eyesight to the testimony of any man.

But in face of this astonishing success he steered a steady course. In the first exhilaration of Fraide's favor, in the first egotistical wish to break down Eve's skepticism, he might possibly have plunged into a vortex of action, let it be in what direction it might; but, fortunately for himself, for Chilcote and for their scheme, he was liable to strenuous second thoughts—those wise and necessary curbs that go further to the steadying of the universe than the universe guesses. Sitting in the quiet of the house on the same day that he had spoken with Eve on the terrace he had weighed possibilities slowly and cautiously. Impressed to the full by the atmosphere of the place that in his eyes could never lack character, however dull its momentary business, however prosy the voice that filled it, he had sifted impulse from expedience as only a man who has lived within himself can sift and distinguish, and at the close of that first day his programme had been formed. There must be no rush, no headlong plunge, he had decided. Things must work around. It was his first expedition into the new country, and it lay with fate to say whether it would be his last.

He had been leaning back in his seat, his eyes on the ministers opposite, his arms folded in imitation of Chilcote's most natural attitude, when this final speculation had come to him, and as it came his lips had tightened for a moment and his face become hard and cold. It is an unpleasant thing when a man first unconsciously reckons on the weakness of another, and the look that expresses the idea is not good to see. He had stirred uneasily, then his lips had closed again. He was tenacious by nature, and by nature intolerant of weakness. At the first suggestion of reckoning upon Chilcote's lapses his mind had drawn back in disgust, but as the thought came again the disgust had lessened.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Was Late.

Miss Ascum—Miss Sere tells me she is only twenty-three. Doesn't that seem strange to you? Miss Wise—Yes; very strange. It would seem to indicate that she wasn't born until her tenth birthday or so.—Exchange.

Justice pleaseth few in their own house.—Herbert.

Pinaules

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

You Look Yellow

The trouble is, your liver's sick. One of its products, "bile," is overflowing into your blood.

You can't digest your food, your appetite is poor, you suffer dreadfully from headache, stomach ache, dizziness, malaria, constipation, etc. What you need is not a dose of salts, cathartic water or pills—but a liver tonic

Thedford's Black-Draught

This great medicine acts gently on the sick liver. It purifies the blood, renews the appetite, feeds the nerves, clears the brain and cures constipation.

It is a true medicine for sick liver and kidneys, and regulates all the digestive functions. Try it.

At all dealers in medicines in 25c packages.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM
This Remedy is a Specific, Sure to Give Satisfaction. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE

It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. Applied into the nostrils and absorbed. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

FEELING LIVER-ISH This Morning?

Thedford's Black-Draught
Stops Indigestion, Constipation

A Gentle Laxative And Appetizer

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM CURED IN 3 DAYS.

Mrs. L. Hill of Lebanon, Tenn., says: "My wife had inflammatory rheumatism in her leg muscle and joint, her sufferings were terrible and her bed and feet were so swollen that she could not get up. I tried everything I could get my hands on, but she got no relief until she tried the Black-Draught. It gave her relief in 3 days and she was able to walk about in three days. I can assure I say a lot of good to you. Druggist, Red-Box."

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.
Itching, blind, bleeding, protruding piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50 cents.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablet
Seven Million boxes sold in 12 months.

Cures Grip in Two Days.
on every box, 25c.