

### Pawnee City Man Killed.

Pawnee City, Neb., Feb. 25.—Loy Lohmiller of this city was killed by a fast stock train. Being on the train somewhere and the train not stopping, Lohmiller jumped off at a crossing just east of the depot, striking on his head.

**Rock Island Files \$6,500,000 Mortgage.**  
Lincoln, Feb. 26.—The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway company, acting for the Rock Island Improvement company of New Jersey, filed with the secretary of state a mortgage for \$6,500,000. The mortgage runs to the Bankers' Trust company and, under the agreement, the money is to be used for the purchase of equipment.

### Factories Needed, Says Manss

**Ashland Is Told that Farming Community Has Reached Its Growth.**

Ashland, Neb., Feb. 25.—By invitation of the Business Men's association, W. H. Manss of Chicago, industrial commissioner of the Burlington, visited Ashland and conferred with the merchants of the town concerning the future growth of this city. In his talk to them Mr. Manss impressed upon their minds the fact that the future of the small city in eastern Nebraska depends solely upon the changing of the character of its buying community. The agricultural community about the town has reached its full growth and the business men can look to little increase in the future in the population of their surrounding rural district. Increased railroad facilities have developed the mail order houses of the larger cities which are making serious inroads upon the local merchant's sales. This problem can be met by converting the small city into a factory town. Many manufacturing concerns are leaving the larger cities on account of high rentals and the difficulty in obtaining labor and are looking to the small towns in Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska for suitable locations. Mr. Manss demonstrated that the financial returns from the location of even one factory would be great inasmuch as such an institution employing 100 persons at an average price of \$1 a day means a payroll of \$600 a week. Mr. Manss held that this was a larger sum than the entire amount of money spent in Ashland or any town of similar size in Nebraska by the farmers of the surrounding community.

### They Differ in Many Ways From Those of Our Own Country.

Hot water is not "laid on" (piped) at foreign hotels, says the Travel Magazine. If you hear a gentle tap on the door in the morning, you may interpret it as meaning that a copper ewer of hot water has just been set down outside for your personal use. If you order a bath, it will be prepared for you accordingly, and a sweet voiced maid will give you notice when it is ready. You are not expected to operate the water valves at all, and it is doubtful if you would succeed if you tried.

From a variety of vacant rooms at a hotel shown you you select the one you prefer, with a definite agreement as to price. You are not required to accept humbly and thankfully, in blind faith, whatever room the clerk deigns to assign to you, as in America. It is expected, however, that you will order your breakfasts at the hotel, being free to get your other meals elsewhere if you prefer.

Electric light switches are not commonly turned on by a push button or a flat key, as in our buildings, but by a small brass lever. Many of the best hotels have a reading light in the headboard of each bedstead.

### Piccadilly.

A theory as to the origin of Piccadilly was put forward by Archdeacon Bickersteth many years ago. He had discovered a Piccadilly among the Chilterns, the central one of three conical hills near Ivinghoe, and he learned that this hill had at one time been known also as Peaked hill. Might not London's Piccadilly likewise be a Peaked hill? No doubt the hill in Piccadilly is not remarkably peaky, but, then, the same thing might be said of the Derbyshire peak itself. There is another Piccadilly near Aberystwyth, and yet another near Bolton. But in the provinces one always suspects borrowing from London in such cases. There are Hyde Park Corners in provincial towns that have no Hyde park to justify them.—London Chronicle.

### Economy.

Lady Shopper—Have you any of your one dollar goods marked down to 99 cents? Salesman—None left, ma'am. We have the \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50 grades at the regular price and the \$5 grade marked down to.—Lady Shopper—Give me the \$5 grade.—New York Times.

### From Experience.

Elli—I shan't read any more novels. They all stop when he wins his sweetheart, and then it's just the best part. Father—Little blockhead! Who told you that was the best part?—Floh.

What a different world this would be if we were all as smart as we think we are.—Garland (Tex.) News.

## The Masquerader

(Continued from page 1)

position to wait and watch and yet preserve his dignity.

It was early in the afternoon of March 29 that Loder, in response to a long standing invitation, lunched quietly with the Fraides. Being delayed by some communications from Wark, he was a few minutes late in keeping his appointment, and on being shown into the drawing room found the little group of three that was to make up the party already assembled—Fraide, Lady Sarah—and Eve. As he entered the room they ceased to speak, and all three turned in his direction.

In the first moment he had a vague impression of responding suitably to Lady Sarah's cordial greeting, but he knew that immediately and unconsciously his eyes turned to Eve, while a quick sense of surprise and satisfaction passed through him at sight of her. For an instant he wondered how she would mark his avoidance of her since their last eventful interview; then instantly he blamed himself for the passing doubt. For, before all things, he knew her to be a woman of the world.

He took Fraide's outstretched hand, and again he looked toward Eve, waiting for her to speak.

She met his glance, but said nothing. Instead of speaking she smiled at him—a smile that was far more reassuring than any words, a smile that in a single second conveyed forgiveness, approbation and a warm, almost tender sense of sympathy and comprehension. The remembrance of that smile stayed with him long after they were seated at table and far into the future the remembrance of the lunch itself, with its pleasant private sense of satisfaction, was destined to return to him in retrospective moments. The delightful atmosphere of the Fraides' home life had always been a wonder and an enigma to him, but on this day he seemed to grasp its meaning by a new light as he watched Eve often under its influence and felt himself drawn imperceptibly from the position of a speculative outsider to that of an intimate. It was a fresh side to the complex, fascinating life of which Fraide was the master spirit.

These reflections had grown agreeably familiar to his mind. The talk, momentarily diverted into social channels, was quietly drifting back to the inevitable question of the "situation" that in private moments was never far from their lips, when the event that was to mark and separate that day from those that had preceded it was unceremoniously thrust upon them.

Without announcement or apology, the door was suddenly flung open and Lakeley entered the room.

His face was brimming with excitement, and his eyes flashed. In the first haste of the entry he failed to see that there were ladies in the room and, crossing instantly to Fraide, laid an open telegram before him. "This is official, sir," he said. Then at last he glanced round the table.

"Lady Sarah!" he exclaimed. "Can you forgive me? But I'd have given a hundred pounds to be the first with this!" He glanced back at Fraide.

Lady Sarah rose and stretched out her hand. "Mr. Lakeley," she said, "I more than understand!" There was a thrill in her warm, cordial voice, and her eyes also turned toward her husband.

Of the whole party Fraide alone was perfectly calm. He sat very still, his small, thin figure erect and dignified, as his eyes scanned the message that meant so much.

Eve, who had sprung from her seat and passed round the table at sound of Lakeley's news, was leaning over his shoulder reading the telegram with him. At the last word she lifted her head, her face flushed with excitement.

"How splendid it must be to be a man!" she exclaimed, and without premeditation her eyes and Loder's met.

In this manner came the news from Persia and with it Loder's definite call. In the momentary stress of action it was impossible that any thought of Chilcote could obtrude itself. Events had followed each other too rapidly, decisive action had been too much thrust upon him, to allow of hesitation, and it was in this spirit, under this vigorous pressure, that he made his attack upon the government on the day that followed Fraide's luncheon party.

That indefinable attentiveness, that alert sensation of impending storm, that is so strong an index of the parliamentary atmosphere was very keen on the steady southward advance of Russia into Persian territory from the distant days when, by a curious irony of fate, Russian and British enterprise combined to make entry into the country under the sanction of the grand duke of Moscow to the present hour, when this great power of Russia—long since alienated by interests and desires from her former co-operator—had taken a step which in the eyes of every thinking man must possess a deep significance.

With his usual quiet persistence he pointed out the peculiar position of Meshed in the distant province of Khorassan, its vast distance from the

Persian gulf, round which British interests and influence center, and the consequently alarming position of hundreds of traders who, in the security of British sovereignty, are fighting their way upward from India, from Afghanistan, even from England herself.

Following up his point, he dilated on these subjects of the British crown who, cut off from adequate assistance, can only turn in personal or commercial peril to the protective power of the nearest consulate. Then, quietly demanding the attention of his hearers, he marshaled fact after fact to demonstrate the isolation and inadequacy of a consulate so situated; the all but arbitrary power of Russia, who in her new occupation of Meshed had only two considerations to withhold her from open aggression—the knowledge of England as a very considerable, but also a very distant, power; the knowledge of Persia as an imminent, but wholly impotent, factor in the case.

Having stated his opinions, he reverted to the motive of his speech—his desire to put forward a strong protest against the adjournment of the house without an assurance from the government that immediate measures would be taken to safeguard British interests in Meshed and throughout the province of Khorassan.

The immediate outcome of Loder's speech was all that his party had desired. The effect on the house had been marked, and when, no satisfactory response coming to his demand, he had in still more resolute and insistent terms called for a division on the motion for adjournment, the result had been an appreciable fall in the government majority.

To Loder himself the realization that he had at last vindicated and justified himself by individual action had a peculiar effect. His position had been altered in one remarkable particular. Before this day he alone had known himself to be strong; now the knowledge was shared by others and he was human enough to be susceptible to the change.

The first appreciation of it came immediately after the excitement of the division, when Fraide, signaling him out, took his arm and pressed it affectionately.

"My dear Chilcote," he said, "we are all proud of you!" Then, looking up into his face, he added, in a graver tone, "but keep your mind upon the future; never be blinded by the present, however bright it seems."

At the touch of his hand, at the spontaneous approval of his first words, Loder's pride thrilled, and in a vehement rush of ambition his senses answered to the praise. Their, as Fraide in all unconsciousness, added his second sentence, the hot glow of feeling suddenly chilled.

In a sweep of intuitive reaction the meaning and the danger of his falsely real position extinguished his excitement and turned his triumph cold. With an involuntary gesture he withdrew his arm.

"You're very good, sir," he said. "And you're very right. We never should forget that there is—a future."

The old man glanced up, surprised by the tone.

"Quite so, Chilcote," he said kindly. "But we only advise those in whom we believe to look toward it. Shall we find my wife? I know she will want to bear you home with us."

But Loder's joy in himself and his achievement had dropped from him. He shrank suddenly from Lady Sarah's congratulations and Eve's warm, silent approbation.

### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

### An Insinuation Feared.

Clergyman—Madam, you must be consoled with the thought that your husband is at rest. Widow—Do you mean that he didn't have any before he died?—New York Press.

All must respect those who respect themselves.—Beaconsfield.

### Imperative.

An infantry soldier named Scheiber died on the last day of his leave in his home in a little village in upper Austria. The village burgomaster, himself an old soldier, remembered that the commanding officer of Scheiber's regiment should be notified of the death, and he proceeded to do so in the following letter:

"The undersigned village burgomaster requests on behalf of the soldier Scheiber two days' more leave, as otherwise his interment cannot take place."—Vienna Press.

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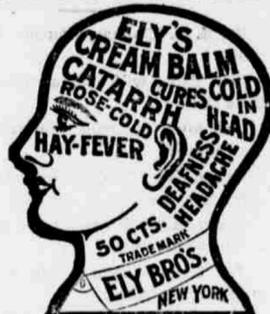
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