

MURDER IN SIOUX COUNTY.

One Negro Kills Another at Government Camp and Makes His Escape.

Gering, Neb., March 5.—Jess Murry was shot with fatal results by Fred Hubbard at Bell's camp on the government ditch in Sioux county. There had been some trouble between the parties, who are all colored. Murry was shot through the lungs and was brought to Scott's bluff, where he died. Coroner Wolt held an inquest and a verdict of murder was returned. The negro who did the killing appears to have done it deliberately and without any accompaniment of booze or other excuse. He went to Scott's bluff in the night and changed his clothing and has not been seen since.

LINCOLN KEEPS HOSPITAL.

Orthopedic Institution Remains at Capital After Warm Debate.

Lincoln, March 5.—The orthopedic hospital will remain in Lincoln, the house having indefinitely postponed the Dodge bill to remove it to Omaha. The action of the house came after a general debate, in which some of the members, especially McMullen of Gage, went after the Douglas delegation with considerable heat.

The senate passed a resolution instructing the state railroad commission to investigate the freight car shortage. The commission is empowered to compel the attendance of witnesses and the production of papers.

The house indefinitely postponed the bill limiting to eight hours the working day of railroad telegraphers and train dispatchers.

BASSETT GETS ELDEST SON.

Also Secures Privilege of Paying Costs of Wife's Suit.

Omaha, March 5.—Charles C. Bassett was awarded the custody of his oldest boy, Chester, by Judge Redick. The custody of the second boy, Rice, eight years of age, was given to Mrs. Bassett. The father did not want the youngest child, Lawrence, which he says is not his, and this one will stay with the mother.

The court also taxed the costs in the case to Mr. Bassett.

One of the saddest scenes ever witnessed in the court was the separation of these children after the long legal battle for their possession. The substance of the decree had been intimated to Mrs. Bassett before it was read. She and the two boys were seated in the court room. All were weeping and the moaning of Chester rose above all other sounds.

THE WORD "FELLOW."

Its Honorable Beginning and Its Later Day Decline.

The degeneracy of a good word was illustrated in a case at Branksome (Dorset), in which a witness spoke of the defendant as "this fellow" and was ordered by the bench to substitute "this man." "Fellow" began very honorably by meaning a person who put down money with others in a joint undertaking, its component parts being akin respectively to "fee" (property) and to "lay" and "law." To this day it is dignified to be a fellow of a college, and nobody minds being called a "fellow citizen," a "fellow Christian" or a "good fellow."

But ordinarily "fellow" alone ranks now as in the painful scene in which Mr. Topman said, "Sir, you're a fellow," and Mr. Pickwick retorted, "Sir, you're another." In the fourteenth century it was customary to call a servant "fellow" in kindly condescension. Perhaps that explains the word's decline, though it may be due to the use of "fellow" in the sense of boon companion. "Companion" and "mate" also were contemptuous at one time.—London Chronicle.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

While it is as a poet that Shelley will always be remembered, the fact must not be overlooked that he had a passion for reforming the world, before all things. He wrote many valuable essays and pamphlets on questions of the day some time before he ascended the world with his brilliancy as a poet. Of his lyric work it has been said that it "presents a sum total of high creativeness, profound thought and transcendent music such as cannot be found elsewhere in English literature."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Bank Clerk.

It is the duty of the clerk to be zealous. The low spirited has no place in a bank. Neither has the frivolous. The man who works for a bank is respected in his community because it is known that the character of his work is important and particular. He must not only be direct and speedy in what he does, he must not only be faithful and constant in all that he does, but he must go a step further and do what he does with a will, and a good will at that. Zeal requires interest and enthusiasm. One of the troubles with the bank clerk is that his senses and his buoyancy are apt to be dulled by the endless repetition of details. There is no way to shirk it. No bank clerk can go home at night with his work unfinished.—C. W. Stevenson in Bankers' Monthly.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lillian glanced up, with a faint exclamation of disappointment. "How horribly far away!" She spoke with engaging politeness and, leaning forward afresh, drew the book from Chilcote's hand. "What about tomorrow?" she exclaimed, turning back a page. "Why not tomorrow? I knew I saw a blank space."

"Tomorrow! Oh, I—!" He stopped. "Jack!" Her voice dropped. It was true that she desired Chilcote's opinion on her adventure, for Chilcote's opinion on men and manners had a certain bitter shrewdness, but the exercise of her own power added a point to the desire. If the matter had ended with the gain or loss of a tete-a-tete with him, it is probable that, whatever its utility, she would not have pressed it, but the underlying motive was the stronger. Chilcote had been a satellite for years, and it was unpleasant that any satellite should drop away into space.

"Jack!" she said again in a lower and still more effective tone, and, lifting her muff, she buried her face in her flowers. "I suppose I shall have to dine and go to a music hall with Leonard—or stay at home by myself," she murmured, looking out across the trees.

Again Chilcote glanced over the long, tan strewn ride. They had made the full circuit of the park.

"It's tiresome being by oneself," she murmured.

For awhile he was irresponsive; then slowly his eyes returned to her face. He watched her for a second, and, leaning quickly toward her, he took his book and scribbled something in the vacant space.

She watched him interestedly. Her face lighted up, and she laid aside her muff.

"Dear Jack!" she said. "How very sweet of you!" Then, as he held the book toward her, her face fell. "Dine 33 Cadogan gardens, 8 o'clock; talk with L." she read. "Why, you've forgotten the essential thing!"

He looked up. "The essential thing?" She smiled. "The blue cross," she said. "Isn't it worth even a little one?" The tone was very soft. Chilcote yielded.

"You have the blue pencil," he said in sudden response to her mood.

She glanced up in quiet pleasure at her success, and, with a charming affectation of seriousness, marked the engagement with a big cross. At the same moment the car slackened speed, as the chauffeur waited for further orders.

Lillian shut the engagement book and handed it back. "Where can I drop you?" she asked. "At the club?"

The question recalled him to a sense of present things. He thrust the book into his pocket and glanced about him.

They had paused by Hyde park corner. The crowd of horses and carriages had thinned as the hour of lunch drew near, and the wide roadway of the park had an air of added space. The suggested loneliness affected him. The tall trees, still bereft of leaves, and the colossal gateway incomprehensively stirred the sense of mental pain that sometimes seized him in face of vastness of space or of architecture. In one moment Lillian, the appointment he had just made, the manner of its making, all left him. The world was filled with his own personality, his own immediate inclinations.

"Don't bother about me!" he said quickly. "I can get out here. You've been very good. It's been a delightful morning." With a hurried pressure of her fingers he rose and stepped from the car.

Reaching the ground, he paused for a moment and raised his hat; then, without a second glance, he turned and walked rapidly away.

Lillian sat watching him meditatively. She saw him pass through the gateway, saw him hail a hansom; then she remembered the waiting chauffeur.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON the same day that Chilcote had parted with Lillian—but at 3 o'clock in the afternoon—Loder, dressed in Chilcote's clothes and with Chilcote's heavy overcoat slung over his arm, walked from Fleet street to Grosvenor square. He walked steadily, neither slowly nor yet fast. The elation of his last journey over the same ground was tempered by feelings he could not satisfactorily bracket even to himself. There was less of vehement elation and more of matured determination in his gait and bearing than there had been on that night, though the incidents of which they were the outcome were very complex.

On reaching Chilcote's house he passed upstairs, but, still following the routine of his previous return, he did not halt at Chilcote's door, but moved onward toward Eve's sitting room and there paused.

In that pause his numberless irregular thoughts fused into one.

He had the same undefined sense of standing upon sacred ground that had touched him on the previous occasion, but the outcome of the sensation was

different. This time he raised his hand almost immediately and tapped on the door.

He waited, but no voice responded to his knock. With a sense of disappointment he knocked again; then, pressing his determination still further, he turned the handle and entered the room.

No private room is without meaning, whether trivial or the reverse. In a room perhaps more even than in speech, in look or in work does the impress of the individual make itself felt. There on the wax of outer things the inner self imprints its seal, enforces its fleeting claim to separate individuality. This thought, with its arresting interest, made Loder walk slowly, almost seriously, halfway across the room and then pause to study his surroundings.

The room was of medium size—not too large for comfort and not too small for ample space. At a first impression it struck him as unlike any antipathy of a woman's sanctum. The walls paneled in dark wood, the richly bound books, the beautifully designed bronze ornaments, even the flowers, deep crimson and violet blue in tone, had an air of somber harmony that was scarcely feminine. With a strangely pleasant impression he realized this, and, following his habitual impulse, moved slowly forward toward the fireplace and there paused, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece.

He had scarcely settled comfortably into his position, scarcely entered on his second and more comprehensive study of the place, than the arrangement of his mind was altered by the turning of the handle and the opening of the door.

The newcomer was Eve herself. She was dressed in outdoor clothes and walked into the room quickly; then, as Loder had done, she, too, paused.

The gesture, so natural and spontaneous, had a peculiar attraction. As she glanced up at him, her face alight with inquiry, she seemed extraordinarily much the owner and designer of her surroundings. She was framed by them as naturally and effectively as her eyes and her face were framed by her black hair. For one moment he forgot that his presence demanded explanation; the next she had made explanation needless. She had been looking at him intently; now she came forward slowly.

"John?" she said, half in appeal, half in question.

He took a step toward her. "Look at me," he said quietly and involuntarily. In the sharp desire to establish himself in her regard he forgot that her eyes had never left his face.

But the incongruity of the words did not strike her. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I—I believe I knew directly I saw you here." The quick ring of life vibrating in her tone surprised him. But he had other thoughts more urgent than surprise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOUSE OF NAPOLEON.

The Dwelling in Corsica in Which the Great Man Was Born.

Historically, Ajaccio, Corsica, is of the utmost importance, for here it was that on the 15th of August, 1769, Napoleon Bonaparte was born, and here it was that the future emperor spent his youth, enlightened by an intelligent and lovely mother. The "Casa Napoleon" is one of the—or, I should say, the principal building in Ajaccio. It is a solid three story building, with gray stucco walls and a number of large windows. Situated in the old part of the town, one would scarcely find it were it not for the boys who tender their services to guide the stranger to the place.

Although plundered in 1793 by the partisans of Paoli, the heroic Corsican fighter for liberty, the house still contains a few reminiscences of the great warrior. Besides a number of odd nary rooms, each room containing some furniture, one finds the bedroom where Napoleon was born, as well as Napoleon's sleeping and study room, with his bed and table; his father's study, still beautifully furnished, and the drawing room, in which are his mother's piano and her sedan chair.—Theodore de Veer in Four Track News.

Rev. G. G. Ware Hearing Is Set.

Omaha, March 5.—Rev. George G. Ware, convicted in the federal court at Omaha of land frauds, will have his case heard on appeal before the United States circuit court of appeals May 7.

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