

**SONS OF HERMANN LOSE SUIT**

**Christine Soehner Gets the Verdict on Second Trial of Case.**

Bloomfield, Neb., March 11.—A decision of vital interest to fraternal benefit associations was rendered in the district court of Cedar county when the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff in the case of Christine Soehner against the grand lodge, Sons of Hermann of Nebraska.

Jacob Soehner, deceased, husband of the plaintiff was a member of Golden Crown lodge. On May 1, 1902, he failed to pay assessment No. 4 for the month of April and was suspended, according to the laws of the order. He also failed to pay assessment No. 5, for May and No. 6, for June, and was on July 1 dropped from the membership record of the grand lodge. On Sept. 13 Soehner paid to the secretary of the local lodge all assessments and dues to September, 1902, and received a receipt from the secretary with the understanding that in case the grand lodge would accept this money he (Soehner) should be reinstated according to the laws of the order. Before the secretary, however, had an opportunity, Soehner was killed by a railroad train on his way to his home.

The secretary had not remitted the money to the grand lodge, but held it in his possession. He notified the grand lodge immediately after the death of Soehner of his action, and the grand secretary replied simply that Soehner was not a member of the order, and therefore did not consider the grand lodge liable. Three months later suit was brought against the defendant in the district court of Cedar county and the court decided the case in favor of the defendant. The case was appealed to the supreme court, and on an opinion of Judge Oldham reversed and returned for a new trial.

**PARADISE FISHES.**

**These Creatures Live In Odd Nests Composed of Air Bubbles.**

Paradise fishes come from Japan, and their nests are very odd indeed, for they are composed of air bubbles. Unlike goldfish, they will breed and raise their young in an aquarium or even in a glass globe, and they raise three or four broods each year.

Ordinarily the male paradise fish is of a dull silvery color, but when he goes a-courting he puts on a brilliant coat, striped with streaks of red, blue and green. When the female fish is ready to lay eggs, she builds her nest by swallowing air and making bubbles, which are held together by a sticky secretion that comes from her mouth.

The eggs rise in the water and find a resting place among the air bubbles, to which they cling. The female fish tries to swallow the eggs, but her husband drives her away and keeps guard until the eggs are hatched. If the air bubbles burst, the male fish blows some more, so that the nest is always floating on the surface of the water.

At the end of five days the young are hatched out. They cannot swim, but cling like tadpoles to the air bubbles. If one falls, the father fish catches it in his mouth and blows it up among the bubbles again. He does not leave his little ones until they are able to swim, and then they take care of themselves.

**Postpone Sitting of Douma.**

St. Petersburg, March 13.—The pending sitting of the lower house of parliament has been suddenly postponed to March 15. President Gollvin's action is due to the fact that the conservatives planned a monarchical demonstration for March 14, the occasion of the anniversary of the assassination of Alexander II.

**Fighting in Honduras.**

Puerto Cortez, Honduras, March 13.—Nicaragua's line of battle has been pushed forward past the frontier and into Honduras territory. It has occupied the towns of San Marcos de Colon, Trienfo and Namasique. Within the last two days, however, the Nicaraguan outposts were driven back from Namasique.

**CHICAGO GRAIN AND PROVISIONS**

**Features of the Day's Trading and Closing Quotations.**

Chicago, March 12.—Brisk covering by shorts caused a sharp rally in the wheat market today, the final quotations being up 1@1½c. Corn was ½c higher. Oats were down ¼@½c. Provisions were 7½@10c to 20c lower. Closing prices:  
Wheat—May, 78½c; July, 79½c.  
Corn—May, 47½c; July, 46½c.  
Oats—May, 41½c; July, 37½@37½c.  
Pork—May, \$16.10; July, \$16.25.  
Lard—May, \$9.25; July, \$9.30.  
Ribs—May, \$9.00; July, \$9.05@9.07½.  
Chicago Cash Prices—No. 2 hard wheat, 74½@77c; No. 3 corn, 45½@45c; No. 2 oats, 41½c.

**No Surplus Wealth.**

"What are you going to do with your surplus wealth?"  
"My friend," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "surplus wealth is a myth, a superstition. There is no such thing in the personal experience of any individual."—Washington Star.

**The Masquerader**

(Continued from Page Three.)

With a quick sense of respite he accepted it. At least he could sit secure from detection while he temporized with fate.

For a moment they sat silent, then Lillian stirred. "Won't you smoke?" she asked.

Everything in the room seemed soft and enervating—the subdued glow of the fire, the smell of roses that hung about the air and, last of all, Lillian's slow, soothing voice. With a sense of oppression he stiffened his shoulders and sat straighter in his place.

"No," he said, "I don't think I shall smoke."

She moved nearer to him. "Dear Jack," she said pleadingly, "don't say you're in a bad mood. Don't say you want to postpone again." She looked up at him and laughed a little in mock consternation.

Loder was at a loss.

Another silence followed, while Lillian waited; then she frowned suddenly and rose from the couch. Like many indolent people, she possessed a touch of obstinacy, and now that her triumph over Chilcote was obtained, now that she had vindicated her right to command him, her original purpose came uppermost again. Cold or interested, indifferent or attentive, she intended to make use of him.

She moved to the fire and stood looking down into it.

"Jack," she began gently, "a really amazing thing has happened to me. I do so want you to throw some light."

Loder said nothing.

There was a fresh pause while she softly smoothed the silk embroidery that edged her gown. Then once more she looked up at him.

"Did I ever tell you," she began, "that I was once in a railway accident on a funny little Italian railway centuries before I met you?" She laughed softly and with a pretty air of confidence turned from the fire and resumed her seat.

"Astrupp had caught a fever in Florence, and I was rushing away for fear of the infection, when our stupid little train ran off the rails near Pistoria and smashed itself up. Fortunately we were within half a mile of a village, so we weren't quite bereft. The village was impossibly like a toy village, and the accommodation what one would expect in a Noah's ark, but it was all absolutely picturesque. I put up at the little inn with my maid and Ko Ko—Ko Ko was such a sweet dog—a white poodle. I was tremendously keen on poodles that year." She stopped and looked thoughtfully toward the fire.

"But, to come to the point of the story, Jack, the toy village had a boy doll!" She laughed again. "He was an Englishman—and the first person to come to my rescue on the night of the smashup. He was staying at the North's ark inn, and after that first night I—he—we—Oh, Jack, haven't you any imagination?" Her voice sounded petulant and sharp. The man who is indifferent to the recital of an old love affair implies the worst kind of listener. "I believe you aren't interested," she added in another and more reproachful tone.

He leaned forward. "You're wrong there," he said slowly. "I'm deeply interested."  
She glanced at him again. His tone reassured her, but his words left her uncertain. Chilcote was rarely emphatic. With a touch of hesitation she went on with her tale:  
"As I told you, he was the first to find us—to find me, I should say, for my stupid maid was having hysterics farther up the line, and Ko Ko was lost. I remember the first thing I did was to send him in search of Ko Ko!"  
Notwithstanding his position, Loder found occasion to smile. "Did he succeed?" he said dryly.  
"Succeed? Oh, yes, he succeeded." "Poor Ko Ko was stowed away under the luggage van, and after quite a lot of trouble he pulled him out. When it was all done the dog was quite unharmed and livelier than ever, but the Englishman had his finger almost bitten through. Ko Ko was a dear, but his teeth and his temper were both very sharp." She laughed once more in soft amusement.

Loder was silent for a second, then he too laughed—Chilcote's short, sarcastic laugh. "And you tied up the wound, I suppose?"

She glanced up, half displeased. "We were both staying at the little inn," she said, as though no further explanation could be needed. Then again her manner changed. She moved imperceptibly nearer and touched his right hand. His left, which was farther away from her, was well in the shadow of the cushions.

"Jack," she said caressingly, "it isn't to tell you this stupid old story that I've brought you here. It's really to tell you a sort of sequel." She stroked his hand gently once or twice. "As I say, I met this man and we—we became very fond of each other. You understand? Then we quarreled—quarreled quite badly—and I came away. I've remembered him rather longer than I remember most people—he was one of those dogged individuals who

stick in one's mind. But he has stayed in mine for another reason"— Again she looked up. "He has stayed because you helped to keep him there. You know how I have sometimes put my hands over your mouth and told you that your eyes reminded me of some one else? Well, that some one else was my Englishman. But you mustn't be jealous. He was a horrid, obstinate person, and you—well, you know what I think of you"— She pressed his hand. "But to come to the end of the story. I never saw this man since that long ago time until—until the night of Blanche's party!" She spoke slowly, to give full effect to her words. Then she waited for his surprise.

But the result was not what she expected. He said nothing, and, with an abrupt movement, he drew his hand from between hers.

"Aren't you surprised?" she asked at last, with a delicate note of reproach.

He started slightly, as if recalled to the necessity of the moment. "Surprised?" he said. "Why should I be surprised? One person more or less at a big party isn't astonishing. Besides, you expect a man to turn up sooner or later in his own country. Why should I be surprised?"

She lay back luxuriously. "Because, my dear boy," she said softly, "it is a mystery! It's one of those fascinating mysteries that come once in a lifetime."

Loder made no movement. "You must explain," he said very quietly.

Lillian smiled. "That's just what I want to do. When I was in my tent on the night of Blanche's party, a man came to be gazed for. He came just like anybody else and laid his hands upon the table. He had strong, thin hands like—well, rather like yours. But he wore two rings on the third finger of his left hand—a heavy signet ring and a plain gold one."

Loder moved his hand imperceptibly till the cushion covered it. Lillian's words caused him no surprise, scarcely even any trepidation. He felt now that he had expected them, even waited for them, all along.

"I asked him to take off his rings," she went on, "and just for a second he hesitated—I could feel him hesitate. Then he seemed to have made up his mind, for he drew them off. He drew



She drew quite close to Loder and slid gently to her knees.

them off, Jack, and guess what I saw! Lo guess!"

For the first time Loder involuntarily drew back into his corner of the couch. "I never guess," he said brusquely.

"Then I'll tell you. His hands were the hands of my Englishman! The rings covered the scar made by Ko Ko's teeth. I knew it instantly—the second my eyes rested on it. It was the same scar that I had bound up dozens of times, that I had seen healed before I left Santasalar."

"And you? What did you do?" Loder felt it singularly difficult and unpleasant to speak.

"Ah, that's the point. That's where I was stupid and made my mistake. I should have spoken to him on the moment, but I didn't. You know how one sometimes hesitates. Afterward it was too late."

"But you saw him afterward—in the rooms?" Loder spoke unwillingly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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