

CHERRY COUNTY RANCH SOLD

Thirteen Thousand Acres and 3,000 Head of Cattle in Deal.

Neigh, Neb., March 16.—A deal of large financial importance has been consummated whereby C. J. Anderson of this city becomes sole owner of the Federal ranch and stock, situated near Cody, Cherry county. The company was capitalized at \$120,000, \$70,000 of the stock being held by Mr. Anderson and the balance by B. J. Hoffacher and Allen Marsh. Mr. Hoffacher will engage in the sugar business with his millionaire uncle, Claus Spreckles of San Francisco. The Federal ranch consists of 6,000 acres of deeded and 7,000 acres of school land. On its ranges are 3,000 head of cattle and 200 head of horses.

EASTERN ORPHANS FIND HOMES

Ten Boys and Girls from New York Are Placed With Albion People.

Albion, Neb., March 18.—J. W. Swan of University Place, Neb., brought ten orphan children to Albion from New York. He had advertised a few weeks in advance that he would bring a party of children to this city with the view of finding them homes. The people seemed to take a great interest in the homeless little ones and about thirty applications were filed with the committee offering homes for the boys and girls. After careful consideration the committee placed them in the homes they thought best and today finds them comfortably located in good, healthy Nebraska homes.

\$240,000 SETTLES CONTEST

Disappointed Heirs of Count Creighton Will Not Attack Will.

Omaha, March 15.—The price of \$240,000 has been agreed upon as the condition of not contesting the will of the late John A. Creighton. This sum is to be paid to the seven members of the McCreary and Shelby families, who began contest proceedings and retained attorneys to fight the case. This sum of money will come out of the charitable institutions that are beneficiaries under the will, and it is paid because of a conclusion to pay it and avoid a contest, rather than drag the matter through long litigation.

The five attorneys who undertook the contest of the will did so on a contingent basis, and are to receive 25 per cent of the amount recovered. Under the terms of this preliminary settlement they will receive \$60,000, which will net them an average of \$12,000 each for less than a week's work.

An Honest Quaker.

A sheriff was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home said he was, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time, when, the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he might see her husband. "Nay, friend, I promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee. He did not like thy looks. Therefore he avoided thee and hath departed from the house by another path."

Money In Words.

Mrs. Humphry Ward got for "Helbeck of Bannisdale"—the name's enough—\$75,000. Barrie got for "The Little Minister," book and play, \$250,000. Hall Caine got for the book and play of "The Christian" \$150,000. Mrs. Grant was paid for her husband's autobiography \$350,000. Nansen got \$50,000 for his "Farthest North." Sir Walter Scott got \$90,000 for his "Life of Napoleon." Ruskin, for "Modern Painters," got \$50,000.—Kansas City Times.

Almost a Threat.

Police Inspector—Haven't I often instructed you that you are not to allow the public to pick the flowers in this park? Park Keeper—Yes, that is my wife, who used to be your cook. Perhaps you will try to make her stop.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

A Domestic Distinction.

"They say that your wife wears the pants," commented the tactless friend. "She does not," responded young Mr. Enpeck with some spirit. "She merely selects 'em."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Awkwardly Put.

This is one of the things one would rather have put differently: Mr. Bumbleup (at fancy dress ball)—I must apologize for coming in ordinary evening dress. Hostess—Well, you really have the advantage of us. We're all looking more foolish than usual, and you're not.—Punch.

Little Thinking.

Mr. Borely (who has been criticising)—Now, don't be offended. You know, I always say what I think. Miss Cutting—You don't talk much, do you, Mr. Borely?—Illustrated Bits.

It is only reason that teaches silence. The heart teaches us to speak.—Richer.

The Masquerader

(Continued from Page Three.)

When Renwick had gone and closed the door behind him Loder paced the room with feverish activity. In one moment the aspect of life had been changed. Five minutes since he had been glorying in the risk of a barely saved situation; now that situation with its merely social complications had become a matter of small importance.

His long, striding steps had carried him to the fireplace, and his back was toward the door when at last the handle turned. He wheeled round to receive Eve's message, then a look of pleased surprise crossed his face. It was Eve herself who stood in the doorway.

Without hesitation his lips parted. "Eve," he said abruptly, "I have had great news! Russia has shown her teeth at last. Two caravans belonging to a British trader were yesterday interfered with by a band of Cossacks. The affair occurred a couple of miles outside Meshed. The traders remonstrated, but the Russians made summary use of their advantage. Two Englishmen were wounded and one of them has since died. Fraide has only now received the news, which cannot be overrated. It gives the precise lever necessary for the big move at the assembling." He spoke with great ear-



Very slowly and attentively Loder read the letter.

nestness and unusual haste. As he finished he took a step forward. "But that's not all!" he added. "Fraide wants the great move set in motion by a great speech, and he has asked me to make it."

For a moment Eve waited. She looked at him in silence, and in that silence he read in her eyes the reflection of his own expression.

"And you?" she asked in a suppressed voice. "What answer did you give?"

He watched her for an instant, taking a strange pleasure in her flushed face and brilliantly eager eyes; then the joy of conscious strength, the sense of opportunity regained, swept all other considerations out of sight.

"I accepted," he said quickly. "Could any man who was merely human have done otherwise?"

That was Loder's attitude and action on the night of his jeopardy and his success, and the following day found his mood unchanged. He was one of those rare individuals who never give a promise overnight and regret it in the morning. He was slow to move, but when he did the movement brushed all obstacles aside. In the first days of his usurpation he had gone cautiously, half fascinated, half distrustful. Then the reality, the extraordinary tangibility of the position had gripped him when, matching himself for the first time with men of his own caliber, he had learned his real weight on the day of his protest against the Easter adjournment.

With that knowledge had been born the dominant factor in his whole scheme—the overwhelming, insistent desire to manifest his power; that desire that is the salvation or the ruin of every strong man who has once realized his strength. Supremacy was the note to which his ambition reached. To trample out Chilcote's footmarks with his own hand had been his tacit instinct from the first. Now it rose paramount. It was the whole theory of creation—the survival of the fittest—the deep, egotistical certainty that he was the better man.

And it was with this conviction that he entered on the vital period of his dual career. The imminent crisis and his own share in it absorbed him absolutely. In the weeks that followed his answer to Fraide's proposal he gave himself ungrudgingly to his work. He wrote, read and planned with tireless energy. He frequently forgot to eat and slept only through sheer exhaustion. In the fullest sense of the word he lived for the culminating hour that was to bring him failure or success.

He seldom left Grosvenor square in the days that followed except to confer

with his party. All his interest, all his relaxation even, lay in his work and what pertained to it. His strength was like a solid wall, his intelligence was sharp and keen as steel. The moment was his, and by sheer mastery of will he put other considerations out of sight. He forgot Chilcote and forgot Lillian, not because they escaped his memory, but because he chose to shut them from it.

Of Eve he saw but little in this time of high pressure. When a man touches the core of his capacities, puts his best into the work that in his eyes stands paramount, there is little place for and no need of woman. She comes before—and after. She inspires, compensates or completes; but the achievement, the creation, is man's alone. And all true women understand and yield to this unspoken precept.

Eve watched the progress of his labor, and in the depth of her own heart the watching came nearer to actual living than any activity she had known. She was an onlooker—but an onlooker who stood, as it were, on the steps of the arena, who, by a single forward movement, could feel the sand under her feet, the breath of the battle on her face, and in this knowledge she rested satisfied.

There were hours when Loder seemed scarcely conscious of her existence, but on those occasions she smiled in her serene way—and went on waiting. She knew that each day before the afternoon had passed he would come into

his sitting room, his face thoughtful, his hands full of books or papers, and, dropping into one of the comfortable, studios chairs, would ask laconically for tea. This was her moment of triumph and recompense—for the very unconsciousness of his coming doubled its value. He would sit for half an hour with preoccupied glance or with keen, alert eyes fixed on the fire, while his ideas sorted themselves and fell into line. Sometimes he was silent for the whole half hour, sometimes he commented to himself as he scanned his notes, but on other and rarer occasions he talked, speaking his thoughts and his theories aloud, with the enjoyment of a man who knows himself fully in his depth, while Eve sipped her tea or stitched peacefully at a strip of embroidery.

On these occasions she made a perfect listener. Here and there she encouraged him with an intelligent remark, but she never interrupted. She knew when to be silent and when to speak, when to merge her own individuality and when to make it felt. In these days of stress and preparation he came to her unconsciously for rest; he treated her as he might have treated a younger brother—relying on her discretion, turning to her as by right for sympathy, comprehension and friendship. Sometimes as they sat silent in the richly colored, homelike room Eve would pause over her embroidery and let her thoughts spin momentarily forward—spin toward the point where, the brunt of his ordeal passed, he must of necessity seek something beyond mere rest. But there her thoughts would inevitably break off and the blood flame quickly into her cheek.

Meanwhile Loder worked persistently. With each day that brought the crisis of Fraide's scheme nearer his activity increased—and with it an intensifying of the nervous strain. For if he had his hours of exaltation he also had his hours of black apprehension. It is all very well to exercise a ghost by sheer strength of will, but one has also to eliminate the idea that gave it existence. Lillian Astrupp, with her unattested evidence and her ephemeral interest, gave him no real uneasiness, but Chilcote and Chilcote's possible summons were matters of graver consideration, and there were times when they loomed very dark and sinister. What if at the very moment of fulfillment—but invariably he snapped the thread of the supposition and turned with fiercer ardor to his work of preparation.

And so the last morning of his probation dawned, and for the first time he breathed freely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It Made a Difference.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the visitor. "Hear those boys fighting and yelling out there. Regular little hoodlums, aren't they?"

"I can't say," replied Mrs. Famley. "I'm rather nearsighted, you know."

"But surely you can hear them."

"Oh, yes; but I can't tell whether they're my children or the neighbors'."

—Exchange.

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. Allow no one to deceive you in this. 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.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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.

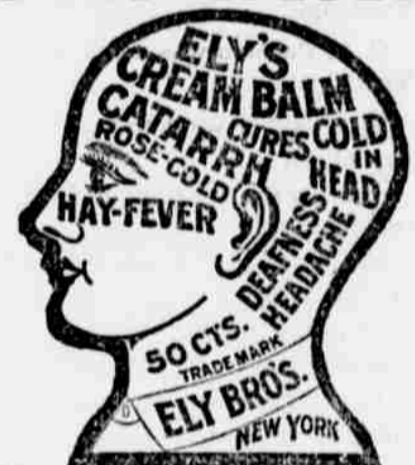
INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM CURED IN 3 DAYS

Morton L. Hill, of Lebanon Ind., says: "My wife had Inflammatory Rheumatism in every muscle and joint; her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed six weeks and had eight physicians, but received no benefit until she tried the Myrtle Cure for Rheumatism. It gave immediate relief and she was able to walk about in three days. I am sure it saved her life." Sold by H. E. Grice Druggist, Red Cloud.

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.

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.

THE ORIGINAL BEE'S

Best for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Etc.

LAXATIVE

No Opium, Conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law.

COUGH SYRUP

CONTAINS HONEY AND TAR. All cough syrups containing opiate constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels and contains no opiates.

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Jolly Medicine for Busy People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A Specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Stomach Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in fancy form, 25 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.

Pine-ules

GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED. A DOSE AT BED TIME WILL USUALLY RELIEVE THE MOST SEVERE CASE BEFORE MORNING.

The medicinal virtues of the crude gums and resins obtained from the Native Pine have been recognized by the medical profession for centuries. Pine-ules contain the virtues of the Native Pine that are of value in relieving Backache, Kidney, Bladder and Rheumatic Troubles.

BACACHIE

FOR SALE BY HENRY COOK

To Cure a Cold in One Day Cures Grip in Two Days. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. This signature, *E. F. Grove* on every box. 25c. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.