

Large Increase in Deposits and Condition Most Healthy.

Lincoln, March 25.—Secretary Royce made his report to the state banking board. This report presents a very healthy condition of the banks under state supervision. The number of banks reporting was 595, the highest number ever recorded in the state, with deposits amounting to \$63,602,278.47, the high water mark in the history of the state, and an increase of \$10,759,347.75 since the report of a year ago and an increase of \$6,027,193.43 since the report of November last.

FIRES NEAR SUTHERLAND.

Three Blazes on the Prairies Destroy Much Range and Some Property.

Sutherland, Neb., March 26.—Three disastrous prairie fires in contiguous country during the last few days have wrought much havoc to the range and destroyed some property. The country south of Paxton has been burned over.

A bad fire raged on the Birdwood creek and as a result many settlers are practically out of feed.

Emil Burkland's home, south of Sutherland, was destroyed by fire, which spread over the surrounding country.

People are becoming disgusted at the carelessness of those who set out the fires, which entail so much loss, and it is likely that an effort will be made to assess damages against some of them.

ADJOURNMENT IS IN SIGHT.

Speaker to Name House Committee to Confer With Senate.

Lincoln, March 26.—The house authorized the speaker to name a committee to confer with a senate committee on final adjournment.

The binding twine plant bill was killed and the appropriation for the deaf and dumb institute at Omaha was recommended for passage by the house in committee of the whole.

Terminal taxation got a backset when the senate refused to concur in the house amendments to the bill, and a conference committee was appointed.

The railroad commission bill was sent to the governor, and will become immediately effective with his signature.

Night sessions were begun last night by both senate and house in an effort to conclude within the sixty day limit.

AUBURN MYSTERY NOT SOLVED

"Woman in Black" Is Shot at Many Times, but Continues to Prowl.

Auburn, Neb., March 25.—The mysterious "woman in black" continues to make her nightly appearances on the streets of Auburn, scaring men, women and children alike by her weird appearance and strange actions. Shots are frequently heard which have been fired by some one who has been confronted by the queer apparition. It is the general belief that the "woman in black" is probably some young man himself playing what he deems a practical joke, and some of the citizens have vowed that if they catch him they will teach him a lesson that will put an end to his practical joking for the time being. They look on it as small business for any one to prowl the streets at night in this kind of disguise. There is serious danger that some innocent person moving about the city may be shot and killed some dark night by some person whose fears override their good reason.

EXCITEMENT AT ANSELMO.

Joseph Schall, "Bootlegger," Shoots Constable While Resisting Arrest.

Anselmo, Neb., March 26.—Considerable excitement was created here when Constable William Lewis and four deputies attempted to arrest Joseph Schall, an alleged desperado and bootlegger, who has been staying in this neighborhood the last winter. Schall started to make trouble a week ago, when he accused Postmaster Empfield of destroying a letter supposed to have been addressed to Schall by a jug house of Kansas City. Schall began filling up on "fighting fluid" and frequently made threats upon the life of the postmaster or any one who attempted to interfere with his business.

After knocking down a citizen, he began walking the streets firing his revolver, and for a time Anselmo recalled the cowboy days of long ago. Constable Lewis, who lives half a mile south of town, was sent for. When a freight train pulled out of town Schall attempted to board it. When discovered and called upon to stop, he opened fire on the officers, who returned the compliment. The officers fired ten shots and Schall nine while within sixteen paces of each other. Lewis was shot through the leg and the desperado succeeded in getting on the train. A message was sent to Dunning, the next town north, and the city marshal of that village rounded up the wild man and returned him to Anselmo. Sheriff Richardson took Schall to Broken Bow. The charge now against Schall is shooting with intent to kill.

The

(C. L. L. O.)

without effort. Then suddenly a fresh panic seized him, his fingers tightened spasmodically, his eyes ceased to rove about the room and settled on his companion's face. "Can you see it, Loder?" he cried. "I can't; the light's in my eyes. Can you see it? Can you see the tube?" He lifted himself higher, an agony of apprehension in his face.

Loder pushed him back upon the pillow. He was striving hard to keep his own mind cool, to steer his own course straight through the chaos that confronted him. "Chileote," he began once more, "you sent for me last night, and I came the first thing this morning to tell you"— But there he stopped short.

With an excitement that lent him strength, Chileote pushed aside his hands. "God," he said suddenly, "suppose 'twas lost—suppose 'twas gone!" The imaginary possibility gripped him. He sat up, his face livid, drops of perspiration showing on his forehead, his whole shattered system trembling before his thought.

At the sight Loder set his lips. "The tube is on the mantelshelf," he said in a cold, abrupt voice.

A groan of relief fell from Chileote, and the muscles of his face relaxed. For a moment he lay back with closed eyes, then the desire that tortured him stirred afresh. He lifted his eyelids and looked at his companion. "Hand it to me," he said quickly. "Give it to me. Give it to me, Loder, quick as you can! There's a glass on the table and some whisky and water. The tablets dissolve, you know"— In his new excitement he held out his hand.

But Loder stayed motionless. He had come to fight, to demand, to plead, if need be, for the one hour for which he had lived—the hour that was to satisfy all labor, all endeavor, all ambition. With dogged persistence he made one more essay.

"Chileote, you wrote last night to recall me"— Once again he paused, checked by a new interruption. Sitting up again, Chileote struck out suddenly with his left hand in a rush of his old irritability.

"D—n you!" he cried suddenly. "What are you talking about? Look at me! Get me the stuff. I tell you it's imperative." In his excitement his breath failed, and he coughed. At the effort his whole frame was shaken.

Loder walked to the dressing table, then back to the bed. A deep agitation was at work in his mind.

Again Chileote's lips parted. "Loder," he said faintly—"Loder, I must—I must have it. It's imperative." Once more he attempted to lift himself, but the effort was futile.

Again Loder turned away.

With a fierce gesture the other turned on him. "Good heavens, man!" he began. Then unaccountably his voice changed. The suggestion that had been hovering in his mind took sudden and definite shape. "All right!" he said in a lower voice. "All right! Stay as you are."

He crossed to where the empty tumbler stood and hastily mixed the whisky and water, then crossing to the mantelpiece where lay the small glass tube containing the tightly packed tablets he puffed and glanced once more toward the bed. "How many?" he said laconically.

Chileote lifted his head. His face was pitifully drawn, but the feverish brightness in his eyes had increased. "Five," he said sharply. "Five. Do you hear, Loder?"

"Five?" Involuntarily Loder lowered the hand that held the tube. From previous confidences of Chileote's he knew the amount of morphia contained in each tablet and realized that five tablets, if not an absolutely dangerous dose, was at least an excessive dose, even accustomed.

For a moment his resolution failed. Then the dominant note of his nature—the unconscious, fundamental egotism on which his character was based—asserted itself beyond denial. It might be reprehensible, it might even be criminal to accede to such a request made by a man in such a condition of body and mind; yet the laws of the universe demanded self assertion—prompted every human mind to desire, to grasp and to hold. With a perception swifter than any he had experienced he realized the certain respite to be gained by yielding to his impulse. He looked at Chileote with his haggard, anxious expression, his eager, restless eyes, and a vision of himself followed sharp upon his glance. A vision of the untiring labor of the past ten days, of the slowly kindling ambition, of the supremacy all but gained. Then, as the picture completed itself, he lifted his hand with an abrupt movement and dropped the five tablets one after another into the glass.

CHAPTER XXV.

HAVING taken a definite step in any direction, it was not in Loder's nature to waver. He retraced. His face was set, but set with determination, when he closed the outer door of his own rooms and passed quietly down the stairs and out

into the silent court. The thought of Chileote, his pitiable condition, his sordid environments, were things that required a firm will to drive into the background of the imagination, but a whole inferno of such visions would not have daunted Loder on that morning as, unobserved by any eyes, he left the little courtyard with its grass, its trees, its pavement—all so distastefully familiar—and passed down the Strand toward life and action.

As he walked his steps increased in speed and vigor. Now, for the first time, he fully appreciated the great mental strain that he had undergone in the past ten days—the unnatural tension; the suppressed but perpetual sense of impending recall; the consequently high pressure at which work



He dropped the five tablets one after another into the glass.

and even existence had been carried on. And as he hurried forward the natural reaction to this state of things came upon him in a flood of security and confidence—a strong realization of the temporary respite and freedom for which no price would have seemed too high. The moment for which he had unconsciously lived ever since Chileote's first memorable proposition was within reach at last, safeguarded by his own action.

The walk from Clifford's inn to Grosvenor square was long enough to dispel any excitement that his interview had aroused, and long before the well known house came into view he felt sufficiently braced mentally and physically to seek Eve in the morning room, where he instinctively felt she would still be waiting for him.

Thus he encountered and overpassed the obstacle that had so nearly threatened ruin, and, with the singleness of purpose that always distinguished him, he was able, once having passed it, to dismiss it altogether from his mind. From the moment of his return to Chileote's house no misgiving as to his own action, no shadow of doubt, rose to trouble his mind. His feelings on the matter were quite simple. He had inordinately desired a certain opportunity. One factor had arisen to debar that opportunity, and he, claiming the right of strength, had set the barrier aside. In the simplicity of the reasoning lay its power to convince, and were a tonic needed to brace him for his task he was provided with one in the masterful sense of a difficulty set at naught. For the man who has fought and conquered one obstacle feels strong to vanquish a score.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Absentminded.

Benson—I have a literary friend who is so absentminded that when he went to London recently he telegraphed himself ahead to wait for himself at a certain place. Smith—Did the telegram have the desired result? Benson—No; he got it all right, but he had forgotten to sign his name, and, not knowing who it was from, he paid no attention to it.—Pearson's Weekly.

Agrees With Osler; Ends Life.

Omaha, March 25.—James E. McElhancy, a former contractor, was found dead hanging in a shed at River-view park. He left a note explaining that the struggle for a livelihood had proved greater than the attractions of living; that he had pondered carefully over the teachings of Dr. Osler and had decided to end his life while he was in his right mind.

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"DUE TO CARDUI
is my baby girl, now two weeks old," writes Mrs. J. Priest, of Webster City, Iowa. "She is a fine healthy babe and we are both feeling nicely. I am still taking Cardui, and would not be without it in the house."

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 Mystic 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. Grier Druggist, Red Cloud.

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