NEWS OF NEBRASKA.

Litale Girl Fatally Burned Near Valley

Valley, Neb., April 13.—A six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Miller, residing five miles northeast of Valley, was fatally burned during the absence of her parents.

Mortgage Owners Must Pay Taxes.

Lincoln, April 15.—Every owner of a mortgage must pay a tax thereon. So declares Attorney General Thompson in a letter to County Attorney McKillip of Seward county. McKillip asked an opinion of the attorney general. The Seward county prosecutor also intimated that a number of persons were violating the spirit of the revenue law. Bankers must disclose the names of assignees to the county commissioners, it is said.

Quiet in Land Circles.

Alliance, Neb., April 16.—There is quiet in land circles here again, as all of the government agents have been ordered to Oregon and the coast to work on the timber fraud cases. Several witnesses have just returned from Topeka, Kan., where they were called to testify in the case of the government against Ashburger. The case was dismissed for the reason that the jurisdiction was in Nebraska, where the land is situated.

ELLIS CONVICTED OF ASSAULT.

Former Norfolk Hospital Attendant Will Appeal from Verdict of Jury.

Norfolk, Neb., April 12.—"Simple assault" is the verdict against Forrest Ellis, former insane hospital attendant. The jury was out all night.

On motion of defense the sentence was suspended and an appeal will be taken. Bond of $400 was furnished.

Attorney General Thompson Recommends Prosecution of Union Pacific.

Lincoln, April 13.—Attorney General Thompson recommended to County Attorney Roach of North Platte, Lincoln county, that he begin prosecution of the Union Pacific Railroad company for violation of the 2-cent passenger fare law. County Attorney Roach complained to the attorney general that the Union Pacific continues to charge at the rate of 3 cents per mile for tickets between North Platte and Sidney, notwithstanding both cities are in Nebraska. The Union Pacific justifies the 3-cent rate because a few miles of its line east of Sidney goes outside of this state into Colorado, making the traffic interstate, and therefore beyond the control of state laws. The suit may be made a test of the legality of the new law.

LAND FRAUD CASES CONTINUED

Witnesses Recount Their Experiences in Visiting Gordon to Locate.

Omaha, April 13.—The land trial was resumed before Judge T. C. Munger in the United States district court. The testimony of Lyman T. Pratt, Adam Emge, Frank L. Davis, W. H. Campbell, W. H. Tuttle and E. J. Logan, all ex-soldiers from Iowa, was given and was of a general uniform character with the preceding witnesses, and which was given during the Comstock and Richards trials. All of the witnesses had been solicited to file on lands within the Spade ranch enclosure by Irving D. Hull, and made the usual trip to Gordon, their expenses all being paid by either Hull, Huntington or Hoyt. The same story was told of a visit to the vicinity of the twin windmills, where they spent an hour or two and then returned to Gordon, executed the grazing leases, which they supposed were equivalent to cultivation and residence, and each admitted that they did not enter the lands with a view to settlement, but rather as a speculation.

ST. PATRICK'S DRUM.

The Sunken Rock and the Legend of the Banished Snakes.

There is an old legend to the effect that St. Patrick banished all reptiles from Ireland by beating a drum, but no one probably seriously believes the story. According to the myth, he took his drum out for the purpose mentioned and commenced pounding it so vigorously that he knocked a hole in the drumhead, thus seriously endangering the success of the miracle. While pondering what to do St. Patrick was astonished by the appearance of an angel, who immediately set to work to mend the broken musical instrument. After the hole had been mended the angel vanished, and St. Patrick continued the work of serpent banishing, being successful in ridding the island of every representative of the snake tribe except one old stayer who had lived so long that his tusks protruded from his mouth like horns. This monster refused to leave the "land of his fathers," and the good saint resolved to practice a little piece of strategy. He removed the patch which the angel had put on the drumhead and then persuaded the serpent to creep into the drum for the night. When the reptile had done as requested, St. Patrick glued down the magic patch and then threw drum, serpent and all into the sea. A sunken bowlder off the west coast of Ireland is called St. Patrick's drum.

The Masquerader

(Continued from Page Three.)

She laughed in an equally low tone.

Loder, to whom both remarks had been inaudible, dropped into the vacant seat beside Mary Esseltyn. He had the unsettled feeling that things were not falling out exactly as he had calculated.

"What is the play like?" he hazarded as he looked toward his companion. At all times social trivialities bored him. Tonight they were intolerable. He had come to fight, but all at once it seemed that there was no opponent. Lillian's attitude disturbed him; her careless graciousness, her evident ignoring of him for Kaine, might mean nothing, but also it might mean much.

"It is a good play," she responded. "I like it better than the book. You've read the book, of course?"

"No." Loder tried hard to fix his thoughts.

"It's amusing, but far fetched."

"Indeed?" He picked up the programme lying on the edge of the box. His ears were strained to catch the tone of Lillian's voice as she laughed and whispered with Kaine.

"Yes; men exchanging identities, you know."

He looked up and caught the girl's [illegible] glance. "Oh?" he said. "Indeed?" Then again he looked away. It was intolerable, this feeling of being caged up! A sense of anger crept through his mind. It almost seemed that Lillian had brought him there to prove that she had finished with him, had cast him aside, having used him for the day's excitement as she had used her poodles, her Persian cats, her crystal gazing. All at once the impotency and uncertainty of his position goaded him. Turning swiftly in his seat, he glanced back to where she sat slowly swaying her fan, her pale, golden hair and her pale colored gown delicately silhouetted against the background of the box.

"What's your idea of the play, Lillian?" he said abruptly. To his own ears there was a note of challenge in his voice.

She looked around languidly. "Oh, it's quite amusing," she said. "It makes a delicious farce—absolutely French."

"French?"

"Quite. Don't you think so, Lennie?"

"Oh, quite," Kaine agreed.

"They mean that it's so very light and yet so very subtle, Mr. Chilcote," Mary Esseltyn explained.

"Indeed?" he said. "Then my imagination was at fault. I thought the piece was serious."

"Serious!" Lillian smiled again. "Why, where's your sense of humor? The motive of the play debars all seriousness."

Loder looked down at the programme still between his hands. "What is the motive?" he asked.

Lillian waved her fan once or twice, then closed it softly. "Love is the motive," she said.

Now, the balancing—the adjusting of impression and inspiration—is, of all processes in life, the most delicately fine. The simple sound of the word "love" coming at that precise juncture changed the whole current of Loder's thought. It fell like a seed, and like a seed in ultraproductive soil, it bore fruit with amazing rapidity.

The word itself was small and the manner in which it was spoken trivial, but Loder's mind was attracted and held by it. The last time it had met his ears his environment had been vastly different, and this echo of it in an uncongenial atmosphere stung him to resentment. The vision of Eve, the thought of Eve, became suddenly dominant.

"Love?" he repeated coldly. "So love is the motive?"

"Yes." This time it was Kaine who responded in his methodical, contented voice. "The motive of the play is love, as Lillian says. And when was love ever serious in a three act comedy—on or off the stage?" He leaned forward in his seat, screwed in his eyeglass and lazily scanned the stalls.

The orchestra was playing a Hungarian dance, its erratic harmonies and wild alternations of expression falling abruptly across the pinks and blues, the gilding and lights of the pretty, conventional theater. Something in the suggestion of unfitness appealed to Loder. It was the force of the real as opposed to the ideal. With a new expression on his face, he turned again to Kaine.

"And how does it work?" he said. "This treatment that you find so—French?"

His voice as well as his expression had changed. He still spoke quietly, but he spoke with interest. He was no longer conscious of his vague uneasiness; a fresh chord had been struck in his mind, and his curiosity had responded to it. For the first time it occurred to him that love—the dangerous, mysterious garden whose paths had so suddenly stretched out before his own feet—was a pleasure ground that possessed many doors and an infinite number of keys. He was stirred by the desire to peer through another entrance than his own, to see the secret, alluring byways from another standpoint. He waited with interest for the answer to his question.

For a second or two Kaine continued to survey the house; then his eyeglass dropped from his eye, and he turned round.

"To understand the thing," he said pleasantly, "you must have read the book. Have you read the book?"

"No, Mr. Kaine," Mary Esseltyn interrupted, "Mr. Chilcote hasn't read the book."

Lillian laughed. "Outline the story for him, Lennie," she said. "I love to see other people taking pains."

Kaine glanced at her admiringly. "Well, to begin with," he said amiably, "two men, an artist and a millionaire, exchange lives. See?"

"You may presume that he does see, Lennie."

"Right! Well, then, as I say, these beggars change identities. They're as like as pins, and to all appearances one chap's the other chap—and the other chap's the first chap. See?"

Loder laughed. The newly quickened interest was enhanced by treading on dangerous ground.

"Well, they change for a lark, of course, but there's one fact they both overlooked. They're men, you know, and they forget these little things!" He laughed delightedly. "They overlook the fact that one of 'em has got a wife!"

There was a crash of music from the orchestra. Loder sat straighter in his seat. He was conscious that the blood had rushed into his face.

"Oh, indeed?" he said quickly. "One of them had a wife?"

"Exactly!" Again Kaine chuckled. "And the point of the joke is that the wife is the least larky person under the sun. See?"

A second hot wave passed over Loder's face. A sense of mental disgust filled him. This, then, was the wonderful garden seen from another standpoint! He looked from Lillian, graceful, skeptical and shallow, to the young girl beside him, so frankly modern in her appreciation of life. This, then, was love as seen by the eyes of the world—the world that receipts, judges and condemns in a slang phrase or two! Very slowly the blood receded from his face.

"And the end of the story?" he asked in a strained voice.

"The end? Oh, usual end, of course. Chap makes a mess of things and the bubble bursts."

"And the end of the wife?"

"The end of the wife?" Lillian broke in, with a little laugh. "Why, the end

"Outline the story for him, Lennie," she said.

of all stupid people who, instead of going through life with a lot of delightfully human stumbles, come just one big cropper. She naturally ends in the divorce court?"

They all laughed boisterously. Then laughter, story and denouement were all drowned in a tumultuous crash of music. The orchestra ceased; there was a slight hum of applause, and the curtain rose on the second act.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mine Promoter O'Hara Arraigned.

Denver, April 10.—John J. O'Hara, a mining promoter, who was indicted by the federal grand jury in session at Pueblo last week on the charge of using the mails to defraud, was arraigned before United States Commissioner Hinsdale, in this city.

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