

A MAKER OF HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OFFENHEIM,
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about it. Even in the hotel itself some one was always on his heels. The absence of any attempt at concealment convinced him that it was the authorized police who had thus suddenly showed their interest in him. The suspicion was soon to be confirmed. The manager called him on the fourth morning into his private office. "Monsieur will pardon me, I trust," he said, "if I take the liberty of asking him a question."

"Certainly!" Duncombe answered. "Go ahead!"

"Monsieur is aware that he has been placed under the surveillance of the police?"

"The fact," Duncombe said, "has been borne in upon me during the last few hours. What of it?"

The manager coughed.

"This is a cosmopolitan hotel, Sir George," he said, "and we make no pretense at ultra exclusiveness, but we do not care to see the police on the premises."

"Neither do I," Duncombe answered. "Can you suggest how we may get rid of them?"

"Monsieur does not quite understand," the manager said smoothly. "Clearly he has done something to bring him under the suspicion of the law. Under these circumstances it would be more agreeable to the management of the hotel if monsieur would depart."

Duncombe did not wish to depart. The hotel at which Phyllis Poynton's trunks were still awaiting her return was the hotel at which he wished to stay.

"Look here, M. Huber," he said. "I give you my word of honor that I have broken no law or engaged in any criminal action whatever since I came to Paris. This game of having me watched is simply a piece of bluff. I have done nothing except make inquiries in different quarters respecting those two young English people who are still missing. In doing this I seem to have run up against what is nothing more nor less than a disgraceful conspiracy. Every hand is against me. Instead of helping me to discover them the police seem only anxious to cover up the tracks of those young people."

The manager looked down at his desk.

"We hotel keepers," he said, "are very much in the hands of the police. We cannot judge between them and the people whom they treat as suspected persons. I know very well, Sir George, that you are a person of respectability and character, but if the police choose to think otherwise I must adapt my views to theirs. I am sorry, but we must really ask you to leave."

Sir George turned on his heel.

"Very good," he said. "I will go and take rooms elsewhere."

He left the hotel and walked toward the Ritz. At the corner of the Place Vendome an automobile was pulled up with a jerk within a few feet of him. A tired looking boy leaned over wearily toward him from the front seat.

"Sir George," he said, "can you give me five minutes?"

"With pleasure," he answered. "I was going into the Ritz. Come and have something."

"To Maxim's, if you don't mind," the vicomte said. "It will take us only a moment."

Sir George stepped in. The vicomte, in whose fingers the wheel seemed scarcely to rest, so light and apparently careless was his touch, touched a lever by his side, released the clutch and swung the great car round the corner at a speed which made Duncombe clutch the sides. At a pace which seemed to him most ridiculous they dashed into the Rue de Rivoli and with another sharp turn pulled up before Maxim's. The vicomte rose with a yawn as though he had just awoken from a refreshing dream. His servant slipped off his fur coat, and he descended to the pavement faultlessly dressed and quite unruined. The commissionaire preceded them, but in hand, to the door. A couple of waiters ushered them to the table which the vicomte intimated by a gesture.

"I myself," he remarked, drawing off his gloves, "take nothing but absinth. Spencer. We can talk there."

Duncombe ordered a whisky and soda.

"I think," he said, "there is one thing which I ought to tell you at once. I am being shadowed by the police. The man who has just arrived and who seems a little breathless, I believe, the person whose duty it is to dog my

footsteps in the daytime."

"What a pity!" the vicomte murmured. "I would at least have taken you a mile or so round the boulevards if I had known. But wait! You are sure—that it is the police by whom you are being watched?"

"Quite," Duncombe answered. "The manager of the hotel has spoken to me about it. He has asked me, in fact, to leave."

"To leave the hotel?"

"Yes. I was on my way to the Ritz to secure rooms when I met you."

The vicomte sipped his absinth gravely.

"I should not take those rooms," he said. "You will in all probability not occupy them."

"Why not?"

"It has been decided," the vicomte said, "that you are to be driven out of Paris. In the end you will have to go. I think if I were you I would not wait. The train de luxe to Calais is more comfortable than a wet bench in the morgue or a French prison."

"Who has decided this?" Duncombe asked. "What emperor has signed the decree of my banishment?"

"There have been worse served emperors," the vicomte remarked, "than the, shall we say, person who bids you go."

"What is my offense?" Duncombe asked.

"I know nothing," the vicomte answered slowly, pouring himself out some absinth.

"Who are my judges, then? What secret authorities have I incensed? I am an honest man, engaged in an honest mission. Why should I not be allowed to execute it?"

The vicomte half closed his eyes. Duncombe was a little angry. The vicomte regarded him with reproachful wonder.

"You ask me so many questions," he murmured, "and I tell you that I know nothing. I have asked you to come here with me because I had just this to say. I can answer no questions, offer no explanations. I have no particular liking for you, but I am afflicted with a curiously sensitive disposition, and there are things which I find it hard to watch with equanimity. There is a train for England at 9 o'clock this evening, Sir George. Take it."

Duncombe rose from his seat.

"I am very much obliged to you," he said. "I believe that you are giving me what you think to be good advice. Whether I can follow it or not is a different matter."

The vicomte sighed.

"You Englishmen," he said, "are so obstinate. It is the anxiety concerning your friends, I suppose, which keeps you here?"

"Yes."

The vicomte hesitated. He looked up and down the room and especially at

train which leaves Paris for London at 4 o'clock. You must catch it—if you are allowed to. Don't look like that, man. I tell you you've got to do it. If you are in Paris tonight you will be in prison."

"For what offense?" Duncombe asked.

"For the murder of Mlle. Flossie. They are training the witnesses now. The whole thing is as easy as A B C. They can prove you so guilty that not even your best friend would doubt it. Pack your clothes, man, or ring for the valet."

Duncombe hesitated, but he, too, was pale.

"Are you serious, Spencer?" he asked.

"I am so serious," Spencer answered, "that unless you obey me I will not move another finger in this matter. You lose nothing by going. All that a human being can do I will do. But you lose your life or at any rate your liberty if you stay."

Duncombe bowed his head to fate.

"Very well," he said, "I will go!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NASBYS FROM TWO STATES

Nebraska and Iowa Postmasters Meet with Washington Officials.

Omaha, June 26.—The fourth annual convention of the Nebraska Association of Postmasters convened in Creighton college with about 100 members of the association present, and a large sprinkling of Iowa postmaster. Many women postmasters from Nebraska and Iowa are also attending the convention. The features of the session were addresses by Superintendent Bushnell of Washington and of Field Superintendent Van Dyke.

The Iowa postmasters met in the parlors of the Millard hotel and effected a temporary organization by electing G. L. Robb of Albia, chairman, and H. E. Deater of Shenandoah, secretary. The purpose was to discuss the expediency of organizing an Iowa association. A resolution was adopted favoring the formation of a permanent organization and the chairman, secretary and Mr. Prewitt were appointed a committee to confer with the officials of the Nebraska association and determine whether it would be better to form an independent organization or unite with the Nebraska association.

WRECK AT NORTH PLATTE

Union Pacific Passenger Train Remains Intact Until It Clears Bridge.

North Platte, Neb., June 26.—The westbound Los Angeles limited express on the Union Pacific was wrecked at the west end of the Platte river bridge near here at 9 o'clock last night. Practically the whole train was derailed, two sleepers being turned completely over. No one was killed and only one passenger, a Los Angeles lady, was injured. The wreck was caused by a broken wheel on the car while the train was still on the bridge. The baggage car left the track, but the heavy guard rail prevented it falling into the river, and the train remained intact until it cleared the bridge. The train was tied up until this morning.

SOME PLUMS FROM IOWA TREE

Postmaster at the State House and Oil Inspectors Named.

Des Moines, June 26.—The executive council appointed Jack Heffelfinger of Grundy Center, to be postmaster for the state house, to succeed the late Colonel Hubbard of Council Bluffs, to begin duty Aug. 1.

Governor Cummins announced the appointment of oil inspectors, as follows: To succeed L. B. Cousins of Council Bluffs, George B. Hardell; C. T. Briggs of Burlington, succeeds Charles S. Rogers of Mount Pleasant; F. H. Robbins of Waukon, succeeds Tallmadge of West Union, and H. V. Speers of Marshalltown, succeeds Morgan of Marshalltown. All others are reappointed.

Lightning's Effect Deadly.

Hamburg, Ia., June 26.—Cal Notson, a farmer living about eight miles east of Hamburg, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. He was in company with his three sons and Joe Hyding. The bolt struck a barn in which they had taken refuge from the storm, setting it on fire. The storm was one of the worst of the season and much hail fell.

Balloon Falls Into Sea.

Nieuport, Belgium, June 26.—A balloon coming from the direction of Dunkirk fell into the sea. Tugs have gone out in an attempt to rescue the aeronaut.

CHICAGO GRAIN AND PROVISIONS

Features of the Day's Trading and Closing Quotations.

Chicago, June 25.—Delay in harvesting operations in the southwest because of wet weather was a strengthening influence today on the local market, the September delivery closing at a net gain of $\frac{1}{4}$ ¢. Corn was up $\frac{1}{4}$ ¢. Oats were down $\frac{1}{4}$ ¢. Provisions were $12\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ to 25¢ higher.

100 DROPS

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Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

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All cough syrups containing opiates constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels and contains no opiates.

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Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Tasty 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, Stomachic Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.

ADEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Closing prices:

Wheat—July, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; Sept., 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; Dec., 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢@97¢.

Corn—July, 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; Sept., 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢@53¢.

Oats—July, 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; Sept., 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢.

Pork—July, \$16.05; Sept., \$16.25.

Lard—July, \$8.87 $\frac{1}{2}$; Sept., \$9.07 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Ribs—July, \$8.65; Sept., \$8.85.

Chicago Cash Prices—No. 2 hard wheat, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢@93¢; No. 2 corn, 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢@53 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; No. 3 oats, white, 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢@44 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢.

South Omaha Live Stock.

South Omaha, June 25.—Cattle—Receipts, 5,000; steady; native steers, \$4.75@6.75; cows and heifers, \$2.75@5.75; western steers, \$2.50@5.40; Texas steers, \$3.00@4.50; canners, \$2.00@3.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.00@5.00; calves, \$3.50@6.50; bulls, stags, etc., \$3.25@5.00. Hogs—Receipts, 5,600; shade to 5c lower; heavy, \$5.70@5.82 $\frac{1}{2}$; mixed, \$5.75@5.80; light, \$5.85@5.95; pigs, \$5.25@5.85; bulk of sales, \$5.75@5.82 $\frac{1}{2}$. Sheep—Receipts, 2,000; steady; yearlings, \$6.00@6.75; wethers, \$5.75@6.25; ewes, \$4.75@5.50; lambs, \$6.50@7.25.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, June 25.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,500; steady, but slow; common to prime steers, \$4.60@7.00; cows, \$3.25@4.75; heifers, \$3.00@5.00; bulls, \$3.40@5.00; calves, \$3.00@6.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.00@5.00. Hogs—Receipts, 20,000; 5c lower; choice heavy, \$5.90@5.95; light, \$5.80@5.85; light, \$5.95@6.00; choice light, \$6.00@6.05; packing, \$5.75@5.90; pigs, \$4.00@6.00; bulk of sales, \$5.85@5.95. Sheep—Receipts, 11,000; steady; sheep, \$4.00@6.25; yearlings, \$5.50@6.50; lambs, \$6.00@7.40.

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CURES COLD IN HEAD

HAY-FEVER

50 CENTS

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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.**

Backache

gives woman some of her most miserable and wretched hours. Along with the backache, generally come headache, waist pain, falling feelings, irritability, nervousness and the blues. Have you these periodical troubles? If so, you may know that they are due to disease of some of the most important organs of your body, organs that should get help or, in time, through weakness, will wreck your health and life. Help them to health with

WINE OF CARDUI

WOMAN'S RELIEF

Says Mrs. Blanche E. Stephanou, of 1228 S. 42nd Ave., Chicago, "I suffered miserably for five (5) years with a constant pain in my back and right side and although my husband employed several of the best doctors in this great city, not one could give me relief. At last I took Wine of Cardui, which relieved my pain, prevented an operation and restored me to health." It is a wonderful curative medicine for all women's ills. Try it. E26

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Mystic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents and \$1. Sold by H. E. O'Keefe, druggist, Red Cloud.