

A PRETTY COMPANION

By Louise Bedford.

CHAPTER IV.

Janetta only stayed long enough to listen to a few polite inquiries as to whether she had suffered any inconvenience from the accident, then rose and asked leave to retire for the night. "You can go if you wish," said Harry; "but please don't imagine that I am generally down in the drawing room in the evening. Tonight was an exception, Good-night. Tell me if you are not comfortable." Captain Merivale rose and opened the door.

Then Janetta bethought herself that it would only be courteous to return down-stairs and wish Mrs. Mortimer good-night. She found her seated before the fire, reading a novel.

"The interview was a long one, and therefore I conclude successful," she said, laying down the volume.

"Miss Seymour is quite delightful, and kinder than words can say," answered Janetta eagerly.

"And you feel the world beneath your feet? So it may be for a time. You will be the reigning favorite, just because you happen to be blessed with a handsome face and figure. Prize them whilst you have them; when you lose them the world will pass you by."

"The world, perhaps; but not those whose love one has won already. I shall think poorly of myself if I have not made a single friend."

It was the second effort Janetta had made in their brief acquaintance to reach Mrs. Mortimer's sympathy; apparently it failed.

"Shall you like it when you see another step into your shoes?"

Janetta rose. I am very tired. Will you think it rude of me if I go to bed?" she said, not answering the question.

Mrs. Mortimer's attitude towards her did not greatly disturb her. She had a bright, wholesome nature, and felt it possible to outlive the lady's unspoken jealousy.

Besides, the days that followed were so full of delightful and exciting experiences that she had no time to trouble her head with what Mrs. Mortimer thought about her.

Clarice Seymour had taken an impulsive liking for her new companion, and poured tokens of her favor upon her. The very difference of character between the girls possibly made them greater friends.

Janetta was strong, self-reliant, and self-contained, even-tempered, and accustomed to give help rather than receive it; Clarice was capricious as the weather—one day all smiles and sunshine, the next at war with herself and the world, railing at the fate that kept her helplessly tied to the sofa.

Yet through all her varying moods she possessed a fascination for all about her; and Janetta condoned her gracefulness and waywardness for the fun and charm that peeped out constantly, even in her most irritable moments, like specks of blue sky on a cloudy day.

"How old are you?" asked Clarice suddenly, when Janetta had been with her for about a week. "I believe you are years younger than I am, and yet you have a kind of motherly way with me when I'm wicked and cross, as I am today."

"I'm two-and-twenty," said Janetta, with a laugh.

"And I am four years your senior, and yet I feel as if I were a child and you a woman; you are so tall and strong, and you make me feel comfortable even when you are sitting in the room. You are making me a monster of selfishness. Do you know you've scarcely been out of the house since you came?"

"I don't want to go out. I'm never dull with you."

"I've told Harry it must not go on," said Clarice. "I've sent him off to hire a bicycle for you, and he'll take you out; it will cheer you both up. I wonder sometimes if Harry will get tired of waiting for me—do you?"

"I think the very fact that you are delicate, and need so much petting and love, would make me love you all the more," said Janetta.

"Ah! that's a woman's view. I wonder if it's Harry's. I often want to ask him, and I'm such a coward I dare not. If he wants his freedom he must ask for it; I will not give it him."

"I think," Janetta said, rising to rearrange Clarice's cushions, "if you fret yourself over imaginary ills you won't be down tonight."

"I shall if you leave me quiet!" cried Clarice, who had not ceased talking for the past hour. "You'll promise that you'll go out with Harry?"

"Oh, yes; I'll go if you like," said Janetta, who was learning that the simplest way of managing Clarice was to humor her whims.

She looked such a picture of grace and strength when she came down ready equipped for her ride, in a neatly-made coat and skirt of some dark material, relieved only by a bright-colored ribbon in her sailor hat, that Captain Merivale gave her an involuntary glance of admiration.

"My mistress' orders are that I'm to take you for a good long ride," he said, wheeling round Clarice's bicycle.

"She says she has kept you too tightly tied to her sofa."

"It is the place where I like best to be," Janetta answered, with perfect sincerity.

Yet the swift ride through the bright sunshine of the February afternoon was real enjoyment, and the companionship of a clever, cultivated man

like Captain Merivale was intellectually invigorating.

They were racing along the broad road that stretched like a white line for miles along the top of the cliffs when Janetta began to slacken speed.

"Tired at last?" cried Harry, with a triumphant laugh. "I thought I would just let you have your fling. You must be magnificently strong to keep up a pace like that."

"I am not tired now," retorted Janetta, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks. "I could go on for miles and miles, but Miss Seymour will be glad to see us back."

"Do you know why I brought you this way?" asked Harry, with a sudden change of tone. "We are close to the very spot where Clarice was thrown over the cliff on that projecting ledge of rock that you can see if you get off your bicycle for a minute."

Janetta jumped off, went to the edge of the cliff, and peeped over, with shuddering interest. "I wonder she was picked up alive! Were you with her?"

"Yes," replied Harry shortly. "It was hard lines on us both, wasn't it? We had been engaged just a month."

"She's getting better, isn't she?"

"I do not know. Sometimes I think—"

Harry came to an abrupt pause, and Janetta did not ask him to finish his sentence.

They pursued their way home at a more sober pace, and Janetta felt the brightness of the day had departed with the relation of that sad little story.

They found Clarice on her couch in the drawing room, every vestige of ill-temper gone, looking her best and brightest, arrayed in a new gown of soft texture and bewitching hue.

"Yes, I hope you are going to say something nice to me," she said, with an arch smile at her lover. "I had it made as a glad surprise, and came down partly to gratify my own vanity, and more to annoy Doctor Drake, who told me to stay upstairs this evening. Instead, I've invited him to dinner and put on a new frock."

"I care little for the motives that brought you down, as long as I find you looking so happy and pretty, if I may give expression to a truth," said Harry, sitting down by her sofa. "Mrs. Mortimer, will you be kind enough to give us some tea? We are hungry and thirsty after our ride."

Mrs. Mortimer looked more gleam than usual. She had employed her afternoon in lecturing Clarice upon the impropriety of sending out Janetta with Captain Merivale, and Clarice had answered her remonstrance with merry, derisive laughter.

"I'm not afraid to trust them—Harry is going to marry me; but if you feel like that, dear Mrs. Mortimer, take a tricycle and follow after them," she had remarked, a little flippantly.

"If harm comes of it—"

"No harm will come," interposed Clarice, a little sharply. "Janetta is the soul of honor, and of Harry there is no need to speak."

"You have known her for a week," said Mrs. Mortimer.

"And she is as easy to read as a book," Clarice had said. And there the subject dropped.

"I'll tell you a secret, Harry," said Clarice, when they were left alone for half an hour's chat before dinner. "I've ordered a new dress for Janetta—an evening dress—such a pretty one, and it's on her bed ready for her to put on tonight. I want her to look her best. She knows nothing about it."

"Will she wear it, do you think?" asked Harry, a little doubtfully.

"I shall be furious if she doesn't. I want Doctor Drake to take a fancy to her."

"So that's it, is it—you are turning into a matchmaker? A dangerous game, Clarice, I advise you to drop it."

To Clarice's intense mortification Janetta, who did not come down until the dinner gong sounded, appeared in the simple black dress that she wore every night. Neither did she and Doctor Drake seem to find interests in common; for although he took her in to dinner, and talked to her as in courtesy bound, when he came into the drawing room afterwards he seated himself by Clarice's sofa, and devoted himself to her for the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER V.

"Janetta, I'm going to call you by your Christian name and you can call me Clarice," announced Miss Seymour the following morning.

Janetta looked up from her writing with a swift shake of the head. "I should like you to call me Janetta, but I prefer to call you Miss Seymour."

"I've been waiting for your faults to crop up. I feared you hadn't any; but I've found you out now—you're a very nasty pride."

Janetta laughed merrily. "How have I shown it?"

"Twice already. You didn't put on that new dress last night, you decline to call me by my proper name today."

Janetta's colors came and went. "Did it seem horribly ungrateful? I had a hard struggle with myself before I knew what to do, and then it seemed quite clear to me that I must keep my independence, and wear my own clothes as long as I can earn money enough to provide them. You are so kind and good to me that you ignore

my true position; but I must remember my own, and respect its conditions. It does not seem fitting to take your gifts and call you by your name when I am really your paid companion. We are not on equal terms."

"It seems to be as if we were on very equal terms; both of us are orphans—at least, I think you told me that you had neither father nor mother living."

"Yes, they are both dead," said Janetta shortly.

"And because I happen to have more money than you, why should you mind if now and then it pleases me to give you things? I have not many pleasures."

"You don't really know me, you see. In your generous, impulsive fashion, you've invested me with various qualities which, as you know me better, you'll find I do not possess."

"You think my friendship is like Jonah's gourd—that it will wither in a day or so," said Clarice petulantly.

Whatever topic of conversation might be started, Janetta noticed that it always veered round to one or two subjects—either Captain Merivale, or the likelihood of Clarice's recovery. With a heart at leisure for itself, she grew day by day more painfully interested in what the future might hold in store for the two whose love-story was being enacted before her eyes.

Sometimes she suspected that the passion of devotion must always have been more on her side than his. His manner to her was gracefully affectionate; but for herself she felt that she would have demanded something warmer from the man she was going to marry.

"I shall go to India with a much easier mind now that I know Clarice has some one with her who will make her life so bright," said Captain Merivale one afternoon, as they were returning from a walk by the sea.

"It is good of you to say that," Janetta answered. "I need not assure you that I'll do everything I can to make Miss Seymour happy. She's the kindest friend I ever had, and I'm glad I've got to know you so well. I like to think that, when she gets better and you marry, I shall feel that I may keep you both as friends."

Captain Merivale did not answer for a minute, and Janetta glanced up at him a little uneasily, and saw that he had turned rather white.

"Yes," he said carelessly. "We've been capital friends ever since we met in that curious way on the railway, and I pulled you through the window."

Janetta felt puzzled and hurt by his manner. His tone was studiously indifferent, and he referred pointedly to what had been, rather than to what might be in the future. She thought, with bitter mortification, that in her eager sympathy with him and Clarice she had professed friendship which had evidently been regarded as an impertinence.

"With all my boasted independence, I've forgotten my position," she said to herself reddening with vexation; but her resolve was taken at the risk of vexing Clarice, she would have no more walks or talks with Captain Merivale.

She did not make her way as usual to Clarice's room that afternoon when she came in from her walk. She felt as in her inward annoyance might find expression in her face. She was considerably surprised as she entered her bedroom to hear the quick shutting of a drawer, and Mason, with some appearance of confusion, began to close the window and draw the blind.

Janetta was certainly not suspicious by nature, but the girl's manner made her feel certain that she had been tampering with her things.

(To be Continued.)

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

The Only Man in the British Cabinet Who Could Speak French.

When the Marquis of Lansdowne was governor-general of Canada he had to make a speech to the French-Canadians, says M. A. P. With all its loyalty to the English connection, this little bit of transported France adheres very rigidly to many things French, and especially to the purity of the French tongue—at least as it was spoken in the eighteenth century. Few viceroys have ever ventured accordingly to leave the safe security of the English tongue, and it was with some trepidation that Lord Lansdowne was going to deliver a speech to them in their own language. But he had scarcely uttered the word "messieurs" when the whole audience burst into cheers; they recognized at once the accent of the true French tongue, the accent only possible to a man of French blood, and one who had spoken French as his mother tongue. It is perhaps this accomplishment which had something to do with Lord Lansdowne's latest appointment. When some one remonstrated with Lord Salisbury for retaining the two offices of prime minister and foreign secretary, his reply was that he could not help himself, there was but one member of his cabinet who could speak French, and that was Lord Lansdowne. And now Lord Lansdowne will receive the foreign ambassadors every Wednesday afternoon, and whatever else may be found fault with, his French will be faultless. Lord Lansdowne's mother was a daughter of Gen. Flahalt, one of Bonaparte's officers.—Toronto Star.

Book Made of Money.

A devout Spanish lady, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the Pope, recently sent him a present of a book. It consists of 250 leaves, elegantly bound. Each leaf is a duplicate of its brother and is simply a thousand-*peseta* note.

State Capital Observations.

Expressions Emulative for the Good of Republican Supremacy.

LINCOLN, Jan. 14.

At this writing the senatorial situation seems to be as far from a solution as it was before the legislature met. The tension is becoming a tremendous strain on the constitutions of the candidates and their aides-de-camp, and the members of the legislature are becoming a trifle weary over the outlook.

Diversified interests, state, personal and otherwise, are in evidence, and the average legislator who will be in the fight to the end is hardly able to decide which way he will jump.

It is conceded that there are many of the members pledged to support and use all honorable means to secure the election of certain men, but not all of them are bound. There are many in both the house and senate who are possessed of a free hand, and it is to these the not directly interested citizens look for a happy and honorable solution of the struggle.

It is a question whether any of the present aspirants can win. The situation each day seems to get more complicated, and is fast approaching a tangle that may only be unravelled by the throwing over board of every one now dead set on being elected, and choosing from among the wealth of splendid material in the republican party of the state two of the ablest and cleanest men to be found, without regard to what has happened in the past. The situation may call for this road out of the difficulty, and if it should, we see no reason why it should not come as an agreeable surprise to every Nebraskan who regards the state's interests as paramount to all else.

While the partisans of each candidate are extremely anxious their man should win, a desire superinduced by the hope of "getting something," the average Nebraskan is interested most in having the state represented in the senate by able and pure men, who will not only be able to do something tangible for the state, but also reflect credit and honor upon the commonwealth through dignified and conscientious efforts to legislate for the people of the nation in all matters which may arise in the senate. The partisan does not care for any except himself, and he desires most the man from whom he can get the most. Contrary to the partisan who thus hopes is the citizen who desires that the man elected be so fairly and honestly in a clean fight, and against whom there can arise not the faintest breath of suspicion of having secured the position coveted by foul or tricky means.

An attempt was made last week to secure a second meeting of the six leading candidates for United States senators, but resulted in partial failure. The indications, however, are more favorable than they have yet been for the candidates getting together on the calling of a senatorial caucus.

Four of the six held a second meeting. Those present were D. E. Thompson, George D. Mielkejohn, Frank M. Currie and Edward Rosewater. With them was Speaker Sears. They adjourned to meet again at 8:30 the next morning, when Governor Crouse and E. H. Hinshaw, or his representative, are expected to be present.

The four who met succeeded in reaching this agreement: That they will acquiesce in the calling of a joint senatorial caucus, which caucus shall make its own rules; that the call for the caucus must be signed by sixty members to become effective; that forty-five votes shall be required to make any candidate the caucus nominee for United States senator.

The meeting of the republican state central committee, which was to have been held this week, has been called off. It was rescinded by Chairman Lindsay in order that there could be no misconception of the committee's position. The committee officers insist that the organization will maintain strict neutrality in senatorial matters, and for fear a meeting just on the eve of balloting for senator would be an incentive for some committee member to postpone the call, which was already to be mailed out. Talk of the holding of a committee meeting started tongues to wagging about the unfortunate episode of two years ago when the executive committee was disbanded at a stormy session just as the legislature was opening, the present officers seem particularly anxious to avoid subjecting themselves to criticism and particularly to head off even the possibility of repetition of the case.

Charles Penn, ex-sheriff of Custer county, has been appointed commandant of the soldiers and sailors' home at Milford by the board of public lands and buildings. Mr. Penn is an old soldier and has an enviable record as an officer and a commander of men. He and other Custer county people were congratulated freely on the recognition given to that county.

After an exceedingly warm session the state banking board made its appointments for secretary, clerk, stenographer and four bank examiners. Ed Royce of Broken Bow was chosen secretary of the banking board. A. M. Dolson of Wilber was selected as clerk and Frank Smith of Tekamah was elected as stenographer.

Quite a fight for bank examiners followed the selections for secretary, et al. Auditor Weston insisted on each member of the board being allowed to appoint one examiner, but Attorney General Prout and State Treasurer Steufer refused to agree to that proposition. A majority vote was required.

WILSON SIDES WITH THE COW

He Addresses Senate Committee in Support of the Oleomargarine Bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Secretary Wilson made an argument before the senate committee on agriculture today in support of the Grouse oleomargarine bill. He said the measure was intended to protect the farmer and the public at large and should become a law. Speaking of the consumption of butter and of oleomargarine, Mr. Wilson said that the amount of butter disposed of annually is about eighteen pounds per capita and of oleomargarine something over one pound, and he said in response to Judge Springer that he considered this dangerous competition. He was of opinion that there was danger in the limitation of butter by the use of coloring matter and thought that in time the use of improved methods would result in driving renovated butter out of existence. The secretary said he did not accept the opinion that the regulation of oleomargarine business would injure the beef cattle business, and said that farmers will find it profitable to keep and fatten their own hives. Incidentally, he expressed the opinion that farmers of the south would get far more in the way of returns by raising cattle and crops necessary to that end than they would out of the sale of a few thousand barrels of cottonseed oil to the oleomargarine makers.

He said that more than half the substance used in Washington for butter is oleomargarine and that to make certain of getting the real article he had butter for his own table shipped direct from a creamery in Iowa.

BOER FORCES ARE ACTIVE.

Attack the British Along the Line of Lorenzo Marquez Railroad.

LONDON, Jan. 11.—General Kitchener sends news of a serious simultaneous attack on the night of January 7 by the republicans on the British positions between points sixty miles apart, along the line of the Pretoria & Lorenzo Marquez railway. The losses on both sides were heavy. According to reports the Boers were beaten off after prolonged fighting.

Following is the text of the dispatch from General Kitchener:

PRETORIA, Wednesday, Jan. 9.—On the night of January 7 the Boers made simultaneous attacks upon all of our posts at Belfast, Wonderfontein, Nootgedacht and Wildfontein. Intense fog prevailed and taking advantage of the cover it afforded, the Boers were able to creep up close to our position. A heavy fire continued until 3:40 a. m., when the Boers were driven off. One officer was killed and three were wounded, while twenty men were killed and fifty-nine wounded. The loss of the Boers was heavy, twenty-four dead being counted.

A convoy taking supplies to Gordon's brigade, north of Krugersdorp, was attacked by Beyer's commando yesterday (Tuesday). The Boers were driven off, leaving eleven dead on the field. Our casualties were four slightly wounded.

Irrigation in Nebraska.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Congressman Sutherland is taking a great interest in the subject of irrigation these days, and lately he has been on the still hunt for a hearing before the irrigation committee of the house, of which Representative Tongue of Oregon is chairman. Sutherland has a bill pending appropriating \$25,000 for irrigation purposes, to be spent in Nebraska, and he desires his bill reported out of committee. "I believe my efforts to get a hearing on the irrigation problem will be successful," he said, "and that a bill will be reported, which will be of incalculable benefit to the arid sections of our country."

Pat Is Well Advertised.

OMAHA, Jan. 9.—Over 5,000 descriptions of Pat Crowe and his supposed pals, with the \$50,000 reward offered for arrest and conviction of kidnapers, are being mailed to chiefs of police all over the country from the office of New York down to the place where the "chief" comes in at night to get his mail after plowing, corning or cutting ice all day.

Neville Slightly Better.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—Congressman Neville was reported a trifle better this afternoon, although there is still the gravest fears that he cannot recover. Speaker Henderson said that he had sent his secretary to ascertain the congressman's condition and from reports received had doubts as to the recovery of the representative from the Sixth Nebraska district.

After Big Endowment Fund.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 11.—At the meeting of the board of trustees of the Chautauque assembly tonight the old officers were re-elected and reports on the last year's work were submitted. It was decided to make an effort to raise a quarter of a million dollars, the endowment fund started by Miss Helen Goud with a gift of \$25,000. It was also voted to erect a memorial at the assembly grounds to the late Lewis Miller, one of the founders.

Increase in Moral Force.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—The house committee on naval affairs today practically completed the naval appropriation bill but it will not be in shape to make public until tomorrow or Saturday. The question of the increase of the navy which usually entails the largest contest was easily settled this year by the acceptance of the recommendation of the secretary of the navy for two battleships and two cruisers.

Another Nebraska Judge.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Senator Thurston today favorably reported from the committee on judiciary his bill providing for additional district judges in the districts of Minnesota and Nebraska, with an amendment providing that the senior circuit judge of the eighth circuit or resident circuit judge within that district shall make all necessary orders for the division of business and assignment of cases for trial in either of said districts. The report states that there are strong reasons for the appointment of additional district judges in Minnesota and Nebraska.

Gen. A. V. Cole of Hastings has been appointed commandant of the soldiers' home at Grand Island by Governor Dietrich. This appointment was not unexpected, but it was not made until a host of candidates had gone through the mill. The new commandant will take charge of the home February 1.