

VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA

LIEUT. GILMORE FREE

IS LIBERATED BY AMERICAN TROOPS.

Other Prisoners Were Also Released at the Same Time—Gen. Otis Praises the Work Done by Col. Hare and Howze.

Manila, Col. Hare of the Thirteenth Infantry and Col. Howze of the Thirty-fourth, with all the American prisoners, including Lieut. Gilmore, have arrived at Vigan.

Washington: Otis telegraphs that Col. Hare has released all the American prisoners in the hands of the Filipinos, including Lieut. Gilmore. Otis' cable reads:

"Col. Hare and Howze have just arrived at Vigan, northwest Luzon, with all the American prisoners. Their successful pursuit is a remarkable achievement. Gens. Schwan and Wheaton are now with separate columns in Cavite province. The affairs in Luzon, north of Manila, are greatly improved."

CASE IS A MYSTERY.

An Episcopal Sister Drops Out of Sight at Kenosha, Wis.

Kenosha, Wis.: Much excitement was created in Kenosha when it was announced that Sister Augusta, one of the Episcopal Sisterhood of St. Mary, in charge of the home for the poor at Chicago, had disappeared mysteriously from Kemper hall, in this city. Sister Augusta came to Kenosha to attend the annual retreat of the sisters of St. Mary. At the close of the service she went to the community room over the cloisters and started to read. Later she took off her veil and went to her room. This was the last seen or heard of her.

TAKE ANOTHER ISLE.

American Flag Is Raised Over Sibulu, Near Coast of Borneo.

Washington: According to the following from Admiral Watson at Manila, the navy has taken possession of another island: "Dec. 21 Wentsebaugh, commanding the Albany, a small gunboat, hoisted the flag on Sibulu Island. Chief Dato provided and raised the pole. The natives and North Borneo authorities are pleased. Sibulu Island lies at a southwestern angle on the boundary line inclosing the Philippine group, and is possibly just outside of the line, very near the coast of Borneo."

GOV. LIND NOT TO RUN AGAIN

Formally Announces He Will Not Be a Candidate.

St. Paul: Gov. Lind on the 6th inst., made the informal statement that he would not be a candidate for re-election at the next election, desiring to give his attention to the practice of his profession and avoid the worries of his position as chief executive. It has been understood Gov. Lind would be renominated by the fusion convention, and his announcement was a good deal of a surprise.

JEFFRIES MAKES A MATCH.

Champion Agrees to Meet Corbett on March 15.

New York: Jeffries and Corbett have agreed to meet in the ring within three months and not wait until next September. This conclusion was the outcome of an off hand meeting between Billy Brady and Tom O'Rourke. Corbett and the champion are to fight March 15, and both Brady and Corbett say there will not be any further changes.

FRANCE SENDS FLEET.

Will Enforce Claims of French Citizens Against San Domingo.

Paris: The government has ordered the commandant of the naval squadron in the Atlantic to proceed immediately to San Domingo, to enforce the claim against the republic due to French citizens.

Broker Sued for \$600,000.

Chicago: Edward Doyle, whom his lawyer describes as a "reformer, philanthropist and philosopher," has instituted suit against John Robson, a board of trade operator, for \$600,000 damages. Under the criminal code of Illinois losses by "put and call" operations on the board of trade may be recovered by the loser or anyone else to the amount of three times the original loss.

Four to Three Against Quay.

Washington: The senate committee on privileges and elections decided, 4 to 3, to make an adverse report on the resolution to seat Quay, holding an appointment from the governor of Pennsylvania. Chandler, Hoar and McComas voted in favor of seating him, and Burrows, Caffery, Pettus and Harris against.

Wheeler Drafts a Bill.

Huntsville, Ala.: Gen. Wheeler has drafted a bill for the establishment of a permanent army post at Huntsville and it will be introduced by Congressman J. F. Stallings, with the support of all the Alabama congressmen.

Double South Carolina Hanging.

Charleston, S. C.: Chas. Wilson and Zack Singleton, negroes, were hanged Jan. 5. Wilson killed a white soldier in 1898, and Singleton killed a negro last November.

Battleship Ready for Trial.

San Francisco: Work has so far advanced on the United States battleship Wisconsin that it will make its trial trip within the next two weeks. The main battery of four thirteen-inch guns will be the heaviest ever mounted on an American man-of-war.

No Russian War Exhibit.

Berlin: Dr. Von Blotche, a Russian writer, announces that the proposed Russian war exhibit at the Paris exposition will be omitted, upon the czar's order.

HAYWARD'S WILL IS FILED.

Estate Valued at \$125,000 Left to Widow and Children.

The will of the late Senator M. L. Hayward was offered for probate at Nebraska City on the 2d inst. It bears date of March 11, 1887, and was witnessed by R. S. Hall of Omaha and H. Metcalf. The document is very brief, occupying only a half sheet of legal cap paper, and directs that after his debts are paid, his property shall be divided equally among his widow and three children, the widow to take her share in lieu of dower. Mrs. Hayward is made executrix without bond and is granted absolute power to dispose of the property as she deems best. The estate is valued at about \$125,000 and consists largely of farming lands in eastern Nebraska and Kansas.

EXPLOSION AND FIRE.

Establishment Destroyed at North Platte with \$11,000 Damage.

The hardware, furniture and implement establishment of Victor Meyer of North Platte was totally destroyed by fire. Mr. Meyer occupied the second story of his building as a residence, but fortunately the family was not at home when the fire occurred. The powder cans exploded with great force at an early stage of the fire and hastened the destruction of the building and contents. He reports his loss at about \$11,000; insurance, \$9,500. The firemen succeeded in keeping the flames from spreading to the adjoining buildings, which was all that could be done by them.

HOLDS THE COMPANY LIABLE

Decision in Test Case Concerning Fees Paid to Eugene Moore.

An opinion was handed down in the supreme court by Chief Justice Harrison, holding the Home Insurance Company of New York liable to the state for fees paid to Eugene Moore while auditor. This was a trial case to establish the liability of other insurance companies that paid fees to Moore. The opinion holds all liable, the amount involved being approximately \$23,000.

Mr. Holcomb Takes His Seat.

The inauguration of Silas A. Holcomb as junior member of the supreme court Jan. 4 was witnessed by only half a dozen persons. He took the oath of office the evening previous and next morning walked into the court room with the other judges and took a seat on the right of Chief Justice Norval. There was no ceremony of any kind. Ex-Chief Justice Harrison was present and bid to everyone goodby.

Nathan S. Harwood.

Nathan S. Harwood, for many years a leading figure in business and politics circles, died suddenly in Lincoln Jan. 5 as the result of a paralytic stroke. He was president of the Bankers' Life Insurance Company of Lincoln, and was for many years president of the First National Bank of Lincoln. A widow and two children survive him. He was 57 years old.

Deed from Secretary Long.

Jeff Smith of Ashland recently purchased a lot and building of William Brigham of Boston. The latter died before the deed was made. Smith received a few days ago from Washington a deed for the property executed by John D. Long, secretary of the navy, the administrator of the estate of Brigham.

Fire at Hartington.

A. K. Lamm's residence at Hartington was partially destroyed by fire last week. The building was completely gutted. The cause of the fire is a mystery. The house was occupied by Mrs. Sarah Current, who lost all her household effects. The loss is estimated at \$1,200, with an insurance of \$715.

New Depot at Gothenburg.

The Union Pacific Railway Company has just completed a passenger sidetrack three-fourths of a mile and moved into its new depot at Gothenburg. The depot cost \$2,000 and will be ample room for increasing business. The company will move the old depot to Willow shortly.

To Hold Joint Convention.

At meetings of the state Democratic, Populist and free silver Republicans last week it was agreed to hold all three state conventions to select delegates to the national conventions at Lincoln, March 19.

Fatal Accident at Guide Rock.

While Fred Fisher, aged 19, was handling an old gun at Guide Rock, both barrels were discharged accidentally in his face. Instant death resulted.

Leaves Two Fingers in a Shelter.

William Riche of Gibbon, 16 years of age, laid his right hand on the cog wheels of a corn sheller. He took his hand away minus two fingers.

Ice Nearly a Foot Thick.

St. Edward ice dealers have commenced putting up summer supplies. The ice is about eleven inches thick.

Nebraska Short Notes.

A farmers' institute will be held at Arapahoe, Feb. 16 and 17. De Witt fishermen are catching great strings fishing through the ice.

The people of Wayne think that a \$20,000 school house would be about the right size to accommodate the youth of that city.

The Kelly-Sides contest case over the sheriff's office in Dakota County resulted in the contestant failing to make his claim good.

The McCook Athletic Club has rented and fitted up a suit of rooms, including reception room, lounge room and a gymnasium.

Citizens of Emerson chipped in and made J. W. Lute a present of a fine chair because he gave the town bully a sound thrashing.

The lot on which the old Fillmore County court house was located at Geneva has been sold for \$5,000 to C. W. Houbesky and F. Wright.

Rev. Salem G. Pattison will tender his resignation as president of Hastings Presbyterian College, which position he has held during the last four years.

James Schneider, who lives near Rushville, went to town to attend the Christmas exercises and when he returned found his house and all its contents in ashes.

The Beaver City liverymen have formed a combine and raised the rates.

The open winter is proving a bonanza to stockmen, as it is necessary to feed but little hay and stock of all kinds is doing well on the nutritious grass of the prairie.

Hezekiah Bressler, an aged farmer living near Wisner, was bound over to the district court on a charge of shooting with intent to kill Otto Wieland, his tenant.

Charles Rhoades and John Snyder, who were arrested at Hastings charged with having robbed an old German named Fyle, were found guilty and were sentenced to jail.



CHAPTER VIII.

The general was greatly perplexed and quite at a loss what to do. At first he thought he would consult the duchess, who appeared to him to be a compendium of all knowledge; but he soon dismissed that idea. It struck him suddenly one morning that, if Sir Basil only knew how matters stood, he might, in all probability would, ask Leah to marry him.

He determined that, as he was Leah's guardian, uncle and adopted father, he was the right person to give this delicate hint. A favorable opportunity occurred a few days afterward. He overtook Sir Basil, who was strolling on the beach alone, smoking a cigar. The general reddened all over his honest, bronzed face when he thought of the great interests at stake, and how much depended on the result of the conversation.

As delicately as possible he told the young baronet about Leah's love for him. "I should like to add this," he said, in conclusion. "I should like you to remember this one thing always. What my heart has dictated I have done for my niece's sake; I have told you the story, and you may act upon it as you think best. We will never resume the subject; let it be buried between us forever. I have spoken for her sake, against my own will."

Silently they grasped each other's hands and parted. "Heaven grant that I have done the right thing!" said the general to himself. "I believe men make a dreadful muddle of everything of the kind; but I hope for the best."

Sir Basil's thoughts were far more tumultuous. He admired Leah exceedingly, but he had never dreamed of marrying her. He had felt no tendency whatever to fall in love with her. She had always seemed to him beyond his reach. He remembered all that the duchess had told him of the offers of marriage she had received; and this beautiful girl, who might have been Duchess of Barbary, loved him secretly!

The Duchess of Rosedene had decided to give a grand fancy ball, and everything conspired to make it a success. The great heat had passed; the sea breeze that came through the woods was full of fragrance; the moon was bright; there were flowers everywhere, and the trees were brilliantly illuminated with lamps. The baronet had begged Leah to give him the first waltz, and then he had asked for another. He was beginning to feel the intoxication of being loved by a beautiful woman.

"You are tired," he said, when the dance ended and she leaned on his arm; "come out into the moonlight and rest." They stood for a few minutes, looking at the fountain in the moonlight. The marble Undine was beautiful, with its statuesque grace, its serene calm; but the girl, with her passionate living beauty, the moonlight falling on her fair face and on the rich folds of pale primrose, was more beautiful still. Slowly but surely the spell of that witching hour came over Sir Basil.

"This reminds me of the lovers' night in the 'Merchant of Venice,'" he said. "It is just as perfect; one can think of nothing but flowers and love."

"A happy night," she returned, gently, bending her face over the glistening marble. "How plainly I can see you there!" he said, looking at the reflection. "Every primrose can be seen distinctly in the water. Now tell me, are you not pleased with your costume?"

"If you are," she sighed. Her heart was beating fast with a passion of love and pain. He could be so near her, he could stand with her in that lovely spot, and yet nothing brought his heart nearer hers! She did not know that at that moment he cared for her more than he ever had done; for Sir Basil, as he gazed at the face reflected in the water, had seen something there which had stirred his heart—a sad, wistful look, not at all suited to the beautiful face; for he knew quite well what had called it there. It was love for himself.

The next minute he had clasped her hands in his, and, bending over her, whispered to her the words that made the music of his life.

She made no answer—he had saved her life she could not have uttered a word; but the light on her face was answer enough to him. The happy eyes fell; the beautiful head, with its primrose crown, rested on the edge of the marble basin. In her heart she was thanking heaven for the blessing given to her.

"Do you love me, Leah?" he asked. Ah, heaven, the love that shone in her eyes, that radiated from her face! A voice of sweetest music whispered:

"I have loved you from the first moment I saw your face. I pray heaven that I may see it last in this world."

CHAPTER IX. The season was a brilliant one. The news of Miss Hatton's engagement was received by some with pleasure, by others with annoyance. Those who had known her before saw a wonderful change in her; the restless expression had gone from her face, and in its place reigned perfect calm. No one could look at her and not know that she was happy beyond words.

In time the crowd of "seasonables" grew accustomed to seeing Sir Basil always by her side; even her admirers accepted the situation and resignedly took the second place.

Sir Basil tried by the most assiduous attention to make up for any shortcoming there might be in his love. He was Leah's shadow. Every day brought her flowers, books, music, presents of every kind, from one who externally was the most devoted of lovers. There were times when he almost believed himself to be one of the happiest men living, when he was least in wonder at the prize he had won, and tried to assure himself that there was nothing left for him to desire. Yet he knew that the depths of his heart had never been stirred, that he was capable of a deeper, far greater love; that his heart had never yet beaten the quicker for any word of Leah's; he

had a kindly affection for her—that was all.

One evening, by some mischance, Basil had been unable to accompany Leah to the theater, and she had gone with the Duchess of Rosedene. It was to see "Pygmalion and Galatea."

By some strange fortune Hettie was in the theater that night. Martin Ray had long been ailing, and had lived for the last two years in the country. He had come up to town on business, and, for his own comfort's sake, he had brought Hettie with him. The landlady of the house where he was staying happened to have some tickets sent to her, and she begged Miss Ray to accept one. Hettie, who seldom had any kind of enjoyment, whose life was one monotonous round of duty, was eager to avail herself of it. Martin Ray raised no objection; he would be busy that evening with his companions, and she could please herself.

Hettie was delighted. She had grown into a lovely girl. She had not the brilliancy of Leah; she had not her fire and passion; she lacked her spirit and daring. But she was sweet and loving; her angelic face told of an angelic nature; her fair, tranquil loveliness touched men's hearts as does the strain of sweet music. Her life had not been a happy one. The loss of his brilliant daughter, for whom he had formed such great plans, had soured and embittered Martin Ray. From the moment that Hettie had drawn away from Leah, and placed her arms around her father's neck, she had been most devoted to him; with angelic patience she had borne with all his discontent, his grumbling, his angry denunciations, his sullen resentment against the whole world, his selfish neglect of her.

No words could tell how she had thought of her beautiful sister—how she dreamed of her, longed for her—how she tried to fancy what she had grown like and what she was doing. Going to London made her think of Leah more than ever. The desire of her heart was unexpectedly gratified. She went to the theater, little dreaming that her sister would be there on that same evening in all her brilliancy and magnificence. Hettie and her companion were in the pit—and even that seemed a great thing to the girl. The landlady had apologized; she would have liked to take Miss Ray to the dress circle, but it was not possible. Simply, kindly, Hettie protested that the pit was the very best part of the theater—it was cooler, and one could see the stage better; which view of the matter largely helped to comfort her companion.

While the curtain was down, Hettie amused herself by looking round the house. The scene was a complete novelty to her. She enjoyed seeing the fair faces, the rich dresses, gleaming jewels and exquisite bouquets. After a short time she noticed that the attention of many people was directed toward a box in the grand tier. She wondered what was the source of attraction, and she looked herself in the same direction. Her eyes brightened, and her beautiful features assumed an expression of wonder. It could never be—and yet—she saw a lady dressed superbly in satin of the color of the most delicate heliotrope, with a suite of magnificent opals—a handsome woman with a stately, graceful bearing, her face a charming combination of refinement and happiness. Her hair was fastened with diamond stars. Before her lay a bouquet of scarlet passion flowers. The graceful arch of the neck, the gleaming white shoulders, the proud carriage of the head were all Leah's!

A cry rose to Hettie's white lips, which she suppressed; her heart beat fast, and something like a mist came before her eyes. This magnificent woman, in all the splendor of dress and jewels, surrounded by all that was gorgeous, was Leah, her sister. Could it be possible that that beautiful head had ever rested on her breast, that night after night she had slept with that figure closely clasped in her arms? Was that the face she had kissed in such an agony when they parted? She gazed at it long and earnestly. Hettie's heart yearned for her. She could have stretched out her arms to her and cried out her name; but she had promised never again to speak one word to the sister whom she loved so dearly—never again. Something more bitter than death had parted them. Hettie saw no more of the stage until Leah's companion rose and the stage disappeared; she kept her eyes fixed on the proud face of her sister.

From that evening a very fever of unhappiness seized Hettie. She longed so intensely to see Leah again; her thoughts were always with her. At last the fever of longing mastered her. She would not break her promise—she would not speak to her; but she must look upon her face again. For days she struggled hard to find a few moments' leisure. Her father went out, and was not to return until after midnight. Quick as thought she dressed herself. It was just eight o'clock, and she would probably be in time to see Leah leave Harbury House for whatever ball or party she might be attending.

Those who lived in that noble mansion little thought that the fair young sister of their beautiful mistress stood look on her pale face, her eyes fixed on the great entrance door. Leah had left the house before she reached it; but Hettie was resolved to wait for her return. It would have touched a heart of stone to see the patient figure walking up and down with tireless footsteps.

At last came the sound of wheels; lights appeared, as though by magic, in the windows of the great house. The carriage drew up before the hall door and the footman descended. Hettie drew back into the shade as a flood of light fell upon the pavement. She saw the carriage door flung open, the general descend first, and then Leah. She saw the lovely face, more beautiful than ever, enveloped in a mass of soft white lace. Leah made some laughing remark as she stepped from the carriage to the ground; and Hettie saw that she carried a bouquet of scarlet flowers in her hand. In

another minute she had passed through the wide-open door.

Then Hettie came forward and touched the footman on the arm.

"I will give you," she said, "a sovereign for the flowers that lady carries in her hand. Could you get them for me if I remain here?"

The man looked at her in astonishment. "Do you understand?" she went on quickly. "I will give you a sovereign for the flowers which that lady carried in her hand."

The light from the lamp fell on her sweet, upraised face, and the man was more bewildered.

"What do you want them for?" he asked.

"Never mind," she replied. "I do want them. Do not waste time talking to me, but get them if you can."

"Look here," said the footman; "that lady is our young mistress, and I would not have any harm come to her."

"I mean no harm," she turned quickly. "I simply want them to keep by me after they are withered and dead, for love of her—that is all; but I do not wish any one to know."

"Oh, if that is what you want them for, all right!" said the man. "I will get them for you. Stand there; I will not be a minute."

Leah had laid her bouquet on one of the hall tables. It was composed of scarlet passion flowers. The man took it up and went back to the door.

"Here," he said briefly; and the next moment Hettie had exchanged her one sovereign for the faded bouquet.

How she loved her treasures! How she kissed them! Leah had held them in her hand, perhaps even touched them with her lips.

"It is all that I shall ever have to remind me of my beautiful Leah," she said to herself. "I will keep them as long as I live."

She hastened home, reaching there fortunately before Martin Ray's return.

Leah did not know that her sister had seen her, and the little incident of the flowers had never been mentioned.

It happened that an artist, traveling in the county where Martin Ray and Hettie lived, had seen her, and had made a very perfect sketch of her face; this he had afterward made the subject of a picture that he sent to the Royal Academy. It was called "The First Glimpse of Morning," and it was one of the finest paintings exhibited that year.

Leah and Sir Basil went together to the Royal Academy. She was exceedingly fond of pictures.

"Have you seen 'The First Glimpse of Morning,' Leah?" he asked her. "If not, come this way. There is always a crowd around it. There—that is my ideal face, the loveliest that could be either imagined or copied."

Leah looked at it earnestly, and in her own heart she thought how much it was like the face of her lost sister. She did not know then that it was perfectly like her.

"It is a lovely face," she said, slowly, wondering if Hettie, whom it so strongly resembled, had grown up as beautiful as that.

"Do you know," said Sir Basil, "that I see in it a great likeness to you?"

"Do you?" she questioned, her face flushing warmly.

"That face, Leah, has what yours in some way lacks—tenderness. It was perfectly true; yet the moment he had said the words he repented of them, she looked so terribly pained.

"I am sorry that my face lacks anything in your eyes," she said—"above all, tenderness."

"Do not misunderstand me, Leah. I do not say the heart—merely the lines of the face."

"Do you like my face—love it, I mean?" she whispered.

For answer he kissed the sweet lips and whispered words such as she longed to hear.

(To be continued.)

Dangerous Nap.

That travelers in the desert would be wise not to take a nap when ahead of their caravans is proved—though it hardly needed proving—by the experience of Robert L. Jefferson, F. R. G. S., who relates his adventure in the Wide World Magazine.

I had got ahead, not only of the caravan, but of Bekel (his guide), and wearied with my exertions, lay down on the sand. I think I must have fallen asleep; I certainly remember picking from my face what looked like an enormous spider.

I thought nothing of it until I began to feel a pain underneath my left eye, similar to that left by a mosquito sting. In ten minutes my cheek had swollen enormously, and it was clear that I had been stung by some venomous reptile or insect. By the time Bekel came up, the swelling had increased so much that I could not see out of the left eye.

As soon as Bekel saw my face, he seemed stricken with terror. He leaped from his horse, knocked rather than pushed me down, and with the fingers of both hands commenced pressing the protuberance under my eye.

The pain was terrible, and I yelled in my agony, until I think I must have fainted, although I well remember one of the Kirghiz coming with a long knife, when at once the idea entered my brain that they meant to "do for" me. The knife, however, was used only to extract the sting of the tarantula.

When I reached Petro-Alexandrovsk and related the incident to the doctors of the lazaret there, I learned that I owed my life to the promptitude of Bekel and Kirghiz. Another hour and help would have been too late.

Not Pedal Extremities.

She—This paper tells of a man who stepped off a cliff and dropped 200 feet. He—Huh! That fellow must be a regular human centipede.—Chicago News.

The Savage Bachelor.

"What is the best way for a woman to preserve her youthful bloom?" asked the youngish lady boarder. "Quit using it," growled the Savage Bachelor.—Indianapolis Journal.

When He Talks.

"She says her husband talks when he's asleep." "I think that must be a mistake. He talks when she's asleep."—Chicago Post.