

CALLED DOWN

By Douglas Z. Doty

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By birth a gentleman, by force of circumstances a jack of all trades, by profession a raconteur!

Such was my record when I arrived in England, whither the fame of my stories had preceded me. Almost directly I received a letter from Lord Brower of Tentowers castle, in Surrey, requesting me to come down to his place, as he was entertaining a large house party.

The castle, founded as a monastery, was a most romantic pile, representing in its various towers and wings a succession of architectural periods. Its maze of winding corridors and hidden stairways suggested mystery and invited exploration.

My initial appearance before Lord Brower's guests was to be at dinner, and I spent the last moments before leaving my apartment in reading over the list of topics I had jotted down for use during the evening. A raconteur is expected to fill in every lull, every dull moment. Suddenly there fell upon the quiet of my room these words:

"We must run it up to 5,000 tonight! Do you hear? We must!"

I stared round the room. It seemed as if the sound had come through some dull tapestry in a small alcove. Perhaps the tapestry covered a secret door, but there was no time to investigate. A resplendent footman was waiting to conduct me to Lord Brower's presence.

An interesting lot they were gathered around the dinner table of Tentowers castle that night—that is, they were interesting to me as types for study. As conversationalists they were failures, for the only subjects on which they talked fluently were cards and horse-flesh.

I selected my stories accordingly. The guests were apparently familiar with the customs of Monte Carlo, but I told them tales of our own wild west, of games of faro and poker that fairly made them gasp, and after dinner I must teach them our national game of chance.

Sitting opposite me at table was a broad shouldered, dark man, whose eyes, black and set rather close together, never left my face. His lips were thin and bloodless, and his long, rather aquiline nose had a cruel curve about the nostrils. But what most attracted my attention was his odd trick of drumming almost constantly with his right hand, now on the table, now on the arm of his chair and now on his square chin. The instant he spoke I recognized the voice back of the tapestry in my room. His name was Captain Marchand.

His wife sat at my right, a handsome woman, with a profusion of soft brown hair and beautiful blue eyes, which, I learned in a short time, were playing havoc with the mental peace of a young fellow named Chadwick, who was plainly jealous of every smile the lady wasted on me. He was a handsome, boyish looking fellow, one of those chaps who imagine themselves violently in love with every pretty face they meet.

Mrs. Marchand seemed to have caught her husband's peculiar trick of beating that devilish tattoo with her fingers. It fairly got my nerves on edge, but no one else at the table appeared to notice it. I caught myself recalling stories of telegraph operators who continued their work automatically after office hours, but surely these two guests of an English aristocrat knew nothing of a trade. In the course of my eventful and uncertain life I had been an operator for a short period.

After the ladies had withdrawn I told my choicest stag stories, to which the men drank freely, and by the time we rose to enter the drawing room it can be truthfully said that Captain Marchand and myself were the only men who were thoroughly sober.

During the next hour I was kept busy explaining the intricacies of poker, after which I watched the guests yield to the fascination of the game. Soon little piles of sovereigns and notes appeared and disappeared at the various tables. Excitement grew apace, and the very faces of the players were transformed. The greed of gain was upon them. It was my first glimpse of the English aristocrat at his private gaming table.

Finally interest centered at the table where Marchand and young Chadwick held forth alone. At the beginning Chadwick had won, and with a triumphant gesture he would haul in his little pile of gold. The liquor had brought a sparkle to his eye and daring to his tongue, for he kept Mrs. Marchand close to his side, declaring her to be his mascot and casting such languishing glances into her perfect blue eyes that I wondered at Captain Marchand's calmness. When Chadwick won, she clapped her hands in girlish glee, and once or twice I caught a cynical smile on Marchand's lips. Clearly her presence was going to Chadwick's head. He played recklessly.

"I'll make it £4,000!" exclaimed the captain.

A hush fell on the room. Then rose Mrs. Marchand's clear, sweet voice: "How exciting! Oh, Mr. Chadwick, go him one better! Make it 5,000!" The other guests rose and gathered round the table. Lord Brower stood on the hearth rug, glancing toward the group with troubled eyes. I heard him say under his breath: "The lad can't afford to lose that amount."

I joined the spectators just as Chadwick called for another card. Then I

felt a thrill pass over me. The blood rushed to my face, and instinctively I clinched my fist.

Mrs. Marchand was gently tapping the back of Chadwick's chair, but it was no longer the tattoo of an absent-minded individual. Each tap meant something. She was telegraphing Chadwick's hand to her husband!

My first impulse was to denounce them then and there, but what was the word of a hired entertainer against that of distinguished guests, people of social standing, as any of Lord Brower's friends must be? Then came the inspiration. With something of the captain's cynical smile, I, too, commenced to drum on the back of a chair, and this was what reached the startled couple:

"You—are—caught!"

The captain turned rigid as he grasped the arms of his chair, and for a single instant his eyes, expressing rage, hate and fear, met mine. I smiled grimly, enjoying the situation. The coup had a different effect on Mrs. Marchand. She fainted away, at which the captain's composure returned. He sprang to her rescue, and the table was overturned.

When Mrs. Marchand recovered, the guests clamored for the finish of the game, but Marchand shook his head, perhaps because I drummed a rhythmic warning, "Don't play!"

I sat in my room an hour later, cogitating whether I should inform Lord Brower that he was entertaining a pair of clever tricksters, when a servant brought me a message from Marchand asking an interview in his room. I found him waiting for me with an ugly scowl on his face, but his wife, pale and with her hair in artistic disarray, was charming in her new role of beauty in distress.

Marchand came directly to the point.

"Well, what do you intend to do?"

"Nothing," I replied nonchalantly.

"It is your play. If you and your charming wife are suddenly summoned to London tomorrow, the matter ends. Otherwise I think Lord Brower"—

I shrugged my shoulder significantly. "And, by the way, it might be just as well if you refunded to Chadwick the money you've won since he's been playing with you."

"And then?"

"Madam's hands were working nervously."

"And then I shall have one more good after dinner story—to tell when I return to America; that is all. Lord Brower shall never know."

"You are very generous," replied the lady, with tears in her eyes. "You can have no idea to what straits we, my husband and I, have been driven." She was playing her part well. "We were raised to love the good things of life. Both thought the other had money, and both have made the best of a bad bargain. We have lived upon the losses of our aristocratic friends until we met you, and now?"

With a well simulated sob she bowed her head among the pillows. Captain Marchand rose and opened the door. His politeness was elaborate.

"You will pardon Mrs. Marchand's lack of self control. As you say, I think a trip to London is what she needs, what we both need. Good night, my dear sir."

I stepped backward toward the door which he held open, my glance, which I know must have held some amusement at the clever acting of his wife, still fixed on the weeping lady. Then suddenly I felt myself going down, down. I clutched at space, and from above me came a mocking laugh. Then a sharp, blinding light in my eyes, and—blackness!

When I woke, dim rays of light penetrated into a slimy cellar where I lay, practically a prisoner, for one leg was broken and I was bruised from head to foot. Rats ran along the ledges in the masonry, and bats hung from the rafters above.

It must have been hours before help came to me, but I lost all reckoning of time. When at last I was carried to my room and medical aid was summoned, I learned from Lord Brower that my being alive was nothing short of a miracle. I had fallen three flights into a stone dungeon, one of the numerous pitfalls which abounded in this ancient pile. The captain had skillfully guided me to the secret door which was one of his characteristic discoveries.

Lord Brower heard with amazement my tale of their treachery and trickery, but the scandal never became public. British pride stepped in at this point, the deeply annoyed master of Tentowers making ample reparation for my loss of time and suffering. And the only reason for telling of the story is that during my recent trip to London I recognized in one of the reigning stage beauties Mrs. Captain Marchand, who once telegraphed a poker hand to her fellow trickster at Tentowers castle.

Wellington's Sense of Duty.

A most interesting anecdote of Wellington, illustrating the high sense of duty in all things, is told on the authority of the duke's housekeeper at Walmer castle. The huge blue book of 800 pages on the studies and discipline of the University of Oxford had been sent to him as chancellor. He was engaged on it the night before his death. He was going to bed, as it was late. He left the blue book, with his pencil in it, and said to Lord Charles Wellesley, who was with him, "I shall never get through it, Charles, but I must work on."

Bright Prospects.

We don't all look at questions of ethics in the same way. A young English traveler in Valencia became enamored of a gypsy girl, but told the mother that he was not rich enough to marry her. The mother laughed and said: "What! Not rich enough in the land of guineas? Why, with so accomplished a thief as my daughter you will be a millionaire in a twelvemonth!"

THE MEXICAN EDITOR.

It is Very Easy For Him to Get into Serious Trouble.

The newspaper laws of Mexico are very stringent. If any person is mentioned in a newspaper article and feels offended about it, he can easily send the editor of the paper and the writer of the article to prison. The statements may have been far within the limits of truth and justice, but that makes no difference. The editor incommunicado has a chance to think about the law, and the aggrieved person smiles pleasantly. After awhile the law gets in its work, the case is investigated, and the editor is punished, for even the truth is libelous, and libel is one of the offenses most severely condemned.

According to the theory of the Mexican law, every person has a right to go about entirely free from annoyance by other persons. If the person violates the law, the newspaper has no right to say so. It can lay information before the courts if it wants to, but it must not say in its columns that it has done so. Then the law will step in and take charge of the offender, but the representatives of the paper will not be allowed to attend the trial, and only the bare result, after weeks of waiting, can be told to the public.

If the offense charged against the editor is regarded by the first magistrate to whom the complaint is made as being especially grave, the paper is generally suppressed. The complaint has been received and passed upon. Then a squad of police descends upon the printing office. Sometimes all the employees are arrested, sometimes only the editor. Then the doors of the building are closed, official seals are placed upon them, and a guard is stationed to see that no one tries to enter. For three days the editor can do nothing. The laws under which he is arrested are modeled after those of the code Napoleon, and for three days he is held incommunicado, while the authorities hunt up evidence. Then he is given a hearing. In the meantime his paper has been suppressed, and in many cases it never comes to life again, even though the editor may eventually clear himself of all blame.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

Gonno's mother was fond of painting and music.

Chopin's mother, like himself, was very delicate.

Schumann's mother was gifted with musical ability.

Spuller's mother was an excellent judge of music, but no musician.

Milroy's letters often allude to his mother in the most affectionate terms. Raleigh said that he owed all his politeness of deportment to his mother.

Ge the pious several tributes in his writings to the character of his mother. Wordsworth's mother had a character as peculiar as that of her gifted son.

Sydney Smith's mother was a clever conversationalist and very quick at repartee.

Haydn dedicated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother.

Gibson's mother was passionately fond of reading and encouraged her son to follow her example.

Charles Darwin's mother had a decided taste for all branches of natural history.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He Won the Youngster.

The Rev. Dr. Mackenzie of San Francisco was once calling on a new parishioner who had a "limb" of a boy. She had invited the doctor to dine. "Willie," she said to her hopeful, "pass Dr. Mackenzie a potato."

Willie seized the potato between thumb and finger, and before his mother could utter a horrified renunciation he had tossed it across the table and squarely into the good man's lap.

"Judgment!" cried Willie.

"One strike!" quoted the quick-witted clergyman.

"Willie, leave the table!" stormed his mother.

"Madam," said the minister, "do not judge him harshly. See how beautifully he put the sphere over the plate." And from that time there wasn't a more earnest worker in all the big Sunday school than that same Willie.

Skull Borers.

A remarkable application of Biblical precept is still to be found among the Serbs, who do not all live in Serbia, but are also scattered over Turkey, Montenegro, Bosnia and southern Hungary.

They are very quarrelsome, and the vendetta flourishes among them. It follows that bullet holes in the skull are by no means uncommon.

Now, according to the unwritten law a man who has made a hole in another's head must submit to having his own head perforated in like manner, unless he prefers to pay about \$100 damages, which is seldom the case. So there has arisen among the Serbs a peculiar profession, that of the "medics," or trepanners, who for a moderate fee will bore a hole in your skull and guarantee the wound to heal in two weeks.

Cure For Hiccough.

Hiccough usually attacks persons of nervous temperament and young children who have overladen the stomach. It may also be induced by eating foods which have been too highly seasoned.

The most useful remedy and perhaps the most inoffensive and the best consists in sucking a piece of sugar which has previously been steeped in vinegar or drinking a spoonful of good vinegar in which some sugar has been dissolved.

If this is not at once successful, a second spoonful is certain to be so.

When the Worm Turned.

In a little town there dwells a man of exceedingly shiftless disposition, and recently he got his "come-up-ance." His wife had borne with his shiftlessness for some years. Sometimes she scolded him sharply, but it had no effect. So long as he could shuffle down to the village store and gossip with other ne'er do wells in the town he did not care for a sharp tongue.

He never worked, and the wife supported her husband and did the housework, cooking good meals for his laziness to greedily devour. One day he had a chance to work and did not take it. His wife heard about it and gave him a piece of her mind, but he received it as stolidly as ever. He went down to the store that morning, as usual, as placid and as self-satisfied as ever.

When he returned at noon, a strange sight greeted his eyes. The house was empty, bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. He went into the bedrooms. Bedsteads, bureaus, all the furniture, the curtains, everything had been removed. It was the same bareness down stairs. He crept into the kitchen, hoping that there at least he might find something comfortable. Here, too, emptiness greeted him, but directly in the center of the floor was a little white mug, and on it in gilt letters were the words, "Think of me."

His Debut as an Actor.

Frank J. McIntyre was a newspaper man in Ann Arbor, Mich., before he became an actor. He began as a "cut" reporter while still a student in Michigan university and finally advanced until the editor left him in charge of the paper on one occasion when he took a trip to Detroit.

Two important local items were to be printed, one relating the sad demise of a young man of prominent family, the other telling how a traveling salesman had jumped his board bill at a local hotel. "Mac" had to write the headlines for these stories, and, after scratching his head, he evolved "Passed Away Quietly" for the obituary story and "Jumped His Board Bill" for the hotel beat. "Mac" was proud of his achievement and, lighting a big cigar, leaned back in his chair and began to realize how it feels to be an editor.

The man who "made up" the paper scanned the headings, transposed them, and the friends and relatives of the deceased read that he had "Jumped His Board Bill," and the bereaved landlord learned that his late guest had "Passed Away Quietly."—New York World.

Book Plates.

The question of the use of the family crest of arising vexes the American very seriously. Originally all book plates were heraldic. That was in an age when people generally could not read and when the blazon of each family, as shown on wearing apparel or small belongings, was as well known and quickly distinguished as an autograph or photograph today. In the main, it is safe to advise Americans not to use coat armor on their book plates. The uncertainty of the actual right to arms and the extreme difficulty of getting a drawing that one knows is undoubtedly correct in every detail are strong reasons against its use. Heraldry is too exact a science to admit of liberties, and it is no small achievement to draw the coat of arms with absolute correctness and yet with artistic feeling.

Though it is not very generally practiced, it is legal to copyright the book plate design. At least two plates are so protected in this country. This would seem to leave a door open for those who wish to secure for themselves a personal distinguishing mark, a quasi-heraldry, for the drawing may be in heraldic form as well as in any other—Century.

Wanted Crude Eggs.

"Bring me crude eggs, shredded wheat biscuits and a glass of milk," said the man on the Boston boat.

"Yes, sah," replied the waiter. "What kind of aigs was them, sah?"

"Crude eggs."

"Yes, sah; yes, sah," repeated the man, walking away with a perplexed expression. Shortly he returned. "We ain't got them aigs, sah, but we's got 'em boiled, fried, pouched an' scrambled, very nice, sah."

"No, no," protested the Boston man. "I want them crude, raw."

"Oh," gasped the waiter, "you wants 'em raw?"

"Certainly."

Having brought them, the waiter looked on curiously while the man broke the yolks of the eggs over the shredded biscuit and stirred the whites up in the milk. "Dat's one of dem food cranks," reported the waiter to the next table.—New York Press.

Why Americans Think Quicker.

The American people can think quicker and more intelligently than any other people in the world. This statement was made recently in a New York newspaper, but the reason given was wholly of the mark. The American people read in the aggregate ten times more than any other people. The American boy gets his inspiration, his energetic disposition, his ambition, his keen snapshot judgment and his quick wit largely from his reading—and very largely from his newspaper reading. The pulse and culture and refinement and solidity come later in life from the reading of books and magazines and from contact with men and things. It is the American newspaper which sets the initial pace. Push and pluck are contagious, and more germs are hatched in the average American newspaper office than anywhere else.—Booklovers' Bulletin.

How to Be Happy.

Jinks—What do you consider the secret of happiness?

Winks—Make money enough to buy your wife everything she wants.—New York Weekly.

Cozy Corner, Lovers' Lane, Luna City, Moon.

PATTON PAINT CO.
Gentlemen:

I have always been insulted
By the Man who's in the Sun
He has always been most forward
Since our cycle was begun
And the latest of his doings
That has made me grow quite faint,
Is the shine of his Corona
Since he used your Sun-Proof Paint.

Now, the Sun attracts attention
(From the planets) more than I
So I asked what caused his brightness
And he made this curt reply:
"I use 'Patton's Paints' to paint with
For they do not quickly fade,
You should know they wear the longest
Of many hundreds that are made."

I am writing you this letter
To obtain the agency!
So, whenever the Sun needs painting
He will have to come to me.
There is one more thing I'm wanting
To help hold him in restraint—
Forty gallons (of your color)
Of your Patton's Sun-Proof Paint.

Yours truly,
The Man in the Moon.

Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice free to
PATTON PAINT COMPANY,
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DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERNAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.

About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.

I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the best result would be to cut across, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement, suddenly in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to directions, my hearing in the affected ear was fully and permanently restored. Very truly yours, F. A. WERNAN.

Our treatment does not interfere with any other treatment.

YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF

THE NEWS FOR CARDS **JOHNSON BROS. LAND CO.**

WILL HAVE

HOM SEEKER'S EXCURSIONS

to Charles Mix, Douglas and Brule counties, South Dakota, on Tuesday, May 20, June 3 and 17. Fare for round trip from Norfolk, Neb., to Armour, good for 21 days, \$9.00.

Look at a map of South Dakota and you will see that these counties are in the corn belt of South Dakota, where corn, cattle, sheep, hogs and hay are principal products. Land in Charles Mix and Douglas counties from \$12.50 to \$20.00 per acre. Wild land in Brule county, \$8.00 to \$10.00 per acre; improved farms from \$12.50 to \$20.00 per acre. The C. M. & St. P. R. R. runs due west from Iowa and Minnesota into and we are in the corn belt and these are the lands to buy. "Corn is King" and brings the farmer money. Now is the time to buy. For full and complete pri. es, write to

Johnson Bros Land Co.,
Armour, South Dakota,
Or **GARDNER & SEILER,**
Local Agents, Norfolk, Nebr.

"Two Dogs over One Bone Seldom Agree."

When two merchants are after trade in the same community and one advertises and the other doesn't the advertiser gets the bulk of it

This is assuming that his ads are well written and placed in the medium that best covers the ground.

This paper is the medium for this community. If you have difficulty with your ads consult us. Perhaps we can aid you. We are willing to.