Mistress Rosemary Allyn

By MILLICENT E. MANN

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"I do not know," she said, and shook her head. "I am sorry if Martin annoys you, sir; he is restless to-day—I cannot quiet him," she added.

"Poor devil," I ejaculated, as holding my heavy head tightly between my hands I was able to follow what he was reciting.

"'Oh, God! Oh, God!'—'How weary, stale and unprofitable'—'Get thee to a nunnery'—'Alas, poor Yorick'—'He poisons him in the garden.'"

"Poor devil!" I repeated; "a mad Hamlet truly."

Turning to Alice I said courteously: "I see in some way unaccountable to me I have intruded upon your hospitality—I am waiting to know why?"

"I will tell you if you promise to talk no more, only listen," she added.

I assured her of my willingness to listen, and she began:

"It is now going on the fifth day since Martin and I found you all unconscious—dead, I thought—but I will begin at the beginning. You see, Martin and I were coming into London—I know, sir, it is risky—but I did so long to see the town before I left it never to return, for you must know we are on our way to Bristol to sail for America. I thought I could easily stay hidden here for a few days."

"You mean to say that you will burden yourself with a daft person in a new land?" I found myself asking.

"What else can I do, sir?" she queried; "I could not leave him here alone—he has no one else in the world save me—it would be cruel to leave him alone."

"Nothing else," I replied, not willing to spoil her fine charity.

"We had not come into London yet, when a fog closed in upon us—such a fog as London had not seen in many a day," she said. "We were heavily laden. Each of us had a pack—our little belongings. I was fearful as we trudged along, groping our way from street to street, lest we be set upon and our few possessions taken from us. A fog in London's a fearful thing! Hardly a light anywhere save the few lanthorns carried by provident wayfarers. You shrink from everyone and everyone shrinks from you. Gentlemen carry their naked swords in their hands. Men and women prey upon one another. All is fear! We had reached the end of Bow Street when Martin stumbled over something huddled in the road and fell. I lighted a taper—I recognized you!"

"Enter the ghost—he comes, he comes!"

I thought (my head was clearer now) of Rosemary and our wild ride through the fog that night as contrasted with this poor woman's wanderings with her daft mate; of Rosemary as she stood at the door of the inn, her cloak half slipped from off her; of the petals which lay on her shoulder, shaken from the roses low in her hair, nestling against her neck. Ah, there was no one more beautiful than she! And so thinking, I lost the thread of her discourse. When I came back from soaring near to heaven I heard her say:

"I tied a bit or ribbon on one of the spikes of the gate, so that I should know the place, and because we had to hide our bundles beneath the hedge so as to be free to carry you. When I went back for them I learned who owned the place and who lived there, thinking that if you recovered you might wish to know. The house is on Bow street surrounded by large grounds, inclosed by high brick walls, ivy grown."

"I know the place," I murmured.

"We carried you between us," she continued. "Often we had to stop and I would leave Martin and you—a madman and a corpse—and go to inquire the way of the first passerby I could meet, my heart thumping in my breast for fear I should ask some evil inclined person and be directed wrong. Thus, after hours of wandering hither and thither within a radius of a few miles, we came to Mag's. She is a charwoman," she explained, "who used to clean at the old Drury when I acted there. I was once able to do her a slight service, and for the sake of those old days she took us in."

My brain was not idle—the night of the fog after I had left Rosemary I had been struck upon the head and rendered unconscious. Before the miscreants had attempted the dastardly deed, however, they had made sure of the identity of their victim, for I remembered a light being swung before my face, and an unknown voice crying, "It is he." Who had struck the blow? What was the object? I had been searched—I saw from the wall where my clothes hung some of the pockets still lay turned out. For what? Not money, Alice was positive, for there was plenty in the pockets which had been left in their original position. For the paper given me by my father? I had told no one but the King of that. I bade Alice bring me my coat when I recollected that I had given the locket with the note still intact within it to Rosemary. For the other paper, perhaps? Well, I chuckled with satisfaction, if it was a paper they were after, they got not what they wished.

"I thank you, Alice," I said; "but for you and Martin I might be by now food for the worms. Again I thank you, for I honestly believe that I owe my life to you."

"Oh, sir," she cried, tears starting to her eyes—they seemed ever ready to flow upon the instant—"I am not worthy to take it. Did I not steal from you—and you so good to poor Martin and me?"

"That is past and done, my girl," I said. "And as it happened you did no harm." I grasped her hand. "From now on I am your friend," I added.

While speaking, for Alice, seeing that it made me more excited not to talk, had let me have my way, we had paid slight heed to Martin, who still spouted Shakespeare, now Hamlet, now another.

Suddenly he came toward us; he strode with the stage glide of the villain. As he neared us he pointed to the window and said:

"Enter the ghost—he comes, he comes—make way, ye slaves."

A shadow spread itself upon the shade of the window and faded away. Alice put her finger upon her lips to silence Martin, while she went to the door without a sound and stood listening.

CHAPTER XX.

A Wager and What Came of It.

A sword handle fell heavily upon the door, wielded by no slight hand.

"Open, it is I—Gil Monte; open I say," cried a voice, and again there was a tremendous banging at the door.

"Open," I too cried—"It is Gil."

"Yes, yes," Alice answered, as she made haste to unhasp the latch, and Gil rushed in.

"At last! my lord, at last!" he cried, as he hastened to my side. From the break in his voice I understood plainer than words could have told me the anxiety he had passed through. "It is as I feared—you have been hurt?" he questioned.

"Not much, a crack on the back of the head," I replied, "and this cut."

"It is enough, from your looks," he said dryly.

"Tell me how you succeeded in finding this hiding place?" I asked anxiously. "For what you have done others may do—and so Alice's safety be imperiled."

"Ah! 'pretty Alice Lynson'—more petticoats," Gil said, laying his hand upon his breast and bowing low before her.

"Poof! You!" Alice cried scornfully, and swung round on her foot, presenting her back to him.

He gave a perplexed look at her back and then turned to me.

"When you did not meet us at the marsh as agreed," he said, "I sent all the men on to Long Haut, except Torraine and your linkman, Pat. We came back to London by separate ways and ever since have been searching high and low for you. It did not take us long to find that you had been hurt or killed, we knew not which, near the Bow Street mansion. Then what had become of you was a mystery—I could learn nothing. In despair I hung about the Duke's theater—"

"A risky thing to do," I interrupted him.

"Perhaps," he acknowledged; "but I kept my hat slouched over my face, and I put me on a wig, and long coat; you see it alters me somewhat?"

I smiled—a babe could have seen through the trick. But no doubt my enemy, he who had been instrumental in my hurt, thinking me dead, did not care to molest him.

"At last, desperate, I asked the services of both Lady Felton and Mistress Gwyn—they could ferret out nothing new," he continued, "and I was about at my end, when—it is hardly an hour agone—I received a whispered word, 'Back alley, foot of Chune Street.' Although I was after her like a flash—it was a woman—she escaped me; hid herself among the wings or stage gim-cracks, where I came near to being lost. As soon as I found my way out I lost no time in coming here."

"It must have been Mag," Alice put in.

"Who is Mag?" questioned Gil.

"The woman who rents these rooms and lets us stay here with her," she replied rather tartly.

"That settles it," said he. "Did I not say that all the mischief was concocted by the petticoat army?"

"You did indeed," I could not help smiling at his manner. "But they also perform good services, witness what Alice did—and would you have been any the wiser as to my whereabouts if Mag had not informed you?"

"What did Alice do?" he quickly asked.

"She dragged me here from where she found me on Bow Street, and has since cared for me," I said. "If it had not been for her, instead of finding a quick man, you would have found a corpse, if anyone at all."

"Em!" he muttered. "I care not—they serve best where best paid. I must get you hence—I will send for Torraine and a stretcher. Who knows but it may be a trap?"

"Beast!" ejaculated Alice. "Know, sir, that Mag would do no one a mean trick," she added to me.

I reassured her with a smile.

The madman, Martin, whom she had taken care of as a mother her sick child, came out of his corner at her raised voice, and laid his hand timidly on her arm.

"Pretty Alice Lynson—pretty Alice Lynson," he murmured, "I know where violets grow the color of your eyes—rosemary, too, and fennel, and here's rue for you. Why do you cry? I will get you some." And he started for the door.

"No, no," she said, "Alice is not crying—you must stay with Alice."

The madman hesitated and looked longingly at the door.

"Alice will cry, indeed, if you leave her," she said. Thereat he came back, and went into his corner, from whence the crooning began again.

Gil watched the couple with shamed eyes, but he was not satisfied and muttered:

"I think it best to go and call Torraine. I kept Pat and him with me, sir, for they could go into places that I dared not venture for fear of recognition. I will be back with a stretcher in a wink."

He would have gone, but I called him back.

"It is early yet, Gil, be in no haste," I entreated.

"My lord, I have much to tell you," he pleaded.

"Tell it here and now," I commanded.

He gave a sigh of resignation.

"Do you know where the locket is that you wore pinned upon your coat the night you left me?" he queried.

"Yes," I replied. Had I not given it myself to Rosemary?

"Where is it?" he demanded.

"It appears to me, Gil, that you are busying yourself about something which does not concern you. My God!" I started up only to fall back again. "How many days have I lain here?"

"Five days, sir," replied Alice and Gil in the same breath.

(To be continued.)

WEAR GEMS OF PHARAOHS.

London Society Women Proud of Jewels From the Pyramids.

Happy the woman of to-day who owns some gem worn by a princess of Egypt when the world was younger; joyous is she who adorns herself with any ornament taken from a mummy, for such jewels bring the best luck, women firmly believe at the moment, and they all yearn to wear them.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay of New York possesses a weird carnelian necklace that decked a daughter of the Pharaohs and Mrs. St. John Broderick rejoices over some quaint, priceless jewels that shone by the Nile. Many fashionables are wearing a little pendant or charm made of New Zealand jade, the Pounamu stone, which always bestows good fortune.

Sarah Bernhardt's favorite mascot is a necklace of gold nuggets which the admiring miners of California presented to her. An English actress, Miss Irene Van Brugh, pins her faith to a girdle of splendid turquoises.

The "Has Been's" Retort.

An amateur champion of two seasons who had made himself unpopular with some of his clubmates had just been defeated in a sculling race. The beaten man rowed back to the float and, contrary to what had been the custom when he won, nobody offered to help him out of his boat. Instead there was a look of infinite delight on the faces of several of his so-called friends.

As the sculler reached down to take his boat from the water a young member of the club who was noted for his long arguments on the science of rowing, but who has no record to show that he ever won a race, stepped forward and said:

"See here, T——' you have become a 'has been.'"

"Well, it is better to be a 'has been' than a never was," said the sculler, and the chesty youth is still wondering why everybody roared with laughter.

All Right, But the Ring.

Yarnall Abbott of Philadelphia, who though an amateur, is admitted to be one of the very best photographers in America, collects with much zest stories about the camera.

"A North Ninth street photographer," he said the other day, "told me this morning of an odd and amusing episode.

"He said that a young woman brought back to him a dozen cabinets that he had made of her the week before.

"'What' he exclaimed in dismay. "Bringing them all back? I thought they were very successful.'

"The young woman reassured him with a smile.

"'Yes,' she said; 'oh, yes. They are successful. I only want you to touch out the ring. I've got a new young man.'"—Salt Lake Tribune.

Music vs. Diplomacy.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at a luncheon in Philadelphia, said, apropos of diplomacy:

"I have a diplomatic friend. She lives in New York, in an apartment house near Central Park. In the apartment adjoining hers there is a piano, and morning, noon and night this piano used to rattle and clatter away.

"But it is played more softly and more rarely now. My friend's diplomacy brought this improvement about.

"She made the acquaintance of the piano player, and found her to be a woman of thirty, with a daughter of six or seven years. She waited for perhaps a week, and then, after she had got on quite friendly terms with the woman, she said one day to her, in her sweetest voice:

"'Your little one plays remarkably well for her age. I hear her practicing every day.'"

First Aid to the Injured.

On a rock-strewn beach on the Cornish coast the fury of a violent storm was just abating. A vessel had gone to pieces on the rocks, and after a display of much heroism on the part of the villagers all the crew and the passengers had been saved, with the exception of one man. He had been washed ashore apparently drowned, and the new curate knelt at his side on the beach endeavoring to restore his circulation.

"My friends," he said, turning to the villagers, "how do you usually proceed in these cases?"

As one man the simple folk replied: "Search his pockets."—Harper's Weekly.

In Lent.

Henry M. Flagler, at a dinner party at Palm Beach, said, apropos of Lent:

"A clergyman told me one day in Lent how, the Sunday before, he had preached from the text, 'All flesh is grass.'

"The next day he met a parishioner of his, a lowly laboring man to whom fasting was anything but congenial. This man said to the clergyman with a smile:

"'I much enjoyed, sir, yesterday, yer sermon about all flesh bein' grass, and I wish to know whether, in this Lenten season, I couldn't be after havin' a small piece of pork by way of a salad?'"

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"Five days!" I repeated. "This is the night when I am to meet Lady Felton and receive it back again. I must get up—help me, Gil."

"You cannot; you are not able," said he.

"She will think I do not care," I pleaded; "I must get up."

"It does not matter, my lord; the lady is not in London," said he.

"Ah, yes, you said that you had seen her—where has she gone?" I asked.

"I do not know," he returned.

I fell back exhausted from talking, big drops of sweat stood upon my face. I made a motion for him to explain.

"Three nights ago," he began, "at the close of another day of unrequited search, tired out, I was dozing in my chair. You see, sir, I have not slept in a bed since our parting."

"Poor Gil!" I murmured.

I remembered how he had ridden to and from Long Haut without rest, and now this wearying search.

"You were right—it may be some consolation for you to know—there is nothing to beat this looking after young sparks for taking the pounds off one, hey Gil?" I said drolly. "You will be as slender as our friend, Noel, when next you meet."

"I had not finished my supper," he went on, heedless of my interruption. "I intended to go out again as soon as my cloak was dried; and, as I said, I fell asleep in my chair. I was awakened by Torraine, who came and said that the lady was at the lodge door. You will know that I am not at the Blue Boar, but in an old house on the fringe of town."

"'What lady?' I asked him.

"'The handsome one that came to the Tabard,' he explained.

"I hurried on my clothes to be decent and went down to the door, where the fool had left her standing. I begged her to come in. She was timid—pale—big black rings were under her eyes."

"'Your master,' she faltered. 'Have you found him yet?'

"'No,' I replied, 'and I have searched everywhere.'

"'I am afraid,' she said, 'that he is dead.' Her voice broke and died away in a sob.

"'What makes you think so?' I asked, stubborn enough still to contest the thought with anyone that you could be dead.

"'Yes, dead,' she repeated, 'and a woman's vanity has been the cause!'

"I thought, if so, she would not be the first woman to do a man to his death by the same. I restrained myself, however, and gave her no hint of my thoughts."

"'If he is dead,' I violently cried, 'you have killed him!'"

I could have smiled any other time, he took so much virtue to himself at that restraint, but anxiety consumed me and I motioned him to continue.

"'You must know,' she said, 'that my cousin, Sir Raoul Dwight, laid me a wager—it was to be a pair of jeweled gloves against my carol ring—that I could not get Mister Waters to loan me that locket he wore upon his breast. I could not let the wager pass; and that was the reason why I came to the Tabard instead of sending someone—to see him and to coax it from him.'

"I will tell you that her voice lagged in the telling of this"—

"No side remarks, if you please, Gil," I interrupted sharply.

"'The night of the ball,' the lady continued, 'I wore the locket; it hung among the lace ruffles which encircled my neck. At once Cousin Raoul saw it—I knew he saw it, although he said nothing, and I flirted my triumph in his face. Tired of the minuet, someone proposed a country dance. I like them not—they are rough. We were in the midst of one, where the gentlemen hold their swords up and the ladies pass beneath them. In a moment, I understand not yet how it happened, we all got bunched together. In the mix-up my dress was torn and the locket—Mister Waters' locket—fell to the floor. Raoul Dwight's foot in an instant covered the bauble before the gentleman with whom I was dancing had time to stoop for it. Cousin Raoul was handing it to me (he had been the quicker to pick it up) with a low bow of mock humility, bewailing his awkwardness and making other profuse apologies, when he discovered that the mirror was broken, shattered into a thousand tiny bits. 'A bad omen, ma cousine,' he said, 'a death!' His face glowed with the liveliest interest, and malignity was not far off. I twitted him with being spiteful because of losing the wager—I was not gentle with him.'

"'I may say I believed her, for upon the telling of the circumstance, her eyes sparkled like glow worms on a summer's night," was Gil's comment.

"'He dallied with the locket,' the lady continued her narrative, in a disdainful manner, turning it now this way, now that, while I waited his pleasure. Finally he gave it an extra fillip and the thin gold partition, which backed the mirror, fell out, and with it a bit of paper folded into a tiny square to fit the locket. Again there was a scramble, and again Raoul Dwight was the successful one. In spite of my expostulations, he opened and read what was written on the paper aloud—the dishonorable hound! 'A love letter,' he cried mockingly; 'a rendezvous, too!' He then held it up so that all the dandies present might see. I was in distress, for now I thought I understood why Mister Waters had been so solicitous about the locket—he should have trusted me if it is of any value to him. 'It is not mine,' I cried, scarcely knowing what I said. 'I see it is not, cousin,' he replied, 'for the date on the billet doux, although almost indistinguishable, antedates your birth by some years—and I beg your pardon, coz,' he added. The men's muttered cries of 'Shame,' helped him to fasten his slipping temper.

"'Then he hastened to hand it to me, for he had seen what I too saw; my father watching us. You must know,' she explained to me, 'that I have a father here in London, although 'tis little indeed I see of him, living, as I mostly do, at Lady Dwight's. My father now came toward us, pushing back the crowd debonairly. I forestalled the words on his lips by crying gayly to Raoul Dwight: 'I have won the wager; the gloves are mine.' But my father was not so easily to be put to rout. 'Allow me to see the paper, Mary,' he requested. But I courteseyed low before him, and replied, 'You must excuse me, sir; it would not interest you. Moreover, it does not belong to me.' I placed the paper back in the locket and fastened on the gold back.

"'The men began making apologies for the fracas, and Raoul Dwight, as if to make amends for his rudeness, born of pique, and as I afterward learned, desire to see if the locket which Mister Waters habitually wore contained the pledge of my hand, lingered to appease Lord Felton. I understood that Raoul Dwight was explaining about the paper. I heard him say (my ears are keen) words to the effect that it was naught but an old love letter written to Elaine, of which Mister Waters must be choice indeed, since he treasured it so; and if it were ever to come again under his notice he would destroy it. And his information was punctuated with malicious chuckles. Which proved to me that it was of value to its owner, and that Raoul Dwight had either seen or heard of it before. I promised myself that, as far as I had the saying, he should never see it again.

"'I did not look at my father, but I could feel his eyes follow me as I walked down the ball room with my partner, and I knew that he was furious at being thwarted in his inquisitiveness. That was not to be the end of the affair. There is much more to tell, much more!

"'I thought to escape an interview with him that night by spending it at Lady Dwight's. I had hardly entered the hall of her house when Lord Felton stood before me. After many pleasant words and compliments, for my father knows how to be most gracious when he chooses, and he can be the fiend incarnate when he pleases, also, he asked to see the billet doux. Again I refused graciously but firmly. He was at a white heat with anger, and I was afraid that he would use force to wrench it from me. I should have known him better than that. He recovered himself and in his most suave manner said slowly and impressively: 'You are wasting your strength, my dear; better build a new fire upon the ashes of this old one—you will never see Quentin Waters—your lover—again. I think that you will not care to go unloved, no, not unloved, you could never be that, but unloving to the grave. Moreover, have your maid prepare your clothes; to-morrow I am going to take you away with me. I have left you too long to your own devices; and your lovers.'

"'You have called Quentin Waters my lover,' I replied. 'I am more than happy to introduce him to you as such. When a father gambles away his daughter's hand in a room crowded with gamesters, holding her name as light as a thistle down—oh, I hate the thought of it!—he should thank her if she meet him in any spirit whatsoever. But if she acquiesces in what he has done, something more than thanks, are, I think, her due.' 'Of course he told you that?' he said. His aplomb was admirable. 'And you believed him?'

"'Of course—he did not tell me that,' I retorted. 'He only lately became aware of the fact that Lady Mary Felton and Rosemary Allyn, whom he had seen at Castle Drout, were the same person. I saw—and possessed the paper the day he won it—I recognized my father's writing!' He winced now, and the blood came to the surface of his face. 'Then to make assurance doubly sure, I asked one who had witnessed the proceedings that night at the Lodge, and from him I learned the facts of the case. You and Cousin Raoul need not have been so anxious about the paper, since it has been in my possession all the time. Quentin Waters is not the man to force an unwelcome bride.'

"'I'm afraid he'll have to take a bride in heaven,' he said harshly; 'he'll get no earthly one.'

"'Then will I be that bride,' I returned. Seeing there would be no end to the argument, he left me, after requesting my presence at home on the morrow.

"'He had hardly gotten out of the door before Raoul Dwight put in an appearance. I had undergone my limit that night; patience not being a cardinal virtue with me, and I had no words for him. I was passing to my room, when he barred my way. 'A moment, sweet coz. I would have a word with you,' he said. 'I pray you grant me pardon for what happened at the ball to-night. I wished to know what that locket contained; I have found out.' At that I cried, 'You dared make a tool of me for your base deeds?' 'Everything is excusable in love and war,' he answered. 'Again I crave your pardon—it seems there was no need of such rough measures, for I am confident that Quentin Waters is dead.'

"'If he is dead,' I violently cried, 'you have killed him!' He answered, 'I would have killed him joyfully in a duel, face to face, but I am no knave to stab a man in the back.' 'No?' I tauntingly questioned; 'but perhaps hire men (and there are plenty about town who ask no better way to coin money) to do your delicate work for you.' He retorted, 'I think you would not care to know, if such was the case, the name of the man in whose brain the plan was created.'

"'I looked scornfully at him and cried: 'Coward! You not only make light of a woman before an assembly, but strike in the dark the character of one older than yourself—better not tell him your suspicions—coward;' 'Peace, cousin, peace,' he said. 'I have proof that Quentin Waters was struck from his horse, and then mysteriously disappeared. At first I thought his man, Gil—the ape—had taken care of his body. But he has been hanging about the Duke's theater, obviously as much at sea as the rest of us as to the destiny of his master. I firmly believe that he is dead. Sweet coz, turn your thoughts from a dead man to me, a quick one, who has loved you for years—am I never to be rewarded for my fidelity?'

(To be continued.)

JUDGING BY THEIR COLOR.

Fisherman Employed Somebody to "Break In" His Shirts.

The late Capt. Alfred Rice, the noted shad fisherman of the Delaware river, was no less remarkable for personal cleanliness than for his unequaled handling of the mile-long shad seine.

Capt. Rice was not only clean and neat himself; he insisted upon cleanliness and neatness in his men. If a new man proved to be a sloven, he very soon mended his ways under the captain's criticisms, or else he sought another job.

There was a new man, one shad season, who always wore a dirty white shirt. In shad fishing it is best to wear a black jersey. If, however, a white shirt is chosen, there is no reason why it should not be a clean one. So, at least, Capt. Rice thought.

He stood his new man's dirty white shirts for a month. Then, calling the fisherman up to him, he said:

"Friend, who the deuce is it that you always get to wear your shirts the first week for you?"—Los Angeles Times.

Trembled for Papa's Safety.

Jennie's father is a preacher, so whether she wishes it or not Jennie is dragged to church every Sunday morning. As a rule she finds more food for reflection during these ordeals in the multi-colored angels over the altar than in her father's sermons, but on a recent Sunday his opening sentence threw even the angels into the shade.

"Let him who is without sin among you be first to cast a stone," announced the clergyman.

That challenge, hurled thus boldly at the congregation, took Jennie's attention, and from then on until the end of the sermon she watched and listened with intense earnestness. Not until the entire congregation had turned their backs on the pulpit and were surging toward the doors did the anxious look fade from her puzzled little face. Then, seeing that the service was at an end, she fell back in a corner of the pew and breathed heavily with relief.

"I'm glad," she said to her mother, "that nobody chucked rocks at papa."

Sane or Insane.

"Is there any sure test by which to tell the sane from the insane?" inquired a student of the famous French Ailenist Esquirol. "Please dine with me to-morrow at 6 o'clock," was the answer of the savant. The student complied. Two other guests were present, one of whom was elegantly dressed, while the other was rather uncouth, noisy and extremely conceited. After dinner the pupil rose to take leave, and as he shook hands with his teacher he remarked: "The problem is very simple, after all; the quiet, well dressed gentleman is certainly distinguished in some line, but the other is as certainly a lunatic and ought to be locked up." "You are wrong, my friend," replied Esquirol with a smile. "The quiet, well-dressed man who talks so rationally, has for years labored under the delusion that he is God, the Father; whereas, the other man, whose exuberance and self-conceit have surprised you, is M. Honore de Balzac, the greatest French writer of the day."—Leslie's Monthly.

Liverpool's Literary Streets.

"The most literary street names in the world," said a publisher, "are those of Liverpool. There is hardly a writer of note whose fame is not commemorated in some way in a Liverpool street name.

"Dickens is highly honored in Liverpool. There is a Pecksniff street, a Dombey street, a Winkle street, a Tupman street, a Dorrit street, a Nickleby street, a Copperfield street and a Micawber street.

"In honor of Tennyson Liverpool has a Maud street, a Geraint street, an Enid street, a Claribel street, a Gwendoline street, a Shalott street and so on.

"Falstaff street, Portia street, Rosaline street, Oberon street, Macbeth street, Cordelia street, Hotspur street, Ariel street and a dozen others do honor to the Bard of Avon."

Wit Worth Overcharge.

A commendable characteristic of W. I. Douglas, governor of Massachusetts, is his enjoyment of a joke on himself as much as on the other fellow. Not long ago he dropped into a strange barber shop to have his scant hair trimmed. After the job had been completed, the barber handed Mr. Douglas a check for fifty cents.

"How's this?" said Mr. Douglas. "Doesn't that sign over there say 'first-class hair-cut for twenty-five cents'?"

"Yes—yes,' replied the barber, "but you haven't first-class hair."

Deadly as Christians Now.

Japan's advance in "civilization" has been the subject of many squibs of late. As good a one as any is reported by a London paper to have been written by a schoolboy under examination: "Until recently the Japanese used to fight with bows and arrows, but now they are equipped with the complete arms of a Christian."—Portland Oregonian.

THE NEWS IN NEBRASKA

TO DEFEAT LAW'S PURPOSE

Measure of the Last Legislature Barring Sports.

LINCOLN—Nebraska sportsmen, racing men and attorneys are holding lively discussions over what games of sport tend to disturb the public peace; also, who shall decide that the public peace is disturbed by such sports? The debate is caused by the bill of Senator Hughes of Platte county, which was passed by the last session of the legislature and signed by the governor. By this measure, horse racing, ball playing and other sports tending to disturb the public peace are prohibited on May 30, commonly known as Decoration or Memorial day. As it now stands the measure reads:

"Section 1. Any person or persons who shall, on the 30th day of May, commonly known as Decoration day, engage in horse racing, ball playing, or in any game of sport, which may tend to disturb the public peace on the 30th day of May, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $100, or by imprisonment for not more than thirty days, or both, at the direction of the court."

The Grand Army of the Republic is responsible for the origination of the bill which is meant to prevent the desecration of the day set aside to commemorate the deeds of the nation's soldier dead. As it does not carry the emergency clause the law will not become operative until July 1. Some attorneys claim that the bill will be non-effective on account of defective punctuation, which considerably complicates its construction.

ALMOST DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

Man at Shubert Shoots Wife and Then Himself.

STELLA—The town of Shubert, just five miles east of this place, was the scene of a terrible tragedy. George Quiggle, after a protracted drunken spree, got a revolver and went down to where his wife was hanging out the washing and after a few words pointed the gun at her heart, at the same time pulling the trigger. She managed to turn the point of the gun so as to receive the discharge in her hand. He then shot her in the side and another load inflicting a scalp wound. He then fired a shot at his own head which rendered him unconscious and from the effects of which the doctors say he cannot recover. He tried at several of the hardware stores in Stella last week to get a gun but was refused on account of being intoxicated at the time and also was refused the sale of cartridges. About five years ago he ran a livery barn in this place but for the last few years has been living in and near the town of Shubert. He was a hard drinker and very quarrelsome and disagreeable to his family. It is thought she will recover.

Invents Talking Machine.

LINCOLN—The Duplexophone company of Lincoln has filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state. The capital stock is $300,000, and the incorporators are C. E. Hill, president; J. W. Clark, vice president; J. Y. M. Swigart, secretary and treasurer, and M. Lensink, manager. The company will manufacture in Lincoln a new sort of talking machine called the duplexophone, which differs from all other such machines in taking the vibrations from both sides instead of from one side of the diaphragm of the producer.

Chamberlain Seeking Bondsmen.

TECUMSEH—Charles M. Chamberlain is still at work in an endeavor to raise the $25,500 bonds the district court placed him under. He is making the rounds of the business part of the city being escorted by an officer. He does not hesitate to ask the greatest losers in the failed bank to sign his petition, but his requests are not always complied with. He met an irate farmer on the street who proceeded to air his opinion concerning his actions. It is believed he is going to be able to give the bond, as it is said he has already secured $18,000 of the amount.

Bail Fixed at $25,000.

TECUMSEH—Upon the convening of the district court Charles M. Chamberlain, the defaulting cashier of the defunct Chamberlain banking house of this city, was taken before Judge Babcock for bond. Judge Babcock fixed it at $25,000, which Chamberlain may not be able to give.

Humboldt citizens will probably vote on a proposition to build a city hall.

Seward has re-elected its present corps of teachers.

Bull Kills Farmer.

FRANKLIN—E. L. Beck, a wealthy and prosperous farmer was killed at his farm three miles southeast of this place by a furious bull. Mr. Beck was out in the field working with cattle when the bull attacked him. He had a pitch fork which was found with tines bent showing he made a fight to save his life. The bull had been dehorned but used his feet, stamping his victime into an almost unrecognizable mass. It was several hours before his body was found and he was still alive but died soon after.

Currie Makes Investment.

BROKEN BOW—F. M. Currie, former state senator from this district, has purchased J. E. Adamson's interest in the Central Telephone company, which, outside of a few shares, includes the whole plant. This purchase is subject to an option held by the Co-operative Telephone company, which expires June 1, of this year. The purchase price, as offered to the latter company, was $31,000. If they do not raise the necessary amount of funds by that time, Mr. Currie will immediately commence making improvements.

Motor Car Service.

GRAND ISLAND—Great interest is felt in the motor car service on the Union Pacific branch between this city and St. Paul all of next week. The car will make two trips between the two points, the company making a special rate of one dollar for the round trip, for the week. The distance between the two points is thirty miles. The schedule is so arranged as to give the people of both cities a chance to visit or transact business with each other without the waste of much time.

STATE NOTES.

At Wayne a woman's relief corps has been organized in connection with the Grand Army.

McCook now has a full-fledged, wide-awake, active commercial club. It starts with a membership of 75.

J. H. Preston of Sarpy county has been pronounced insane by the examining board and will be sent to the asylum at Lincoln.

Annie Stindt, a five-year-old girl living near Sterling, Johnson county, was severely burned and will probably lose one arm, if not her life.

Prof. Myers has secured Senator E. J. Burkett to deliver the principal address at the commencement exercises of the Oakland high school the latter part of May.

Fire destroyed two large hay stacks, a cattle shed and a few other farm buildings on the farm of Carsten Bosselman, sixteen miles north of Grand Island.

Bert Green, known as one of the expert rifle and pistol shots of the west, has resigned his clerkship at the Beatrice postoffice and will leave soon to join Ringling Bros.' circus.

The plans and specifications for the new Burlington depot at Beatrice call for a structure to cost $70,000. It is thought that work will be commenced on the station within sixty days.

Blinn Sill of Hastings, for many years a resident plasterer and bricklayer, and well-to-do, has gone away, leaving his wife and child, and in his wake a train of unsavory rumors.

Anton Trojan, a well-to-do Bohemian farmer, 60 years of age, living two miles northeast of Leigh, came to his death by drowning in a stock well on his farm. He fell in head foremost.

The new brick church known as the Center Catholic church, three miles west of Brainerd, was totally destroyed by fire. The origin of the fire is unknown. The loss will be $14,000; insurance, $6,000.

"Posey" Messersmith, who has been employed in the Burlington switch yards at Plattsmouth for thirty-one years, has tendered his resignation and will engage in the chicken business.

John M. Thurston, former United States senator from Nebraska, has been retained to press claims for indemnity on account of the massacre of several Americans, among whom was A. M. Call of Sioux City, in Sonora, Mexico, January 17.

The committee having in charge the business men's lecture course of Tecumseh has abandoned the plan of extending the course another year. Last season a $500 course was given, which included five first-class events. About $130 was netted on the enterprise.

Governor Mickey is considering the calling of an election for the First congressional district for the purpose of selecting a successor to Senator Burkett. It is not improbable the time will be fixed some time in July, probably between the 11th and 18th.

John Person, a farmer northeast of Norfolk, sent word to his wife in Norfolk, who had deserted him, that he wished to see her. When she arrived she found his head entirely blown off with a shotgun. His feet were bloody, indicating that he had walked around after once wounding himself. Despondency over losing his family and farm was the cause.

C. M. Chamberlain, former banker at Tecumseh, who left the city upon the failure of his bank in August, 1902, and who has been charged with violation of the state banking laws, has voluntarily returned and is now in jail. The sheriff received a telegram from Chamberlain from a city outside of the state requesting him to meet him at Lincoln. This the sheriff did and returned with Chamberlain to Tecumseh.

The store building and general merchandise stock owned and managed by Pat Rowley of Barneston caught fire about 1 o'clock in the morning and was completely destroyed. The fire started on the north side of the building and when discovered had burned into the store room. A strong north wind was blowing and the interior of the building was soon a mass of flames. Loss on stock will be about $10,000; on building, $2,500.

George Huiggle of Shubert, whose wife left him recently, went to the house where she was staying and found her clothes hanging on the line. Without her seeing him he shot her in the forehead. When she fell he held her and fired four more shots. After emptying one revolver he took another from his pocket and shot once more. Then he walked to his home and went upstairs, lay on the bed and shot himself. The ball entered his forehead. It is believed Mrs. Huiggle will live.

Because of the increased cost of living in Lincoln the Traction company voluntarily boosted the salaries of its men from 8 to 10 per cent, effective May 1. The new scale gives the beginners 14 cents an hour and the five-year conductors 20 cents an hour.

E. L. Beck, a wealthy and prosperous farm of Franklin county, was killed at his farm three miles southeast of Franklin by a furious bull. Mr. Beck was out in the field working with the cattle when the bull attacked him. When found he was still alive, but so badly injured that he died soon after.

County Treasurer Morrison of Sarpy county has begun the work of preparing a list of property which will be embraced by the scavenger law. An extra force of clerks has been put on in that office in the hope of getting the list out in the shortest time possible.

At Nebraska City, in the district court, the divorce cases of A. L. Stillwagon vs. Ida L. Stillwagon and May Etta Swogger vs. James G. Swogger were settled and dismissed, the parties agreeing to live together again. The latter couple have been divorced twice and remarried three times.

The Union Pacific motor car No. 1 returned to Grand Island from its trip on the Ord branch. Conductor Pflasterer and Motormen Beard and Adams state that they made the run from St. Paul, twenty-two miles, in forty-five minutes.

Charles W. Presba, residing about four miles north of Wahoo, sold 116 acres of land to Ebil C. Johnson at $125 per acre, or $14,500. In 1889 Mr. Presba bought this farm for $3,400. Several farmers in Saunders county have been offered $125 per acre, but this is the first sale for as large a number of acres at that high price.