LEESE AND THE RAILROADS.

The Attorney General's Report Presented to the Governor.

A STRONG AND ABLE DOCUMENT.

His Views on the Union Pacific and Other Important Matters Clearly Expressed—The Speakership Problem—Lincoln Notes.

LINCOLN BUREAU OF THE OMAHA BEE, 1029 P STREET, LINCOLN, Dec. 13.

The biennial report of the attorney general was handed to the governor on the 10th inst. Owing to his well known position on railroad questions, the public has reason to expect a document containing rich meat. It goes without saying that disappointment will not follow in the wake of its handing down. The attorney general builds invincible reasons, and advises the foreclosure of all Union Pacific property under lien or mortgage to the general government. He emphatically states that the Union Pacific is insolvent, and that it is unjust for the state to be compelled to assist in paying off a bonded debt of more than twice the value of every mile of track owned by the company, by extortionate freight rates, especially when the road denies its allegiance to the laws of the state, and insists upon federal jurisdiction alone over its property and general rights. The report shows the fact that the state pays about seven-tenths of the earnings of the road. With this fact pressed home he asks the governor to instruct the coming legislature to insist upon our representatives in congress demanding the foreclosure of the government lien upon all property of the road. This is asked that the road may be put upon a cash basis. He further states that the passage of the Outhwaite bill virtually amounts to a donation of the government claim against the road, and that it is not right to tax the generosity of the government when the insolvency of the road is wholly due to mismanagement.

The attorney general recommends the passage of a maximum freight rate schedule, and states that while the board has done very little toward such reductions as are evidently necessary, he expresses the hope that the board coming in will be able to give the people speedy redress. He cites a constitutional remedy for such contingencies as fettered the board during the past year. He expresses the opinion that the direct election of the state board of transportation would obviate present difficulties and embarrassments. If made elective political patronage would lose some of its power. Besides, he says, the state officials have enough to do to attend to the direct line of their official duties, and the voice of the people could not be throttled when the trust and issue calls for the intelligence of the voter. This conclusion inevitably follows: If the board is made elective the dearest interests of the people of the state would soon cease to be under the iron heel of corporate power.

THE SPEAKERSHIP PROBLEM.

Since L. P. Olmstead made a chance for the speakership an impossibility, by his brazen attempt at bribery, there has been a restless activity among the railroad cappers of the state to get their shattered fences in repair, and the suggestion that W. C. Hill has entered the race indicates that their efforts have not been in vain. The novice, however, can see through the stone wall, without glasses. At this time the situation is not at all complex. The candidacy of E. S. Baker, of Fairbury, is unquestionably due to his loyalty to John M. Thurston, and inasmuch as he has generally been recognized as a high-minded gentleman and by many as an anti-monopolist, it is supposed, and not without reason, that he will be able to divide Dempster's strength effectually. Majors is the Burlington tool to further the candidacy of Major Watson. Caldwell stands as the rod to keep lightning from striking General McBride. Captain Lee also belongs to the Burlington skirmish line. The play is amusing, but not unintelligent. Dempster, Cady and McBride are believed to be of the people and for the people, and if they are able to unite this strength, there can be no question as to the result. If Baker, however, can divide Dempster's strength the tide will, doubtless, turn to Watson and he will be elected speaker of the next house of representatives. The oil room crowd have been playing a shrewd game, and there is a chance even now that it will win. It will be no easy matter to convince Baker's friends that his candidacy is due to railroad influences, disguised by personal friendship, and the chances are that they may resent the imputation. The candidacy of W. C. Hill is but another cog in the wheel that goes to show the desperation of the railroad strikers and cappers. Next to dispatching trains over the different railway routes from day to day, the speakership contest is the one absorbing question, and it husbands every device and treacherous scheme that comes under the reign of keen imagination, giving any assurance that the interests of the people can be kept under the iron heel of corporate power. The fight for the speakership is on, and it lies between Watson and Dempster. "If Dempster, Cady and Mc Bride," said a prominent politician, "stand true to their constituency and will make concessions they can decide the speakership question beyond peradventure, and there will be no danger of the honor and committees falling into the hands of the railroads."

A SMALL ROBBERY.

A. J. Weber, of Norfolk, Madison county, states that he had a stallion shipped from Pawnee City to Beatrice, a distance of forty miles, over the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska railroad, and was charged $13 for the shipment. He further states that the stallion was reshipped from Beatrice to Norfolk over the Union Pacific, a distance of 200 miles and that the charge between the last named places was but $14. Feeling that he had been robbed on a small scale in the charges for the first shipment, he complains to the state board of transportation and asks to have the matter investigated. The difference in the respective charges, considering the distance of the hauls, does seem to be a little singular. Mr. Weber will be asked to verify his complaint and the matter will come up for hearing and adjustment.

NEW NOTARIES PUBLIC.

The following Nebraskans were commissioned notaries public by the governor to-day:

John F. Burt, Kearney, Buffalo county; S. T. McIntyre, Kearney, Buffalo county; John W. Kingel, Wisner, Cuming county; W. G. Shriver, Omaha, Douglas county; Thomas M. Fisher, Grafton, Fillmore county; Charles E. Luce, Inman, Holt county; W. W. Evans, Fairbury, Jefferson county; A. D. Cloyd, Shubert, Richardson county; M. S. Cook, Arlington, Washington county.

CITY NEWS AND NOTES.

Hon. Wash Roberts, of Tecumseh, was in the city to-day.

Willie Brooks and Arthur Payne were sentenced two years each to the state penitentiary.

Senator Nesbitt, of the Thirtieth senatorial district, is in the city. It is said that he will not refuse the honor of president pro tem. of the senate.

Alexander Poyda has tired of his wife and seeks a divorce. His petition recites adultery to be the cause.

W. C. Ashwill and J. J. Dunbar, of Stratton, were in the capital city to-day. Mr. Dunbar's wife gave birth to the first child born on the Lincoln site. Mr. Ashwill edits the Stratton Herald.

We are astonished at parties who introduce new remedies for coughs when they should know the people will have Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

"Kings are like stars, they rise and set." They have headache, cuts and hurts like meaner men, and are just as sure to call for Salvation Oil.

Thinks She is Married.

The authorities have been asked by Claus Gottberg to question into the report of the rumor concerning the marriage of Maggie Gottberg, his divorce wife. A divorce was obtained by the latter in the district court on the grounds of non-support, last September. The wife went to Atlantic, where it is reported that she has again married. The law explicitly specifies that neither of the litigants in a divorce case shall again marry within a period of six months after having duly obtained a decree of divorce, and the husband wants the report investigated, in view of prosecuting his divorced wife.

FEARS AN OUTBREAK.

South Omaha Affairs Badly Mixed Up in Official Circles.

"It places us in a bad position," remarked Mayor Sloan, of South Omaha, when questioned concerning the injunction case yesterday. "Now, you see, we were acting judiciously, and were doing all we could toadvance and build up the city. A large number in South Omaha have avoided paying their taxes, and, in consequence, the official business generally has been sadly neglected. We had no funds in the treasury, and for what public improvements we needed we decided to confess judgment to the extent of 50 per cent of our indebtedness, and to issue city bonds for the remainder. By confessing judgment we would inaugurate a necessary system of taxation, and we would have realized enough to have defrayed all our expenses in public improvements. You see the injunction proceedings were brought about by ex-officials, especially ex-Mayor Savage, who have become jealous of our labors. It will hurt our city materially if this injunction be made permament. Here we have 400 graders at work, and they will be turned idle. They have no money, and this action will prevent us from raising any funds to pay them. I fear there will be an outbreak there if things are not fixed up in some way. These men are mostly men of family and have no other means of maintaining their existence aside from their day's labor."

J. F. Ritchhart, a real estate dealer, who is one of the prime movers in the injunction proceedings, when questioned stated that the action was taken as a last resort. He said that the city authorities had already run bills against the city $120,000 in excess of the amount prescribed by law and that the taxpayers as a rule had grown tired of such work.

One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

Rail Notes.

The contemplated improvements of the Union Pacific depot have commenced from the inside, and the new ticket office was opened for the first time yesterday morning.

D. E. Thomson, general manager, and V. O. English, train master, of the B. & M., are among the arrivals noted yesterday.

All the trains were reported as coming in on time at the Union Pacific and B. & M. depots yesterday morning.

Ninety-five cars of corn and one of wheat were received at the Union Pacific yards since 10 p. m. Wednseday.

A break down in the locomotive delayed the overland flyer 30 minutes yesterday morning.

Six new lodges of the Switchmen's Aid association have been formed this month, against three for the preceding month, and 322 members enrolled. Two of the lodges are in Michigan, one in Illinois, one in Jersey City and one in Pittsburg, the latter being named after Eugene V. Debs, the secretary and treasurer of the Firemen's brotherhood. The association paid the following amounts to the persons named, during the month of November: Lodge 104, Ellen and Catherine Dooley, $700; Lodge 105, James Collins, $700, and Lodge 106, Mrs. Mary Stewart, $700. Commencing with this month the benefits will be $800 instead of $700, as formerly.

"A surveying party at work at midnight! is a thing that not even Omaha can boast of," said an official of the Union Pacific engineering department yesterday, "but if there was such a thing the Union Pacific knows nothing about it. We have had no party out in the vicinity named in a certain paper this morning, and do not expect to have any. You can say in short that there is no truth in the rumor of a side track being laid by the Union Pacific to reach to the alleged fort site.

Live stock will not be shipped by weight from Nebraska points, although a few weeks ago it was intended to do so. December 15 was the date named for the change to go into effect, but to-day the Chicago & Alton have signified their intention of refusing to weigh the live stock at Kansas City or St. Louis, and the lines centering in Omaha have no choice but to follow suit.

Had a bilious attack and one of those indescribable cases of constant weariness. Took quinine and other remedies without relief. Took Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic; am strong and well. Asa Thompson, Logan, Ohio. Goodman Drug Co.

Election Frauds.

The United States grand jury is still driving away at their election frauds investigation, and the probabilities are that it will not reach a windup before Saturday night, if it does even then. Just what has or has not been developed of course is impossible to find out, but the opinion seems to prevail among well-posted people that sufficient crookedness has been unearthed to warrant the indictm ent of several parties. So far, there has been a large number of witnesses examined, and summons are out for more.

The form of the catechism put to one of the witnesses yesterday morning was something after the following:

"Do you know of any illegal voting having taken place in this city at the late presidential election?"

"Not absolutely."

"Do you think there was any?"

"I certainly do."

"Where?"

"In all the wards of the city."

"Any place in particular?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At the First precinct of the Third ward."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because, at a late census taken of the population for election purposes, the entire number of voters was ascertained to be 900, and at the election 1,582 votes were cast."

"Do you think there was money used?"

"Lots of it."

"Who used it?"

"That I can't say, but —— —— was at these polls peddling republican tickets and running in republican voters by droves, and it certainly took money to do that."

"Did you see Martin use any money?"

"Not a dollar, but how'd he get those republican votes?"

Henry Bruning and Martin Quick of the First ward were also examined yesterday morning. Quick testified to one of the judges in the First precinct of the ward having been a non-resident. This was Henry Schoen, who, it is alleged, resides in Chicago, and it is boldly asserted that he will be indicted.

"Nip the evil in the bud." Stop that cough in its first stages before serious consequences ensue. Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balsam is an effective remedy. 25 cents a bottle.

The Smelters Get It.

Complaints have been made in Omaha and along the eastern division of the Union Pacific railway of the scarcity of soft coal sold by the road to residents. The chief cause of the slackness of the supply is attributed to a want of cars for its transportion. Another cause is the fact that the company is under contract with the smelters at Butte, Mont., to furnish a certain number of cars of coal daily to the smelter companies. A failure on the part of the railroad company to live up to the conditions of the contract costs the Union Pacific $1,000 per day for every day it fails to furnish the required number of tons. To fulfill the contract it takes a large percentage of the the total output of the Rock Springs mines (operated by the Union Pacific), but there are a number of private mines in the camp which furnish a daily output sufficiently large for the eastern trade, if the railroad company would haul it to market. In addition to the supply from Rock Springs, the Dillon mine in Rawlins is capable of furnishing coal enough for Omaha, but there is no way at present for shipping it.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle

THE FIRST CINDERELLA.

From the Repose in Egypt, by Susan E. Wallace.

Many and many a hundred years ago, centuries before there was any Christmas, the king of Egypt sat on his ivory throne in his palace hall, guarded by soldiers armed and dumb. At his right hand, a step below him, was the crown prince, a beautiful youth of nineteen, the age when the years are all summers. On the left, two steps lower, sat the wise councelor, with beard white as frost, and he lived at four-score, when the years are all winters. He was the only subject who sat in the presence of the king or dared advise him. Wiser than other men, he could foretell the future, knew the language of beasts, what the stars are made of, and why comets go wandering through the sky. A poet once, now toothless and deaf, he could only mumble scraps of old verses in a voice as shrill as a grasshopper's chirp.

The sullen king and his gloomy counselor sat with hands on their knees, their feet close together, like the granite statues of gods on the Nile banks staring eternally at nothing. The prince was restless as quicksilver, glancing in every direction, talking much and very fast. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"There is an eagle overhead. I will order my arrows and shoot it."

"No," said the king, languidly raising his painted eyelids; "that is only a speck of cloud."

"I see it. Look, quick! now he swoops down."

He ran to the lake, but before he reached the bridge spanning it something dropped into the center of the court. He picked up the fallen prey, and was about to fling it into the water, when the king called:

"Bring it here."

The boy returned, holding a shoe, or, rather, sandal, of very small size.

"What an odd thing for an eagle to carry off! It is foreign."

The king examined it with as much curiosity as he should who is adored as a god by the mere earth-worms called men.

"A pretty thing," he said, weighing it in his immense brown hand. "Some dancer's slipper."

"No; if it had been danced in, the straps would be strained at the holes. It is not the curved and pointed sole of our shoemakers; this is Grecian work."

"Whoever the owner be, she dwells in the Happy Valley of Childhood," chirped the counselor briskly. "How delicate the print inside! How tender must be the foot which has pressed it so lightly, for it is not new; the strings are frayed and lining faded. I wonder whose it is! Let us try to imagine her."

"Why not find her? A new idea. Go," said the king, changing his rigid manner, "take my signet, order heralds and swift ships from the Delta to the Cataract. Proclaim that whoever brings the mate of this shoe, and can wear them both, shall sit on the throne of Rameses and be buried with me in the Red Pyramid. I shall kill my fifty-four Abyssinian queens and have only this one. I swear it by the lotus-bud of my scepter, and make oath by the Nameless Name it is death to utter. For I am Pharoah Necho."

Then there was tumult throughout Egypt. East, west, north, south sped the runners, and swift camels carried the decree from the Red Sea far as the Mountain of the Moon. The courtiers said the king was so well pleased he was seen to laugh, but that was not believed. It could have been only a mystic half-laugh such as the Sphinx wears; for when was a Pharaoh known to laugh? They thought, or would have thought had they dared, that he was crazy, and trembled lest the owner of the slipper should not be found. Who brought such news would have his skull split by a blow of the golden scepter, which was so heavily loaded, one touch would slay the strongest. The death-stroke was on the back of the neck, swift and sure as lightning.

It was at the close of a day of splendid ceremonial, and the king wore his double crown. The chief of the guard advanced, pale as the dead, and fell before the throne, his plumes sweeping the steps. Pharaoh roused as from sleep.

"She is found, O king. Give thy slave leave to bring the lady of the sandal?"

"Go. Beware of another blunder!"

The captain backed out, and soon returned. Slowly across the wide area marched the officer. After him, with soundless step, glided a young girl, slight in shape as a child. White linen, draped in clinging folds, showed her form of perfect mould. The robe, caught high on her shoulders, left her arms bare, and they were as pure as pearl. Her hair, floating like spun gold, was held by a fillet of scarlet cord, her only ornament, except a necklace of lotus-lilies lying on her bosom.

"What loveliness!" exclaimed the prince, running to meet her. "She, too, wears the double crown—youth and beauty. The marble is slippery; let me lead thee."

Her modest eye sought the winsome, eager face, and in silence she laid her hand in his strong clasp. Led before Pharoah, instead of sinking on the pavement, she looked up at the tall, high-crowned figure with fearless gaze. Such eyes, blue as deep-sea water, had never before met that glance unshrinking.

"The sandal," said he, amazed at her boldness.

It was brought. Her bare feet, shaped in exquisite curves, were scarcely larger than when a mother's hand held them in her own, and each toe was separate and perfect as a sculptor's ideal modeled in wax. One dimpled foot, with skin fine as white satin, easily slipped into the sandal. She drew the other from her sash, crossed the thongs on the arching instep, clasped the buckles of both; then folding her hands across the dove-like breast, she stood erect before the dark awful form whose voice made men gasp for breath and women faint with fear.

"What is thy name?" asked Pharaoh, graciously.

"Rhodope, O king."

"Thou art well named Rosebloom; and thy nation?"

"I am of Ionia, and a slave."

"Tell me what thou rememberest of that barbarian region."

"Rather ask what I forget. It is ever near to me," she answered, wistfully, in a tone like delicate music after the harsh accents of Egypt. She continued, as one talks in sleep, and the shining eyes grew dreamy: "I see isles rocked in a sapphire sea; hills of violet and amber; cool, green gardens of olives and clustering vines; altars of carven alabaster with fragrant firs and garlands. Each tree and rock and rill is the haunt of some kind nymph or loving god. I hear bees humming through the wild thyme. In balmy eves the nightingale sings, and rushing brooks keep time with flutes and reeds of the shepherds. No crashing symbals and fishskin drums are in my far, sweet land."

"Have you columns like unto mine?" asked Pharaoh, pointing to a tower built like a stairway up into the sky.

Its wall was painted in vivid color. Giants with throats circled by asps, gazing with baleful eyes; crocodiles, snakes, crawling reptiles, hideous past telling—symbols of the brute greatness of Egypt. And running through all was the image of Pharaoh, grinding his heel on the foreheads of kings, stamping the breath out of tortured captives, and dragging them, gashed and mangled, at his chariot wheels.

"We have nothing like them," she replied, disgust and horror shadowing the gentle face. "These monsters must be memories of a fever dream."

Pharaoh was stunned by her insolence.

"Ahem! She doesn't notice my portrait. What have you, then?" he sneered.

"We have pictures of women made of love; godlike men, with ivy and laurel circling their smooth brows; crowns won in victories where there is no blood."

This to him whose chief joy was to march on the necks of the vanquished, to count piles of heads dripping with warm lifeblood, and watch corpses go drifting down the river!

"Her time has come thought the old counseller, and covered his face with his hands to shut out the fearful vision.

The prince steped quickly to her side. Pharaoh curbed his wrath, and continued: "Wouldst thou return to thy people?"

"A slave can have but one wish."

Sparkling drops gathered under the veined eyelids and fell on the pavement.

"Do not cry, Rhodope," said the prince; "thy tears fall on my heart."

"I would not grieve thee with my griefs, bright prince. Thy pity dries my tears," she said, softly.

He wiped her eyes with her hair, smoothed the rippling gold away from her neck, and patted her shoulder as one quiets a baby. A pink flush tinted her brow and faded as it came, while she studied the make of her little shoes. The lotus necklace trembled with the flutter of her breast, and for a time nothing was heard save the splash of falling water and the scream of the cockatoo swinging in his hoop of reed. It was a pretty sight! Two blameless children, heedless of the tyrant who looked over their heads at the outline of the Libyan hills. Warm winds blowing across the garden wafted a stray ringlet against the prince's robe. The youth bent low, lifted the bright wonder to his lips one moment, and then went back to his place, but not with his usual bounding step. The counselor's dim eyes filled, and the king felt defeated, he knew not why, nor knew he how to answer the lofty look and appealing gesture of his son.

"How long since thou left Ionia?" he inquired, trying to subdue his thundering speech.

"I know not. My father was torn from me. My six brothers, whom the gods made good as they were beautiful, were beaten to death. I was dragged by my hair—"

"Those sunbright tresses," murmured the prince.

"Was prisoned in a ship and sold to a noble lady of Naucratis."

"What misery, father; think of that adorable form bending under the dreadful water basket."

"I was not sent to the field," pursued Rhodope, with a grateful look; "but it was a bitter change for one who had never heard harsher sounds than the fishers' chorus answering their wives out at sea. I had only to arrange the toilet of my mistress and sing to her."

"Let me hear one of thy native songs, my Rosebloom," said Pharaoh.

"How can I sing my country's songs in a strange land, O king?"

Was ever anything like unto it? A slave refusing to sing for Pharaoh! Why, all the women of Egypt would give their eyes for such a chance. But Rhodope was wilful as she was innocent. Fearless and quiet, she stood, neither willing nor disobedient, only she might not sing. Never in his reign of forty years had the monarch such an experience. He was rather amused, as he had been when a child once climbed his chariot and pulled his sacred beard. The mother expected the death blow for the outlaw, and instead, he took the boy in his arms and actually kissed him. There was a warm spot in his heart after all.

"Knowest thou, rash girl, thou art in danger of death? Tangles of yellow hair and eyes like the shimmer of the sea will not protect thee. I never strike twice."

His hand sought the dread scepter.

"Canst thou kill that?" retorted the dauntless maid, pointing to a moth sailing by an silky wing.

Pharaah struck, missed his aim, and sparkles of fire followed his blow on the stone. The butterfly fluttered to the top of an acacia, and glowed like a little lamp. He smothered his rage.

"Fool!" exclaimed he grimly; "thou hast no wings."

"My soul has," she answered; "they are folded until I shall rise by them to the dear company of my people."

And this to a king of a hundred kings! Not only she refused to sing, but boldly defied him to his face. For the first time in his life he was puzzled. The Rose of the Egean was a thorny, prickly little thing; but as for letting her go, no, no. Nor would he beat her brains out, as he was tempted.

"She is a simpleton," said he in the language sacred to royalty.

"She is a priestess," piped the counsellor.

"She is a delight," sang the prince.

"Dost thou know my power?" loudly demanded the despot. "Thousands of women are this moment dying of love for me. Half the grace I have shown thee would be to them an everlasting glory."

"Thou hast said it," replied Rhodope, simply; in no way moved, except to avert her face from his frown.

"She is tired, my father," said the prince, coaxingly. "Let her sit on thy footstool. Here rest thee, Rosemaiden."

"It does not become me to sit in royal presence; thanks for thy courtesy, gentle prince."

Monstrous, this! King and prince both baffled and confused by a slave whose life was no more than a bubble of foam broken on the waves of yesterday.

"Ignorant!" said Pharaoh, haughtily, making a last effort to overawe the strange spirit. "Knowest thou why thou art brought to the lord of day-break, whom the sun salutes as his brother before he rises?"

"I was told there is a prize waiting for her who could wear my sandals."

"First tell how one was lost?"

"We were bathing in the river. After the bath I hunted it in vain, and supposed it was stolen."

"It was stolen by a bird, Rhodope."

"The king is pleased to jest with his servant."

"No," broke in the prince; an "eagle carried it off and let it fall in this very court. I was for throwing is in the lake—"

"Hush, dearest," interrupted Pharaoh. "We must see if the stranger is equal to her destiny. She is—well—unusually dull. What is thy wish? Ask, Rosebloom!"

She scanned the pictured reptiles on the walls, the writhing, twisted asp; then the earnest eyes came back to the colossal statue of the king, created as though to outlast the wear of centuries.

"A slave knows but one wish."

"Thine is granted. Though art free. Wilt though return to thy people?"

"My people have crossed the black flowing river, and are in the Fields Elysian. My home is ashes, my city is but dust, her bow is broken. Not a fisher's net is spread on our coast today."

The baby mouth trembled.

"Ask; were it half my kingdom, I give thee. A singular study," said Pharaoh, aside, to his counsellor.

"I know not what to say," rejoined Rhodope, bashful and troubled. She changed eyes with the charming Prince.

"Choose," he insisted, smiling brightly, "The king's son commands it."

She shook her head, and grew red and white by turns.

"I have sworn by Isis and Osiris the wearer of the sandals shall sit on my throne, and be buried in the Red Pyramid. Cheops and Shofra alone are greater." He proudly looked toward three mighty wedges cleaving the desert air. "Armies of slaves have toiled on it day and night. My history is painted on the inner chamber. All is ready for our mummies to be laid away in the darkness."

He expected her to swoon with rapture, and kneel at his feet and kiss them. The counsellor shrilly piped, not so low but that all could hear:

"In the kingdom of love, youth is king."

"I will not lie sealed tight in the Red Pyramid. A mountain of stone on my breast, I could not sleep. Bound in bandages and daubed with bitumen, I shouln be a prisoner even in death!"

The sweet voice, as a Dorian flute, carried a force which abashed the tyrant.

"What is thy teaching and superstition?" he inquired, with freezing coldness.

"Let me rest in the land of my love, under the sentinel cypress-tree, in a pleasant tomb, with a window cut through so I can see the swallows when they come back in the spring. Or let my body be purified by fire and gathered into a holy urn when my shade has passed the viewless gate."

"Useless to waste words on a silly girl without wit enough to love life or fear death. Only one more question to end the matter: Rosemaiden, what sayest thou to sitting on my throne?"

She surveyed the place princesses would die to possess one hour.

"It is too high for me," she said.

Pharaoh gnashed his teeth, foam gathered on his lips, and they whitened with wrath fearful to behold.

"Now, by all the gods of Egypt," he hissed, "tempt me not, or it may be worse for thee."

"It cannot be worse for the wretched exile. Know, mighty king, I am of a noble line, the daughter of a chief." Her voice rang trumpet clear, gaining strength as she continued: "He and my brethren are in the fields of fadeless asphodel, encamped with the heroes. They wear the shining armor of the immortals. Think you I fear to follow? Break this frail shell. It will be a welcome touch which gives my spirit room to stretch its wings. Happy Lethe will wash away the memories of bondage and the scars of my chains."

She lifted her hands. On each wrist was a ridge where fetters had eaten into the tender flesh.

* * * * * *

Pharaoh had fought many battles; his first struggle with self was soon over. She regarded him listlessly, as if she would say, "What now, my master?"

The counsellor sat with his hands on his knees staring straight on nothing. The prince was gaily humming a street ballad.

"Son," said Pharaoh, tenderly, "one day my power almighty will be thine."

"One day, O father; not now," he pleaded, kissing the extended hand. "The double crown makes headache, and the scepter is heavy to bear. Let me enjoy life while it is May."

"Come nearer, pretty one." Pharaoh continued with a smile which became him better than his crown; "the regal cushion, barred with black, red and gold, has waited for thee six months. Thou hast seen and rejected it."

"The seat is too high for me," repeated Rhodope, with the stubborn hold of an unreasoning child.

"Yes, thou art right. Many have fallen in the attempt to climb this throne, and thy tiny feet might slip, but no harm can live under the shadow of my cepter. Come hither, my son, my darling. Here, on the lower step, beside thee, I lay the barred cushion of the coming queen."

Her heart's color flashed into her flower-like face.

"The blush-rose of the Egean is mine, is mine," sang the prince. "I gather her home to my breast."

Rhodope gave a glad cry, but stirred not.

"Wait, sit still, my boy. Fair maiden, the beauty of the beautiful race is thine, and a courage which has conquered the world's conquerer. Thus I heal thy fay scars." Pharaoh brought her slender wrists together, spanned them in one grasp, and drew the milk-white arms over the prince's head. "Pass under the yoke, crown prince of Egypt, captive of the heroic Greek. I set my royal seal on the bonds, and the banner over you is love." He lightly kissed Rhodope's forehead, and pressed it with his signet ring.

"I yield me prisoner for life and death."

The prince entwined her in his arms, drew her close, and, as he leaned to the roseleaf cheek, she whispered:

"Thou art my father, my brethren, and my country."

Famous Women.

It is a significant fact that most of the women who have achieved fame in art, literature, or "affairs" have enjoyed vigorous health. This shows that the mind is never capable of the severe and continued application necessary to creative work, unless the body is at its best. The woman who aspires to fill an exhalted place among her associates, must be free from nervous debility and female weaknesses. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will banish these, and it is warranted to restore those functional harmonies which are indispensible to health. As a specific for all those chronic weaknesses and ailments peculiar to women, it is unequaled.

Something About Dakota.

Minneapolis Tribune: Yes, Dakota is large enough to make a dozen or two average eastern states and then have room to spare. Either half would make fifty-eight Rhode Islands. The untouched school land of the territory would cover Delaware twice over. It has population and wealth enough for several states, having eleven times as many people as the state of Nevada and in the recent election cast nearly as many republican votes for one delegate to congress as the state of Georgia cast for nine full fledged congressmen. Dakota is the home of intelligence, enterprise, thrift and republicanism and has fewer criminals in proportion to population than any state in the union, the ratio being one in every 2,260, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin following in their order. No state south of the Ohio river has so many newspapers, banks and public schools.

It has room for the present population of the United States and not be as crowded as Belgium, and has area to grow all the food crops of the union. In 1887 it raised an average of 280 bushels of grain to each of its 600,000 people. We might continue to enumerate the extent and value of its production, its present wonderful development and its possibilities, but it's a twice told tale.

Halford's Scientific Investigation.

New York Sun: Mr. Halford was a reporter for years before he was an editor, and not a few funny stories are told about him. He was what is known as a hustler, and the journalist who beat him in gathering news had to step around lively. One time Halford was assigned to report a hanging, and on this occasion he did a bit of original work that attracted some attention. Two or three hours before the fatal moment he was permitted to have a talk with the condemned man. Here are some of the things he said to him.

"My friend, have you any objection to help settle a scientific question?"

"I dunno."

"Well, let me tell you. There has been a good deal of talk in the newspapers lately as to whether a man who is hanged has any consciousness or feeling after the drop falls. Many people think his struggles are purely involuntary; that he wholly loses consciousness and doesn't suffer at all. Now you, if you choose, can settle this question."

"How can I settle it?"

"Well, now look here," continued Halford. "S'pose after the drop falls you still have consciousness. If you will just keep wiggling the little finger of the right hand that will be a signal to me. I will know that you are conscious, and as long as the finger keeps wiggling I'll be sure you know what is going on. Will you do so?"

After a little persuasion the man consented to try. During the scene that followed Halford had no eyes for anything but that little finger. And it never wiggled.

AN UNDERWEAR SALE.

To keep pace with our great overcoat sale, we will offer this week some exceptional bargains in Furnishing goods. We shall have in every department some special drives, and call your attention to the following bargains in Underwear.

Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers, silk trimmed, at 65c; regular value, $1.

Fine Cashmere Shirts and Drawers, in beautiful olive shade, at $1 each; goods worth fully $1.50.

Very fine silk finished Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, full regular made at $1.25 each. $2 is the lowest price these goods can be bought for elsewhere.

AS A CLIMAX to this great Underwear Sale, we will offer MONDAY MORNING—

75 dozen genuine sanitary wool shirts and drawers, elegantly trimmed with silk braid, at 95c each; we guarantee the regular price of these goods as $1.75 a piece.

GLOVES.

Our Glove Department is the busiest in town. We carry an immense line from the lowest to the finest grades. Our gloves take up space enough to make a little store by itself. We keep only reliable goods, and WARRANT EVERY PAIR GLOVES WE SELL. By "WARRANT" we mean that we take every pair back which rip or tear, and replace them with a new pair or refund the money.

The special drive on the Glove Counter this week will be 25 dozen good Kid Gloves with genuine lambskin lining, at 50c a pair. They can't be matched for $1.00.

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We will call your attention to our elegant line of Furnishing Goods, which we are now showing for the holiday trade. Such a variety of excellent and handsome goods have never been displayed before and we will guarantee to save you at least 50 per cent on all purchases made from our extensive stock. The system of selling every article at the lowest possible prices is the ruling principle of our business. Among the many articles which we carry and which would make useful presents for gentlemen, we enumerate the following—

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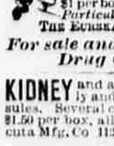

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