leave all my money to a charitable institu-

little? Think how young he is-how-

A Sagittarius Woman.

By CLARICE IRENE CLINGHAN.

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On a long, narrow peninsula pointing daringly into a bolsterous and turbulent ocean is a handsome cottage, where every war Mr and Mrs Lyman Bayler are wort year Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Baxter are wont year Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Baxter are wont to come, with a few intimate friends, for genuine rest and recreation. Sometimes the wider me impertiment..."

identity of the family name with the author of a certain volume much esteemed by its Puritan ancestry, and the pseudonym clings to it.

Late in the summer season a couple of young people might have been seen loiterforms proper night may were a handsome rair and they were absorbed in each other. They had reached that plane of good fellow-ship where conversation is optional, not necessary. Cuthbert Ogden was a journalist and something of a Bohemian, who was making heroic struggles to endear a newlymaking herole struggles to endear a newly-fieldged daily newspaper to the reading rubile. Dorothy Van Deering was an neiress, the descendant of a proud old Dutch family, and very popular. They had known each other ever since their school days and their friendship had always been of the frankest and most platonic character, though of the this companionalism had worm a this conventionalism had worn a little thin.

Mrs. Baxter was interested in the young man, partly because he possessed the artistic temperament so pleasing to women and temperament so pleasing to women and partly because she knew he had a wealthy uncle who refused to recognize his exist-ence on account of a family quarrel. Mrs. Baxter was a natural peacemaker; she loved to smooth over difficulties and solve prob-lems. It occurred to her that she might, by lems. It occurred to her that she might, by a bit of diplomacy, mend this young man's fortunes, thereby putting him in the way of immediate success instead of by long and laborious processes. So after a little think-ing she invited young Ogden down for ten

days at Saint's Rest, and at the same time extended an invitation to his uncle, General Stanhope, for the same length of time, hopstandope, for the seconditiation between the two. Mr. Baxter doubted the success of this plan. He said there was nothing at Saint's Rest for a man like the general, who in his later years had become a bookworm and On the other hand, his nephew, a recluse. whom he was known to detest, would be

thrust upon him. "It won't do. It's too palpable," he said. "He'll see right through it at once." "Will he? Then we shall have to invite some one here to amuse him," said Mra. Baxter, in nowise daunted. "There's Uncle

Swithin," she added, with sudden inspira-'What, he of the Solar Biology?" asked

Mr. Baxter, dubiously. "Yes, the professor. I know he's ec-centric, but he is really a very bright old gentleman, and has written several books. you know. I am sure he and the general are acquainted and we can ask them both to meet each other. Isn't that a good idea 7"

don't know how they'd pull in a team. I've always driven them singly," ob-served her husband "However, we might But are we going to have no one try it. but them?"

Certainly, dear. Let me see-Mrs. Van Deering and Dorothy, there's two; Lalla Braddon, whose mother has gone abroad for a couple of moths, and wants me to take Lalla a little under my wing; then Lalla's engaged to Jack Armitiage, so we must in-clude him. Then there will be the general, the professor and Cuthbert Ogden to whet up our intellectual faculties." Mrs. Baxter's plan worked capitally. Ail

the invitations met with prompt acceptance. and the guests had arrived with the exception of Prof. Swithin, who was de-layed three days. As Cuthbert Ogden and Miss Van Deering, walking along the beach. Miss Van Deering, walking along the beach, "A Sagittarius. Bo looked up the peninsula, they saw a moving speck half obscured by haze and distance. They regarded it without speculation, not thinking that the object moving between 1 have always said so. horizontal lines of sky and water was to

(Copyrighted, 1896, by S. S. McChire Co.) | application given to it to a certain extent;

Indian summer catches them there and holds them with its sweet mistiness and yellow warmth of sun. Long ago some flippant visitor named the place "Saint's Rest," on account of the identity of the familie fa

Dorothy named December 11. She was amused by the eccentricities of this quaint old gentleman. 'Right' Quite right!'' exclaimed the pro-

fessor Joyfully. They had now reached the cottage, and Mrs. Baxter was advancing to meet them, full of welcome and introductions. Genral Stanhope, a tail, thin, intellectual man, who surveyed life calmly through a pair of dg, round-eyed spectacles, was delighted. bug, round-eved spectricles, was delighted, in his cold, deliberate way, to meet again his old friend, and they sat down on the piazza for a chat about old times. Lalla Braddon, a delicious little creature in pink, with short curis and big violet eyes, seized

Dorothy and bore her away. "We're going to have a little Hallow-e'en dance tonight, did you know it?" she ald. "And we shall try some old charms fterward. Some people are going to drive lown from The Point. There will be wood down from the Point. There will be wood fires of pine logs in the fire places reflecting on the big red screens. And we have found such a funny lot of old portraits in the garret—Jack and I brought them down and out them on easels; elderly men, you know with narrow foreheads, high collars and long hair curling up at the ends, and thin women with sloping shoulders, holding little women with stoping shoulders, housing fitting books. How odd people look when they get out of fashion, don't they? I shall wear yellow with touches of black. We are to have the Dead March from Saul played softly while we go to supper. Will it not woird?"

"Dear Uncle Swithin," said Mrs. Baxter the same evening, approaching the professor, 'as it is Hallowe'en, 1 wonder if you would be so good as to entertain us after supper with some demonstrations of solar biology? If you would tell us our foring for instance. It would be so charm-ing for the young people to look into futur-ity. When one gets older it isn't so fascinating, is it?"

"I never tell fortunes; that belongs to the quacks," said the professor, with dig-nity. "However, if the young people will allow me to register their birthdays in my notebook I will give their delineations—that is, descriptions of their dispositions and abilities as influenced by the planets under which they were born," he exclaimed, seeing a blank look in his niece's face. And is it all

"That is so good of you. And it true?" inquired Mrs. Baxter, naively. "As true as history. No one should be without knowledge of solar biology. It gives valuable information along the most

gives valuable information along the most practical lines of life. It indicates whom one should marry, what business one is adapted for and what friendships to form. Then, once you know a persons characteristics, think what an immense advantage! You know what his strong and weak points are how to address him and what will flatter or interest him; you wind him around your finger just like this—" here the professor held one forefinger horizontally aloft and described rapid circles around it with the other.

Mrs. Baxter regarded her uncle with a sort of fascinated ave. "And to think you can do all these things!" she murmured. A glow of pride illumined the professor's

vast ears. "By the way," he remarked, in a changed tone, "that was a remarkably fine young woman I met out on the beach." "Whom? Oh. Dorothy Van Deering." "Yes. She's a Sagittarius." "A-what?" Mrs. Baxter ceased fanning

herself and her face took on a look of pensive inquiry. "A Sagittarius. Born under that sign.

Denotes great executive ability," explained the professor. "Now, if ever I marry it shall be a Sagit arius woman,

"And you have never met one until now?" nquired Mrs. Baxter, for her uncle was a

him next week. It would never do. Sagit-tarius women are always stubborn." He walked the floor a few minutes in deep thought. Presently a glow of satis-faction overspread his countenance; sitting down at a writing desk he wrote rapidly for half an hour. There!" he said, surveying his work.

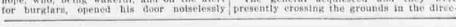
"If this isn't a warning I don't know what is It's a delineation of Cuthbert Ogden which will open the eyes of the one I intend t for. I have made it pretty strong, I know, but so much the better. Miss Van Deering rises at 6 in the morning, as I overheard her tell my niece-walks on the plazza, and reads a little in the library before breakfast. Now if I leave this on the library table carelessly spread out, she will think

Ogden left it there for her to read and she will read it. Good! Next she will come to me to know if there's anything really in bastysir.' I shall say gently that I fear there This will give me a chance to get a little requainted with her and make a favorable mpression. She will soon see the differlibrary ence between a crude boy and a scholarly man of the world. So far so good. Now

I must see about getting this delineation down on the library table." The professor tip-toed out into the cor-ridor, which was dimly lighted, and looked ridor.

up and down to see whether he might be observed by any other nocturnal wanderers. the wide, creaking stairs, and presently found himself before the library door. It was closed. Onicity concerned to be a set of the was closed. Quictly opening it he stepped in, and by the moonlight that streamed it should be squandered by a young spend-

through the windows made his way to the round, claw-footed table, where he deposited the solar evidence against Cuthbert Ogden. "Well, if such is your Intention, why not He would have rested less peacefully had he known that his little manoeuver had suavely, adding, "I was just about to take a an eye-witness. It so happened that his walk on the beach. If you are not otherwise apartment adjoined that of General Stan-hope, who, being wakeful, and on the alert The general acquiesced and they were



tlet



IN THE EMBRACE OF A MONSTROUS BILLOW THE THREE CAME INGLORI-OUSLY TO SHORE.

on;" and suiting the action to the word, he threw on his dressing gown, thrust his fect into a pair of knitted slippers, and silently moved down stairs in the wake of the professor. The latter had just reached the

library. The general, through the half open dcor, saw his friend place a roll of paper on the table, and was about to advance for a better view, when the professor un-expectedly returned, so that the two old gentlemen very nearly fell into each other's arms. The general drew back and identified himself with a coat on the hatrack, just in

time to avoid discovery, while the advocate of Solar Biology passed up the stairs, his face wreathed in its customary smile of kindly benevolence. General Stanhope was more than ever

General Stanhope was more than ever mystified. He in turn passed into the library, and taking up the manuscript looked at it curiously: "Natural Characteristics of Cuthbert Ogden, as Revealed by Solar

and peered out, just in time to observe the professor's stealthy descent. "Acts queer," was the general's mental comment. "Guess I'll see what's going "A fine woman." observed the general. "A fine woman." observed the general.

"Yes, decidedly. She's a Sagittarius," re sponded the professor. "Eh?" said the general sharply

"Yes, a Sagittarius. Born in that sign -great executive ability." "Oh!" said the general, in a tone of relief No more was said, as they plodded on through the sand to the extreme point of the peninsula. Here, just beyond a stretch of level beach was a peculiar freak of nature—a huge fortress of rock jutting out into the sca. On the seaward side was a sheltered nook, high up in the rock, shielded on three sides from the sun and facing the tumultuous ocean-the great, forceful, capricious waters that hem in the shores of Maine. Here the two sat down.

Meanwhile, at the cottage, Mr. and Mrs.

library, and tanker, "Natural Characteristics at it curiously: "Natural Characteristics of Cuthbert Ogden, as Revealed by Solar Biology," he read, by the aid of the bright Biology," he read, by the aid of the bright

culinary department, where she found the housekeeper quite alone, looking depressed. None of the servants were visible, and the place resembled a Pompeilan kitchen, uncarthed; all the departments of having been suddenly descrited in a balf-finished condition. "Mrs. Baxter," began the housekeeper,

him a fortune would be madness. I shall "the cook and the waitress have took sudden leave. Shall I go to town to get others? And if I do who'll cook the dinner and wait on the table meanwhile?"

The professor was quite pale. He was far from being realty had at heart, and though he had sought to deprive the young

"How did it happen?" said Mrs. Baxter in dismay. "Really, it's quite dreadful." "It was this way." said the housekeeper. "Prof. Swithin was down here talkin' to 'om man in question of his sweetheart, he had not intended to ruin his entire career. "Prof. Swithin was down here talkin' to 'em this morning and they say he used bad Agitated by murmurings of conscience he began to plead for his victim. language. But, my dear general, are you not

What nonsense!" 'But it's true as the gospel, Mrs. Baxter

You can readily understand my position. I heard him. First he asked their ages Now what decent, middleaged girl wants to went on the general, without noticing the interruption; 'I have \$5,000,000 and the heart disease. I must have my affairs settled the worst. When they would she is? But that wasn't the worst. When they wouldn't tell him he said he knew what they were—and he valled one of them a Gemini and the other a Scorpion, if I remember right. So they up at once. I shall leave everything to a public "But why not give the young man another chance" queried the professor nervously, appalled by the magnitude of the forces he had set in operation. "Why not walt a and said they wouldn't draw another breath under the same roof with the likes of such as him, and they're sitting outside now, on their boxes, waiting for the stage to come "Young!" interposed the general, scorn-fully; "what difference does that make so along.

"And all these people in the house, beside And all these people in the house, besides extra greets invited to dinner! It is too much?' And, taking advantage of a woman's privilege, Mrs. Baxter sat down and burst into tears. Meanwhile the perpetrator of these dire

evils sat comfortably enscenced in a little hollow of the rock, expatiating to General Stanhope of the importance of founding a college of Solar Biology. From their posi-tion on the parrow shelf of rock they tion on the parrow shell of rock they watched the advancing tide, which bounded sullenly against the resisting wall of stone. The booming of the waves drowned another sound which came warningly new and then --the mutterings of thunder. So, facing a serve horizon, sheltered in part from the wind and deafened by the sound of the sea to the artillery of the sky, the two elderly

and smoking. The first intimation that came to them of the storm was the angry aspect of the ocean and the rapidity with which the late afternoon dropped into dusk. "Shouldn't wonder if we were going to have a storm," remarked the general, rising. 'Do you see how wild the sea is?

Before the professor could reply a glar of lightning split the sky, followed by a grash of thunder which seemed to brins heaven and earth together. The general being taller and more agile, was the first to ascend to a point where he might spy out the land. He stopped short and his calm, intellectual face assumed such an expression that the professor, who had paused below to take breath, was fain to inquire what the matter was.

"A good deal is the matter, I should say We're on an island."

Prof. Swithin clambered laboriously up to a level with his companion, and his face blanched and then paied. Stretching out before them, landward, for nearly a mile, was an angry waste of waters, which, infurinted by the rising storm, was already tessing spray up into their very faces; and the tide was rising. Above loomed an awful zky, torn up by flashes of vivid fire, and roaring with the sullen rage of a beast of prey. Already it was dark, and big splashes of rain cut their faces now and then. "Can you swim?" asked the professor i

hushed voice. "No. Who could gain the shore through

such a sea as that, anyway? It's awkward We may have to remain here all night." "No," said the professor in a hollow voice

we shall never remain here all night. "How do you know?" asked the general measily,

"Because this rock is entirely covered at high tide." "Merciful heavens! How calm you are,

eried the general. "Here we've been sitting all the afternoon like a pair of turtle doves. and I never had any idea of such a trick. Why didn't you tell me?" "I give you my word of honor, I forgot all about it," said the professor, wiping the cold moisture from his brow, "My mind

was on other things, don't you know? Yes, that was the way it was. The two men gazed at each other with that awful sincerity that a sudden calamity

that the horror of the moment had intensi-fied the natural peculiarities of each. The

general looked taller, thinner, paler and more shrunken; while the professor had apparently grown shorter, stouter and redder in the face.

The storm was now full upon them. En

extinguished the flames.

"Well, well, something must be done, said the general at last, rousing himself; Vogel, 11t "here is the tide, up to our feet already. Our only chance is to attract attention from the shore. It's too dark for them to see us. Let me see-I think I have it. Have you a match?" The professor held one out, in clammy angers. The general took off his coat, ouched the match to it, and then, fiinging

to draw up a will for him as soon as pos-sible,' he said. "He says a man with \$5.000. pacity of a woman acts like a charm for gout, rheumatism and indigestion, lessness, so-called "nerves," and a 000 and the heart disease can't be too careful and he wants his money placed to good advantage. He will leave it all, without petty miseries for which the liver is so often made the scapegoat, disappear in the most restriction, to-To the public library?" asked Mrs. Baxbreathlessly.

"Library?" said Mr. Baxter, without conhilaration. ern; "oh, no, to Cuthbert Ogden."

Benefits of Cycling.

content of entrul and lack of opportunity of some means of working off their superfluous muscular, nervous and organic energy. The effect of cycling within the physical ca-cedar Creek, Tancy Co., Mo.

extraordinary way with the fresh air in-haled and with the tissue destruction and reconstruction effected by exercise and ex-For the Children. Benefits of Cycling. The diseases of women take a front place in our social life; but, if looked into, 90 per cent of them are functional aliments, be-

and all those



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deed, a very much more interesting spectacle would hardly have aroused them from themselves. Cuthbert Ogden had "Yes. he an important factor in th from themselves. Cuthbert Ogden had There has always been some observed." broken through his customary reserve, and, Usually they are already married." "Well, I'm afraid it's equally hopeless in broken through his customary reserve, and, not cynically, but calmly, had spoken of the uninviting probabilities of his life, adding that ultimate success, which he meant to win in the end, would mean little or noth-black of the second sec ing to him if she were excluded from it. All at once, after a long silence, a warm,

All at once, after a long struct, a barry of the structure of the structur face next to him. All he could see was a very pretty mouth, which showed a little emotion. His hand closed tightly over hers.

which was immediately withdrawn. "It isn't that I'm doubtful about the future," said Cuthbert. "The worst of it is that a man spends his best years lighting fate, so that, at last, when the gods deign to become amicable, he is only another Midas."

"But there's your uncle," suggested Dorothy.

Cuthbert smiled. "You don't know him. Cuthbert smiled. "You don't know him He repudiated me years age, not without reason. When I was of uge, I came into possession of the sum of \$30,000-a gift from this same thoughtful relative I afterward learned that he gave it to me as a test. He wanted to see what I would do with it." "And what did you do with it?" asked

Dorothy. "It's hard to tell," said the young man rucfully. "I took a college chum with me to Europe, and when we returned five months

later I hadn't a penny." "Oh!" said Dorothy, without much sur-prise. She herself had extravagant tastes prise coupled with unlimited pocket money; more-over, she knew little of the practical value of money, so that it did not seem to her re-markable that one should spend \$30,000 in five months while traveling for pleasure. And is your uncle angry with you for

that? How unreasonable." "Can you direct me to Saint's Rest-the of Mr. and Mrs. Baxter?" asked residence a wheezy voice beside them. They started and turned toward the speaker, whose footsteps had made no sound on the soft sand. It was the speck they had noticed in the distance half an hour before, now grown to her face. They moved down the plazza together, chatting sociably. The professor looked disturbed; a horrible jealousy began the proportions of a short, rather stout, middle-aged gentleman. Dorothy was the quicker to recover herself, and replied: to rage in his breast. He rose with dignity, "If my case is hopeless on account of

"Certainly; it's only a short distance from here—you can see the cottage through those pines—straight ahead."

Cuthbert Ogden, it is very strange," he remarked; "a mere boy, without social stand-"Thank you," said the stranger. He was observing Dorothy with respectful, but illing. I shall look him up." concealed admiration. Like all ugly men, he had an almost abnormal appreciation of preity women. And this man was uglypretty women. undeniably, hopelessly, phenomenally ugly. He was even grotesque, which gave him of distinction that comeliness could His features were never have imparted. large and set far apart in his wide, roomy face; his small dark blue eyes sparkled and was flushed with exercise. Over played an expression of bland and playful innocence, like that of a good-humored child.

"I am Mrs. Baxter's uncle," he an nour

Chopin.

"Oh! Prof. Swithin! Mrs. Baxter has spoken of you to us-we are her guests-and she has wondered much what has de-tained you," said Dorothy; then, to Cuthbert's disgust, the professor walked with them to the cottage, usurping the conversa-tion in the interest of his own affairs. He had been delayed by business exigencies; he had come without sending advance no tice, presuming he could obtain a carriage at the station; he had been unable to do so, and therefore had been compelled to walk the entire distance, which must be over a mile; and he had left his luggage at the station, among which was a valuable telescope; he hoped it might not be injured.

"You are interested in solar biology, Mrs. Baxter tells us," observed Dorothy, after all these incidents had been laid bare. "I have made a study of it for over thirty

years." said the professor with pride. "In-deed, I may say that I am one of the ploneers who searched for knowledge along that line in this century." "I suppose it is very difficult to under-

good many." He sighed, always been some obstacle. "There has

underlip defying his large, flat nose. Before Mrs. Baxter could reply the odject of their

moonlight. "Really, that's clever of Swithin." Must be meant for me, since there's no one in the house so nearly re-lated to my nephew as I am. But why all this secrecy? I'll take it up to my room and read it. It may throw light on the

professor's mysterious actions at the same He slipped the manuscript into the pocket of his dressing gown and ascended the stairs



them, though ignorant of their proximity The next day was warmer and very hazy wore a cream wool dress, simple enough, sign of agitation on the part of Miss Van but its witching simplicity had taxed a Parisian modiste's most subtle powers. Her delicate yet strong profile was toward them Deering, but that young lady was throughly serene and self-unconscious. Late in the afternoon, as he sat in his room, a knock sounded at the door, and on opening it he confronted General Stanhope. To the surprise of the professor he held in his hand the surprise of the professor he of Cuthbert as she rearranged some vines which the wind had blown from their support; her big brown eyes were lazy and unconcerned. At that moment Cuthbert Ogden came up the steps; instantly a soft, sunshiny fire suffused the well-known delineation of Cuthbert Ogden.

"Sir," said the general as he stepped in and closed the door, with an air of secrecy. "I desire to thank you for-for this"-and he held out the manuscript-"which I found he held out the manuscript — which i found on the library table. I surmised at once that it was intended for me. My nephew, sir," he continued, declining the professor's embarrassed offer of a chair, "has been on my mind for some time. He is my natural

That evening the professor distinguished himself. He was always picturesque in evening dress. All the women gathered 'round him, when, in the soft candle light, he heir, but has unfortunately inherited bad tendencies from his father's side of the family-my sister made a misalliance. Cuthert greatly resembles his maternal great-uncle, who-but I will not weary you with the story. Suffice to say, he was a most related strange facts concerning the power of the stars on human destiny with prophetic eloquence, while some one softly played mething indefinite on the plano from hopin. The men with one accord fought objectionable person and a great spendthrift. Wishing to see whether my nephew had inherited any of the characteristics of that shy of him. They stood around looking sny of him. They stood around housing bored and useless and wondering if after all they had not made the mistake of a lifetime in not perfecting themselves in some branch of occult lore. branch of the family, I made my nephew a present of a large sum of money-\$40,000 or \$50,000-when he came to be of age. If my memory serves me right he spent every penny of it in eleven weeks. I then washed my hands of him, and have never seen him

After the guests had dispersed and the house lay in the hush of slumber a bright light flared from the windows of the pro-fessor's room. He sat bending earnestly over a large volume, his favorite text book ince until I came here. Well, to make a long story short, I began to repent of the evil. I took a fresh liking to him-he's a handsome fellow, you know-and guided by impulse, was on the eve of making my will of Solar Biology. He was looking Cuthbert Ogden up. With corrugated brows and quick respiration he ran his forefinger up and in his favor, when I came across this timely warning, which has brought me to down a column of cabalistic signs. my sense-especially as it is given by one "Aha!" he exclaimed, sitting back in his

who is a total stranger to my nephew, and chair and bringing his hand down violently so, of course, wholly without prejudic He paused for breath. The pro upon the open book. "Moon in Scorpio! professor that's bad. I suspected it. A handsome man is never good. She must be warned; avoided his eyes and looked grave and uncasy. The general went on:

but how? Strange how people will rush into the most unsuitable marriages without "The strangest part of it all is that this delincation of my nephew is an exact de-scription of his great uncle, who-but as 1 alescope; he hoped it might not be injured.
"You are interested in solar blology, Mrs.
Baxter tells us." observed Dorothy, after
II these incidents had been laid bare.
"I have made a study of it for over thirty
"ars." said the professor with pride. "Intead. I may say that I am one of the
loneers who searched for knowledge along
hat line in this century."
"I suppose it is very difficult to undertand." murmured Dorothy politely.
"Oh, that depends upon the amount of once asking advice from those who could

have just now gone to walk, looking quite chummy. "Yes, but the general has made up his mind to totally disinherit Ogden, and 1 think the professor has had something to do with

The general threw out a hint along that line-said 'the stars had spoken,' or ome foolishness of that kind."

"Oh, Uncle Swithin would never do any the blazing garment over his walking stick, waved it to and fro until a dash of rain thing of that sort. He's such a good, kind well meaning man."

"They're always making things unpleasant, and at the same time they're too good to quarrel with."

appeared. He was a smooth-faced, boyish looking youth, with a look of serious de-termination. Just now his lips were compressed, his eyes glowing like fire, while his soft hat was crushed convulsively in both hands.

"It's all over, Mrs. Baxter," he said. tragically. "What's all over? Oh, I see: you've been

quarreling again with Lalla, and now you've come to me for sympathy as usual. Well, you shan't have a bit. Go back to her and make it up again.'

"I tell you it's no use, Mrs. Baxter. She won't have me. She has given me up for good and all. If you don't believe me, just ask her. Here is her ring and all my let-ters. I shall go back to town this afternoon. She's treated me badly. But she's the finest girl in the universe. I never was good enough for her. I shall never see her again. If I thought she cared for any other man, I'd kill him. But she says she doesn't. She says she shall never marry. Good bye, Mrs. Baxter. I've just time to catch the train. I don't wish to take leave of the others. Please say I was called away by a Kindly say it was the death of telegram.

my grandfather. Thousand thanks, Mrs. Baxter. Good bye." The blighted being wrung the hand of his hostess, pulled his hat down over his gloomy brows and strode away with an air would have out-Hamleted Hamlet. which Hardly had he disappeared when the portieres parted cautiously, and Lalla Braddon entered.

"Has he gone? she whispered miserably. "Yes," replied Mrs. Baxter, who was out of patience with the little coquette, "and he

says he shall never see you again." "I'm so glad." with a little laugh at opposite ends of a sob; "if I'd been here I should have called him back. Oh, Jack!" she called experimentally at the window

and then ran back timorously to the sofa and buried her face in the cushions. "He has gone," repeated Mrs. Baxter, re-lentlessly, "Now, Lalla, please tell me what all this means. You know your mother asked me to look after you a little while she is in Europe, and I have a right to know. You've treated Jack badly, dismissing him in this heartless way, after the engagement has been announced."

"Oh, J know it. But it isn't my fault. I only found out last night how badly we are adapted to each other. I thought if people liked each other, it was enough. But i isn't. If people's tastes and dispositions are all-criss-cross, you know-and all that, they are wretched."

"But you should have considered all this before "I didn't know it then. Oh, how beauti-

ful it is to be ignorant." this But how came you to find it out now?!

"Prof. Swithin told me." "Prof. Swithin!" echoed Mrs. Baxter in fresh amazement; "why, what has he to do with it "He has looked us up." sobbed Lalla.

"He says we've both got Mars in Libra. He says we would be miserable-we would kill each other." Baxter stood in silent thought a Mra.

Mrs. Baxter stood in silent thought a moment, and her face was a study. Then she turned to the girl gently. "Never mind, dear, don't worry, and we will see what can be done with these adverse planets. Well, Jinnay, what is it?" The last words were addressed to a small boy in buttons. "If you please, ma'am, the housekeeper says can she see you a few minutes—quick?"

minutes-quick?

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racing a narrow point of rock, and buf-R. D. McKean, D.D.S., 13th St. Dr. E. H. Nauman, North Bailding. feted by the storm in one direction and lashed by the sea in another, they were prone to be silent for many minutes. At Lena Castello, Olive St. Misses Elliott & Baker, North St. last the general's voice could be heard up-lifted in anathemas upon the peninsula and overybody on it; next he blamed him-Margaret A. Funk, Neb. Ave. self for having come there; then with ris-ing inflection and stronger expletives, he

spoke of solar biology in terms which left the professor no room for hope, that even Dr A. Heintz, 11th St. if they escaped, any of his fortune would

this line. Meanwhile the tide crept up; they were half submerged. Presently the general's voice was heard again.

"It isn't that I'm afraid to die," he shricked above the storm; "it's the absurd situation-men at our time of life falling into a trap like this. A man who has faced shot and shell as I have—drowned like a

rat-it's simply foolish." "Death has no t-terrors for me," gasped the professor, who was shivering with cold and fright, "but I've always had objections to being d-drowned-yes, a sin-gular

thing." A cry of joy from the general interrupted him. "A boat—a boat," he cried. "Saw it by a flash of lightning. Hallo! Hallo! There it is again—looks like my nephew." "Hallo! hold on," cried a clear voice above the storm. The little boat, tossed like leaf in the wind, came nearer. "It is m "It is m

nephew, God bless him!" cried the general "He's risking his life for a couple of old

idiots like us. He's got heroic blood. Two of his great-grandfathers fought in the coolutionary war. Yes, remarkable dent. I'm proud of him. But blood will tell.

"He's a good fellow," quavered the pro-"He's a good fellow, 'quavered the pro-fessor, humbly, "He's got Venus in Aquarlus-great love for the p-people." "Confound Venus in Aquarlus," growled the general savagely, and the professor sunk

nto a dejected silence. The boat now bumped against the rock. Cuthbert Ogden steadied it while the two one of the cars, and he and Cuthbert began he struggle of the return trip. When land was nearly reached the bost capsized, and

in the embrace of a monstrous billow the three came ingloriously to shore. Mr. Baxter and Jack Armitage were there and from the blaze of light on the plazza looked out anxious women's faces. Eut down upon the beach in all the storm a

saw this woman-a Sagittarius woman-slip her arm through Cuthbert Ogden's with a ery of thankfulness; and he stooped and kissed her, there and then, in the midst of all the wind, rais, thyoder, lightning and dreadful tempest, and in the presenting and

able and they deliciously lost cognizance of things present and things to co

oussekceper says can she see you a few inutes-quick?" Mrs. Baxter sought the twinkle in his eye. "The general begs me

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woman wrapped in a dark mantle swom a lanter, to guide the seafarers. As the ex-hausted trio gained the shore the professor dreadful tempest, and in the presence of the entire Baxter household. In that supreme moment the conventionalities of life slipped

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CLOTHING.

An hour later the storm had died away. like the uncertain temper of a spelled child, and a fine young moon was struggling with a few white clouds with manifest victory. In the Baxter household order had come out of confusion.

of confusion. "It's all right, dear Mrs. Baxter." whin-pered Lalla that evening. "Jack and I have made it up. (Wasn't it fortunate he was detained by the storm?) You see, in giving the professor his birthday, Jack dated him-self five years ahead, thinking I would like her burer if he was ald so he hasn't got

"Heaven preserve me from people with good intentions," said Mr. Baxter, cynically. He walked away just as Jack Armitage