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### THE MUTABLE MANY.

BY ROBERT BARR.

The Story of a Labor Union. A Tale of Present Day Problems. With Episodes from Real Life. 

(Caparight, 1996, by Robert Barr.)

and tear of the struggle. He watked from keeping to his resolution.

One station to his office every morning at "Well," said Gibbons. the station to his office every morning at of the other's insinuation, "you don't need riot. They will mob the bagus workmen who his usual hour, as if everything were going to come here for permission to visit Sart- have taken their money." ways dressed with scrupulous neatness, and there before. he invariably carried in his hand a trimly folded umbrelia, which no one had ever seen him undo, for when it rained he took a cab. The umbrella seemed a part of him, and that I have?" a purely ornamental part; he was never met on the street without it. No man could say when Sartwell purchased a new suit of clothes; each suit was precisely the same as the one which had preceded it, and it

began to show the signs of wear. nemeanor toward his men as there was in the delay, turned on his heel and left them. The men lounging around the door nodded to him in a friendly manner as he went out, to the gates, nor was there on the other. to the gates, nor was there, on the other hand, any belligerency in his manner. The men had gone out; that was their affair.
He nodded to them, or bade them a curt looking neither to the right nor to the left.
"Good morning," as had been his habit before the trouble. Few of them had the pres ence of mind to do otherwise than raise that fingers to their caps, or answer, with their customary numble, "Mornin', sir." Habi strong in the human animal, as has often

been pointed out.

No one of all those concerned was more anxious for the strike to end than Sartwell, but none the less was he determined that it should end his way. He saw the openings in his armor through which, with a blind-yess not understandable to the manager.

Vibbons neglected to thrust. Curiously enough, it was not Gibbons that Sartwell feared in this contest, but Marsten. He knew that the young man had been strongly against the strike, but he also knew that he had thrown in his lot with the men; and although the leaders of the strike, up to that time, had held aloof from Marsten, pretending to look upon him as a covert traitor to the cause, still Sartwell feared they might take him into their counsels at last, and that he would show them the way out of their difficulties. The manager had made it his business to learn all he could of what was done by his opponents, and he had been amazingly successful. He knew of Marsten's visit to Barney and of the generally fully result of that conference; but he had so slight a confidence in Barney's good sense that he feared some hint might have been dropped by the artist which would show the nien how anxious Monkton & Hopwere for a settlement on almost any term As time passed, and Sartwell saw that Gib-bons still held Marsten at arm's length, he became less and less anxious. Affairs were rapidly approaching a crisis when Marsten's aid would be useless.

A few days after the announcement of reduction in strike pay had been made, Sartwell, approaching the gates in the morning, saw Marsten standing alone at the street corner. The manager had almost passed him without greeting on either side, when the elder man suddenly stopped. turned half around and said sharply:

"On picket duty, Marsten?" "No, Mr. Sartwell."

"Not in their confidence, perhaps." "I suppose I am neither in their confidence nor in yours, Mr. Sartwell." Rather an uncomfortable position, is it to 1 should like to be one thing or the

"Ah, you are young; therefore, you are brave. I have known a smaller thing than "I'm going?" cried the picket at the gate. "I'm going to see Mr. Sartweil." perhaps times and methods have changed since my early days. It is a pity you are on the wrong side for your bravery to be ap-preciated. The masters of this world always value talent and courage and pay well for them. The men do neither. That is why they are usually beaten in a fight, and it is one of the many reasons who ther should be. I have a few words to say to you, the street corner is not a good place for a pri-vate conversation; will you come to my of-fice in an hour's time?"

"Do you wish to speak about the strike?"
"Yes," said Sartwell, looking with some intentness at the young man. "We have no other subject of mutual interest that I know

'Very good. I merely asked, because whatever you may have to tell me I shall use in the interests of the men." Sartwell shrugged his shoulders.

"You are quite welcome," he said, "to make what use you please of the information



"YOU THINK I HAVE ASKED YOU HERE TO LEARN SOMETHING FROM YOU AND YOU HAVE RESOLVED TO TELL ME NOTHING."

is in demand by the men and their

The elder man walked briskly on; the younger reddened at the convert eneer in "My God." he said to himself, augrily, "I would like to fight that man."

Marsten turned and walked rapidly to the strike headquarters. There he found There he found Gibbons and the committee in consultation, while a few of the men lounged about the place. The talk ceased as Marsten entered room, the committee and its chairman looking loweringly at him. "What do you want?" asked Gibbons,

"I met Mr. Sartwell a moment age in tions."

And the street, and he said he had something to tell me about the strike. He saked me to call at his effice in an hour's time. I promised to do so, but told him any infor-mation he gave me I should use in the in-terests of the men."

"And so you came here, I suppose, to get some information to give in return?" Marsten had resolved not to allow himself to be taunted into anger, but he saw that he had no easy task before him. He was going to do his duty, he said to himself, and help his comrades if he could. The situa-

information I shall refer him to you. I thought he perhaps might say something that would be of value for us to know, and so I came to tell you that I was going to his

; well as the others. I have lost a situation, CHAPTER NI. oven if you haven't," relorted the young sartwell showed little sign of the wear man, knowing as he spoke that he was not

on to his entire ratisfaction. He was all well's office. I suppose you have often been I have not been there since the strike

"I assert nothing. It merely seems

was always put on before its predecessor

and the committee presumably continued its business once more, deliberations, untroubled by the interrup-

"Oh, no, they won't. I have fold the books working but how long the money would continue to be paid if they held their egan."
"Oh, haven't you?"
"No. I haven't. Do you mean to assert mob Gibbons, and I think he richly deserves

They will be much more likely to attack

competent men, yes, ten times over. If I had done so, where would the strikers be at the end of the fight? Some would be

in prison, some would have broken heads, all would be out of employment. I want

my own men back here. I want them to understand they have got a fool for a leader.

strange to me that you should come bawling you."

here, saying you are going to consult Sartwell. It has nothing to do with us. Go and come as you please for all I care."

The members of the committee murmured I have given you some interesting informaapproval of the chairman's firm stand, and Marsten, speing there was little use in further delay, turned on his heel and left them. I am ready to get to work with the former employes of the firm, or without them delay, turned on his heel and left them, just as they choose. The best friend to him in a friendly manner as he went out.



BRAUNT STOOD FOR A MOMENT WITH PALLEN JAW, HIS HANDS MOVING LIMPLY BY HIS SIDES: THEN HE SANK INTO HIS ARMCHAIR.

fatuous pettiness of Gibbons' resentment, who would rather wound and humillate a man he disliked than accept help when it was freely offered.

"How different," said Marsten to himself, "is the conduct of Sartwell. He has more cause to detest me than Gibbons has, yet he asks me to confer with him. He does not despise the smallest card in his band while Gibbons may be throwing away a trump, if I were mean enough and traitor enough to the mea to refuse to tell wint I may learn. Sartwell, parting with me in anger, halls me on the street, merely because he thinks he can use me to serve hi employers. That he likes me no better than he did when I left him is shown by the sting in his talk, yet he puts down his perother if I were in your place. Marsten."

"I am one thing. I am entirely with the men."

"Perhaps, in that case, you are afraid to be seen talking with me. Some of the men might happen to pass this way."

"I am not afraid to be seen speaking with anybody, Mr. Sartwell."

"Ah you are young, therefore, and the stalk, yet he puts down his personal feelings, hoping to win a trick, while Gibbons, the fool, although in a friendly way, does his sneaking little best to drive a man over to the enemy. I wonder what Sartwell wants to discover. I'll tell him nothing. But what a man he is to fight for or against."

"Hold hard youngester Where

"It's all right, mate. I've just come from headquarters. I am going with the committeo's consent and Gibbons' permission."
"What's on?" asked, the picket i on?" asked the picket in a while others of the strikers

"Is the jig up? Are we going to give in?"

There's nothing new. I'll know more when I come out. Perhaps Sartwell has something to propose. We haven't."

The men drew back, with a simultaneous sign that may have indicated relief, or perhaps disappointment. The stearnness of their resolution to hold out did not increase

under reduced strike pay. Their organiza-tion was disintegrating, rotting. Each man knew it and was suspicious of his comrades. The heart had gone out of the fight. Marsten, crossing the descried and silent yard, mounted the stairs and rapped at the manager's door. He found Sartwell alone, tanding at his desk, with some papers be-

"Now, Marsten," began the manager, brusquely, turning from his desk, "you think I've asked you here to learn something from you, and you have firmly resolved to tell me nothing. That's right, I like to see a man stick to his colors. We save the ship if we can; if she sinks we go down with her. You may be surprised, then, to know that I am not going to ask you a single question. That will relieve your single question. That will relieve your mind and enable you to give full attention to what I have to tell you. I hope, how-ever, that you will keep your word, and remember the promise you made me a short time since on the street."

"Have you forgotten it? Perhaps you thought it was a threat. You said you would give the men the information you re-

"Ah, that's not what you said. Neither Gibbons nor the committee were mentioned in our talk this morning."

As near as I can recollect, I said I would ise what information I received in the inrests of the men."

"Quite so. I am as anxious about the men's welfare as you are, and what I have to say to you must reach them. If you tell it to Gibbans and the committee, and they do not pass it on to the men, as they will take precious good care not to do, I shall then learn whether you are a man of your word or not. The strikers meet tonight at the Salvation hall. If Gibbons does not inform them what he will then know, I shall expect you to stand up in your place and

last payment made to those on strike. If you cast your eye over this sheet, you will see that the union is now bankrupt." "If that is all you have to tell me, Mr. Sartwell, it is no news. The men already

know they are depending on public subscrip-"And they still believe in Gibbons as

Now I come to what is "Very good. news-news to you, to Gibbons, and to the men. Most of this money has gone to loafers from the east end of London. had such unlimited confidence in Gibbons foolishness and in the stupidity of the committee that I have sent through the gates, not workmen like you, but such unfortunate wretches as were out of work and willing to absorb strike pay merely on condition on was too serious for recrimination. It is they would keep their mouths shut. It never seemed to occur to Gibbous that if I formation I shall refer him to you. I were able to fill up the works with menought he perhaps might say something transported to our river steps on a steamer, I ould either have fed and lodged them could either have red and longed them it is a difficult art—"

"Of course it is," interrupted the clergysame way they came. Has gathered them man. "I have made arrangements to satisfy
into the union with a whoop, which was

"The men on strike. I am on strike as just what I expected him to do, but he tend in the direction of a vestry cart and we

to be wasted on food, clothes and rent. person cannot live without food; Langly had tried it, not as an economical experiment. but largely through forgetfulness, and he found to his astonishment that hunger actually forced itself upon his attention, after a sufficient lapse of time. The changeable English climate, not to mention the regulations of that moral body, the police force, compelled him to cover himself, and a room he needed mainly to keep his stacks of music The church of St. Martyrs-in-the-East afforded a very good living to its rector and a very poor one for its organist, although

listen to the music.

Langly never applied for more remuneraon, because deep down in his musical soul he knew he was already taking advantage of the generosity of the church sutherities, and he lived in constant fear that some day they would discover this and righteously dis-miss him. To be allowed to play on that splendid instrument, erected at a cost of privilege which he felt he ought to pay for if he were the honest man the deacons thought him.

He tried to soothe his troubled conscien by telling it that he would refuse to take money were it not that sheet music were a dear, even when bought from the man wh gave the largest discount in London, to whom shop Langly tramped miles once a wee but thus the guilty have ever endeavored full the inward monitor, well knowing while they did so the sophistry of their excuses The consciousness of deceit told on Langly' manner; he cringed before the rector and those in authority. Never did one of the kindly but deluded men accost their organ-ist without causing a timorous fear to spring up in his heart that the hour of his dismissal had arrived. Yet let moralists say what they will, the wicked do prosper sometimes on this earth when they shouldn't, while the innocent suffer for the misdeeds done by others. There was the case of Belcher, for example, and although it must in justice be admitted that Belcher's hard luck caused the organist many twinges of conscience still, of what avail are twinges of conscience when the harm is wrought? If, in our sel-fishness, we bring disaster on a fellow crea-

ture, after regret can scarcely be called repa Belcher was the hard-working, industrious man who pumped the organ in St. Martyrs, and besides laboring during the regular service, it was also his duty to attend when the organist wished to practice the selections which afterward delighted the congregation This was Belcher's grievance. Langly had no "mussy," as the overworked pumper told his sympathizing comrades at the "Rose and Crown." He would rather follow the vestry cart all day with a shovel, would Belcher, than suffer the slavery he was called upon to endure by the unthinking organist, who never considered that bending the back to a relived. I hold you to that. To tell Giblors is not necessarily to tell the men. You said you would let the men know."

Selved. I hold you to that. To tell Giblorer was harder work than crooking the fingers to the keys. Besides, Langly could sit down to his labor, such as it was, while said you would let the men know."
"I will repeat your conversation to Gibbons and the committee."
sit down to his labor, such as it was, while Belcher couldn't, Naturally the putupon man complained, and Langly at once admitted the justice of the complaint, at the same time exhibiting a craven fear that rumor of his unjustifiable conduct migh reach the ears of the church authorities. Th honest Belcher now regretted that he has borne his burden so long, for the reprehen sible organist immediately offered to com pound with the blower by paying him some thing extra each week, if he would say nothing about the additional labor. It was Belcher's misfortune rather than his fault that mathematical computation was not on of his acquirements, and he falled to appre-ciate the fact that there was a limit to the musician's income, a limit very speedily reached. He was an ill-used man and he knew it, so he struck oftener for higher pay, and got it, up to the point wher Langly insisted that there was not enough add to the collightenment of the situation. Langly insisted that there was not enough when you were here last I showed you a left to keep hody and soul together, not sheet of paper, at the top of which was speak of the purchase of music, and threa written the resources, for the moment, of ened to complain to the rector, which the union. The remainder of the sheet last he did, not mentioning, however, the speak of the purchase of music, and threa ened to complain to the rector, which the union. The remainder of the sheet last he did, not mentioning, however, that was blank, but it is now filled up. It shows the expenditures, week by week, up to the he did not wish to exhibit the organist' culpability in all its repulsiveness. He tol the rector that he would rather accon pany the vestry cart in its rounds than a company an organist who had no "mussy on a "pore" man. He was always ready t

on a "pore" man. He was always ready to pump a reasonable quantity of air, but if an organist knew his trade so bally that he needed to practice so much it was hard that the man at the lever should bear the brunt of his incompetence. The rector thanked Belehsr for his musical criticism and said he would see about it.

While the virging Beleher took his walks. While the virtuous Belcher took his walk abroad with his chin in the air, as belli one who has done his duty, the transgresso. crept along the byways and scarcely dare to enter the silent church. He dodged the rector as long as he could, but was at length run to earth. The kindly old man put his hand on the culprit's shoulder and said:

"I shall be more thoughtful in future, sir," murmured the nervous organist in excuse "I'm agraid I've been playing too much, bu it is a difficult art—"
"Of course it is," interrupted the clergyman. "I have made arrangements to satisfy
the ambition of Beicher, which appears to

"You have been overworking Beicher,

Sartwell shrugged his shoulders.

"Call it a trick, if you like. A strike is "The organist gried to thank the rector, but war. You must not expect it to be fought his throat seemed not at his command for with rose leaves. But uside from that, I have borne in mind the real interests of the men. I could have filled the works with competent men, yes, ten times over. If his eyelids; then the organist turned as the officer said to himself.

The organist gried to thank the rector, but stellar come out, clawing the empty air with the two foreilingers of either hand crocked like talons, a fearful frown on his brow, man smilled at the grotesque twistings of the officer said to himself the officer said to himself.

There goes a Hanarchist if there ever was the first warm to the officer warm. ruptly and walkedcaway, tortured afterward one," not knowing that the poor little man was merely pulling the stops of a mythical organ, immense in size and heavenly in tone old man knew the musician much better than

the musician knew himself.
After that, when Langly chanced upon the indignant and gravely wronged Belcher, at the tail of his oft mentioned but entirely unexpected eart, the young man shrank from the encounter and felt that howard uncasiness

They have had a nice little play spell; they have caten and drank their money—the vacation has come to an end. If they return to work now, there is work for them; if they delay much longer, I shall fill the which is termed a troubled conscience, "Call that Christianity!" Belcher would shops with genuine workmen, and the union has no money now to bribe them with " say to his mate when their rounds took them near St. Martyrs 'a puttin' a squirtin' water pump in there to tyke th' bread out If I tell the men all this there will be a a pore man's mouth, an' a-cuttin' o' is livin' wyge! Yos an' the lawr a-forcin' us to support the church, too."
But Helchor was really of a forgiving spirit, and should not be judged by his hareb language toward the establishment which be

was under the impression rigorous legal en-setment compelled him to subsidize; for he so far overlooked Langly's conduct as to call onscience money. "I don't blime im, said belcher magnani-ounly, over his pot of been, as much as I the mean old duffer wot preaches there. The prostrate man.

Langly, as has been said, found it neceswas his own fault as much as it was the fault of his limited income. A London land-lady in the more impoverished districts carries on a constant fight against circumstances. Her tenants pay her as seltan and as little as they can; sometimes they isomear and she loses her money; while ng extras, those elastic exactions which often waft a West End boarding house keeper to affluence. Terms are close and invariably inclusive. The organia's conduct toward his numerous and successive landladies admits of no defense. These good women, when he had taken his departure. women, when he had taken his departure, spoke bitterly of his sneaky and deceptive ways, as indeed they had just cause to do. On first arriving at a new place he was so pologetic and anxious not to give any trouso evidently a person who did not really live in bustling, elbowing Lodon, but in some drenny mental world of his own. that his good hostess, merely as an experi-ment and entirely, without prejudice, as the man puls if, fentatively placed on his bill for the week some trifling item that, strictly speaking, was merely placed there to be taken off again if complaint were made. under these circumstances, the landlady was in expectation of a row, during which epi-thets reflecting upon her financial probity might be hurled at her, when she, with vol-uble excuses for her unfortunate mistable. would correct the error and assure the lodger that such a thing would not occur After a few casays of this kind, all perfectly just and proper in a commercial country, and in fact the only means of dison with that data serinity which adds so much to the comfort and enjoyment of a particle overlooking apartment in the borough or a particle overlooking the park.

But Langley gathered himself together.

Of the authorities with their organist, "Well, lad," said Braunt, with a sigh, "come in when you can, and if now telse, you'll be sure of a hearty northern well-course with the latest particle overlooking the park.

But Langley gathered himself together.

Put Langly never took a straightforward course with his landiadies. Instead of finding fault at the proper time, he meekly said nothing and paid the bills as long as he was able—bills which mounted higher and higher each week. Thus the deluded woman had no 'sit down at the harmonium and You're an organist, remember."

"You're an organist, remember." chance as she could not be expected to know when she had reached the limit of his weekly income. At last the organist would take his bundle of must under his arm and would sucak away like a thief in the night. to search for a cheaper abode, after leaving a week's money in lieu of notice, wranned a very poor one for its organist, although if people were paid according to professional proficiency in this world the salaries of ledgyman and musician might have been reversed. Those who entered the church door came not to hear the aermon, but to the musician musician to the aermon, but to the musician to the musician material to the musician to in a piece of paper in a conspicuous place, for he never had the courage to face a landwhich it could be compressed or extended. The Scimmins bousehold could occupy the three rooms it rented in the court, or could get long with two, or even one, if need be. The spare space was sublet whenever opportunity offered, and here Langly found lodgings that had at least the merit of cheapness. The policeman at the entrance of the court looked suspiciously after the newcomer, and resolved to keep an eye on

when he moved into a new locality, until Martyrs-in-the-East. One night, shortly after he took the back

room two flights up at No. 3 Langly came down the common stairway, and paused in amuze at the landing opposite Brauni's door. He heard some one within alowly and fear-fully murdering Chopin's "Funeral March." leally dramming against the panel repressing with difficulty a desire to cry out against the profaustion of a harmony that seemed sacred to him. The drone stopped suddenly, and next instant the door was jerked into the room, where, as it seemed to him givent pounced down, clutched his shoul-lers and flung him in a heap on the floor by the opposite wall. Then, kicking the door shut, the giant, with first eleuched

You miserable, aneaking scoundrel" Langly, as has been said, found it neces-eried Braunt. 'So that's why you took a sary to secure cheaper lodeings, and the room with the Scimminses—to ferret and spy on me. I've seen you crawling up these stairs, afcatt to look any honest man in the face. Because I took no strike pay Gibbons wants to know how I live does he? I'm up to his tricks. You're Gibbons' spy, and he has sent you to live with that other sneak, Solumins. Solumins himself was afraid, for he knows already the weight of my hand. Now "continued Braunt, rolling up his sleeves, "I'll serve you as I did Scimmins. I'll throw you over the banksters, and you can report that to Gibbons, and tell him to come himself next time.

tears not to hurt the poor man. Braunt should her off, but not unkindly.

"Sit ther down. Jossic, iss., and don't word me. I'll but drop the bag o' bones on the stairs and serve him right for a sneak."

Langly engaged by his appropriated.

"I assure you siz-"Don't sir me, you hound," cried Braunt, turning flewely upon him, "and don't dare he said, to dany you are one of Orbbons' spice, it "I have

There was something so abject in the mu-

"Now," said Braunt, with the definite air of a man who has his opponent in a corner, "sit down at the harmonium and play. You're an organist, remember,"
"Yes," protested Langly, "but I don't know

that I can play on that instrument at all. I play a church organ. "An organ's an organ, whether it is in church or out. If you can play the one you can play the one you

The young man hesitated and was nearly lest, Braunt's fingers itched to get at him, and probably only the presence of the girl estrained him so far. "Have you any music?" asked Langly.
"No; we haven't. She plays by car." "Will you allow me to go up stairs and

This was a little too transparent. his flat down on the table. chattering another minute and I'll break thy neck down the stair. Sit thee down, Jessle, an' don't interfere. The man plays or he doesn't. I know he wes a liar, an' he quakes i because it's to be proven. Now, coward, organ or the stairs make the choice

him. The organist had a habit of mutter the driven musician reluctantly took the ling to himself as he walked the streets and chair before the instrument. He had played Imperial Extra Dry Champagne on his menu. his nervous hands were never a moment on the harmonium in his early days and

never tried to find out whether they were genuine workmen or not."

"You mean, then, that by trick you have bankrupted the union."

Sartwell shrugged his aboulders.

"Call it a trick, if you like. A strike is war a you will be organized for thank the rector, but war you were to the property of the property in the property of the pro imply by his side; then he sank into his armchair. Jessie gazed steadfastly, with large pathetic eyes, at their guest, who seemed himself transformed, all the lines of

Hamay and apprehension smoothed away from his face, replaced by an absorbed stasy, oblivious to every surrounding, played harmony after harmony, one int creature, began to sub and wall for ad. The girl's eyes, never moving from wigard of the keys filled with unshed tex nd her father barried his face in his hands. When at last the organist's magic finger dipped from the keys, and the exultar

Corasi me for a hantish clawn?" he coled think that I mishandled thee, lad, hou playest like an angel. I never heard He laid his huge hand on the other's shoulder gently and kindly, although the youth, hardly yet awake from his dream.

milly shrank from the touch, ... Forgive me, lad. I misdoubt I hurt No, no; it is all nothing. So you like "The music! I shall never forget it; wer. That march riggs in my head all

The young man for the first time looked up at him, the light of brotherhood in his eyes. "I feel it too," he said, "that there is nothing around us but good music. It smooths away the ruder sounds of earth ouses them as undertones—as—as a back as are allowed to listen to compensate a triviality of everything else fused shame at finding himself talking thus nd I'll break every bone in his body."

Jessle clung to her father, begging him in merely the substance of many a former solilo-

Langly, encouraged by his antagonist's attempted except after many lessons. I shall be pleased to teach your daughter, if you will let me. She has a correct ear." you will let me. She has a correct car. Braunt shook his head.

"We have no money for music lessons.

"I have very little myself. I am poor and therefore need none," said the organist to deny you are one of Gibbons spice. I have very little might in the organist and therefore need none," said the organist as if that were a logical reason. "The poor hearing the harmonium. For no other reason, I essure you. I know I oughtn't to have done it, and I suppose I am a smeak. I'll never do it again, never, if you will expure the poor in the property of the myself. I am poor, and therefore need none," said the organist as if that were a logical reason. "The poor have always been kind to me." Ye thought of his many landsdies and how they had often admitted, little thinking he would desert them organist. one by one. "Aye, and the rich, too," added, remembering the hydraulic motor sician's manner that Brauct's resentment was increased rather than diminished by the appoint of the continued endurance of the authorities with their organist, peal. He had a big man's contempt for any "Well, Ind." said Braunt, with a sigh

FATHER DAMIEN'S PAVORITE HYMN When obstacles and trials seem

Like prison walls to be, do the little I can do. And leave the rest to Thee.

I know not what it is to doubt.
My heart is ever gay,
I run no risk, for come what will,
Thou always hast Thy way. have no cares, O blessed Will!

For all my cares are Thine, live in triumph, Lord, for Thou Hast made Thy triumphs mine. And when it seems no chance or change, From grief can set me free, Hope inds its strength in helplessness, And gayly waits on Thee.

The princess of Chimay and Caraman, wife of Prince Joseph of Chimay and Caraman, Belgium, has eloped with a Hungarian gypsy musician who was accustomed to This was a little too transparent.

'Now, by God!' eried Braunt, bringing gypsy musician, who was accustomed by first down on the table. "Stand there play in the Paris restaurants. Prince Joseph will bring suit against his wife for the Brussels courts. The princes in the Brussels courts. was formerly Miss Clara Ward, and was born Joseph in Paris in 1890, and is the mother

An enehas hapmy stole pened?. into your . . Simply house one day last week has settled on and touched your kidneys. you lightly in They are overpassing. A You and inflamed. Inthought little of the matter at the time, for the enemy was only a vagrant current of air. But now you are beginning to learn what mischief the little intruder did, for yourbackisstiff and painful. Your head aches, and at times you feel dizzy. matter at the time,



# **PATRONIZE**

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