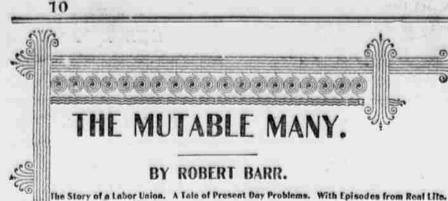
THE OMAHA DAILY BEES SUNDAY, JANUARY 10, 1897.



him more worry than perhaps any one else.

"Very well. That is quite right, of course,

but in this instance, when you tell him you talked with me, say that I came to see him;

that the servant said neither he nor Mrs. Sariwell was in, and asked me if I would

and that I was leaving when you spoke to

perplexed wrinkle on her smooth brow. She

stand him. He wouldn't mind in the least your talking with me about the strike, be-cause I am entirely in his confidence, but he

The girl locked frankly at him-a little

You say that because you do not under-

Tell your father that I said 'No'

njured yesterday?"

vas puzzied

AS STRATEGICS FROM THE STRATE OF STR

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CHAPTER XV. When young Marsten reached the walledin house at Wimbledon, he found that Sartwell had indeed paid little attention to the wishes of his chief, and had left for the works at his usual hour in the moralng. Mr. Hope had evidently not put his foot down firmly enough when he told the manager not to go to his office next day.

Maraten stood hesitatingly on the doorstop, not knowing exactly the next heat thing to do. After the events of yesterday, there was some difficulty about seeking an interview with the manager at his office.

"Mrs. Sartwell's not home either," said the servant, noting his indecision; "but Mics Sartwell is in the garden. Perhaps you would like to see her?"

Perhap ! The young man's pulses beat faster at the mere mention of her name. He had tried to convince himself that he lingered there through disappointment at finding the manager away from home, but he knew that all his faculties were alert to eatch sight or sound of her. He hoped to hear her voice; to get a glimpse of her, however fleeting. He wanted nothing so much on earth at that moment as to speak with her-to touch her hand-but he knew that if he met her, and the meeting came to her father's knowledge, it would kindle Sartwell's flerce ra edge, 12 would kindle Sariwell's heree re-sentment against him and undoubtedly jeop-ardize his mission. Sariwell would see in his visit to Wimbledon nothing but a ruse to obtain an interview with the girl. Braunt had trusted him, and had sent him off with That trusted him, and had sent him off with a hearty godspeed; the fate of exceptrated men on the very brink of disorder might Copind on his success. Women and children might starve to pay for "re minutes" de-lightful talk with Edna Sartwell. No such temptation had ever confionted him before and he put it away from him with a faint

and wavering hand. "No," he said with a sigh, "it was Mr. Sariwell I wanted to see. I will call upon

him at his office. The servant closed the door with a banz.

The servant closed the door with a banz. Surely be did not need to take all that time, keeping her standing there to say "No." The smallness of a word, however, bears little relation to the difficulty there may be in pronouncing it. Yet the bang of the door resulting from his hesitation brought about the very meeting he had with such reluct-ance resolved to forego. It is perhaps hardly complimentary to Sartwell to state that, when his daughter heard the door shut so emphatically, she thought her father shut so emphatically, she thought her father had returned and that something had gone wrong. Patience was not among Sartwell's virtues, and when his wife, actuated solely by a strict sense of duty, endeavored to point out to him some of his numerous fail-ings, the man, instead of being grateful, often terminated a conversation intended en-tirely for his own good by violently slamming the door and betaking himself to the breezy common, where a person may walk miles without going twice over the same path.

The girl ran toward the front of the house on hearing the noisy slamming of the door and was far from being reassured when the recognized Marsten almost at the gate. That something had happened to her father instantly flashed across her mind. She fleetly overtook the young man, and his evident agitation on seeing her confirmed her

"Oh, Mr. Marsten," she cried, breathlessly, "is there anything wrong? Has there been more trouble at the works?"

"No: I don't think so," he stammered. "I feel sure something is amiss. Tell me, tell me. Don't keep me in suspense." "I think everything is all right."

Barney "Why do you say he does nothing?" "Well, when I called upon him before the

strike began, hoping he would use his in-fluence to avert trouble, he showed no de-"But why, if that is the case, don't you want him to know this"." "Don't you see why? It is so that he won't so why trouble about the men? "Foolish

want him to know why? It is so that he won't so why there are a same mistake that you have made, make the same mistake that you have made. You fave kindly allowed me to explain; Mr. Sartwell might not have waited for ex-planations." "Now you see," cried Edna, gleefully, "Now you see," cried Edna, gleefully, "how easy it is, as you yourself said, for men to misunderstand each other. A few words of explanation will show you have the Barnard Edna, contrately, holding out her hand to atm. "Please forgive me. Now, I want to you have thought unjustly of Mr. Barnard Hope. He did intend to use his influence and, ridge longive me, Now, I want to understand all about this, so come with me in's the garden, where we shan't be inter-rupted. Standing here at the gate some one might call and then I would have to go on behalf of the men, and came all the way from Chelsea here to see father on the sub

ject, just as you have done today, and father was not at home, just as he is not nio the house, for my mother has gone to Surbiton to see how Mr. Hops is. Was he today. Mr. Hope talked it over with mother and me, and he quite agreed with us that injured yesterday?" "No. I will go with you, Miss Sartwell, on one condition." "What is that?" asked the girl in some surprise. She had turned to go, expecting "That you will not tell Mr. Sartwell you have been talking with me." "Oh, I cannot promise that. I tell my father everything."

To this conclusive defense of Barney the young man had no answer, but he way caved the necessity of a reply, for both talker and listener were startled by a shrill voice near the house calling the girl's

Edna started to her feet in alarm, and Marsten also arose. "That is my stepmother calling me. "That is my stepmother calling me. She has returned. I had no idea it was so late. What shall we do? She mustn't see you here, and yet you can't get out without passing the house." "I can go over the wall. I wonder who lives in the next house?" "It is vacant but the wall is high and

is broken glass on the top there "I'll have a try for it, anyway," They passed through the shrubbery to the dividing wall. 'Ob, I am sure you can't do it, and you

will out your hands. Marsten pulled off his coat, threw it, wide-

They had by this time reached the draw-ing room, and Mrs. Sartwell sat down, gazing with chastened severity toward her step-"Edna," the said, solemnty, "I implore

you not to give way to flippancy. That is exactly the way your father talks, and while, let us diops, it will be forgiven him, it ill becomes one of your years to take that tone. Your father little thinks what trouble he is storing for himself in his train-ing of you, and, if I told him you were decivilization. ceiving him, he would not believe it. But some day, alas! his eyes will be opened." "How am I deceiving him?" cried Edna, a

quick pallor coming into her face. Her stepmother mournfully shook her head and sighed.

"If your own heart does not tell you, then perhaps I should be silent. You have his wicked temper, my poor child. Your face is pale with anger just because I have mildly tried to show you the right path." "You have not shown me the right path. You have said I am deceiving my father, and I ack what sam man?"

need.

and her heroes.

the western heavens. Kit walked from the small town where he had spent a part of

Houston,

liberty

I ask what you mean?" Mrs. Sariwell smiled, gently, if eadly. "How like! how like! I can almost fancy it is your father speaking with your voice."

"Well, I am glad of that. You don't often say complimentary things to me." "That is more of your pertness. You know

very well I don't compliment you when I say you are like your father. Far from it. But a day will come when even his eyes will be

opened. Yes, indeed." "You mean that his eyes will be opened to my deceit, but you have not told me how I am deceiving him."

"You deceive him because you take very good care, when in his presence, not to show him the worst side of your character. Oh, dear no, you take good care of that! Butter wouldn't melt in your mouth when he is here. But he'll find you out some day to his sorrow. Wait till your stubborn wills cross. and then you will each know the other. Of course now it is all smooth and pleasant, but that is because you don't demand to know what he means, and do not tell him that you can't be bothered about the last great day." "Father never threatens me with the Judgment, as you so often do, nor does he make accusations against me, and so I don't need to ask what he means. I suppose I am vicked," continued the girl, almost in tears, "but you say things that seem always to bring out the had side of my character." "You are too impulsive," said the lady, smoothly. "You are first impenitently imprudent to me, and then you say you have a bad character, which I never asserted. You are not worse than your father."

"Worse? I only wish I were half as good." "Ah, that's because you don't know him any better than he knows you. You think he takes you entirely into his confidence, but he does nothing of the sort. Why did he so carefully carry away the newspaper with him this morning?'

"I'm sure I don't know. Why shouldn't e? It's his own." "His own"iyes! but he never did it before. he?

He took it have yeer but he hever did it broke. He took it have yeer better to deceive his wife and daughter-that's why. So that we shouldn't know how he braved and defied the men yesterday. Oh, I can see him! It was just the kind of thing that would gratify

his worldly pride." "Gh, what happened, mother?" cried the girl, breathless with anxiety. "I thought he didn't tell you, and I sup-pose he did not mention that poor Mr. Hope, and Mr. Monkton, too, begged and implored bim not to go to the works todayyes, almost on their bended knees, and he paid not the alightest attention to their wishes-and they his employers! If for no ther reason he

"But tell me what he did? How did he lefy the men?"

"Why do you not allow me to finish what I am saying? Why are you so impatient?" "Because he is my father. Is that not reason enough?"

"Yes, my poor child, yes," murmured Mrs. Sartwell, in mournful cadence, "that is reason enough. Like father, like daugh-

THE YOUNG HERO OF TEXAS.

Thrilling Incident in the Great Fight for Independence.

Bu T. C. HARBAUGH-

(Copyright, 1897, by S. S. McChure Co.) During the time Texas was making her great fight for independence against General Santa Anna and his Moxicans there stood near the banks of one of the fairest streams in the Lone Star state a little cabin which in the Lone Star state a little cabin which menial obesiance. long ago gave way to the onward march of

In the Lone star state a fittle cann which long ago gave way to the onward march of civilization. It was a typical home of these days, with very little surrounding it indicative of refinement; back of it lay a vast forest with

finement; back of it lay a vast forest with tail trees whose tops seemed to cleave the blue skies, while in front stretched an open saw that a rude map of the country rounda-bout had been traced on the parchment and bit of country covered with wavy grass which undulated in the wind like a great a number of dots and arrows seemed to indi-cate places of importance. "It is very easy," said the man believed

The little family that inhabited this primitive home consisted of three, the parants and a boy of 16. The boy himself was the best known of the trio, for he was renowned to be Santa Anna, and, Indeed, Kit was not mistaken. "Here lie the Americans and we can make the march without difficulty. We can surprise General Houston and his as a real little woodsman dcapite his years, and all the shooting matches knew him well. rabble and tomorrow night our work will be and Kit Benson's sharp ears picked up a good deal about the struggle for Texan liberty over.

The speaker traced a line across the map, showing how the Mexican forces could He heard a great deal about General Sam march upon the Texans and destroy them and Santa Anna nodded with satisfaction. Houston, who had been appointed com-mander-in-chief of the Texas army, but he had never seen the redoubtable man who Just then Kit moved one limb which had become cramped owing to the unnatural had left a Charokee wigwam to fight for the iberty of an oppressed people. One afternoon, while the sun hung low in position he had to assume in the attic and a board creaked.

In an instant the men below sprang up and one looked toward the opening. "What if we have a spy in the cabin?" he exclaimed. "We must let no one find

the day and turned his face homeward. He had a long trip before him, but he hardly expected to reach home that night, out our plans, your excellency." He was half way to the end of the room having made up his mind to find a secluded



one of them discovered that his horse was missing.

"The beast has untied himself again, a trick of his;" exclaimed that worthy as he looked at the vacant spot where his horse had stood. "You should get a better steed or break

"You should get a better steed or break him of the habit, captain," observed Santa Anna, and the officer, after looking in vain for the horse and beating the bush till the others grew tired of his absence, was com-pelled to mount behind one of his brother will reduce and way. soldiers and all rode away. Meantime Kit, the Texas boy, was riding

fast over the gloomy country toward the camp of General Houston.

He kept the horse in the trail as well as he was able and after a long ride heard a stern "Halt!" which caused him to draw rein and lean forward.

A man in the rough garb of a frontlers-man koomed up in front of him and Kit asked him if he had reached the Texan encampment.

"That's owing to who you are," was the answer, "and you may be miles from General Houston and you may be very close to him. Who are you?"

"Kit Bonson; Kit, the boy who shoots at marks at the prize tournaments and-

Then you've found us, buy, was the in-terruption, and the picket asked the boy to dismount and follow him. Delighted at having found the army of in-

Soon they came upon a few fires burning low in a secluded valley and the boy wondered if he could be within the lines of the Texan forces, since he had never visited an armed camp.

SAM HOUSTON.

A tall, heavy set man was standing near a few smouldering embers, with his back to the boy, and his large hands folded behind him. The picket stopped at right of this man and looked at him a moment as if balf afraid to approach nearer.

Suddenly, however, the tall man turned and Kit looked into a face he knew on sight, though he had never seen it before. He know he stood in the presence of General Houston, the defender of Texan liberty, and one of the most noted men of his day.

Sam Houston fixed his gaze on the boy narksman and motioned him forward.

"Tell your story. What is it?" he and thus addressed the boy obeyed. he said, Patiently did the backwoods commander listen to every word, and Klt was not in-terrupted till he had finished his carrative. "They had you in a trap, sure enough. You did well to escape when you did, for if you had not I wouldn't have given much or the head that wears your coonskin cap,

Such was Sam Houston's comment on the brilling story Kit had brought to camp, and then he directed that the boy should have a blanket the rest of the night.

The next day there was active preparations In the Texan camp looking to the thwarting of Santa Anna's Intended surprise, and when

night came the camp was ready. Believing he had not been betrayed by any one, Santa Anna made the well planned attack, but never did an attacking army get such a complete whipping.

They found General Houston well prepared for the attack and the Mexicans were com-pelled to retreat, leaving numbers of their dead on the field of battle.

Kit not only remained in camp until after the surprise, but he was enrolled in the the surprise, but he was enrolled in the ranks of the Texan army and a short time later took part in the battle of San Jacinto by which Texas' independence was gained. It was at this battle that Santa Anna him-self fell into General Houston's hands and Kit took the liberty of speaking to the dis-tingulahed captive, asking him if he knew why the night attack had failed.

The Mexican general shook his head, whereupon Kit told the story of his adventure in the old cabin and Santa Anna remarked with cutting sarcasm that there would have been one "Texas rat" less if he had dreamed that the old garret held the involuntary young spy. Kit Benson lived to see Texas achieve her

independence and for many years afterwards he was often called on to relate how he saved General Houston's little army of heroes from annihiliation at the hands of the merciless Mexicans.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Papa don't need to say his prayers. Mamma-Why not? " 'Cause it's most mornin' when he goes to bed."

"Willie, why do you behave so to your ittle sister? You've been bossing her around



MARSTON SAT DOWN WITH EDNA SARTWELL OPPOSITE.

will have to tell him what was said. He spread, over the barbarous broken glass, will have to tell him what was said. He spread, over the barbarous broken glass, stepped back as far as the shrubbery would Surbiten, and will undoubtedly be angry, the more so when he hears I did not intend to tell him. In fact, now that this conversation has taken place, I shall go straight to him and tell him I have talked with Mr. Hope, although I feel sure my doing so will nullify all my plans." Goodbye," she whispered up at him, her face aglow with excitement.

all my plans." his simply because I talked with "One moment," he said, in a low but dis-tinct voice. "I haven't had a chance to tell you for a few minutes?" "Yes.

don't know what to do.'

nations which seem satisfactory to may not be satisfactory to him. He w

e asks me directly. Now come with me

you with a suggestion here and there, for

ertainly know what my father will do, and what he won't do, better than any of you."

what Mr. Hope said. I can perhaps

"Do you think he would?"

"Think! I know it."

againut her?

he is not clear about. He says-which is quite true-that it is a most intricate ques-tion which one must look upon in all its bearings; otherwise mistakes are sure to be made." "That is why he does nothing. I sup-pose. Then he is sure of not making any mistakes." Something of bitterness in the young man's tone caused the girl to look at him in surprise. Surely two people who had

mistakes." Something of bitterness in the young man's tone caused the girl to look at him in surprise. Surely two people who had the interests of the workingmen so much at heart as both Hope and Marsten ought to be glad of any help one could give the other, yet Marsten did not seem to reliah searing of the unselfish and lofty aims of

"Why do you say 'think?" Aren't you You have come from the works. "No. I haven't. I've just come from Surbi-I wanted to speak with Mr. Sart-

well, but I find he's not at home." said the girl, evidently much re-Then she flashed a bewilderingly "Oh.' Heved. piercing glance at him, that vaguely recalled her father to his mind. "From Surbiton? You came from Surbiton just now?"

'Yes," he faltered.

"You have been to see Mr. Hope?" Marsten was undeniably confused, and the girl saw it. A flush of anger overspread

"If your visit was a secret one, of course I don't expect you to answer my question." "It was not intended to be a secret visit, but---but Mr. Hope asked me not to mention

"Not to mention it to my father?"

"To any one." Edna Sartwell gazed at the unhappy young man, with a look of reproach in her eyes, and also-alas!-a look of scorn.

and also-alast-a look of scorn. "I can see by your face," she said indig-nantly, "that you don't want my father to that you have been talking to Mr. The expla-have been here or at Surbiton? The expla-have been here or at Surbiton? The expla-have been here or at Surbiton?

"My face does not tell you everything I think, Miss Sartwell," replied Marsten, with a burst of courage that astonished himself. "I saw Mr. Hope about the strike, and i was his wish, not mine, that Mr. Sartwell should not know I had been there. But am wrong in saying it was not mine. don't want Mr. Sartwell to know either." "Well, I call that treachery," cried the

girl, her face ablaze. 'To whom?" asked Marsten, the color leaving his face as it mounted in hers.

'To my father.' "It may be treachery, as you say, but not



EDNA HAD HER HAT ON.

to Mr. Sartwell. It is treachery to the union and perhaps, for he is secretary to the union and leader of the strike, while I am a member well, yes," said *Edna, laughing con-"Well, yes," said *Edna, laughing that is putting it a feater of the strike, while I am a monoto be treacherous to Mr. Eartwell, for we are at war with each other."

thought he could do you a favor." said the girl, disdainfully. The young man looked at her in speechless

'Ob, yes, she continued, "he told me of It-that night I was last at the office. He refused you and you were angry then. I thought at the time you were morely disap-pointed, and I spoke to him on your behalf, but he said I knew nothing about you, and I see I didn't. I never thought you were a person who would plot behind your em-

Miss Sartwell," said Marsten, speaking alowly. clowly, "you are entirely wrong in your opinion of me. I feel no resentment against Mr. Sartwell, and I hope he has none against me. You spoke of treachery just now. My treachery, as I have said, is against Gibbons mean to dercse him if I can get enough of he men to vote with me. Then the way will be smooth for Mr. Sartwell to put an end to this trouble, which I am sure is causing

The girl bent her perplexed face upon the you my plans. ground absent-mindedly disturbing the please, please jump down. "Oh, gravel on the walk with the tiny toe of her very neat boot. The young man devoured mother may be here at any moment. The cry of "Edna" came again from the her with his eves, and yearned toward her in) iouse.

his heart. At last she looked suddenly up at him. with a wavering smile. "It's all right yet," whispered Marsten "But I must know what you think of my plans. I'll be here at this hour tomorrow, and if the coast is clear would you throw "I am sorry I stopped you," she plans. "Perhaps you don't know what it is to think more of one person than all the rest of the world together. My father is everything to your shawl, or a ribbon, or anything on the wall where my coat was, so that I can see it from this side?" me, and when I saw you I was alraid some-thing had happened to him. It doesn't seem right that I should keep anything from him. If you are seen it will spoil "Do go.

everything. I don't know what to say about tomorrow. I'll think it over." t doesn't seem right that I should put anything in the way of a quick settlement. "Remember. I shall be on this side. You make everything so clear that I must consult When did a woman ever waver without ycu about this-it is very important." "Ycs, yes. I promise, but you are risking it all by remaining there." the man in the case taking instant anvantage

her indecision, turning her own weapons Marsten jumped down into another man's "Don't you see." said Marsten, cagerly, garden and pushed his trespass ruthlessly over and through whatever came in his way intil he reached the gate and was once more

or, the public way. The safety signal, "To Be Let," was in the windows of the house and on a board above the high wall. "Ah, Barney Hope," he multered, clench-ing his fist, "all the good things of this world are not for you. Once over the wall is worth a dozen times through the gate. I fancy I need instruction on my duty to my then worry himself quite unnecessarily. Yes, I believe that is true. Well, then,

promise not to tell him of your visit, unless employers quite as much as you requir having your obligations to the workingman explained to you." I want to know all about your plans, and

CHAPTER XVI. "Edna, where are you?" 'Here, mother."

Edna led the way down the garden path, stopping at last where some chairs were "You heard me calling you; why did you cattered under a wide spreading tree "I have answered by coming to you. How is Mr. Hope?" "In a dreadfully nervous state. He thinks

'Sit down," she said. "We can talk here ntirely undisturbed. Marsten sat down, with Edna Sartwell he is not hurt, but I am sure he has been injured internally, which is far worse than outward wounds, as I told him. He seems opposite him, in the still seclusion of the remotest depths of that walled garden. He would not have exchanged his place for one to be strung on wires, and jumps every time his wife makes the most casual remark to him. I advised him to see a physician and in Paradise, and he thought his lucky stars were fighting for him. But it is fated that every man must pay for his pleasure sooner know the worst at once. And Mrs. tells me he acts very queerly. He took scarcely any breakfast this morning, yet bethat fate required of him cash down. He had no credit in the bank of the gods. "Now, although I have promised,"

fore lunch he ordered into the study a simply enormous meal, and devoured it all began Edna, 'I am sure you are wrong in think-ing my father would be displeased if he alone." "Perhaps that was because he had taken knew we talked over the strike together, and

"'No, child, you don't know what you are talking about. There are some things Mr. Hope can never touch without being ill after-ward. Mrs. Hope is very careful of his I have said I will not tell him you were here, it is not because I fear he will be annoyed at that, but because I would have certainly to tell him of your Surbiton visit as well, and, as you say, he might not think you were justified in going to Mr. Hope, no matter what your intentions were. But with me it is quite different. He would just diet. There's pickles, for instance; he hasn't fouched a pickle for sixteen years, yet today te consumed a great quantity, and drank a whole bottle of beer, besides roast beef and cheese and ever so many other things. Mrs. laugh at our discussing the situation, as he Hope, poor woman, is sitting with folded hands, waiting for him to die. I never saw such a look of heavenly resignation on any does over the conversations I have with Mr. Barnard Hope in this very garden.

"Ah, Mr. Barnard Hope comes here, does human face before 'As on Mr. Hope's?" "Yes, quite often ever since the He takes the greatest possible inegan. erest in the condition of the working-

nan.' "Does he? It is very much to his credit. That's what I say, but father just laughs ay1 him. He thinks Mr. Hope is a good deal

head.

tended to say. But I don't think so. He may be frivolous-or rather he may have been frivolous, but that was before he came to recognize his responsibilities. think him a very earnest young man, and exceedingly humble about it, asying that he hopes his earnestness will make up

for any lack of ability that-""""Then he needs all the earnestness can bring to bear upon the subject." "Oh, he realizes that," cried Edna, enthusiastically. "If there is only some one to point film the way, he says, he will do everything that lies in his power to assist

the workingman in bettering his condition. I have told him that his own vaciliation of "He vacillates, does he?" "He vacillates, does he?" "Dreadfully. He will leave here today, for instance, thoroughly convinced that a

was away?" "I have not been in the house since you loft. certain course of action is right. Tomor-row he will return, having thought over when will you learn to have some responsi-it, and he has ever so many objections that bility? How can you expect the maids to certain course of action is right.

It is perhaps too much for me to expect patience from you, when he has so little.

"That is not my meaning, but never mind. Please tell me if he was in danger." "We are all of us in danger every mo of our lives, and saved from it by ment merciful interposition and not by any virtu-of our puny efforts. How often, how often have I made my poor endeavor to impres this great truth on your father's mind, only to be met with scorn' and scoffing, as I corn and scoffing would avail on the last-Why are you acting so, Edna? You pac

up and down the room in a way that is-regret to say it-most unladylike. You shouldn't spring from your chair in that abrupt manner. I say that scoffing will not avail. Surely I have a right to make the statement in my own house! When I said to your father this very morning that he should not boast in his own strength, which is but fleeting, but should put his trust in a higher power, he answered that he did-the police were on the ground. What that but scoffing? He knew I was not re-ferring to the police."

Edna had left the room before her step of some kind. nother completed the last sentence, and when the much-tried woman, arising with a weary sigh, followed the girl into the hall she found herself confronted with another his hand. domestic tribulation. Edna had her hat on and wes clasping her cloak.

"Where are you going?" asked her amazed stepmother. "To London." "To London! Does your father know o

this? "He will. I am going to take a hanson from the station to the works."

"What! Drive through that howling noh?

"The howling mob won't hurt me." "Child, you are crazy! What is the mean-ng of this?" (To be Continued.)

CONNUBIALITIES.

An Indiana man got four wives by adver-tising, and yet there are people who fool-ishly contend that advertising doesn't pay. A Fairfield, Conn., man who swore that no woman should ever enter his house again, after his wife and daughter died a few years ago, has just married a Swede, aged 30.

Count Pappenheim, who married Miss Wheeler of Philadelphia, wants a divorce. He married her for her money, but he could not get it, and he naturally concludes that marriage is a fallure.

Before a man'is married he doesn't think the phrase "oin money" can have much meaning. After he has been married awhile, he is apt to Unink that his wife must have had diamond bins in mind when abe spoke of it.

A love-sick swain of 103 has taken a blushing bride vo 101 in a Kentucky town. The ceremony was witnessed by 1,000 rela-tives and friends, and the couple drove in a one-houad shay, 53 years old. Love will find a way

"Edna, don't be pert. You know very well i mean Mrs. Hope." "Really, mother, I didn't. I thought per-haps Mr. Hope was resigned. What does he districts, where Sunday has become the favor-"He says it hasn't hurt him in the least, t Mia. Hope merely sighs and shakes her of the hard-seeking pareons.

A story is going the rounds to the effect that some years ago Governor-elect Tanner She knows what is in store for sry, and tired of too much dieting. I hope Miss English to matry him, but she replied with a construction to matry him, but she replied KIT PUT HIS EYE TO ONE OF THI with a promise to do so when he became Governor of Illinois. When he became state treasurer, he again pressed his suit 'Edna, you have too little experience

and, much as I regret to say it, too little sense to understand what it means. Mr. sense to understand what it means. Mr. Hope's digestive organs have always been weak-always. If it had not been for his wile's anxious care, he would have been dead long ago. She allowed him out of her sight for a few minutes this morning, and refused all callers, except myself and one or two of her own very dearest friends, one or two of her own very dearest friends. paled.

She fears y has com-that has received the full and final approval the doesn't of Colonel Robert J. Ingersoll. Miss Bartlett, that the excitement of yesterday has com-pletely ruined his nerves, and that he doesn't icnow what he is doing, although he insists he feels as well as ever he did, but I said to Mrs. Hope I would have the best medical advice at once if I were in her place. Who was it called here to see your father while 1 was aver?

worthy of consideration. Her methods and their results have been severely criticised by orthodox Christians who believe in the letter as well as the spirit of the gospel. But no one has questioned the genuinely good material results that have followed her plan

A TALL, HEAVY SET MAN STOOD NEAR A FEW SLUMBERIN EMBERSG.

spot in the woods where he would camp with the evident intention of looking into alone, as he had often done, and take a look the boy's retreat when the voice of the at a favorite turkey ground in the early Mexican commander called him back. morning.

"The old place must be infested with rats, colonel," said Santa Anna." I as-Rumora of the near approach of Santa Anna's army, before which General Houston sure you that we are the only human had been retreating for some time, had reached the Texan town before he quitted tenants, but if your suspicions continue, why, we can search it before we go away it, and he resolved to make a wide detour in But half satisfied, the Mexican colonel came back to the council of war and again Night overtook the boy in a part of the ountry with which he was familiar, and the four bent over the map and coolly

cussed the annihilation of General Housknowing where to find an abandoned cabin in which he could rest till morning, he di-Kit, the little Texan, lay quite close now Kit reached and scarcely breathed whild he looked down

rected his course toward it. the old shanty and entered, finding it dark pon the animated scene as revealed by the enough and just the place for an adventure one candle. KIT'S DECISION. The little Texan was about to strike a ligh

"If General Houston and his brave men with his tinder box when he heard the shrill whinney of a horse and the sound stayed are to be saved I must not linger here." he

said to himself. "The suspicious colonel will insist on searching this place before they "What if I have run across the Mexicans already?' he asked himself as he stepped to the door and listened, his rifle resting in the if I stay." if I stay." With the greatest caution he crept toward

cillow of his arm. "Can it be that I am to have an encounter with the enemics a little window in one end of the attic and looked out. The night was not dark enough to con As he listened, he heard approaching

horses, and then distinguished human voices. ceal the forms of the horses near the cabin IN THE ATTIC.

"They are headed for the cabin sure hough." said Kit. "What if they surprise enough. to here like a rat in a trap?" Why, here's a house!" exclaimed a voice

hopes of avoiding the Mexicans.

Texas?

ceal the forms of the horses hear the cabin and hitched to trees there, and the moment Kit saw them he formed a hasty plan. It was a long drop to the ground, with fears of breaking a limb, and the boy did not intend risking it. He believed that he could climb down the logs on the outside as he had climbed into the garret from the

inside, and, with the rifle secured to his back by a leather strap, he lowered himself from the window, It was a hazardous adventure for the boy

for the least noise would betray him and a fall would seal his doom. Well did the little borderer know that life trembled in the balances of fate as hand over hand, with the skillfulness of an Alclimber, he made the descent could hear the officers in the cabin and through the chinks between the logs he ould catch glimpses of the council of war. At last Kit dropped to the ground with

softness of a cat and for half a minute stood still and listened.

He had gotten out of the old trap and so far was safe, but he had not passed the dan-

Making his way to the horses he proached them with the skill he knew; they stood around the trees near the cabin and did not seem to see him. Once the boy went out of his way far

nough to look into the hut, the officers having left the door open, and he saw the angular figure of the arch enemy of Texas

in the light of the puttering candle A thrill went through the little marksman as he thought how some of General Hous-ton's sharpshooters would have halled the opportunity he then on oyed; the life of Santa Anna would not have been worth the candle at his feet, for they hated him and with all

a Texan's hatred. Turning from the cabin, Kit, the Texas boy, moved toward the horses and began to

intle the nearest one. Ho saw that the animal was caparisoned after the manner of the horses of Mexican

officers, and while he worked at the lines he threw cautious glances at the cabin at this juncture, and the face of the boy The council might end abruptly and the men might emerge from the empty hut. "Mexicans!" he cried, shrinking into the

OFF FOR HOUSTON'S CAMP. structure, and standing for a moment in the middle of the floor undecided. It did not take the boy long to untie the steed he had selected, and the following mo-

Knowing the inside structure of cabins of the sort, he had invaded, the boy sprang to one end and in another minute was climbnent he threw himself into the saddle. He had heard that General Houston wa ing up the rough logs like a squirrel. He knew there was an attic overhead and felt that it would afford him a hiding place ncamped at a certain spot miles from the cone of his adventure, and he resolved to ide thither and warn the friend of Texas

feit that it would afford him a hoing place in case the Mexicans decided to enter the shanty and spend the night there. Kit was quite successful in his climb, for in a short time he was enabled to draw himself up into the attic of the old place and then he crept Kit was tolerably well acquainted with tho lay of the land, having roamed over it during his hunting expeditions; but he had never penetrated to the place where the Texans ere supposed to be encamped. Kit guided the horse from the spot and fo

across the floor in the dark. Suddenly a gleam of light shot up from below and Kit put his eyes to one of the cracks in the old floor. His surprise was very great when he dissome time rode slowly, but suddenly bending forward he spoke to the animal, which started off at a lively gait. The four Mexicans then left the cabin an

covered four men in uniform gathered round

CRACKS IN THE FLOOR.

all day.". "We're only playing, ma," pleaded Jennie in her brother's behalf. "He's pa and I'm you." Bobbie-Mother, were all the bad men de-stroyed by the flood? Mother-Yes, my son.

Bobbie (who has just received a whipping from his father)-When is there going to be another flood? Teacher-Tommy, what do you mean, you

naughty boy? Tommy-I aint do you mean, you naughty boy? Tommy-I aint doin' nothin'. Teacher-Why, Tommy! you whisiled; I heard you. Tommy-My mother says you shouldn't believe all you hear.

"I ate more mince pie an' turkey yester-day than you did," boasted one boy, "No, you didn't. I ate the most." Let's tell our dreams and see."

"Tommy Thompson is a mighty lucky boy, ain't he, ma?" "Why is Tommy lucky?" 'Cause his ma can't spank him with a hair rush." "And why can't she?" "'Cause brush." their hair brushes ain't got no handles.

A little Somerville girl going to church with her mother last Sunday saw some men working on the street car tracks. "See those men breaking the Sabbath," said her-mother, thinking to suggest a moral lesson.

The little girl watched them gravely. Then she looked up in her mother's face and said: "And can't God mend lt?"

WINTER SONG.

Sing me a song of the flerce north wind Whirling the snow into eddles and wave Tell of the have he leaves behind As he onward raves.

Sing me a song of the flashing steel That skims the face of the pool and pond Of the tingling blood the skaters feel, And of glances fond.

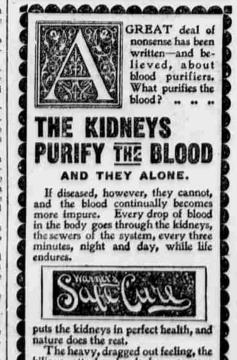
Sing of the cider and nuts and wine Of the sparkling cup with its wreath of foam, Of the flaming logs of the scented pine,

Oh, sing of home!

Sing of the frost and the cold without, Of the jingle of bells as the cutters spin, The echoing laughter and merry shout And the joyous din.

Sing how the wind for the dead year walls, The stark dead year in his mantle hid; of stars that spangle the sky like nulls In his coffin lid.

ISABEL RICHEY. Plattsmouth, Neb.



The heavy, dragged out feeling, the billous attacks, headaches, nervous unrest, fickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions. There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence. Be self-convinced through per-sonal percof.

sonal proof.