

# THE OMAHA MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER"

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

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## HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Devas.

### CHAPTER X.

The burlesque was an immense success; every one was talking about it; every one wanted to go to the next performance at Kew. It was with supreme satisfaction that Mrs. Waldo surveyed her guests at the second and third performances. At last a crowd of "wells," of princes, potentates, and powers, were gathered together under her roof.

No one in this august company took much notice of Mrs. Waldo. On arrival, they bowed to the first lady who might be supposed to be the mistress of the house, and often were quite wrong. Then they passed in to their seats in the theatre and conducted themselves after the manner of the best society at all public performances. In other words, they carried on their talk, laughed loudly, and made merry, without considering that their voices were often louder than those of the actors, all of whom they criticised audibly in the most candid fashion.

"Who's that beautiful girl?" some one asked. And all consulted their satin playbills as Josephine made her entrance.

"The Genius of the Ring," said Mrs. Waldo.

"Surtees! Surtees!" said a late arrival. "That's queer!"

"What do you mean?" asked his nearest neighbor.

"Who are these Waldos? City people, aren't they?"

"Certainly, they're got a tiff of some kind in the East. Rich as Rothschilds, I believe."

"I thought so. But this name of Surtees—it's an extraordinary coincidence. That's why I asked."

The gossip was pressed to explain. "You'll find it in all the evening papers. I got one as I came down. Look here."

There, in the second edition of the Globe, displayed in large type, was the announcement of the robbery at Waldo's bank, and the arrest of a bank cashier.

"Surtees, you see—Robert Surtees is the name of the thief. These must be his belongings."

"They're his children—that all."

"Poor things!"

In order to explain the paragraph in the Globe, it is necessary to describe what had occurred that morning at the bank.

Soon after eleven a.m. Mr. Dandy, the senior partner, had come in. He was presently followed by Mr. Fiske, whose appearance was now pretty well known in the establishment. Megale, winked, and Mr. Surtees, who was in his own little glass room, glanced up nervously at the detective as he passed through.

Mr. Waldo, who was waiting in the bank parlor, shook hands with Mr. Dandy, and invited the police officer to sit down.

"Thank you, sir," replied the detective, briefly. "Perhaps we had better get to business. Will you send for your cashier?"

"You are determined, then, to proceed to extremities?" asked Mr. Waldo, looking very unhappy.

Mr. Fiske turned to the senior partner as though appealing for support.

"Really, Waldo, we have no alternative, I think," said Mr. Dandy, in a dry, hard voice. "The facts which Mr. Fiske has brought to light, taken in connection with the other circumstances, afford a presumption, a very strong presumption, that the thief is sitting down."

"That Mr. Surtees did the trick," interrupted the detective; "I'm as certain of it as that I'm standing here. But if he's to be 'run in' we mustn't waste time. He's had more than enough already to 'sing the song.'"

"Eh?" inquired Mr. Waldo innocently.

"To conceal any damaging papers, that's what I mean. Shall we get on?"

Mr. Dandy, in reply, rang the bell.

"Mr. Surtees has been speaking very slowly, when the cashier came in, 'it will be in your memory that some weeks ago a large parcel of bonds—Portuguese bonds—were abstracted—lost from the strong-room of the bank?'"

"Yes, unfortunately, I remember it too well," stammered Mr. Surtees.

"You remember, too, that at that time you, with Mr. Waldo, had the custody of the keys of the strong room?"

Mr. Surtees bowed.

"Before you say any further," again interrupted Mr. Fiske. "It is right that Mr. Surtees should be told he need not answer any questions, unless he likes. Whatever he says now will be taken down, and may be used by and-by."

Mr. Surtees turned very pale as he realized the meaning of this formula.

"Is it possible, gentlemen, that you still suspect me?" he began.

"I am afraid we have very good grounds," replied Mr. Dandy, gravely.

Fiske put up his hand as though to check any indiscretion, and said, abruptly:

"I have a search-warrant against you, Mr. Surtees. Will you give me your keys? I mean the keys of your desk and drawers here. And, as the cashier seemed to hesitate, he went on:—"If you do not, I shall break open the locks. The warrant authorizes us, you understand."

Mr. Surtees, without a word of protest, surrendered his keys.

The search must be made in your presence and that of competent persons. Perhaps you two gentlemen will assist?" Mr. Fiske bowed to the partners, who led the way to the cashier's room.

Mr. Surtees worked at a high desk of the conventional pattern. On each side of the seat were drawers, some locked, some open, many of them crammed with papers, old let-

ters, and other litter, for the cashier was not very methodical in his habits, and this rubbish was the accumulation of years.

The detective hunted high and low, turned over every bundle, read religiously, and examined every scrap; but after an hour's work he was compelled to confess that so far he had drawn a blank.

"We shall have to try the house at Chiswick," he said to himself. "I was wrong to suppose that the man would keep anything important here. But have I looked at everything?"

And Mr. Fiske cast his eyes slowly over every corner of the room.

"That tin-box, Mr. Surtees—a deed-box, I think—what does that contain, eh?"

"Law-papers, mostly, and documents of a private nature," said Mr. Surtees.

"Aha! which is the key, pray?"

And Mr. Fiske opened the box, from which he took out a dozen or more of those unmistakable bundles encased in the law stationer and tied up with red tape.

"These are law-papers, as you say. But there are securities also, I observe?"

"My own private property."

"Your own, eh? So you held Portuguese of your own, Mr. Surtees? Strange coincidence!"

Mr. Fiske, with admirable self-possession, a parcel of bonds of the same character as those which had been missed.

"Yes; those are my own. I bought them years ago to hold as an investment, as I can prove."

"You own, eh? So you held Portuguese of your own, Mr. Surtees? Strange coincidence!"

Mr. Fiske, with admirable self-possession, a parcel of bonds of the same character as those which had been missed.

"Yes; those are my own. I bought them years ago to hold as an investment, as I can prove."

"You own, eh? So you held Portuguese of your own, Mr. Surtees? Strange coincidence!"

said the young baronet, speaking in a quick, excited voice. "I thought, I might be of some use, perhaps."

"Are you aware what has occurred exactly?" asked Josephine anxiously.

"In a vague way. That is all I know. You see I know all these things—about—'police prisons'—he would have said the words seemed harsh—'about law; and if you will let me I gladly help."

"We must go to him at once," said Josephine, with decision. "I will want to see us."

"Where is Clerkenwell Prison?" inquired Bob innocently.

"I know," said Sir Richard. "I can get there by the Metropolitan Railway. It's a little late for visiting, but perhaps the governor will admit us under the circumstances."

"You will come with us?" said Josephine, as she looked at Sir Richard, gratefully.

"To be sure I will. First of all let Bob get a few things together in a dressing-bag; your father will need them—and," he whispered, "wash your face." It still wore its theatrical rouge.

"There will be many things to see to," he went on, "and I have no doubt I can help. It will be necessary to secure the best legal advice. Have you thought of that?"

"I hardly understand—I feel quite dazed," replied Josephine, blankly.

"I only know that your great kindness overcomes me, and that I cannot express all the gratitude I feel."

"It is at times of great trial such as this that you should be able to count upon your friends," said the young man, gravely, and with great self-restraint.

"I think—I feel sure that you are a true friend, Sir Richard," and Josephine frankly put her hand into his, as if to prove the sincerity of her words.

"Friend!" he cried, as he drew the sweet girl towards him. "Friendship is but a cold word to express all that I feel towards you. Believe me, Miss Surtees, Josephine."

"Don't, please don't," she pleaded with crimson cheeks. "Not now. I must not listen to you."

"But I may speak—by-and-by when this black cloud has disappeared? You will not send me away then?"

The answer was almost inaudible, but Richard Dant interpreted it in the way he wished.

"My darling!" he whispered, as he stooped down and kissed her solemnly on the lips. "I can wait. Meanwhile we will share this terrible trouble together. My love shall support and strengthen you; yours will arm and encourage me to spare no effort in your behalf."

"Hush! Please let me go; here is Bob," said Josephine, hastily disengaging herself, ran from the room.

Half an hour later brother, sister, and staunch friend reached the gloomy gates of the prison known as the House of Detention, and after some difficulty obtained permission to enter the goal.

They were escorted to a cell, where the warden unlocked a trap in the door, to which there was an inner grating of perforated zinc, and through this they described the unfortunate cashier, who had been in a very painful scene followed. Mr. Surtees was greatly agitated.

"I am innocent as the child unborn," he protested, speaking in a broken voice, as though overcome by the shame of his position.

"Dearest father, do I think we doubt it?" said Josephine; "we know you have been grievously wronged."

"It shall be rectified, rest assured," added Sir Richard.

"Appearances may be against me, but they can't, they must, be explained away," went on Mr. Surtees.

"It is some infamous plot against your good name," said Bob, hotly. "Only let me find out the villains!"

"Trust to us," said Sir Richard, as the visit drew to a close, "everything possible shall be done. Your son and daughter allowed me to accompany them to-night because they know that I share their deep distress. You have my most sincere sympathy, believe me, in this great trial."

"You are too good, Sir Richard. I can never thank you sufficiently. You will prove a staunch champion, I feel sure," said the poor prisoner.

Bob and Josephine echoed these expressions of gratitude; then, with many assurances of affection, and of faith in his innocence, they left their father in his cell.

In the days following they had many more interviews with Mr. Surtees. Sir Richard, too, came frequently, alone, or with the solicitor to whom, after much thought, he had entrusted the case.

This was Mr. Levi Liljebrath, a gentleman of Hebrew extraction, who had made a great name and a substantial fortune in Old Bailey practice. He was a thorn in the side of every police magistrate, and had more than once, by his astute devices, upset the most elaborate Treasury prosecutions.

Whenever Mr. Liljebrath was employed it was understood that the case, taken on its merits, was weak.

(To Be Continued.)

Following is the range of quotations:—

Shippers, per cwt.	\$4.25	\$5.00
Butchers, choice...	4.00	4.50
Butchers, ordinary...	3.25	3.75
Butchers, inferior...	2.75	3.00
Choice ewes, per cwt.	0.00	3.00
Butcher sheep, each...	2.00	3.00
Lambs, each...	2.50	3.50
Bucks, per cwt.	2.25	2.50
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each...	30.00	45.00
Calves, each...	2.00	10.00

Hogs.

Choice hogs, per cwt.	0.00	6.50
Light hogs, per cwt.	0.00	6.25
Heavy hogs, per cwt.	0.00	6.25
Sows, per cwt.	3.50	4.00
Stags, per cwt.	0.00	2.00

FARMERS' MARKET.

Trade was dull on the street market to-day, but receipts, particularly of poultry, were very heavy. Chickens and butter were a little easier; other prices were steady.

Grain receipts were fair only and prices were about steady.

Wheat—Was steady, 200 bu of new selling at 68c per bu. Old wheat is quoted at 71c to 73c. Two hundred bu of new sold at 60c to 67c. Old red brought 70c to 72c, and 300 bu of goose sold at 65c per bu.

Barley—Was steady, 1,500 bu selling at 48c to 57c per bu.

Staw—Were steady, one load selling at 39c to 41c per bu.

Rye—Was steady, one load selling at 54c per bu.

Butter—Was easier and the offerings were plentiful. Pound rolls brought 17c to 19c and crocks 15c to 16c.

Poultry—The offerings were very liberal, and the demand being light prices fell a little, at 35c to 50c per pair.

Hay—Was firmer and receipts were light. 10 loads selling at \$11 to \$12.50.

Straw—One load sold at \$11.

Clover—Three loads sold at \$8 to \$9.50.

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKETS.

Buffalo, Oct. 15.—Flour steady. Spring wheat steady. No. 1 northern old, 77c; do new, 73c. Winter wheat no offerings. Corn firm for yellow, easy for mixed. No. 2 yellow, 61c; No. 3, 61c; No. 2 corn, 61c; No. 3, 60c. Oats firm. No. 2 white, 40c; No. 3, 40c; No. 2 mixed, 38c; No. 3, 38c. Barley. Little doing; firm at 58c to 63c for common to fancy c.i.f. Rye, No. 2 57c. Canal freights steady.

EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKETS.

London, Oct. 15.—Opening—Wheat, on passage quiet and steady; cargoes about No. 1 Calif., iron, arrived, 28s sellers. Maize, on passage firm but not active. Yesterday's country markets, English quiet but steady, French quiet but steady.

Liverpool, Oct. 15.—Close—Spot wheat steady. No. 1 standard California, 5s 9d to 5s 9 1/2d; Walla, 5s 8d to 5s 8 1/2d; No. 2 red winter, 5s 6d to 5s 6 1/2d; No. 1 northern spring, 5s 6d to 5s 7d; futures dull; December 5s 6 1/2d, March 5s 8 1/2d. Spot corn steady. November 4s 11d to 4s 11 1/2d; futures dull; October 4s 10 1/2d, December 4s 10 1/2d. Flour, 17s 3d to 18s 6d.

Paris, Oct. 15.—Opening—Wheat dull; October 21f 20c, January and April 22f 20c. Flour dull; October 27f 15c, January and April 28f 15c. Paris—Close—Wheat dull; October 21f 15c, January and April 22f 15c. Flour dull; October 27f 10c, January and April 28f 10c.

Antwerp, Oct. 15.—Spot wheat firm; No. 2 red winter unchanged at 15 1/2f.

MEMORANCE.

How It Can be Done.

Memorance in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the IMPERISHABLE RECORDS.

you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor, there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. The kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in the appreciation of others as the gates of heaven will stand, as the "house of many mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will stand.

Another defeat of oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift, or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a disheartened man into a courageous man, every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding us, or no morning-tongue may ever whisper of our human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work on it will go, wherever that soul rises your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last. Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ, that you, by prayer or gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth as known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a TEMPLE FOR THE SKY.

We teach a Sabbath class or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passer-by, or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting or preach a sermon and go home discouraged as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that will never crumble or quake or roll of the centuries can damage or bring down.

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned, or the face of a dead general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage. This custom of tattooing is almost universal in the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out. It may have been there fifty years, but when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him to heaven or to hell. Now, God says He has tattooed us upon our hearts. There can be no other meaning of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands!" It was as much as to say: "I cannot open my hand to help, but I think of you. I cannot spread abroad My hands to bless, BUT I THINK OF YOU."

Wherever I go up and down the heavens, I take these two pictures of you with Me. They are so wrought into My being that I cannot lose the memory of you will last. Not on the back of my hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of my hands for myself to look at and study and love. Though I hold the winds in My fist, no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of you upon My heart. I have seen and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of My hand, its billows shall not wash out the record of my remembrance. "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!"

What joy, what honor, can there be comparable to that of being remembered by the most affectionate Being in the universe? Think of it, to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God! The heart of God! The most beautiful palace in the universe. Let the archangel build a palace as grand as he can build then you are in that palace of archangelic construction and see how poor a palace it is compared with the greater palace that some of you have already found in the heart of a loving and pardoning God and into which all the music and all the prayers and all the solemn considerations of this day are trying to introduce you through the blood of

THE SLAIN LAMB.

Oh, where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I knew it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchred. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave I go all our sins and the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again. Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet a voice responds, half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Thank God for this blessed oblivion. So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but up on a throne, not in-

to the graveyard, to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all a-bloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

LEADING MARKETS.

The Euling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

Toronto, Oct. 15.—Wheat.—The market is rather easier. New red and white are offering at 65c middling freights, and buyers quote 64c for new and 45c for old. Goose wheat is steady at 60c for No 2 east, and 58c middle freights. Manitoba wheat is easier. No 1 hard sold today at 70c grinding in transit; No 1 northern is quoted at 77c. No 1 hard is quoted at 77c, and No 1 northern at 75c local delivery Toronto and west.

Flour.—Is quiet. Holders of ordinary 90 per cent. patents are asking \$2.65 in buyers' bags middle freights and exporters quote \$2.62. Choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher.

Manitoba flour is steady at \$4 for Hungarian qualities and \$3.70 for strong bakers' in car lots, bags included, Toronto.

Milled—Is steady at \$15 to \$15.50 for shorts and \$12.50 for bran in car lots west.

Barley—Is steady at 50c to 51c for No. 1 47c for No. 2, 45c for No. 3 extra and 42c for No. 2 middle freights, and 1c to 2c more would be paid on a low freight to New York.

Rye—Is steady at 49c bid east and 50c asked, and 48c bid middle freights and 49c asked.

Corn—Is steady at 54c bid for Ontario mixed and 52c bid for yellow west. American No 3 yellow is quoted at 63c Toronto.

Oats—The market is steady at 35c bid for No 2 white east and on a low freight to New York and 34c to 34 1/2c middle freights.

Ontario—is steady, and cars of barrels are quoted at \$4.25, bags at \$4.10 Toronto and broken lots at 25c more.

Peas—Are steady at 71c for No 2 north and west and 72c for middle freights.

PROVISIONS.

Prices of hog products have continued firm, because of the strong demand and the light stocks held by packers. Goods are all easily sold as rapidly as they come in.

Pork—Canada short cut, \$22; heavy mess, \$21.50.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear bacon, tons 11c, cases 12c and small lots at 12c; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c; hams, 14c to 14 1/2c; rolls, 12c to 12 1/2c; shoulders, 11c; backs, 15c to 16c; green meats out of pickle are quoted at 1c less than smoked.

Lard—Tierces 11c, tubs 12c and pails 12c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—There is a strong demand for the best grades, but the market is still being flooded with poor and medium stuff, which can be sold only at great sacrifice. Choice dairy packed and pound rolls are in better demand, but prices are steady at 16c to 17c. Good to medium grades are quoted at 13c to 15c and low grades at 12c. Creamery is in good demand and steady at 18c to 20c for solid and 21c to 21 1/2c for prints.

Eggs—The market is firm and there is a strong demand for selected stock. Offerings, however, are light. Prices are firm at 17c for the best. Ordinary are quoted at 14c to 16c.

Poultry—The demand is strong for good fresh killed, and the receipts are heavy. Prices are steady. Choice dry-plucked chickens are quoted at 45c to 50c and scalded at 30c to 40c. Live chickens are quoted at 40c to 50c. Turkeys are in fair demand, but offerings are light. Choice young turkey hens would sell at 10c to 12c, young gobblers at 10c to 11c, and old gobblers at 9c.

Potatoes—There is much inquiry for car lots, but none are forthcoming because of the scarcity of cars, all being used for grain. Dealers are unable to obtain goods, although they have commissions already to fulfill, and farmers are unable to market their stock. Cars on the track here are quoted at 60c per bag. Potatoes out of store are quoted at 70c to 75c.

Baled Hay—The offerings are scarce owing to lack of cars; the demand is fair and the market is steady. Cars on the track here are quoted at \$5 to \$5.50.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Oct. 15.—The receipts today were 60 carloads of live stock, including 1,600 hogs, 850 cattle, 1,300 sheep and lambs, and about the usual run of calves and milkers.

For good cattle, either export or shipping, there was a good demand at unchanged prices, but poor cattle dragged, and prices were weak.

Small stuff was again weak, and in addition to the large supply of today, a considerable quantity was over from yesterday. Sheep are about steady, but lambs are weaker.

The best price for "singers" is 63c per lb; thick fat and light hogs were 62c per lb.

Hogs to fetch the top price must be of prime quality, and scale not below 160 nor above 200 lbs.

NOT IN ORDER.

In a certain Lanarkshire village a meeting was called to consider the advisability of erecting a bridge over a burn which had been heretofore crossed by means of stepping-stones.

The schoolmaster, who presided over the meeting, warmly advocated the erection of a bridge in an eloquent speech, when a local worthy, who was something of a character and noted for his outspokenness, got up and interrupted:—

"Hoot, hoot, schoolmaster, you're fair halverin', man! Who wad gang an' put a brig over sicca a wee bit burnie as you? Losh, man, I cud cross it wi' a stannin' jump!"

"Order, order," exclaimed the chairman, angrily. "You are clearly out of order."

"I ken I'm oot o' order," rejoined the interrupter, "but the laughter of the audience." "If I was in order, I cud jump as fair again!"

Preacher—"When you're tempted to drink, think of your wife at home."

Henpeck—"I do—and that's what drives me to drink."

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DOLLY IN STRAWBERRY DESIGN.