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IRA L. BARE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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SEAT WARMER KEM, the unknown congressman from the Sixth Nebraska district, left Broken Bow for Washington last week. This is the last we will hear of Kem for the next six months.

AN effort will be made to have congress establish at Omeha a military school patterned after West Point. Omaha is undoubtedly well located for such a school. but as West Point is turning out more lieutenants than the army requires, there is doubt of the need of a second school.

As soon as the Douglas county officers elected at the last election assume their offices they propose to transfer certain departments from the Bee building to the buildings owned by the public. This will save the taxpayers over $2,000 per year and deprive Rosewater of that much rent. The "howling dervishes" are therefore killing two birds with one stone.

THE O'Neil Frontier claims that if the republicans of this congressional district nominate Judge Kinkaid he will be elected. It says: One year ago the ten counties comprising the Fifteenth judicial district gave Kem a majority of 1,400 and elected him to congress. This year Kinkaid carried the same ten counties by a majority of over 1,000. This makes a change of over 2,400 votes. Judge Kinkaid would have beaten Kem one year ago.

IT is said that the beet growers at Valley have decided to leave ninety acres of their crop in the ground on account of lack of a market. The Fremont Tribune advises these farmers to harvest the beets and reduce them to a syrup, which can be done cheaply by means of a crusher and boiler. That paper claims that seventy-five thousand gallons of a fair quality of molasses could be manufactured from the ninety acres of beets.

AMONG Uncle Sam's exports this year is $25,000,000 worth of our rich American girls. They have taken their gold with them and more will follow. It has been a democratic year for American girls as well as for trade. It may be that republicans will have to insert a protection plank in the platform for all American girls worth over a million. There are thousands of them without a dollar of money that are worth that; but they are in no danger from mortgaged Dukes and Princes. —Inter Ocean.

IN his recent address before the Adams County Farmers' Institute, Prof. Sweezy of the state university said that the rainfall in Nebraska was amply sufficient to raise a good crop if the moisture could be retained in the ground. This could be done by mulching or by frequent tillage or shallow surface cultivation, especially immediately following a rain, destroying the capillary action and in this way arresting evaporation. He gave it as his opinion that there was no way by which the rainfall could be increased nor did he think that ponds in sufficient numbers could be established to increase the humidity of the atmosphere to any appreciable extent, and he doubted the advisability of such a system. The professor's address was listened to with marked attention, and was greatly appreciated.

IN speaking of the Keely motor, "Megargee," in the the Philadelphia Times, says: "What has become of all the money? That is a mighty difficult question to answer. Keely himself is a rough, rude, crude man, whose personal habits are not expensive. There is no doubt, however, that vast sums have been expended in useless machinery, devices and tools. One piece of mechanism, which cost $40,000, was paid for and immediately rejected by the inventor because he claimed there was a flaw in it. He thinks nothing of spending $20,000 for a piece of machinery and a few weeks afterward throwing it aside as useless. In that queer-looking workshop of his in Twentieth street, above Master, he certainly does perform the most marvelous things, but how he does it no one but himself knows. I doubt if any one ever will."

THE WRONG LETTER

By JUSTIN MCARTHY.

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They were very happy. If they were not happy, who should be—who could expect to be in such a world as this? They were both young, both handsome, both in good health and strong—and they were man and woman, and they were engaged to be married. The prospects of the young man, Graham Welwyn, were good. He was a young medical man, and had just obtained a very important and promising appointment in one of the English communities in China. The appointment was for five years, and at the end of that time something much better was expected to arise, an appointment in London itself perhaps. Katherine Shirley, who was engaged to him, would of course have to give up London for all that time, and this, it might be said, ought to be some source of regret to her. But, in the first instance, she had a passion for seeing strange places, and in the next she had little or nothing to give up in leaving London.

Colonel Shirley, her father, had married a second time—after the death of Katherine's mother—and he died in about two years. Katherine was 16 years old when her mother died—and was not likely to forget her. She had no brothers or sisters. She had for the last two years been living under the direction of her stepmother, who was kind enough to her, but never quite warmed to her. Mrs. Shirley had always in her mind the idea that the girl resented her intrusion into the household—which was perhaps true enough, although Katherine tried hard not to show it. For she had sense enough to know that a man still handsome like her father, apparently in the fullness of life's prime, would hardly be content to live on the mere memory of a past love from the age of 45. However, all that question was now set at rest. Colonel Shirley died in his prime, and his daughter was left alone with her stepmother. Therefore it was no great grief to her to have to leave England for five years in company with the man to whom she was to be married—the man whom she dearly loved. As to giving up London—why, she was now only 20 years old—and when she came back with her husband after their amusing exile in China she would still be only about 25. Young people get used up very soon now, it would seem, but still there must be considerable capacity for the enjoyment of life left to a woman of 25.

The pair of lovers had been very happy all the afternoon. Graham Welwyn had been to luncheon with Mrs. and Miss Shirley. They lived in a charming detached villa at Sydenham, and they had also a very nice little flat in Victoria street, which they occupied during the season and made use of for frequent runs up to town when the season was not on. It was now early autumn, and the place at Sydenham was delightful. Mrs. Shirley had kindly and thoughtfully left the lovers alone for a good long time. Stepmothers are not always cruel. Probably they are, upon the whole, not any worse than other human beings.

Graham had lingered for nearly two hours. The lovers had been talking everything over—and everything looked so roseate! She was delighted with the change to the entirely new country and surroundings, and in her romantic way was sometimes a little sorry that she did not even get seasick, so that she might seem to be sacrificing something for him. Life now to her seemed all one long summer holiday, with youth forever at the prow, and love, according to the American phrase, bossing the whole show.

"Look here, darling," Graham said as he got up and took his hat, "I must catch this next train for town, but there's something I want to ask your advice about—a woman would know. I've got a letter—from a woman."

"No; really, have you, Tom? Then they can write, these women? I was under the impression that somebody said we couldn't do it."

"Come, now, don't be ridiculous. This is really a matter I do want your serious opinion about. The letter, you see, was not meant for me"—

"No? Then whom was it meant for?"

"That is just what I don't know. It was addressed name and address all right. But it certainly was not meant for me."

"How do you know, Graham, dear?"

"Oh, well, it couldn't, don't you see? It was from a married woman, and it was—well, in fact—a kind of—a sort of a—love letter."

"But how on earth did she send it to you?"

"Well—I know her enough to get invitations to dinner and that—and it occurred to me that she may have been writing several letters and put one into the wrong envelope."

"Oh, but what nonsense! Nobody ever does that except in stupid novels and plays."

"Yes, indeed, I once did it myself. I sent a letter meant for the postmaster general to the manager of a London theater and the letter meant for the manager to the postmaster general."

"You silly boy! But you would hardly, I should think, make such a muddle where you had any deep interest in the matter. You wouldn't inclose a letter for me in an envelope addressed to the postmaster general?"

"Well, no—I don't think I should be likely to do that under any conditions of confusion."

"Fancy," she said thoughtfully, "my putting a letter for you into an envelope addressed to some one else!"

"I can't fancy it, Kitty."

"Neither can I," the girl replied, with a bright smile. "When you get a letter from me, Graham, you may rely upon it that it is meant for you. Don't flatter yourself if I should write tomorrow or next day and give you the nitten, as they say in America, that it is only a letter put into a wrong envelope and really meant for—the postmaster general—or—for"—

"For Louis Alan?"

"Oh, nonsense! Louis Alan never gave me the chance."

"He is such a conceited cad that I fancy he is quite certain you would have him if he asked you. Of course he has a lot more money than I have."

"Now, Graham, I do think you are unjust to poor Louis Alan, and what do I care about his money? I have got what I prize more than money. But I do wish you had let me tell him about our engagement, for I am not sure that he may not ask me even yet, and I should hate to hurt his feelings."

"I couldn't tell a cad like that anything about our private lives. He will get to know it all in good time through the usual channels of information, as the newspapers say."

"Very well; you know best," the girl said resignedly. "But now tell me about this letter from this married lady. What is her name?"

"Oh, I must not tell you that."

"Are there to be secrets from me already?"

"Well, you know, this woman has been doing a foolish thing, and it only came into my knowledge by a mere accident, and there may be no harm in it, and I don't want to make you think worse of her than she deserves."

"Does she sign her name?"

"Just a pet name—by which she is often called, I know."

"How does she address him?"

"She starts off at once without any form of address—an odd thing in itself, don't you think?"

"Why, Graham," the girl said, looking a little annoyed, "you know that is what I always do. I hate these insipid forms—'Dear Mr. Brown' and 'Dear Mrs. Smith,' and so on."

"Yes, I know your sacred principle," he said good humoredly. "But then you don't write love letters."

"Oh, yes, I do."

"Not to the wrong person."

"No—my mind is pretty clear about that," the girl said, with her glad smile.

They talked a little over this misdirected letter, and they both came to the conclusion that the best thing for Gra-

"It was from a married woman."

ham was to do nothing about it. Only a pet name was used, and it was not necessary that Graham should feel at all certain whose the pet name was. It was a commonplace name anyhow, and was borne by dozens of women. So it seemed better that the letter should not be sent back and that the writer should be allowed to assume that the misdirected letter was a misunderstood letter by the man it reached, and was carelessly thrown away.

"When shall I come—tomorrow?" the lover asked as he was about to go.

"Tomorrow—I don't quite know just yet. Nellie Cameron is coming to see me this afternoon or tomorrow—it is not certain which."

"Mrs. Cameron!" Graham's face grew red.

"Yes. Why do you seem surprised? Oh!" Then a sudden thought occurred to her, and she, too, blushed and was embarrassed.

"Graham," she said, almost severely, "you ought to tell me the whole of a story or tell me none of it."

"You are not angry, dearest?"

"I am not apt to be angry with you. But—yes—I think I am a little angry. Well, you must go now." She spoke coldly.

"And about tomorrow?" he asked eagerly, almost timidly.

"About tomorrow? Oh, I will write to you and tell you when to come. I have lots of things to do, but I must fit you in somehow. Oh, here is some tiresome visitor."

The windows opened on to a garden.

"I'll escape this way," Graham said hastily. "I don't want to meet any visitor."

The lovers parted with hardly a word of farewell, and the footman announced Mrs. Cameron. Graham just heard the name as he was escaping into the garden and making for the garden gate.

Mrs. Cameron was a kindly hearted, empty headed, prattlesome little woman, whose great delight in life was to wear her heart upon her sleeve—at least at all times when she wore sleeves, which were only in the hours of morning dress. She loved confidences and confessions and heart stories and effusions of soul to soul. She had known Katherine for a long time and usually spoke of her as "my soul friend" or "my heart friend." Katherine liked her well enough, in spite of her effusiveness and sentimentality, and she was really shocked at the story of the letter, which she could not but believe to have been written by Nellie Cameron. She never could have expected anything like that of the poor, little, kindly, foolish woman.

She was spared further conjecture. Mrs. Cameron came rushing to confide the whole truth to her and to throw herself upon her confidence and implore her help. Mrs. Cameron knew that the wrong letter had gone to Graham Welwyn, for she knew that the other man had got the dinner invitation meant for Graham. The man who got the invitation was—

"Please don't tell me," Katherine interposed. "I ought not to know"—

"Child, you don't imagine there was anything improper in it? You couldn't believe that of me! We are heart friends, we two, he and I, just as you and I are, and are in sympathy with each other, and we console each other and open our souls to each other, and that day I felt I had need of him, and I wrote to him and told him my soul was troubled for him. You do believe my word, Katherine? You must believe it."

"Of course I do believe it, Nellie," Katherine said emphatically.

"And he is so good. Why, it's Louis Alan, whom you know."

"Louis Alan!" Katherine was a little astonished. "I wish you had not told me," she said coldly.

"Oh, but I must tell you all. You are the friend of my soul too."

"I do wish you wouldn't talk that kind of stuff, Nellie, at least to me or about me. Keep it for Mr. Alan. I dare say he likes it. I don't." Katherine could not help speaking sharply.

"Now you are angry with me, and now you won't help me," poor Nellie pleaded, her pretty little face all twitching and wincing with emotion. She was evidently on the brink of a tear torrent. Katherine promptly interposed.

"Of course I will do anything in my power to help you," she said in a softened and pitying tone, "but what can I do? I don't see that there is anything that wants doing. There was no harm in the letter. I wouldn't write that kind of thing again if I were you, but I don't think there is anything much to be made about it."

"But what we want is this, dearest Katherine"—

"What you want, Nellie," Katherine said firmly, shutting Mr. Alan out of all co-operation in the business.

"What I want," Nellie said, meekly accepting the correction, "is this: I want you to explain it all to Mr. Welwyn and show him that if he has any suspicion he is quite wrong, and ask him not to say anything about it, and you will know exactly how to put it, and he will do anything you ask him. This is all I want. You will do this for me, Katherine?"

"That will be easily done," Katherine said. "Mr. Welwyn is not a suspicious man or a man who likes to think badly of women, and neither does he gossip about women or send abroad scandals about them." Much of this speech, it may be said, was an indirect thrust at the absent Alan, who certainly had often in Katherine's presence spoken slightingly and scornfully of poor Nellie Cameron. At the very moment while she was saying this a servant came in with some letters for her. Katherine took the letters from the tray with an indifferent air. She knew there would not be one from Graham Welwyn, but a look of surprise came over her when she saw that one of them was from Mr. Alan. She was on the point of saying as much to Mrs. Cameron, but prudently repressed herself. Mrs. Cameron presently went through an effusive leave taking and disappeared.

Then Katherine read Louis Alan's letter, with puckering eyebrows and reddening angry cheeks:

MY DEAR MISS SHIRLEY—Can you see me tomorrow—and what time? Do pray see me. I have, as Shakespeare says, "a motion much imports our good." I want to say something to you which I have long prayed for the courage to say, and which must be spoken at last. Tell me when I may come—for a pronouncement of happiness or a sentence of death. Living or dead, forever yours, LOUIS ALAN.

"Stuff!" our angry maiden exclaimed. "Sentimental affectation! Sickening nonsense! Perhaps he had just been writing some silly letter to Nellie Cameron. It is a pity he did not put them into the wrong envelopes and send hers to me and mine to her! Oh, I do wish he had sent mine to her! It would open the poor silly thing's eyes." She put the letter into her pocket, waiting for a quiet time to answer it. The other letters that she got were of the ordinary social and conventional type—invitations and replies to invitations, and so forth. More callers came, and her time frittered away. Her mind was divided between two feelings—vexation at Alan's letter and vexation with herself because she fancied she had been somewhat harsh to Graham. That, however, she thought, with a pleased and confident smile, could be easily remedied. There would be no trouble in pacifying Graham—if he needed pacification. Perhaps he had not noticed anything in her manner. Oh, yes; he must have noticed something, but she would explain it all tomorrow. She would not write any explanation—she would tell it all to him. She would tell it to him when he came tomorrow. In her letter she would only tell him when to come.

At last she was free to answer her letters and to write to Graham. She longed to see him again—longed as if weeks had passed since their last meeting, as if it were likely that weeks would pass before their next. She thought she had been a little harsh or cold to him, and she was eager to make him amends. But she would not write to him until the very, very last. She would get the mere drudgery of letter writing done, and then she would write a letter to Graham. What an unspeakable difference sometimes between letter writing and writing a letter! So she answered and issued numbers of invitations—she conducted most of the correspondence of the house—and she wrote to her dressmaker, and after much work of the kind she came to answer Louis Alan's unwelcome and troublesome letter.

Now this was a serious business. She had never particularly liked Louis Alan, but she had been a good deal touched by his devotion—and her stepmother she knew would have wished her to accept him because he was rich—and he must have known this quite well, and yet he was always delicate and forbearing in his manner to her and never pressed his courtship unreasonably or unfairly, and for this she was grateful to him. He was rather self conceited no doubt, although darling Graham made a little too much of that defect in a man whom he considered at one time as his rival. His rival! Only think of that! Louis Alan a rival of Graham! The thought had often amused her, but now it almost shocked her. For when it harmlessly amused her to smile at Graham's overwrought dislike to Mr. Alan she did not know then what Mrs. Cameron had just told her. Now she knew, and fancy her lover, Graham Welwyn, thinking that there could ever have been any rivalry in her heart between him and Louis Alan!

What crime had Louis Alan committed? Not much of a crime after all. He had got into a romantic hyperbolical flirtation with artless Mrs. Cameron, and they had written to each other various unharmful intensities in which there was a good deal of vanity and nonsense on both sides and no serious thought of love on either. In truth Mrs. Cameron was very fond of her husband, who was a successful queen's counsel and hardly ever had time to talk with her. She used to say that she would be very glad if her hostesses at London dinner parties would allow her husband to take her in to dinner, for then she would be secure of at least an hour's talk with him. But her husband was too busy and had absolute faith in her, and she got into this ridiculous high flown sentimental correspondence with Mr. Alan, and they wrote of themselves as congenial souls—and other such stuff—and then she misdirected the letter, and Alan got the formal invitation to a dinner which was meant for Graham Welwyn.

Katherine did not want to take too much of it. She believed every word Mrs. Cameron had told her, and she was right. She did not think much harm of Louis Alan. Still, there was the fact that at the very time when he was pressing her to marry him—well, not unduly pressing, but certainly trying quietly to induce her to marry him—he was all the time carrying on an æsthetic flirtation with Mrs. Cameron. This was what Miss Katherine very naturally did not like, and she was anxious in consequence to give a pretty sharp rebuke to Mr. Alan.

But how to do it—how to manage it—there was the question. Mrs. Cameron's story had been told of course in the strictest confidence, and only for the purpose of obtaining Katherine's somewhat extensive influence over Graham Welwyn. She could not make any allusion to that. Yet she meant to hit him a little hard if she could.

This was what she wrote to Alan:

"It will be of no use trying to see me tomorrow or any other day. I write this without affectation of great compassion for you. You will find some woman more suited to your tastes and temper than I desire to be."

"That will do," she said to herself. Then she put the letter a little apart on the blotting pad and left it to dry, while she wrote her few lines to Graham.

"Come tomorrow at 1—I shall take care to be alone until luncheon time—and shall give you a welcome."

That, too, would do, she thought, and then she began thinking about the two letters that lay open and drying side by side. She had no pity for Alan, although like a kind hearted girl as she was she would in the ordinary course of things have felt infinite pity for a man whose offer of marriage she had to reject. But she had no pity for Alan. For Graham—for Graham—for dear, darling Graham, what infinite love and trust and longing! "Tomorrow—tomorrow—if it were only tomorrow!"

"Haven't you finished your letters yet, Katherine?" Mrs. Shirley asked, almost sharply, as she bustled into the room. "It is close on post time, and James is waiting to take the letters to the pillar box, and you will have to dress yet, and you'll be quite late for dinner, and these formal, tiresome people coming!"

"I'm all right," Katherine exclaimed in great good spirits. "I have only to seal up two letters." Here she breathlessly inclosed and sealed them. "Where is James? Oh, yes! Thank you, I shall be dressed in no time."

I heard a story—and I believe it was quite true—of a once celebrated English tenor who is long since dead. He was playing the principal part in the opera of "The Rose of Castile." He had in one scene to come abruptly on to the stage and sing a song beginning with the line, "When the king of Castile pledged his word!" His pleasant comrades, men and women, kept playfully admonishing him every time he was in the part that he must be sure not to say, "When the king of Castile pledged his watch!" The repeated admonition seemed to have got upon his nerves at last, and one night he electrified the house by singing in his most thrilling tone, "When the king of Castile pledged his watch!" This story may seem a little irrelevant. Wait, and you shall judge.

Katherine was waiting next day for the coming of Graham. Their usual trysting time was 1 o'clock, but as it sometimes had to vary she had thought it prudent always to write to him and say exactly whether it was on any particular day to be a fixed or a movable festivity. Of course it would have been easy to form a standing agreement that Graham was to come at 1 every day unless warned by her to the contrary, and this would undoubtedly have saved some letter writing. But the man who believes that lovers like to be saved the trouble of writing to each other is a man who never can have been in love himself, and with whom any self respecting woman would be ashamed to be in love.

Just before 1 o'clock Graham was announced. The meetings of the lovers always took place in Katherine's own little room, the windows of which opened on to the garden. It was the way of the lovers that Graham should come through the garden to the windows and should tap there on the glass for Katherine to let him in, provided the windows were not standing open, as in fine weather they always were. It pleased them both that he should come in this way and not in the way of a common visitor.

But this day, to Katherine's amazement, he came in and was announced in the way of any common visitor. The footman preceded him, threw open the door and formally announced "Mr. Graham Welwyn."

Amazed at the announcement, Katherine looked up and saw in one glance at Graham's face that something painful had happened. Graham advanced slowly toward her, hat in hand, and having all the air of a defiant and determined intruder. He was silent—stonily silent—until they were left alone, and poor Katherine positively trembled at his look.

"You see I have disobeyed you," he said sternly, "and I have come."

"Disobeyed me in what?" she faltered. "In coming in that way—like some ordinary visitor? Yes—why did you do it?"

"You are trifling with me, Miss Shirley"—

"Miss Shirley! Why, Graham, what do you mean? Are you taking leave of your senses?"

"I am coming to my senses, I think," he said solemnly. "I suppose I know you now"—

"You know me now? Well, I suppose you do," she said disdainfully, not com-

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)