



# Smith's Castle or Luke Sharp

I had more than one invitation from my friend Smith to spend a week or two with him at his castle of Hoenzugwaldgrabenstein, and so at last I journeyed across the North Sea to find out how the son of the American lumber baron was getting along in the stronghold of an old German robber baron.

Smith wrote me that his castle stood about six miles from the Rhine, but was not visible from that celebrated river. He told me at what spot to leave the steamer, and said that if I would let him know on what day and on what boat I would arrive, he would be at the landing to meet me, as otherwise I might have some difficulty in finding Hoenzugwaldgrabenstein. I thought by that Smith was hedging, and that his boasted castle would be a very small affair, otherwise the guide-book must have had something to say about it.

On inquiring, I found that the boat stopped in mid-stream, and that I would have to be taken off in a small boat. As we approached the place, the captain said to me—for his eyes were sharper than mine, and he could see distinctly objects ahead on the shore which were practically invisible to me:

"There's that old American and his gang."

"In what does his madness consist?" I asked, for I suspected he was referring to my friend Smith.

"Oh, he is tremendously rich," he said, "and has bought a castle some where in the back country. He dresses his retainers, as he calls them, in a style of the fourteenth century, and he wants to revive the old feudal system in Germany. They say he expects to establish his right as a robber baron to come down to the Rhine and stop any boat that passes, looting its contents if it so pleases him. I imagine he will have the Emperor William down upon him before he knows where he is, and then he will wish he were somewhere else; for the emperor is not a man to be trifled with, and allows no man to swagger around Germany except himself."

Saying which the captain bowed low, as every official is bound to do on the mention of the emperor's name.

"Have you ever met the madman?" I asked.

"Hush-sh-h!" whispered the captain. "You must not allude to the emperor in that way."

"My dear captain," I said, "I was alluding to the owner of Hoenzugwaldgrabenstein."

"Ah, quite so," answered the captain, evidently much relieved. "Yes, he has been on my boat a number of times, and only the other day he asked me what I would do if I ran the nose of my boat against a chain stretched across the Rhine. I told him I would go back to the next town and send on the police."

"Then," the young man replied, "I shall probably be compelled to go to the expense of two chains, one of which will be sunk in the river until the steamboat passes over it; when we can pull it out, so we can have the boat in a trap, as it were."

He sighed, and he added: "That is the trouble with modern inventions. Steam gives you the power of turning around and going back, which the men in the olden days could not have done."

"Don't you think," I said to the captain, "that he was joking with you?"

"Oh, no," answered the captain, who was a very serious man. "The trouble with him is that he is merely crazy, that's all."

By this time the captain's attention was riven up with sighing and stopping the steamer. A small boat manned by two rowers threw a line

in a leathern doublet, or jerkin, or whatever they call it, with an ancient German cloth cap, somewhat like a Tam-o-Shanter, set jauntily on his head. I must say that I never saw Smith looking better or more staid than when he sat easily on his black horse, with his knuckles pressed against his hip, waiting for me. He greeted me with the utmost cordiality, and I must confess it was with some hesitation and not a few misgivings that I mounted the empty saddle waiting for me.

"I am not sure," I said to Smith, "that I shall shine as an equestrian. I haven't been on a horse for some years."

"Oh, you'll take to it all right," said Smith confidently. "Riding on horseback is the only method of progression for a gentleman. I assure you the world has degenerated since carriages, coaches and railway trains were invented, not to mention steamboats and other modern abominations."

We turned our horses' heads toward a valley that opened out on the Rhine. The road was winding but good. The horsemen behind us wheeled through several evolutions and formed into the file of three men each, the



Smith Led Me Into a Large Room.

whole squad a few horse-lengths to the rear.

For some time, until I became accustomed to my mount, my attention was fully occupied with keeping my seat, and conversation was difficult, but as I gained some confidence I said to Smith: "Who are these chaps with the hop poles that are following us?"

"Hop poles?" cried my host with indignation in his voice. "Those are lancers. Each lance is over three hundred years old, and I got them out of the cellars of my castle. I venture to say that no modern weapon would have lasted half that time, for they are as sound as ever they were."

The road led up through a beautiful valley. On either hillside vines grew nearly to the top. Although the road rose slightly all the way from the Rhine, being rather steep in places, we did not get a view of the castle until we had trotted something like three miles. Then Smith pointed it out to me on a hill top, as we came in sight of it round a corner. It stood to the right of the valley, completely commanding it, and I was amazed to see its size and perfect state of preservation. A tall square tower, like a campanile, rose from one corner, and at the other was a stouter round tower, a much lower than the square campanile at the other corner, while between the towers was the long machicolated front of the main body of the building, which seemed to be in three varying heights and looked as if the walls had been erected at different periods. I mentioned this to Smith and he said my supposition was partly correct.

"My ancestors," he remarked, "made things lively for a number of centuries in this district. The castle was burned once by the people of Cologne; three times, I think, by the stout burghers of Mayence, and the justly incensed populace of the neighborhood used to rise in the night every now and then and massacre every member of the family who had not taken to the woods. But they never succeeded in completely annihilating my ancestors; always one or two escaped, and they returned and rebuilt the stronghold, generally trying to make it more secure than it had been before. This gives a variegated effect to the edifice that strikes me as wonderfully picturesque."

We presently came to a spot where a by-road left the main thoroughfare and took directly to the hills. The main road went on up the valley, while the by-road zig-zagged up through the forest. Sometimes at the elbows of this road we caught glimpses of the castle, looming greater and greater above us, until we came at last to an arched gateway in the stone wall, guarded by two men with lances in their hands. Riding under the stone arch we came into a large courtyard somewhat roughly paved, and here attendants sprang forward to take our horses. Smith and I, having dismounted, walked into the great castle.

Smith led me into a large room which was evidently the dining hall of the castle. At one end was a large fireplace, constructed on such a gigantic scale that it formed practically a room in itself; in fact, there were stools and benches beneath its ample canopy, and at the back there burned a great fire of logs.

Dinner was served as soon as we arrived. Smith took the head of the table and motioned me to a place at his right hand. The table was a plain oak one without covering of any sort. Smith sat on a three-legged stool at the head, and another had been provided for me, while a third stood at his left hand. All down the two lengths of the table from these stools were long benches and when dinner was announced the men at arms came clattering in, as well as numerous retainers whom I had not seen. The last one to

enter was a cowed monk who took the stool at Smith's left. He pronounced a benediction on the repast and then every one fell to. The meal was plentiful but rough, and consisted of a huge baron of beef with mashed potatoes. I waited for a plate to be handed to me, and did not understand until Smith called my attention to the fact, that the square piece of plank on the table in front of me was my trencher from which I was to eat. He very kindly showed me how I was to build an embankment on this with the mashed potatoes and receive the beef and gravy in the center. It required some care not to eat too ravenously of this embankment, otherwise a breach was made in the walls and a tide of gravy flooded forth which was difficult to stem unless a man were prompt and expert.

### TALE OF AN ARISTOCRATIC TRAMP

Slept in Astor's Bed and Loaned Money to Dejew.

Otto Ferdinand Lionel DeCuyper, a bronzed, blistered and odoriferous knight of the tomato can, was up before Judge Morrison this morning on the charge of vagrancy. The gent with the aristocratic name was gathered in last evening while enjoying a can of stale beer and a rest from his weary pilgrimage. After wringing the superfluous extract of hops out of his clay-colored Vandikes he fell in line with the cops and accompanied the cops to Mr. Sullivan's sanitarium. He exhibited a nonchalant ease in police court this morning that would have graced the Prince of Wales at his best. After the judge had fined him \$5 and costs DeCuyper said:

"It's jus' dis way, judge. I ain't always been a hittin' de road. At one time I was jus' as big a mug as Channey Dejew, or Willie Astor, or Billy Vanderbilt or any of dem swell guys dat have got money enow now to burn a wet dog. Chauncey Dejew an' me used to go to school together, an' when he wuz a young feller I lent him \$5 enow. Of course, dey don't know me now. It was me dat slept in Astor's bed in New York an' got run in. I tell ye, judge, I've got blue blood in dese yere veins o' mine, and I feel right at home among millionaires and 'ristocrats, dough I never had much of a chance to make money. I've been waitin' around now for thirty years for my ship to come in, an' I guess she's run into a reef. What knocked me out, judge, was love. I once was smitten with a maiden fair, but feared dat she loved me for my prospects of future greatness, so I turn her overboard. De girl died of a broken heart, and I've been a wanderer ever since. Some places I work de healer racket, and, besides laying my hands on sick people, I also try de same thing on any grub that's layin' around loose. If I could get to Freeport now, dat's what I would like to do. I know a feller dere dat works in a brewery. All right, judge, I'll go, dough I ain't bug-house, if you do say so."

And Otto Ferdinand Lionel DeCuyper was led out into the wide world by a stern copier and given a drink of water—and a tip pass to Freeport.—Rockford Republican.

### TESTS OF ENDURANCE FOR LOVERS

Methods in Vogue in Africa of Trying Man's Fitness for Marriage.

No other country offers such opportunities to those desiring to marry as America. In that respect it is truly the home of the free and the land of the brave, not to say the foolhardy. In some countries those matrimonially inclined have to get the parents consent, in others the prospective bridegroom has to show that he can support a wife. Uncle Sam throws no such obstacles in the path of true love. He recognizes every man's right to starve a woman if she is willing, and provided one can raise the slight fee necessary for the license, there is nothing to hinder him getting married if he can find a woman of the same mind. In South Africa the savage tribes have a peculiar ceremony which they put the matrimonial candidate through previous to his entering the holy estate. His hands are tied up in a bag containing fire ants for two hours. If he bears unmoved the torture of their stings he is considered qualified to cope with the nagging and daily fret and fret of married life. Such a man would make an admirable husband. He would not be upset by the thoughts of a spring bonnet, or grow irritable every time the steak was overdone. The idea of having a patience trial for those about to marry is a good idea that civilized people might adopt.—Pleasant.

### A Knitting Bag

To make a useful knitting bag, twist two rounds of zinc wire; a small one for the bottom of the bag and a much larger one for the top or shoulder. Stretch some effective colored silk—either striped or brocaded—from one ring to the other, allowing for the bag to be about ten by twelve inches in length; sew securely to the wire rings, and here add frills of silk in a contrasting shade. The lower frill is merely required to ornament the bag, and should be a couple of inches wide finished with a twist of ribbon and a big bow to hide the joints. The upper frill is much more important as it fastens the actual mouth of the bag, and should be allowed quite six inches deep. Fix one edge to the large ring, and about two and one-half inches from this insert a reering string of brightly colored ribbon, which shall act as a draw-thread for opening and closing the reticula. The rest of the frill will stand up and form a dainty finish, while I would suggest that this frill be lined throughout with some delicate color. Yellow with white lining, green with pink lining and heliotrope with lemon-colored lining, are each and all dainty and effective, while the material used for such bags may be of any of the art colored brocades now so fashionable. Bags of the same shape, but on a larger scale, could be used for work sachets, or again, small opera bags to match the wearer's gown, made in this style, would be effective and novel.

"Uncle Tom, what is executive ability?"

"It's knowing how to make other people work without doing anything yourself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A BOY'S GRIM PATENT

The close of the great war between the North and South made it necessary for certain bands of lawless men to withdraw into the mountains.

At the darkest part of that short but memorable period of doubt, terror and suspense, a stranger came to the home of Wenby Dilbert, which was deep-set in the wildest part of Northern Georgia. It is not quite accurate to say that the man came, for he was carried, in an unconscious state, by Wenby Dilbert and his son, Hank, from where Hank found him, pale, still and bloody, beside a spring in the wood a quarter of a mile from the house. He was sorely wounded through the left shoulder, where a bullet hit him, and he had fainted from loss of blood.

The Dilbert family consisted of Wenby, his wife and their only somewhat sickly son, Hank. They were poor but honest mountain folk, and they lived in a comfortable cabin, remote from other houses. They were frugal, and during the war had hoarded up the silver and gold and "Yankee" money that they could get, so that now Mr. Dilbert had hidden under a rude hearth-stone a squirrel-skin bag containing \$485 in coin and paper money. This financial fact was kept as closely as possible, a secret of secrets; for the mountain outlaws would murder the whole family to handle a quarter of that amount.

With tenderest care the Dilberts



Hank as Nurse.

nursed the unknown man; but it was not without misgivings; he was so hairy, so rough of feature, so powerfully built and so grim the expression of his countenance. Moreover, when he regained consciousness, his silence and mysterious actions generally wrought upon the imagination of his benefactors. It was plain to see that he was no common man. A certain magnetic force, a ray from within, struck like keen lightning from his narrow, deep-set gray eyes.

Hank Dilbert, aged sixteen, did most of the nursing. One day his patient suddenly sat up in bed and asked for ham and eggs. Hank called his mother. She came; but she uttered no word to the man's fierceness, invalid as he was, frightened her, but she said, slowly:

"They ain't no signs," she said.

"The man's gray eyes glinted between the closed lids.

"No signs?" he growled. "What's yer been seein' de do?"

"Ner they ain't no ham nother," Mrs. Dilbert went on. "Yer have ter take sildem an' eat 'aters."

"No ham? Wat'd ye eat it all up fer, w'en ye knowed 'at I'd want some?"

He smiled at her in a way that made her blood stop her heart. "Well, hush de an' git me w'at ye have got fer I'm onto starved."

After he had eaten heartily, the man called for his clothes and dressed himself. Meantime, night fell with a drizzling rain and a chill, blustering wind. It was pitch dark in the deep little mountain valley. Hank made a pine-knot fire on the hearth in the man's room. The big fellow filled a

pipe and, sprawling himself on the floor, his head resting on one hand, smoked in silence. Hank crept into a corner of the room and sat eyeing him sidewise.

"Hit her kinder comfortable," growled the man, after awhile, "jes ter be in outer de rain."

As he spoke he raised himself on his elbow in the attitude of listening. Hank listened, too, for his ear caught the distinct tramp of a horse—no, horses.

"Can it be pop came back?" he began. "Who's he bringin'?"

"Shot up!" said the man, savagely, and Hank was silent.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and more the man listened. They he

sprang up, tore at first one board and then another from the cabin floor, and, squeezing himself into the opening so quick, said:

"Kiver me, quick—lay them boards over me!"

Hank obeyed, and just as he had completed his task there came a knock at the outer door that burst it open, and then Hank heard his mother scream.

"Shet erp, quick," a stern voice commanded, "an' jes git de ole man's money ter us in a hurry."

"Lor—"

"Don't ye squeak nother time. If ye do I'll shoot ye full o' holes. Git that money, an' git it quick!"

Hank was a mere boy; but he had in him the spirit of ancestors who were Revolutionary soldiers and Indian fighters. Hearing his mother's throat-cutted sent along his nerves the thrill of true heroism. Quick as a steel spring he leaped to the partition door and he flung it open. In his right hand he held a pair of heavy iron tongs, which he swung furiously against the first man he saw. The man's back was toward Hank, and the blow was a lucky one, landing hard on the side of the fellow's head. He staggered and fell against the wall, clutched at the legs and fell heavily.

At the same instant another of the men—there were three, all masked—struck Hank with a pistol, a blow which would have killed him, but for the tongs. The barrel of the weapon hit one joint of the tongs, and so was somewhat parried.

Mrs. Dilbert was now screaming at the top of her voice and struggling with the third robber. Up from the floor rose the one that Hank had knocked down.

"Yer a goin' ter die awful quick!" he gnashed forth, flourishing a large knife and lunging madly at the boy, who just then was dodging and leaping, this way and that, to save his head from his first assailant's blow.

The outside door was open, and the wind and rain came in. The robbers were whirled from the wide fireplace and filled the room; the last leap of Mrs. Dilbert's little table was bloody. The one light was a snarling flare from the pine knots on the hearth in the other room.

"Murder! Help!" Hank cried, as loud as he could.

Suddenly the cabin trembled. There was a roaring noise. The floor in the other room was heaved high and the boards fell aside with a mighty clatter. A pale giant loomed in the uncertain light, his hair disheveled, his grim face distorted with passion. A groan was wrung from the bedstead and some heavy blows fell right and left. Two or three pistol shots rang off in the midst of the struggle.

Next morning at 1 o'clock Col. Miller and Wolford arrived at the lonely Dilbert cabin. Five picked men of the revenue service were with him, and they were guided by Mr. Dilbert, whose description of the wounded stranger at his house had satisfied the colonel that it was Glen Hires, the most terrible of all the mountain outlaws, who had been named so tenderly by Hank. There was a large reward for his capture, dead or alive, but recently he had escaped, badly wounded, by fighting his way through a posse of Federal officers.

They came only to censure Hank. Mrs. Dilbert had been shot in the attack on the house, but her death had been prevented. Within an hour without the cabin lay the bodies of the outlaws. Glen Hires, whose giant strength had felled them, one by one, was slowly bleeding to death on the cabin floor. On the bed, unconscious, lay poor Hank, and the last words of the man he had nursed were:

"The youngster won't die, will he?"

Glen Hires never heeded the answer; but his wish was granted. Hank lived through it, and to-day is a leading man near the Tennessee line in North Georgia.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Satisfied With the Security.

The other day a little girl was seen by one of the clerks standing outside

Trans-Mississippi Exposition. OMAHA, Nebraska, July 2. Amongst the Trans-Mississippi Exposition who received patents last week were the following: A. W. Johnson, Fullerton, Nebraska, pipe-machine; E. L. Draver, Alliance, Nebraska, chopper grinder; Hiram A. Gay, Hays, Nebraska, hand cutter and sewer; L. M. Hankinson, Mason City, Iowa, wire holder; William Luster, Fairfield, Iowa, singletree; Robert Owen, Van Wert, Iowa, shirt presser; and L. D. Smith, Waderico, Nebraska, combination tool.

Amongst the various inventions found a gun wiper in the shape of a duck, which opens and closes in motion cleaning the gun; a device for supporting and holding a single jet, which matches the grating composition comprising potassium chloride and phosphorus of sodium phosphate; an electric sign board, the letters of which are alternately made illuminated; an adjustable stock; a new gun presser with a rotary screw action; the pump, which receives within the nozzle in the manner of a cork screw in drawing the oil upward; a leather for sportsmen's boots by flexible shaft; an automatic cartridge; a curved single-bar, automatic tight-rope fastener.

Inventors desiring free information relative to patents can obtain the same in addressing James C. Co., Littlefield Patent Solicitors, 222 California Street, Nebraska.

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Captain's Opinion "In the case of the robber, it is not the head and a shoulder that counts, but the head and a shoulder."

Stranger's Warning "The details that you've mentioned are, according to an authority on the subject, those that you'll find in the newspaper and so on."

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