SPECIAL NOTICES.

Advertisements for these columns will be ken until 17:30 p. m. for the evening and un-3:00 p. in. for the morning and Sunday ed-Advertisers, by requesting a numbered check, in have gnawers addressed to a numbered titer in care of The Hee. Answers so addressed Hi be deliveed upon presentation of the check.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

REGISTERED PHARMACIST WANS SITUA-tion by the 20th. Reg. in lown and Nebraska; 6 years experience. Good city references. Ad-dress M. Blair, 2001 N at., South Omaha, Neb. A-M206

SITUATION WANTED, YOUNG WIDOW 23, would like position as bousekeeper or will accept position of any kind. C. 22, Hee. A-M297 12*

WANTED MALE HELP.

Retes, 14c a word first Insertion, 1c a word thereafter, Nothing taken for less than Ec. SOLICITORS, TEAMS FURNISHED; INSTALL-ment goods, American Wringer Co., 1608 How-ard st.

AGENTS, SALARY OR COMMISSION. THE greatest invention of the age. The New Patent Chemical Ink Brasing Pencil. Sells on Sight. Works like magic. Agents are making \$5.00 to \$125.00 per week. For further particulars write the Monroe Braser Mrg Co., X 25, La Crosse, Wis.

WANTED FOR BOOK BINDERY, A MAN for ruling and second forwarder. Hub Printing Co., Kearney, Neb. B-M16 12 PIRST CLASS MACHINEST WANTED WHO is good solo B cornet player. Add. Box 60. Newcastle, Wyoming. B-M196 18*

WANTED-FEMALE HELP.

Bates, 156c a word first invertion, Ic a word bereafter. Nothing taken for less than 25c. WANTED, GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSE Work, Call at 1125 S, 22d, C-990 WANTED, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE will pay you is to his per week to do strictly home work for us; no canvassing and prompt payment. Send self-addressed envelope, Liberty Supply Co., Liberty Spare, Boston Mass. c.—Miss 14

FOR RENT-HOUSES.

Rates, 10c a line each insertion, \$1.50 a line ser month. Nothing taken for less than 25c. HOUSES IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY, THE O. F. Davis company, 1505 Farnam. D-752 6-HOOM COTTAGE; MODERN, CHOICE IN Stanford Circle. C. S. Elgutter, 204 Bee houlding D-752

HOUSES, F. R. DARLING, BARKER BLOCK NEW MODERN S-ROOM HOUSE, 21 & MASON

CORNER FLAT AT WITH AND JONES, 7 rosms, range, and all edge conveniences ino better flat in the city; Eb.s. Jenze Clouser, room 2 Patterson block, 1623 Farnam,

FURNISHED HOUSE, 8 ROOMS, 2809 CALI-RENTAL AGENCY, 507 BROWN BLOCK.

DESIRABLE HOUSES IN ALL PARTS OF city, cheap. J. H. Parrotte, Douglas block.
D-M502720 7-ROOM HOUSE AND A 5-ROOM COTTAGE, corner Pratt and Twenty-first streets; baths, but and cold water; large yard with shade trees; near motor; barn if desied. W. G. Pritchard, 2702 N, 21st or 1014 Douglas st. D-M922 M3

FOR RENT, 1823 CAPITOL AVENUE THREE story residence, 14 rooms. Henry W. Yates. D-961 16

FOR RENT-FURNISHED ROOMS.

Rates, 11/2c a word first insertion, Ic a word ervafter. Nothing taken for less than 25c. FOR RENT, D SIRABLE FURNISHED rooms, Inquire 1919 Dodgs, E-M758 DOLAN HOUSE, TH NORTH 18TH ST.; NEW ent; pleasant rooms; good table; reasonable rates, FURNISHED ROOMS, MODERN, 1717 CHICA-PURNISHED ROOM, 2017 HARNEY STREET E-M979 12* TWO FURNISHED ROOMS, \$12.00 AND \$19.00 DOUGLAS, upstairs. NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS WITH BOARD 2019 California st. E-121 14* 8 FURNISHED ROOMS FOR HOUSEKEEPING for man and wife. Rent taken in board, 319 N 17 E-157 ROOMS, MODERN CONT ences, 2510 Davenport. TWO NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS FOR tent to ladies or gentiemen. 318 So. 29th st One \$8.00 and one \$12.00 month. E-M206 12* WELL HEATED FRONT ROOM; CONVENIENT, to board, 220 North 19th. E-221 14

FURNISHED ROOMS AND BOARD.

LARGE ROOM, WITH STRICTLY FIRST class board. 2109 Douglas street. F-408 VERY DESIRABLE FRONT ROOM WITH AN

DESIRABLE ROOMS AT THE FRENZER Ils North 25th street. F-Mis9 17* 100MS AND BOARD, 2106 DOUGLAS. 1:00MS AND FIRST-CLASS BOARD; HOUSE newly furnished, modern, 1819 Capitol avenue, F-M907 17

LARGE SOUTH ROOM, WITH BOARD, TELE, phone and steam. References. 202 North 18th. F-M231 13*

FOR RENT--UNFURNISH'D ROOMS. Rates, 15c a word first insertion, to a word thereafter. Nothing taken for less than 25c. 4 ROOM, 634 SO, 17TH ST. G-M843 M3*

FOR RENT-STORES AND OFFICES

FOR RENT. THE 4-STORY BRICK BUILDING SIS Farman at. The building has a fireproof coment basement, complete steam heating fixtures, water on all floors, gas, etc. Apply at the office of the Bec. 1-910

OFFICES FOR RENT IN THE SCHLITZ building, 16th and Harney, Special inducements held out to permanent tenants. Apply to Jobst Bros., rooms 50 and 51 Schlitz building. FOR RENT, CORNER STORE AND BASE-mean, 18th and Howard streets, best location in the city for commission house. Desirable smell stores in Exposition building adjoining 15th street theater. A. J. Poppleton, room 314 Pirst National bank bidg. 1—M199 M 16 MONTHS LEASE OF STORE, 209 S, 17TH.

AGENTS WANTED.

Rates, 10c a line each insertion, \$1.50 a line per nonth. Nothing taken for less than 25c. BOLICITORS, COUNTRY AND CITY, FOR AN advectising snap. Call before moon or address 412 Bee building. J-Miseris*

WANTED TO RENT.

Rates, the a word first insertion, to a word thereafter. Nothing taken for less than Esc. PURNISHED ROOM NEAR SOUTH OMAH, car has Address C 29, Bee. K-225 13*

STORAGE.

Tales, 10c a line each insertion, \$1.50 a line per outh. Nothing taken for less than 25c. STORAGE, WILLIAMS & CROSS, 1214 HAR-

FOR SALE-HORSES, WAGONS, ETC. WANTED, A GOOD FAMILY HORSE IN EX-change for a stylish young house, weight 1.39 Hs. Address C M, Hee. P.-M219 12*

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS.

POR SALE-NEW UPRIGHT PIANO, OAK france; will take good horse in trade, G. P. Kicor, South Omgla.

BALED HAY FOR SALE. THE STANDARD Cuttle Consny, Ames, Neb., have 2009 inceed of good baru stored hay for sale. All orders filled accomptly.

Q-M713 POR RENT, & ACRES FOR GARDEN PUR-poses, south poor farm, west Howelf's ten sure, faquire of John Hamilu, HT S. 12th, Linton block, Q-M803

CUP DEFENDERS EAT

QUAKER OATS

FOR SALE-MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE-FANCY SPINNING WHEEL AND FOR SALE, JOHNSON'S ENCYCLOPEDIA new, 136.00; regular price Esc.00. Address C M Bes. Q-M223 14*

Rates, 10c a line each insertion, \$1.50 a lineer month. Nothing taken for less than 25c. MRS. DR. H. WARREN, CLAIRVOYANT, RE-liable business medium; 7th year at 119 N. 16. S-762

CLAIRVOYANTS.

MASSAGE, BATHS, ETC.

MADAME SMITH, 502 S, 12TH, 2ND FLOOR room 2. Massage, vapor, alcohol, steam, sul phurine and sea baths. T-M200 17* MASSAGE. MADAME BERNARD, ES N MME BROWN, 1214 CAPITOL AVE, ROOM 4, second floor. Massage treatment. Alcohol, sulphur and sea baths. T-M124 16*

PERSONAL

Rates, 14c a word first insertion, ic a work hereafter. Nothing taken for less than Ec. MASSAGE TREATMENA, ELECTRO-THERAL baths. Scalp and the Post, area Withnell block. Wrs. Post, area L-763 MONEY LOANED ON ALL KINDS OF GOODS at lowest rates at 50% N, 16th st. U-545722 VIAVI, HOME TREATMENT FOR LADIES Health book and consultation free. Address book and consultation free. Address Viavi Co., suite 246 Bee bidg. Lad: U-M584C25*

ANY ONE NEEDING ASSISTANCE AND wishing to avoid publicity can find a friend by addressing in strict confidence, C 15, Bes office, U-Minos 14* MRS. BARTON GIVES READINGS IN FALM-istry at 624 S. 18th Ladles, 59c; gents, 15,99, U-159 19

A MARRIED COUPLE, LADY AN INVALID desire correspondence with discreet young lady age, 25 to 30, as companion. If convenient enclose photo, Address in confidence, All letters answered and photos returned, Address U.—Mist 12*
25, Bec. OMPOUND OXYGEN CURES ASTHMA, broachitis, consumption, catarrh, etc. Ten day free treatment given at Room 33 Douglas bila corner 16th and Dodge. U-223

MONEY TO LOAN-REAL ESTATE Rates, 11/2 a word first insertion, ic a word thereafter. Nothing taken for less than 25c. MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES, THE O. F. Davis Co., 1505 Farnam st. W-764 LOANS ON IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED city property, \$1,000 and upwards, \$ 10 615 per cent; no delays. W. Farnam & Co., 1320 W-765

ANTHONY LOAN AND TRUST CO., 218 N. Y. Life, loans at low rats for choice security on Nebraska and Iowa farms or Omaha city property. W-765 property. MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES ON improved and unimproved Omaha real estate
1 to 5 years. Fidelity Trust Co., 1702 Farnam
W-67

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARMS IN DOUGLAS county and Omaha city property. No delay. Fidelity Trust Co., 1702 Farnam st. W-M863 MONEY TO LOAN ON OMAHA PROPERTY and Nebraska farms at from 6 to 7 per cent. W.B. Meikle, First Nat'l bank bld. W-M768 CENTRAL LOAN AND TRUST CO., 306 HEE W-795 MORTGAGE LOANS, A. MOORE, 504 N. Y. Life MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED OMAHA real estate. Brennan, Love & Co., Paxton block. W-M132

MONEY TO LOAN-CHATTELS.

MONEY TO LOAN—
We wil loan you any sum which you wish small or large, at the lowest possible rates, in the quickest possible time and for any length of time to surit you. You can pay it back in such installments as you wish, when you wish, and only pay for it as long as you keep it. You can borrow on can borrow on ISEHOLD FURNITURE AND PIANOS, ORSES, WAGONS AND CARRIAGES, REHOUSE RECEIPTS, MERCHANDISE, OR ANY OTHER SECURITY,

OR ANY OTHER SECURITY,
Without publicity or removal of property.
OMAHA MORTGAGE LOAN CO.,
296 SOUTH 16TH STREET,
First floor above the street.
THE OLDEST, LARGEST AND ONLY INCORPORATED LOAN COMPANY IN OMAHA,
X-769

MONEY TO LOAN ON HORSES, WAGONS, pinnos and furniture of all kinds. Business confidential. J. B. Haddock, room 427 Ramge block. WILL LOAN MONEY ON ANY KIND OF security; strictly confidential. A. E. Harris, room I Continental block. X-71 MONEY LOANED ON FURNITURE, PIANOS, all articles of value. Fred Terry, 63 Ramge block.

THE PLACE TO BORROW
MONEY ON HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
MONEY ON HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
MONEY ON HORSES AND MULES,
MONEY ON WAGONS AND CARRIAGES,
MONEY ON WAREHOUSE RECEIPTS,
MONEY ON WAREHOUSE RECEIPTS,
MONEY ON ANY CHATTLE SECURITIES,
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MONEY ON ANY CHATTLE SECURITIES,
MONEY ON GOOGS that remain with you,
MONEY IP YOU WANT NO PUBLICITY,
MONEY IN TARE OF SHALE RATES,
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BUSINESS CHANCES.

DRUG STORE, CENTRALLY LOCATED, ON easy terms, Box 518, City. Y-M568 HOTEL FOR BALE, 874, SHENANDOAH, IA. MEAT MARKET FOR SALE; CENTRALLY located; doing good cash and family trade; fitted up first class, including sausage factory, rendering outfit, two horses, wagons, etc.; good reasons for selling; well worth investigating. Address C, Bee office, Council Bluffs.

Y-MH2 14

FOR SALE, AMERICAN HOUSE, \$40.00. IN quire 924 Douglas street, upstairs. Y-M114 A RARE BUSINESS CHANCE—OLD ESTAB-lished art store in city of 20,000 art stock, frames, mouldings, etc., invoice 4,500. Will sell at big sacrifice; business reasons for sell-ing. Address S. Her. FOR SALE, REST PAYING HOTEL IN HOUS-ton. Long lease, low rent; account sickness, Wagley & Cherry, 490 Kiam building, Houston, Tex. Y-Mi51 18*

FOR SALE, A FINE DRAY LINE IN A LIVE city; good reasons for selling. Address F. G. Blanchard, Atlantic, In. Y-M186 13* GERMAN SAVINGS BANK-CAN SELL YOU some of this gilt edge stock at a low furure. Alex Moore, 504 N. Y. Life, Y-M214 12*

FOR EXCHANGE.

Rates, 19c a line each insertion, \$1.50 a line per month. Nothing taken for less than 25c. I OWN 100 FARMS IN NEBRASKA, KANSAS and Dakota. Will sell cheap or exchange for indse., horses and cattle. Address box 76, Frankfort, Ind. Z-713 WILL EXCHANGE MY HOUSE, PRATT AND 21st (modern improvements), for Chicago prop-erty, improved or unimproved, W. M. Welch, 601 Paxton block. Z-M428 f18 STOCK OF MILLINERY AND NOTIONS want horses and cattle. Box 295, Frankfort Ind. 2-772 STEAM GRAIN ELEVATOR IN HEST PART TEAM GRAIN ELEVATOR IN DISCOURSE OF groof state, for general merchandse or grooceries. Address Lock box 16, Wood River, New Z-M743 FOR EXCHANGE, HOUSES AND LOTS IN Omaha for Nebraska land. The O. F. Davis company, 1995 Farnam street. Z-M786 28 11,000.00 STOCK OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, shoes and clothing to exchange for Nebraska land, give description. Box 781 West Form, Neb. Z-Mbrs FINEST AND HEST PAYING DRUG STORE in eastern Nebraska; cash sales \$11,000 annu-sity, to exchange for land. Give description, Address C 21, Bac. Z-118

FOR SALE-REAL ESTATE.

BARGAINS, HOUSES, LOTS AND FARMS, sale or trade. F. E. Darling, Barker block, Y, Life. PARMS, C. R. BOATRIGHT, 201 N. IMPROVED FARM FOR SALE, JOINING town, at a bargain; \$1,000,00 cash required. I. D. Evans, Stockham, Not.

FOR SALE REAL ESTATE.

WILL SELL CHEAP OR EXCHANGE FOR Milwaukes, Wis., property, lots 8, 9, 10, block 5, E. V. Smith's add., cty of Omaha. For in-formation write Cream City Sash and Deco Company, Milwaukee, Wis. M74473 OR SALE CHEAP—ONE BUSINESS HOUSE and let, 25 feet front, at 1462 South lith street. Address I. M. Street, 112 South 24th street. R B.—MID: IS

OME BARGAINS IN HOMES AT PRICES from \$1,000 up, on payments; bargains in READ AND REMEMBER THAT ON WEDNES OR SALE OR EXCHANGE UPRIGHT PIANO safe, range with connections, 504 N. Y. Lafe, RE-M215 12* FOR SALE, 5-ROOM COTTAGE, CORNER LOT, on car line, Must sell at once. A great bargain, 1528 South 11th.

LOST.

Rates, 10c a line first insertion, \$1.50 a line per month. Nothing taken for less than 25c. LOST-SHEPHERD OR COLLIE DOG. BLACK and white; no hair on top of tail. Reward for return to Pacific Express Co. 965 12 LOST, SATURDAY, 120,00 IN CURRENCY Please return to L. S. Skinner, 310 N. Y. Lare and get reward. Lost—M208 12*

GARBAGE.

Rates, 10c a line each insertion, \$1.50 a line or month. Nothing taken for less than 25c ALL ORDERS FOR THE REMOVAL OF GARpromptly attended to. The anity night soil men in my employ are James Fuller, Peter Loren-gen, John Nelson and Sam Oversaard. A. MacDonald, city garbage contractor, rooms 6 and 7, Barker block, Tel. 1287. MESSIS

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS 2. W. BAKER (FORMERLY WITH JOHN G. Jacobs, deceased, later with M. O. Maul) undertaker and embalmer; 613 S. 16th. Tel. 696.
775/24*

H. K. BURKET, FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND embalmer, 1818 Chicago st. Tel. 99. 776

SCALES.

Rates, 10c a line first insertion, \$1.50 a line per month. Nothing taken for less than 25c. NEW AND SECOND HAND SCALES, ALL kinds, Address Borden & Selleck Co., Lake st., Chicago. 637 kinds, Addr. st., Chicago.

MUSIC, ART AND LANGUAGE.

Rates, 15c a word first insertion, ic a word hereafter. Nothing taken for less than 25c. F. GELLENBECK, BANJOIST AND teacher, 1810 California st. 914

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING. Rates, 19c a line first insertion, \$1.50 a line per month. Nothing taken for less than 25c. VAN SANT,S SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND, 513 N. Y. Life, Omaha. Ask for circular. M405

WANTED-TO BORROW

Rates, 14c a word first insertion, ic a word hereafter. Nothing taken for less than 25c. MONEY WANTED ON OMAHA IMPROVED residence property; also offer investors a num ber of carefully selected first martgages. Garvin Bros., 210 N. Y. Life Bidg. Miss 17

THE REALTY MARKET. INSTRUMENTS placed on record February

WARRANTY DEEDS J R Harris and wife to W H Nye, lots 20, 21 and 22, block 3, Harris & Patterson's annex.

J H Fellbach to M H Howes, lot 9, Columbia Place
F C Grable and wife to John Reisdorff, lot 5, block 6, Benson's subdiv.
L D and O P Burnett to C Beindorff, lot 5, block 1, South Omaha View.

Same to same, lot 1, block 9, Jetter's add to South Omaha.

Frederick Stauhn and wife to Gust Carlson,lot 7, block 133, South Omaha Alma Ringer to C W Pierson, lot 11, block 2, Denman Place.

QUIT CLAIM DEEDS. 1,200 1,600

QUIT CLAIM DEEDS. E F Daniels to Lillie Miles, n 3 feet of s ½ of w 44 feet lot 5, block 49, Omaha.

DEEDS.

Total amount of transfers...... \$ 19,50

PATENT BUREAU. SUES & CO., SOLICITORS Bee Building, OMAHA, NEB. Advice FREE

RAILWAY TIME GARD

Leaves CHICAGO BURLINGTON & Q Arrives Omaha | Depot 10th and Mason Sts.

mana Dept four and Masser St.

0.15 am Deadwood Express.

4.50 pm Denver Express.

4.50 pm Nebraska Local (Except Sun).

8.15 am Lincoln Local (Except Sun). Depot 10th and Mason Sts. Omahi 9.45 am ... Kansas City Day Express.... 5.55 pm 9.45 pm K. C. Night Exp. via U. P. Trans. 6.50 am Leaves Union Depot 10th & Marcy Sts Omaha 9 30 am Atlantic Express (ex Sunday) 7,15 p m 8 00 pm Night Express (ex Sunday) 6,45 am 5.00 pm Chicago Vestibule 1 Limite 1 2,00 pm 12.10 am Oklahoma Exp. (to C. B. ex. Sun) 6,25 am

| Wast. | G.30 nm | Oktanoma & Fexas Exp. (Ex. Sum) | 12.10 a m | 2.05 pm | Colorado Limite | 4.59 pm | Leaves | Union Depot 10th & Marcy Sta Omaha | Union Depot 10th & Marcy Sta Omaha | 2.15 pm | Overland Flyer | 4.05 pm | 3.45 pm | 0.30 pm | 3.45 pm | 0.30 pm | 2.30 pm | 2.30 pm | 0.30 pm | 0. WEST. Leaves CdlCaGO, MIL & ST. PAUL
Omaha U. P. Depot and Marcy Sts

6.35 pm ... Chicago Limited
11.30 am ... Chicago Express (ex.Sun.)

Leaves MISSOURI PACIFIC Omaha Depoi 15th and Webster Sts. 12.20 pm St. Louis Express. 10.00 pm St. Louis Express. 5.10 pm Daily ex Sun Nebraska Local Omnha Depoi 15th and Websit 8.50 am Sioux City Accommodation ... 2.15 pm Stoux City Express (Ex. Sun.) 5.45 pm ... St. Paul Limited ... SIOUX CITY & PACIFO. Depot, 19 and Marcy 5ts.

SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC Depot, 15th and Webster Sta

....St. Paul Limited. Chicago Limited.

5.45 pm

It Cures Celes. Coughs. Sore Throat, Croup, Influence. Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. Tou will see the excellent effect after taking the fret (*) a. Soid by deslers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.06. Comaha U. P. Depot, 10th and Marcy Omaha 3.55pm St. Louis Camoon Ball 12.55pm

SHE WAS NEVER MISTAKEN.

New Orleans of tmes. "No. William, I'm not mistaken, and there's the pity of it," said Mrs. Copeland. with sad decision, as her husband turned out the gas. "The bible record alone would uphold me, if I did not have my memory to depend upon, but the fact remains-Amy was born on September 7, and Reland on the 14th of the same month and year, which gives Amy a week's advantage in point of age."

"I should call it a decided advantage, my dear, if it stands in the way of the poor child's happiness," observed Mr. Copeland. "No happiness could come of it, believe ne. The advantage should always be on the

husband's side, since women grow old more rapidly than men. It is not fair to Amy, and I could never consent to such a thing." "But, my dear Harriet," urged Mr. Cope land, "what possible difference could it make

-this paltry week? Had it been seven years, now, instead of seven days, I might understand. As it is, no one would believe it. I don't myself. I really think there must be 'Mistake!" she echoed, "oh, no, my dear

-I remember."
"I remember"—that was the key note of the family life. When Mrs. Copeland re-membered, the others meekly bowed in submission. From long experience they had learned to rely upon her memory as im-plicity as upon the steady old clock at the foot of the stairs.

There the matter might have rested, for

the night, at least, and poor Amy's hopes might have hung by the slenderest of threads, had it not been for a temptation which often assails and conquers the best of women—a desire for the last word.

"Yes," said Mrs. Copeland, yielding to this weakness, "there is certainly a week's difference. I will show you the record of Amy's birth tomorrow, in your writing, in 'I don't dispute it," repeated Mr. Copeland in drowsy tones; but as the final word fell from Mrs. Copeland's lips evil entered his heart, and he lay awake anxiously thinking

and planning, until his wife's regular breathing assured him that she was sound Then, in the midst of a brooding silence which seemed to cast a spell upon the household, he arose cautiously, softly groped about for his dressing gown and slippers,

about for his dressing gown and slippers, and dropped a box of matches into one of his capacious pockets.

His destination was the library, where, apon the top shelf of a bookcase, reposed the family bible. It was the work of a moment to light the gas, bring the volume down and spread it open upon the table, after which Mr. Copeland stood lost in treasonable meditation. Down the long column of defunct ancestors traveled his fat forefinger, until, reach

ing his own branch of the family, his search came more earnest, and bringing his wandering digit to a sudden halt he gave vent to a smothered exclamation of chagrin. "Confound it! She is right again!" There in his own handwriting was the fol-

owing entry:
"Amy, eldest daughter of William G. and Harriet Copeland, born September 7,1879." He gazed for a time at this proof of his wife's accurate memory, agitated by a variety of emotions, though his purpose never flagged. He had resolved fit that short curtain colloquy to tamper with the dates; but just now, on the eve of executing his design,

he was sensible of many qualms.

He opened his desk and took from one of the shelves a small vial, a bit of blotting paper and a fountain pen. The first con-tained some chemical preparation, and carefully drawing the stopper, he let fall a ingle drop of the liquid upon the date.

Like magic it disappeared, and drying the cleared place with the blotting paper Mr. Copeland viewed this part of his taking with great satisfaction. All inconvenient conscience pangs were now oblit-erated, and he was only intent on perfect-ing his task. This brought, the fountain pen-into active service. A light stroke, and the deed was done.

The anxious lines disappeared from his

genial face, a smile played round the corners of his mouth and twinkled in his eyes as of his mouth and twinkled in his eyes as he replaced the bible, concealed the weapons he replaced the bible, concealed the weapons. But at the first landing a shock awaited him, for there stood his daughter Amy, also en-veloped in a wrapper, her little bare feet thrust into slippers, her pretty hair falling isters and peered anxiously fnto the dimly lighted hall.
"Father," she exclaimed in a surprised

whisper, "what are you doing at this time of night?" Mr. Copeland started guiltily like a schoolboy caught in mischief.
"I might ask that question of you," my dear," he returned, parrying her attack. "I was hunting for a book."

"And I for robbers. I am sure some one turned the handle of my door awhile ago. I was frightened."
"Silly child," said Mr. Copeland, "no one was stirring but myself. Now go to bed and preserve your roses, else your mother will wake up and scold us both." The girl cut his sentence short by tucking his arm within hers and leading him down

stairs again, like a lamb to the sacrifice. There, strike a light," she commanded. Mr. Copeland obeyed.
"Now, sir," said Amy, fixing her laughing eyes upon him, "what mischief have you seen brewing?" "None, my dear.upon my honor." cried

Mr. Copeland, turning a shade or two red-She shook her head dubiously. "But, seriously," said Amy, "I wanted to ask your advise. What am I to do? I can never marry Roland against mother's wishes, that is clear enough, but how to overcome the obstacle I am at a loss to conjecture. At the same time I owe a certain duty to Rolan'l, who loves me."
"To be sure, to be sure," assented Mr.

Copeland, studying the tips of his slippers in seeming abstraction. Roland is a fine fellow, my dear, if it were not for the dis-parity in age." "Ah! that ugly, provoking, obstinate week!" flinging out each adjective with a gesture of despair, "and Roland would take it from me gladly if he could. Do I look so very ancient, so very much his senior? Is age so plainly written on my face?"

"No, I cannot say that it is," replied Mr. Copeland, with a critical glance. "You are a wee thing, after all. Roland looks years older, and, do you know." sinking his voice confidentially. "I have come to the conclusion that your mother must be mistaken.'
Amy started back horrified. "New

never! you forget mother's memory. That is unimpeachable."

It was now Mr. Copeland's turn to shake his head. Nevertheless, I hold to the opinion that there is an error in this case. With so there is an error in this case. With so many things josiling one another in her mind, would there be any wonder if she had confused the date."

"You dear old father, you mean well; but the confused the date of the light will have to wait.

you can't, so Roland and Ewill have to wait L as Well "Until mother, in the kindness of her heart, consents to forget the difference of a week." "Forget!" echoed Mr. Copeland incredu-

lously. "At least, to overlook #L" "That may be; but the fact would still re-



main a haunting memory. It must be ob- with an air of rigid calmness inid aside her literated," said her father with stern de-

What must be obliterated?" "The date—ahem—I should say the fact."
returned Mr. Copeland, in some confusion.
"There, never mind, my dear, Don't be
worried. Things will come all right in the worried. Things will come all right in the end. What an untimely hour for discussion! One o'clock—lust fancy if your mother should wake up and miss me! Come, you must not lose your beauty sleep."

Mrs. Copeland's memory, as before stated, was a family institution. It was a perfect encyclopedia of dates and events, a most useful and valuable accompaniment to a very charming woman, and especially useful to Mr. Copeland, whose absent-mindedness was an incessant drawback.

But regarding Amy's little romance, Mrs. Copeland's memory bade fair to prove a serious bar. From childhood these two lovers had seemed destined for each other, from the days when they shared all their essessions, and generous Roland yielded the etter half to his little sweetheartthrough the various stages, through the transitions of boyhood and girlhood, when the timid heart begins to know itself. Out of this they emerged hand in hand, to the general satisfaction, for Ronald Deane

was a sterling fellow, and both Mr. and Mrs. Copeland heartly agreed when they declared their approval of Amy's choice For a white all went well, and many de-ightful plans had been made for the future, until Mrs. Copeland began a course of reminiscences relative to this important change in her darling's life, and their she came upon the awful discovery that in point of age Amy outstripped Roland by a

Mrs. Copeland passed a most miserable day. To such marriages she had a rooted antipathy, that no amount of argument could dispel.

So it is no wonder that in contemplating the deed just so successfully accomplished. Mr. Copeland had fairly trembled at his Had his bold scheme involved any other

book he would not have hesitated; but he venerated the sacred volume and felt, in what he had determined to do, a certain awe and dread, as if he meditated nothing He was decidedly nervous the next morn ing and evaded the important subject by every artifice in his power. He had no wish to taste of victory so early in the day; so when Mrs. Copeland, pursuing at

discourse, offered to produce testimony on the spot, Mr. Copeland rose with all appearance of haste and and glanced at his watch. "Nine o'clock, my dear Harriet. I'm late as it is. I can't wait; some other time will

the breakfast table the thread of their late

do. This evening, perhaps. Goodbye," with which he hurried off. It was part of his plan to encounter Roland in the course of the day, and it was his good fortune to meet him that evening walking in the direction of their house. "See here, Roland," he began, "I to speak to you about Amy. Have you no-ticed the dear child has not been quite herself for the past day or so?" "I have, Mr. Copeland. Amy is needlessly worried over such a trifling matter; it is

not worthy of consideration."
"Ah, my young friend," answered Mr. Copeland, with a disapproving shake of his head, 'you make a mistake. If a man had a toothache, for instance, it does him no good to tell him it is a mere trifle. To telf Amy it doesn't matter is so much wasted breath. It does matter, for it is there, and clearly what must be done is to remove the cause of distemper."

"I understand your words, Mr. Copeland, said Roland, "but I must confess I fail to grasp your meaning wholly. It is beyond our power to annihilate facts, else, believe me, I would gladly shoulder a burden of 50 years to restore Amy's happiness or do away with Mrs. Copeland's prejudice." "Not prejudice," objected Mr. Copeland. "that is not the word. Mrs. Copeland is suffering from the effects of an acute at-

tack of memory. If you knew my wife as I do-but this is a case of too much of a good thing and I am going to administer an antidote."

Roland was silent in amazement. had been sufficiently intimate with the family to appreciate the stupendous import of this declaration. He trembled at the thought of such boldness.
"I don't think you have fairly considered

the difficulty of your scheme, Mr. Copeland," "Why difficult?" queried that gentleman.
"Are not the best of us liable to err some-times? My wife during all these years has been particularly exempt from the common lot of mortals, but her time may come, Roland—her time may come!" There was something prophetic in Mr. Copeland's words, and withal a latent tri-

umph in voice and manner which impressed his hearer against his will.

That evening a peculiar influence pervaded the atmosphere of the Copeland family, charging it like electricity, and, strange to say, it could be traced to Mr. Copeland.

Usually kind hearted and cheerful, these traits became marked by an intensity that was almost painful. His good humor amounted to such hilarity that the house

seemed too small to contain it.

They were enjoying a pleasant half hour dinner in the library, guite unconscious that Roland and Amy in the room beyond were determining the best way to bring affairs to an issue, for which purpose, accordingly, they invaded the sanctuary to-

gether. One look at their faces caused Mr. Cope-land to retire behind his newspaper—a man's surest safeguard when family disturbance is brewing.

Mrs. Copeland raised her eyes from her knitting as they came in, but she, too, de-tected something, and silence held them all for a moment. "Mother." began Amy, in a trembling voice, "Roland and I have come tonight to ask—to beg, indeed—that you will renew your consent to our engagement which you

gave so long ago."
"Indeed, Mrs. Copeland," added Roland, in clear, firm tones, "Amy and I have tried and proved our affection. Do not make us waste our youth in waiting. There is nothing to hinder our marriage, save this shadow, which you have raised between us. Let it fade—for the happiness of all. Mrs. Copeland, at this appeal, laid down her knitting, and Mr. Copeland's newspaper

rattled sympathetically.
"My dear children," said Mrs. Copeland, much distressed, "I wish I could make you see this matter as I do. It is the principle of the thing. My objection is not a shadow Roland, but tangible, as you know, and not easily overcome. Perhaps you think me

easily overcome. Perhaps you over sensitive on this one subject. "My dear," interrupted Mr. Copeland, in serious tone, "I don't pretend to take sides in this important question—I am too infer-ested in all parties. Your objection, Har-riet, as you have stated it, is well grounded I don't deny that—yet these children are no less reasonable in their demands. What amazes me is that you should not reflect that you might be mistaken in this matter.

Memory is capricious and it may have served you a false turn."
"Not my memory," said Mrs. Copeland. with an air of pride, as if in defending it she upheld the family escutcheon. "Well," said Mr. Copeland, shrugging his shoulders as his eyes returned to the paper. "I have but expressed my opinion." "I cannot believe it possible, William"— Mrs. Copeland's voice assumed a reproachful tenderness—"that after all these years you should doubt me."

"only your memory."

Mr. Copeland was growing philosophical in anticipation of his approaching triumph. "'After all these years' was the term you used; don't you realize that time weakens used; don't you realize that time weakens rather than strengthens that faculty of yours? People at our period of life may wear well—you do, my love—but we must not expect too much. It is perfectly natural that after its ceaseless labor the springs of your mamory should be impaired. It is only what we must all look forward to, and, surely, you do not mind going down the bill with you do not mind going down the hill with me Harriet?" Tears came into Mrs. Copeland's eyes, but he did not speak, and Mr. Copeland con-

Does not the new happiness, ready to flower at your bidding, compensate you for this trifling lapse? Could you be content, dear, to gain a point and lose the selemn joy that uniting these two lives might grant to you and me? I don't plead for them; neither do I ask you to deviate from a principle; only consult your clear judgment and do what it dictates."

Without a word Mrs. Consists recognition

And I remember," she said, "seeing you set down the day and year, September 7, 1876. I tell you this before consulting the register, for I honestly desire to be fair to Amy and mys. If."

Mr. Copeland actually trembled in an agony of conscience, and almost stopped breathing while Mrs. Copeland turned the leaves. leaves. He controlled himself with a great effort as she reached the fatal page. He watched her foreinger travel down the column, as his had done; he saw her stop suddenly, and he felt that the moment of victory had

With a firm step she walked to the book-

case, and taking from it the family bible she cleared a place upon the table and placed it before her husband.

"You remember," she asked slowly, "re-cording the date?"

"Indeed I do," assented Mr. Copeland, heartily.
"And I remember," she said, "seeing you gontember 7,

come. She did not speak at first, but stood staring at the date as if her eyes had deceived her. "Amy Roland, come here," was her first words, and as they obeyed her summons she

pointed to the accusing number.
"I was mistaken," she said, simply, but no pathetic was this bit of renunciation that Mr. Copeland felt tempted to step forth and declare his duplicity, when his eyes fell upon the transfigured faces of the lovers. No, that would never do; he must be firm and stand to his false colors for the good of

Mrs. Copeland gradually regained her con posure, her momentary chagrin was counter-balanced by her true maternal feeling, and as for Mr. Copeland, his satisfaction knew no

When the young people left them flection of their joy lingered behind, glorify-ing Mr. and Mrs. Copeland as they sat to-gether on the sofa, hand in hand. "William," said Mrs. Copeland, breaking pause, I shall never remember again."

alarm.
"Never positively, I mean. I suppose l shall always have a tendency to recall facts, but always conditionally."

And so it proved. From that day she lost the air of assurance that had made her an oracle. Her active mind still performed its customary duties, but without estenta-

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed Mr. Copeland,

tion.
It was never "I remember,"but "If I remember correctly," "If I am not mistaken," uttered with such humility and doubt as to render the expression painful to Mr. Copeland's ear.
But he never recanted, and Amy's fair beauty and unclouded happiness in some measure overbalanced that one false stroke on the record page of the family bible.

NUTSHELL'S SPLENDID GALLOP. The Speed and Bottom of the Little Mare

"See yonder horse's foot that hangs

Saved Her Mistress's Life.

on the nail over the fireplace?" said Colonel Bowne meditatively, as he flicked the ashes from the tip of his cigar in his apartments up town on Thursday night. The wind and snow were holding carnival in the streets, making everybody within doors thankful for the shelter of a home. Three guests had dined with the colonel, says the New York Sun, and they were now seated about the open grate in the enjoyment of fragrant cigars. They saw nothing unusual in the mass of horn their attention was called to, save perhaps that it was burnished with great care, and that it hung pendent from a knot of blue ribbons. All nodded assent, however, when the colonel repeated his query, and waited, for they were sure the hoof had a history, and few can tell a story better than this retired army officer, whose hair is as white as the carpet of snow that lay outside, muffling the footfalls of the passers-by and causing the horses in Fifth avenue to struggle for their fee

every step they took.
"Did I ever tell you how my mare.
Nutshel!, saved the life of my wife away back in '65? No, I think not," and the colonel gazed a long time into the cheery depths of the fire and sighed heavily two or three times as the flood of recollections swept away the curtain of the past. The guests knew that his thoughts were with the spirit of a sweet woman who had been dead ten years, and when the colonel fumbled at the locket at his chain which held her picture they remained silent. "Like most men in the army, I fell in

love young, and was married in Fred-ericksburg in '63, returning to my post of duty almost immediately after 1 was made the happiest man on earth. My father-in-law was a racing man, a breeder of thoroughbreds, and when I went back to my regiment I carried with me a 3year old mare as a present from the old gentleman, who said that, having no boy of his own, he wanted the son of his adoption to be well mounted and a credit to the army. The mare was a lovely chestnut in color, and, although a trifle undersized, handled my 160 pounds as though it were play to her, seeming absolutely tireless and possessed of speed of such a high order that she won several match races for me with the utmost case. Nutshell was the name given to her by my father-in-law, and out of respect for him I did not change it, although I often thought that it scarcely seemed fitting for such a glorious mare. I rode her through a number of engage-ments and never found her wanting. In battle she had all the courage of a stallion and entered into the spirit of the contest with a vigor that was amazing. Her eyes fairly blazed on such occasions and she struck with her front feet at the enemy with a vigor that transformed her so that she did not seem the same animal that was so docile before the trumpets sounded. I remember once in the Shenandoah valley that she became uncontrollable for a time in the heat of a fight and fastened her teeth into the neck of an opponent's charger and never

gave up until he was dead and his ride: my prisoner. "After hostilities had ceased my father-in-law insisted that my wife and should make our home with him. Having no plans for the immediate future glad of the opportunity and the months of June, July, August and September passed away most happily.

The colonel looked at the window, where the snowflakes were eddying, and was evidently reading from the open book of the past. "One day," he resumed, "one of the

men on the place used more force than

thought was necessary in bridling Nutshell, and when I took him to task he was insolent. I went into the house to avoid trouble, for I was quick tempered in those days, but I couldn't forget the fellow's manner, and came to the door in time to see him snatch at the curb and throw the mare upon her haunches. an instant I had him by the throat, and I'd probably have killed him if they hadn't torn me away. The man was dis-charged, and after dinner, when we sat 'Not you, Harriet." replied her husband, lown for an evening's enjoyment, the entire episode was forgotten. After some music, my wife asked me to read aloud to the family, and, approaching me from behind with the book, put her arms about my neck in a way that was pe-culiarly her own. I had grasped her by the wrists and was about to speak, when the glass in a French window at the end of the room was shattered, and the re-port of a gun almost deafened us. "I remember," and the colonel rose to

his feet and began pacing rapidly before the hearth, "that my father-in-law and myself, with half a dozen servants at our eels, rushed upon the plazza. A seream from my wife's mother brought me to the drawing room in an instant, and there I found my wife with her head pillowed upon her mother's besom and blood pouring from a wound in her breast just above the heart. The scoundrel had missed my head by an Without a word Mrs. Copeland rose, and

mark. The nearest physician was at Fredericksburg, ten miles away, and the plank road was in the worst possible ondition. Shouting like a madman, I rushed to the barn, saddled Nutshell. and in less than two minutes was gal-loping madly for medical assistance. knew the folks at home would do their best to stay the flow of blood, and that everything rested in the prompt atten-tion of a surgeon. I spared neither whip nor spur, but urged the gallant mare until it seemed that she must fall from sheer exhaustion, and when the ights of Fredericksburg rose before me the mare's sides were torn and bleeding, where they were not white with foam, and I was little less than a madman. The doctor, who was an old friend, had not retired, and he was in the saddle and galloping by my side within a few minutes. He urged his horse, a stout half-bred, to his best pace, but he was no match for Nutshell, and when half journey was completed he stumbled and fell heavily, throwing the doctor far in advance. I drew rein, and felt my very blood freeze in my veins when I beard him shout: This is bad business, Bowne. My horse has broken a leg.

"There was nothing else for it but to bave Nutshell carry double, or else I could abandon her to the doctor and proceed on foot. The thought, however, that my wife might die before I reached the house settled everything, and in a twinkling the bonnle mare was staggering onward under her double burden. A dozen times she stumbled to her knees but I roused her with voice and hand. and she struggled on and on until she seemed possessed of endurance beyond her species. When the house with its lights came into view she seemed to know the necessity of an extra effort. and when we dismounted at the door and my father-in-law shouted, 'She's alive yet, there's hope still,' I throw the reins to a servant and followed the doctor into the house. The wound was a bad one, but the surgeon was possessed of uncommon skill, and my wife ultimately recovered. God was good; He spared her to me for years, and then took his own, but my gallant little mare, I never

saw her alive again. "They found her in the morning stretched cold and stiff in her box stall. There wasn't a dry eye in the household, and she was buried on a mound in the postern where she first saw the light of day. I had her off front foot cut off and mounted, as you see, and there's no money could get me to part with it.

The colonel was silent again, and none broke the stillness for some minutes, Finally the younger of the party queried "But, Colonel, the man who fired the shot. What of him?" "On, his health got bad, and he didn't

live long afterward. Not excelled by any high-priced liniment,

Salvation Oil, twenty-five cents a bottle MARK TWAIN'S PULL.

A Smooth Job Worked Through Ruth Cleveland. Mark Twain has a pull with the administration. That has been demonstrated. He has a bigger pull than Secretary Gresham, Josiah Quincy and the democratic delegation of Illmois put together, says the Chicago Record. Last summer, when Mr. Quincy was engaged in his herculean labors in the cause of reform, he offered a prominent German of Illinois a certain place in the consular service, which had been and is still occupied by one of the most efficient men on the rolls of the government. The removal and appointment were made out with the concurrence of Secretary Gresham, and Mr. Quincy took them over to the white house for the president's approval. But he brought them back unsigned and with instructions to inform the consul in question that he might make his arrangements to stay at

his post as long as Grover Cleveland was president of the United States. The secretary of state never knew the reason for the president's action, but it has since leaked out that it was due to a letter written by Mark Twain while he was in Europe last sammer. He had frequently visited the place where this consul is stationed and knew him very well. One day he called at the consulate and found his friend packing up his books and papers for shipment home. He had not been removed, but had received notice that his successor might be named any day. This suggested a discussion of the tenure of office in the consular service, and when Mark Twain returned to his hotel he sat down and wrote a letter to Baby Ruth Cleveland

on the subject. "I am a mugwump," he said, "and cannot ask the president any favors. It would be a violation of our creed, but there is no reason why I should not ask you to say to him that in all my travels throughout the world during the last twenty years I have made the acquaintance of a great many consuls, good, bad and indifferent, and I have never known a better one than Mr. So and So, who has just received notice that his place is wanted for some inexperienced man, simply because he is a republican and

the other fellow is a democrat." Here followed a review of the record of the consul in question, a description of the peculiar qualifications which fitted him for the place, and Mr. Twain's views as a mugwamp concerning the Quincy was carrying on the work of re form by tarning out all the republicans in the service and filling their places with democrats, regardless of their ficiency or qualifications. In conclusion he asked Baby Ruth to use her influence with her father to stop that sort of thing, and particularly to prevent Mr

- from being slaughtered like the The letter was posted, and in about three weeks there came a reply written on the stationery of the executive man-sion, in which Miss Ruth Cleveland prosented her compliments to Mr. and begged to say that she had com-municated the contents of the letter to the president, who desired her to thank him for having brought the matter to his attention, and to assure him that the gentleman of whom he wrote would be allowed to remain in office as long as he performed his duties as faithfully as he

had done in the past. Have You Asthma?

mall a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure free to any sufferer. He suvertises by giving it away. Never falls to give instant relief in worst cases and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send your name and address for a free trust package Averaging It.

Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will

The city editor of the Detroit Prec Prega had sent the reporter our to have an insterview with a very aged woman they had discovered, and the resorter had come back. Well," inquired the city editor, "did you

Course, I did; that a schat I went for." "How old is she!" "She gaid she was 110 years old."
"Very well. When you write your story
put her down at 125. The woman isn't hytog who will tell her real age."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Custoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Bastoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, the gave them Castorie