

CHAPTER XXV .- Concluded. It was about the third hour of the aftermoon and we had not begun to wax weary, when away on the hillside we heard the sound of cheering. We looked about us to see what might be the cause. There came one riding slowly down upon a much tired horse between the ranks of the companiesa great man in a foreign coat and hat, whom at the first glint my mother knew for my brother Sandy.

As he came the roar of greeting swelled and lifted. I declare I was proud of him. Robert Hamilton had no such greeting. I had not thought that our Sandy was so great a man. And I forgave him for flouting

"Mother," I said, "that is our Sandy they are cheering!" "Think ye I kenned not that? Whaur has

he come frae?" she said. "I wonder if Jean Hamilton kens?" It was like my mother to think first of

others; but in a little she said: I trust I am not overproud that my bairn is honored. And indeed it made us all proud that

Sandy was so greatly thought of. So he also look his place on the Season Stone and made another young head among the gray-beards. Soon he was called upon to speak, and in his great voice he began to tell of his message from the kirks of Holiand, and to commend patience and faithfulness. They say that every man that stood to arms among the Seven Thousand heard him that day, and that even the watchers upon the tops heard many blessed words and expressions that the light winds blew them in wafts. Saving Richard Cameron's alone, there was no such as Sandy's heard in Scotland during

Then Robert Hamilton rose and spoke, counselling that since there were so many present they should once more and imme-But one of the most venerable men there

present rose and said: Robin, ye are but one of the Council of Twelve, and ye know that our decision is to wait the man and the hour. It beseems you, then, either to speak within the order of the

persuasive beyond belief, and coming after was just gray day when we took the shorthe mighty roaring of the Bull of Earlstoun way down the face of the gairy that sets its

Then, as though to recall us to earth, from

(so they called Sandy) and the rusping rocky brow over the desolate moor of Mashriek of Robert Hamilton, it had a great caterick. Being uncumbered with women effect upon me. There came a sough from folk, we now came down the nearest way. the people us his words ran over them like a that which leads by the strange rocky ho soothing and fanning wind blowing among low, steep on every side, named the Maiden's the trees of the wood.

Bed. So we fled westward. So the day passed and the gladness of the people increased, till some of us felt that it was like the golden gates of heaven just to in upon us, gladdening our hearts. Wat was was like the goden gates of heaven just to be there, for the passion of a multitude of folk with one heart's desire thrilling to the one word and the one hope had taken hold on us. The like was never seen upon the wild mountains of the south. the green meads of the Minnoch side there



A great black-a-vised man sprang up

came one running to pass the word that the enemy was in sight. Two companies of Stra-chan's dragoons with Ciaverhouse's levies were riding from Stariton as fast as their horses could carry them. Whereat without haste and with due solemnity the great and desirable General Meeting of the United Secleties at Shalloch-in-Minnoch was brought

The women and aged men were set behind the companies, and such as could reach home without passing the troopers' line of march were set upon their way. But when once we found ourselves without the line of the companies which stretched across from the black downthrow of rocks upon Craigfacie to the Rig of the Shalloch Hill, my mother would go no further.

"Na," she said, "gang your ways doon. This is the place for Kate and Maisie and an auld wife tike me, but it shall never be said that William Gordon's wife grudged both her

moment of him.
"Alas!" he said, "there is no such good hope. Had I not-the message of the Prince abide and wait. I would even now strike a blow. As it is we must just stand to our arms. I would to God it were otherwise!"

The companies of mounted soldiers rapidly approached to the number of perhaps 300. But I think they were daunted when from a knoll below the house of the Shalloch they first saw the great and imposing army. They

first saw the great and imposing army. They say there were over 2,000 under arms that The Seven Thousand will surely stay John Graham the day!" said a man at my cibow. But Claverhouse was not a man easily

Leaving his men, he rode ferward alone with but a trumpeter. He held a white handkerchief in his hand, and waved it as he rode toward us upon his war herse. I saw the trumpeter lad look about him more than once, as if he wished himself well out of it. But Colonel Graham rode straight at

the center of our array as if it had been his

wn. Sandy went out to meet him.
"Will ye surrender and lay down your arms?" cried Clavers as he came near. Since then I have never denied the creature courage, for all his cruelty.

There came a gust of laughter from the nearer companies of our array when they heard his words. But Sandy checked the noise with his hand. "Surrender!" he said, "It is you, John

We have no rebels. We but stand to our arms n defense of our covenant rights." "Keep that Whiggish garbage for the prayer meeting, Existoun!" said Claver-house. "I know you too well, Sandy Gordon, do you mind the long wood of Dairale by the Wen Water?"

What he meant I cannot tell, but I think his words daunted Sandy for a moment. For in his old unsanctified days they had been comrades, being of an age and student lads together at St. Andrews, and both equally keen of the play upon the green. Though ever since Sandy married Jean Hamilton he had turned him to new courses.

So having obtained no satisfaction, Claver house rode slowly back to the dragoons. Then without a word, save the shout of command. he led them forward over the moor toward us. Bless my soul and body," said Wat, the Heather Cat going to charge an army in position?" And indeed it looked like it.

But as he came toward us, from the fron rank where Sandy stood with a great broad-sword bare in his hand and his horse brisk as though it had just been led from its stail came my brother's great voice. "If ye set a horse's hoof over that burn, ye

shall receive our fire. Men, make ready! Right up to the burn bank rode Clavers and his troop and there halted. For a long minutes he looked at us mighty contemptu ously, then he snapped his fingers at us "That for ye!" he cried. "Ye stand "Ye stand the day.

Ye shall be scattered the morn. I ken ye brawly. Among a' your testimonies there is not one which any three of ye would read over and not fall out about. This day ye are on the brae face. The morn ye'll be at the dyke back, with an ounce or two of his majesty's excellent lead in ye. God save the

And with that he waved his hand, cried to his men, and rode off like the steeve and

Last of all the young man rose, him of the pale countenance and clustering hair.

'It is young Mr. James Renwick, who is going abroad to study and be ordained at in the Low Countries," said one near and wife that above there, with Kate to bear her company. She was not used to the life on the hills, and so could flee no further. It

and of their maids after, yet it makes no the foot move so light when it must step ou away from the beloved.

But all the same it was a bright morn ing when we clambered down the steep side of the hill that looks toward Macaterick. The feathery face of rock that overlooks the levels of Macaterick, and the burn that flows from it by links and shallows into Loch Doon, were bright with the morning sun upon them. But there at last was the cave-face mouth hidden under the boskage

of the leaves.

I ran on before Wat, outstripping him, al beit that for ordinary he was more supple than I, so great was my desire to see Maisie Lennox, and assure myself that all had gone well with her father. I had not thought but that she would be sitting safely within, with the cave garnished with fresh leaves, like a bower, and her father watching her through his bushy eyebrows.

Smiling, I lifted the curtain of birch leaves.

Great God of heaven! The cave was wholly empty as I slid down into it! Maisle and her father had vanished! I stood as one amazed. There was no life

or thought or soul in me. I stood as one stands at the threshold of his home, before whom the gulf suddenly yawns fathomless.
Wat came down, and together we looked all about, but saw no signs of a struggle, no footprints, save on a moss-hag a hundred yards from the door the print of a horse's foot, where to our knowledge no horse had been for a menth past. But it was enough Many or few, we knew that it was by a trav-eling party of dragoons that Anton Lennox and his daughter had been captured.

Now that which follows is the telling of Toskrie Tam, who is now a gardener at Af-ton, but in the old days, and in the worldly delight of soldiering, had ridden with Clavers and Lag in the tumultuous times. Tam is a long, loose-jointed loon, forever crying about rheumatism, but a truthteller, as John Gra-ham taught him to be, and one that his wife has in subjection. There is the root of the has in subjection. There is the root of the old man in Tam yet, for though an elder now, ofttimes have I come on him around a corner using must unconventional language to his underlings. But he is a good zervant, this is heart breaking? his underlings. But he is a good rervant, and there is no service in being over gleg in the hearing with such. Besides, his wife clours him soundly enough when there is

Somewhat thus Tam told his tale, a trifle unwilling at first, but warming with recol-lection as he proceeded;

ten doon, I'll tell ye word for word. Weel, after the Conventicleers had outfaced us at the Shalloch-on-Minnsch, Clavers and Doug-las rode south to the Minnoch Brig that looks to Loch Trool.

'There's a dour pack o' whigs up tha glen, saye Chevers. Think ye will turn and steer them?" "They will just be hiving hame frae the

conventicle. We shall catch them as they run, Douglas made answer. "So without a word more, slack rein and that William Gordon's wife grudged both her sons to the work of the Lord?"

So Wat and I went our ways down to where Sandy stood as chosen leader of the army of the Seven Thousand. He paid, indeed, but little attention to us, giving us no more than a nod, but setting us upon errands for him.

"Will ye fight;" said I, when I got a quiet moment of him.

"At the Caldons, a bit of a farmhouse on a rig among trees at the foot of Loch Trool, Gib Macaterick and I were scouting by the loch, when suddenly, without warning, we came on a little crowd of men all praying on their kneer behind a dyke back. They were so busy with the supplications that they did not notice us, and we, that looked for promotion over the head of the business, covered them with our muskets and called to

"Doug as was in command, for Clavers had

ever they see a whig tyke skartin' for fleas? Davis Leslie, and then cried in mockery offscourings of half a dozen troops, and I'll tan Gib's hide for him and yours, too, my man, when we come to the post. Ye shall ride the timber horses with a bit musket at your heels to learn yet to sit your beast. "Whereat he cried to wheel about, and we went down the Caldons road. The farm site

four square, compact with office houses and mailings. There are little three-cornered wickets in the walls. As we came to the foot of the rae we found Gib Macaterick stelled up against the dyke, with his hands bound and a paper in his teeth—a printed copy of the covenant. He was quite safe and sound, and his heart ticking away incide his ar good as new. But when we loosed him he could do nothing but curse and splutter. "Thou foul-mouthed whig, cried Douglas, hast thou been taking the covenant? Have him out and shoot him!"

"But Gib rose and made an end of the cav-enant by setting his foot upon it and crush-ing it into the sod. Then we moved forward, ore stand against a troop, but would at once scatter to the hill, which rises steep once scatter to the fill, which rises steep and black at the gavel end of the house. "But when we came within sight of the house half a dozen muskets cracked, and more than one of our company cried out with the pain of being hit. Indeed, the second volley tumbled more than one from his saddle, and let their horses break ranks and run back lingling accourrements.
"So Colonel Douglas dismounted half his

men, and sent the better part of a troop, under the Cornet of the same name, round to the high side of the farm to take the Conventiclers in flank, which with all success they did, and came down at the charge upon the steadings, capturing half a dozen, mostly lads, that were there with muskets in their hands. But there was one that threw himself into the lake and swam under water for it, and though our soldiers shot off a power of powder after him we could get no satis-faction that he had been hit. We heard that he was a Caraphairn man, and that the Graham, that may talk of surrender this day. name of him was Roger Dunn.

"So Douglas ordered a diamounted file to a bundred reward, sterling money! lead the young lads out into the dell a quarter "Whereat Douglas cursed and said of a mile from the house, where the noise of the shootings would not annoy him at his refreshment So the Cornet took them out well pleased, for it was a job that suited

ree times 'Good night!'
"So the night being pit mirk and the hill unknown, we took up our abode at Bongill for the night. Sitting in the hole of the peat stack we found a strange object, a with them. He is lying watching about some dyke back. Ah, would that I could get my crary natural, shapeless and ill-looking.
"But some of the men who had seen his So we hasted along the way, keeping to the hills in order to reach the Clachan of St. mother knew him for the idiot son of Corpslicht Kate, the informer, of the Shiel of the Star. Douglas questioned him, for sometimes these naturals have much shrewd wit.

"'How came ye to be here?"

'Wesl, ye see, the way o't is this-"'Make a short story of it, if ye dinna want a bit o' lead through ye." "'A blaw of tobacco wad fit Gash Gabriel setter—grand man in the reid coatie!" said

if the gloamin' an' faith the mistress wad has gi'en me a bed, but there was a horse 'So, being unable tol make anything of him, Douglas let him go back to his dry peat

the natural cunningly. I cam to the Bongill

"The next morning was bright and bonny, as the others had been, for the summer of this year was most favorable to our purpose, by the blessing of the de'il, as Lag used to say in his cups, so that the track along the side of Curleywee to Loch Dee was as dry as a bone. When we came to the ford of the Cooran we saw a party coming down to meet us with prisoners riding in the midst. There was an old man with his feet tied together under the horse's belly. He swayed from side to side so that two troopers had to help him, one on either side, to keep his seat. This they, did roughly enough The other prisoner was a young lass with a still, sweet face, but with something commanding about it also-saving your presence, sir. She was indeed a bonny picture, and my heart was was for her.

"Mardrochat has done it to richts this time. He has gotten the auld tod o' the Dunsrae, Auton Lennox, and his dochter at the same catch. That will be no less than

"Whereat Douglas cursed and said that a hundred was too much for any renegate dog such as Cannon of Mardrochat, and that he sould assuredly dock him of the half of the "So that day we marched to New Gallo-



AS HE CAME THE ROAR OF GREETING SWELLED AND LIFTED.

green hollow he speedily laid the six in a row.

"So perish all his majesty's rebels!" said as he told it to me in the garden house of

Colonel Douglas as he rode past, bung full of brandy and good mutton ham.
"That's as benny a kill o' Whigs as we hae gotten for mony a day. Rothes will be | When Wat and I found the cave empty we leased with this day's work,' said the Cor-

"It was growing dark by the time that we drew up from the loch, and it was ill getting guide. No one of us had ever seen the country, and there is no wilder in all the south, as I have cause to know. But we had not got to any conclusion when one came running with the news that he saw a light. So we spurred on as briskly as we dared, not knowing but that we might again hear the

whiatle of musket balls about our ears. "It was the little farm of Esconguhan, and only old Sandy Gillesple and his wife were at home, the lads, no doubt, being at the conventicle, or it may be among those who had fought with us in the yard of the Caldons and now lay quiet enough down in the copsewood at the loch foot.

"Sandy Gillespie of Esconquian was a shrewd old fox enough and answered all Douglas' questions with great apparent readi-

ness.

"Hae you a bible?" asked the colonel.

"'Aye,' said Sandy, 'but it's gye and stoury, reek it doon, good wife! I misdoot I dinna read it as often as I should—like yoursel', Colonel."

"Biddably, the wife, reached it down out of the little black hole over the mantel shelf, and the colonel laughed.

"'It is indeed brave and dusty. Man, I see you are no a right whig. I doubt that bit book disna get hard wark!" "Douglas' refreshment had made him more easy to deal with. easy to dear with.
"'Nevertheless," he continued, 'fettle on
your blue bonnet and put us on the road to
Bongill, at the loch-head, for there is a great

whigamore there of the name of Macmillan, and he's no get aff so easy. I warrant his bible is well thumbed! "'I canna rin wi' ye on siccan a nicht, and deed the road's no canny. But you red-coats fear neither God nor de'ii!' said Sandy

Gillespie readily. "'Out on you, gangrel. Gie ye canna rin ye shall ride. Pu' the auld wretch up ahint ye,' said Douglas, ready to be augry as soon as he was crossed, like all men in liquor. "And so be went over the hillside very

"Sandy Gillespie, canny man, tried to dis-

suade him from going to Bongill that night, which only made Douglas the more deter-mined, thinking that there was something or somebody that he might light on there and get credit to himself. "Aweel, Sir William, gin ye insist. No coarse as the Camerantan's road to heaven, but if ye inform me that it is a' to be written doon, I'll tell ye word for the coarse as the camerantan's road to heaven. I'll gang that road this night! said Clavers, who was pleased with the door. who was pleased with the death of the six whigs at Caldons, though vexed that he had not been at the shooting himself.

"We were no more than clear of the loch side path when Douglas bade old Sandy tune his pipes to help the men along the easier road with a song.

"'A whig's sang or a kingaman's sang?'
asked the auld tod blithely.

"'Hoot, a caveller song—what need has
we to tak' the book here?' cried Douglas

loudly.
" 'Mair need nor inclination!" said Claveruse scornfully, who was riding beside them "Sandy Gillespie, who was an exceedingly far-seeing old worthy, pretended that he was loath to sing, whereat Douglas ordered him

with an cath to sing at the peril of his life "So the old man struck up in a high piping roice, but none so ill in tune: "Our thistics flourished fresh and fair, And bonny bloomed our roses. But Whigs cam' like a frost in June, And withered a oor posies." "As he went on the old man's voice grew

louder, and in a little half the command was cantily shouting the song, which indeed goes very well to march to.
"'And ther's Bongill,' cried Gabriel, suddenly stopping and dropping off his horse, 'an' guide 'en to ye!'
"And with that the old fellow slid off among

covered them with our muskets and called to them to surrender for traitors and rebels. But in a trice they were over the dyke and at us like wild cats, gripping our herses and tumbling us off. They get Gib, but I that was suppler managed to jock off among the young oak trees and run what I was fit back to the troop.

"And with that the old fellow sild off among the brushwood and copse, and we saw no more of him, which was perhaps as well for him. "When we went into the little house of Bongill we found an open door buth back Great dishes of porridge sat on a table. Chairs and stools were overturned, and bibles and leatenents lay everywhere. and testaments lay everywhere.
"'Curse the old dog. He has sung them a'
to the hill," cried Douglas, 'Have him out

and shoot him. "But Gabriel was not to be seen. Only si from the hillside, a voice—the same that had sung 'Awa' Whigs, Awa, gave us 'Bonny

him better than fighting, and there in a little | way, and the next to Mennyhive, on the road

CHAPTER XXVI.

lost no time in searching the hill for traces of the lost ones. But, a little to the right of the entrance to the cage the whole was made plain to us. Here we found the bent and heather trampled and abundant stains of recent blood, as though one had been slain there and his body carried away. Also I found a silken snood and the color of it was blue. It was not the hue, for that is worn by most of the maids in Scotland, but when I took it to me I knew sure as seeing that i had bound about the hair of Maisle Lennox Though when Wat asked of me (who, being lover, might have known better) how I knew it for hers. I could not tell him. But it is

true that all the same know it I did. So we followed down the trail, finding nov a shred of cleathing and here the broken bits of a tobacco pipe such as soldiers use, smal and black, till we had rounded the hill that looks into the valley of the Cooran. Here at the crossing of the burn, where it was smallest, we found Anton Lennox's broad blue

It was enough. Soon we were scouring the hilltops as fast as our legs could move under us. We traveled southward, and twice during the day we caught sight of troops of dragoons moving slowly over the heather and picking their way among the hags, quartering the land as for the sport of man-shooting as they went. Once they raised, as it had been a poor maukin, a lad that ran from them, and we cauld see the soldiers running their horses and firing off white puffs of powder. It was a long time ere the musket cracks came to u that must have sounded so near and terrible to the poor fugitive. But they hit him not and for that time he wan off scot free. presently we saw them come back, feered at by their comrades like dogs that have misse the quarry and slunk home with their tails

between their legs.

But neither one of our fugitives was among them. So we held fast and snell to the east-ward, passing along the skirts of the Millyea and keeping to the heights above the track from the Glenkens to the Water of Cree. It was near to the infall of the road from Loch Des that we first got sight of those we sought. It was not a large company that had them in charge, and they marched not at all orderly, so that we judged it to be one of the Annandale levies of the Johnstone, or

Lag's Dumfries troop of renegades.

But in the midst, we marked quite clearly. they had two prisoners, great tall men, one with some white thing about his head, and in the rear they had six or seven other men, mostly on foot. Coming searer, we could also see a figure as of a young maid upon a Then I knew that the dear lass I had watched so long was at the mercy of the udest of the enemy.

We were thus scouring along the moor keeping a wary eye upon the troop and their poor prisoners, when Wat's foot took the edge of a moss-hag, where the ground was soft. As it pressed the soil downward we heard a sudden ery, and a great wild black-a-vised man sprang up with a drawn sword his hand, and drawing a pistol ran at us. We were so taken aback at the assault that we could scarcely put ourselves to the de-fense. But ere the man caute near he saw that we were dressed like men of the hills. He stopped and looked at us, his weapons

being yet pointed our way.
"Ye are of the people!" he said sternly.
"Ay." said we, for I taink Clavers himself had owned as much, being taken unaware and unable to get at his weapons. "I thought I saw ye at the general meet-

"We were there," we replied; "we are two of the Glenkens Gordons. "And I am unworthy outcast James Mac-Michael.

Then we knew that this was he who for the murder of the curate of Carsphairn (a mightily foolish and illi-set man) was ex-pelled and excommunicated by the United Societies, which, though they could threaten private war to impress the enemies with fear, liked but ill to be taken at their word,
"I will come with you for company," he
said, taking his bonnet out of the moss bank
into which Watt's foot, had pressed it.
Now, we wanted not his company, but be-

cause we knew not cause in the matter of Peter Pearson) what the manner of the man was, the time went past in which we could have told him that his room was more to us than his company. 180, most ungraciously, we permitted him to come. Soon, however, we saw that he knew far more than we. Our skill in the hilf-lore was to his but as the bairn's to that of the regent of a college.
"The band that we see yonder is but the

100 people from 20 to 30 years of age, taken at hazard, twenty-seven will be found to be Women conceal such a deficiency with great cleverness and are not often detected, but while the loss of hair is not as prevalent among them as among men, yet if the pro-portion of the fair sex whose heads are as smooth as door knobs could be accurately

learned the results would undoubtedly b

chance riders that Cannon of Mardrochat has gathered. The ill loon himsel' is not

John's town before them. We went cau-tiously, Black MacMichael leading, often run-

ning with his head as low as a dog, and taking advantage of every cover as he went. Nor had we gone far when we had proof, if we wanted such, of the desperate character of the man in whose company we were. We

were passing through a little cleuch on the Holm of Ken and making down to the water

ing like silver for clearness beneath us. All of an instant we saw Black MacMichael fall

prostrate and motionless among the rocks at the side of the cleuch. He lay motionless for a moment or two. Then, without warn-ing, he let his piece off with a great bang that waked all the birds in that silent place.

and went to our hearts also with a sound like pain. For though Wat and I had both done men to death, it had been in battle, or

face to face when blade crosses blade and

the eye meets eye, and our fees had an equal chance with us. We had not been used to

clapping at a dyke back and taking sighting shots at our foes. (To be Continued.)

ODD FACTS ABOUT BALDNESS

Some New Stories About Men with Shining

A French doctor, who has been studying the subject for many years, says that out of

Already we could see the stream gianc

musket on him.

Between the ages of 30 and 40 the percentage of baid heads rises to 47.

The critical period, however, is between 40 and 50 years. Out of 100 chance subjects but twenty-five had a fairry good growth of hair, while the other seventy-five were almost entirely destitute of capillary covering When the 60th year is past, this French doctor asserts, it is rare to find a man who has hair enough on the top of his head to make

a parting possible.
It is consoling to know, says the New York World, that this affliction is an almost cer-tain sign of intellectual activity, for brain workers are most liable to it. On the other workers are most liable to it. On the other hand, people of the laboring classes, who gain their bread with their hands, are generally exempt from baldness until they have passed beyond the 60-year mark. Why the average workingman, who takes no particular care of his head thatch, should be able preserve it leaves then the man who o preserve it longer than the man who pends much time in having it brushed and shampooed is a mystery not yet explained. Among horses it has been remarked that the mans of the thoroughbred is thinner than that which ernaments the neck of his numbler brother who drags a dray or

Another curious thing is that a strong growth of hair is generally indicative of longevity. Most centenarians have extraorlinary heads of hair. There is no rule with out its exception, however. Bismarck is an octogenarian of wonderful vitality, but almost utterly baid. For some years European carlcaturists have been exaggerating and making fun of the three hairs which he and making fun of the three hairs which he has left. This did not deter an enthusiastle admirer of his—an American—who had been much interested in the reading of the iron chancellor's birthday fetes, not long ago, from writing him for a lock of his hair, which he said he would hand down as a precious retic to his heirs. In due time his letter came back with Prince Bismarck's marginal notation: "Entirely impossible."

In London there is a baldheaded club, every member of which must have a smooth and member of which must have a smooth and shiny pate. One of their favorite amuse-ments is to attend in a body music halls and theaters were the ballet is a feature. The attention of the audience, however, is always riveted on the array of bald heads as their owners file down the aisle and seat them selves in the front rows, and throughout the performance they receive more or less notice n the way of friendly remarks from the gal-

lery.

Not many years ago there was a Parislan wit and boulevardier named Siraudin, who would have been eligible to the presidency of the London club, for his head was absolutely destitute of hair. One hot day he was sitting bareheaded at one of the tables out of doors on the boulevard, with a num-ber of friends about. He noticed a bair on his coatsleeve and carefully picked it up and placed it on top of his head amid the laugh-ter of his companions. Suddenly he began to mop his face with his handkerchief and show every sign of excessive heat. "Dieu! How warm I am," he exclaimed

exhaustedly a couple of times, then the rea-son for it occurred to him, and he cried as he raised his hand to his head: "Ah! I know what makes me so warm. It's my hair," and he carefully removed it and

placed it on the table as he would a wig. The "Union Labor League of Western Penn-sylvania" was organized at Pittsburg, Pa., reently. Forty local unions are affiliated with W. J. Smith of the Flint Glass Workers, as president. The objects of the league are to establish an eight-hour day, increase the price of labor and to make Pittsburg the

headquarters of all national labor organiza

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