CHAPTER II .- Continued. It was this pride of Roy Jim's which led to an adventure which makes me shiver now when I think of it.

It happened in the August of '99, or it may have been in the early days of September, but I remember that we heard the cuckoo in Patcham wood, and that Jim said that perhaps it was the last of bim. I was still at school, but Jim had left, he being nigh 16 and I 13. It was my Saturday half holiday, and we spent it, as we often did, out upon the downs. Our favorite place was beyond Wolstonbury, where we could stretch ourselves upon the soft, springy chalk grass among the plump little southdown sheep, chatting with the shepherds as they leaned upon their queer old Pyecombe crooks, made In the days when Sussex turned out more fron than all the countries of England.

It was there that we lay upon that glorious afternoon. If we chose to roll upon our right side the whole weald would lay in front of us, with the north downs curving away in olive green folds, with here and there the snow white rift of a chalk pit. If we turned upon our left we overlooked the huge blue stretch of the channel. A convoy, as I can well remember, was coming up it that day, the timid flock of merchantmen in front, the frigate, like well-trained dogs, upon the skirts, and two burly drover line-of-battle ships rolling along behind them. My fancy was soaring out to my father upon the waters, when a word from Jim brought it back onto the grass like a broken-winged

"Roddy," said he, "have you heard that Cliffe Royal is haunted?"

Had I heard it? Of course I had heard it. Who was there in all the Down country who had not heard of the Walker of Cliffe Royal?" "Do you know the story of it, Roddy?"

"Why," said I, with some pride, "I ought to know it, seeing that my mother's brother, Sir Charles Tregellis, was the nearest friend of Lord Aven, and was down at this card party when the thing happened. I heard the vicar and my mother talking about it last week, and it was all so clear to me that I might have been there when the murder was

"It is a strange story," said Jim, thought-illy, "but when I asked my aunt about it she would give me no answer, and, as to my uncle, he cut me short at the very mention

There is a good reason for that," said I "for Lord Avon was, as I have heard, your uncle's best friend, and it is but natural that he would not wish to speak of his disgrace."

"Tell me the story, Roddy."
"It is an old one now—fourteen years oldand yet they have not got to the end of it.

There were four of them who had come down from London to spend a few days in Lord

There were four of them who had come down into the hall. I remembered the high oak-paneled walls with the heads of deer jutting played and played for two days and a night. Lord Avon lost and Sir Lothian lost, and my uncle lost, and Captain Bs. ington won until he could win no more. He won their money, but above all he won the papers from the

"His papers were found burned in the grate. His wristband was clutched in the dead man's hand, and his knife lay beside

"Did they hang him then?" "They were too slow in laying hands upon him. They waited until he saw that they had

brought it home to him, and then he fled. He has never been seen since, but it is said that he reached America." "And the ghost walks?"
"There are a hundred who have seen it."

"Why is the house still empty?"
"Because it is in the keeping of the law Lord Aven had no children, and Sir Lothian

Hume, the same who was at the card party, is his nephew and heir. But he can touch nothing until he can prove Lord Avon to be dead." Jim lay silent for a bit, plucking at the

short grass with his fingers.
"Roddy," said he at last, "will you come with me tonight and look for the ghosts?"
It took me aback, the very thought of it. 'My mother would not let me.' out when she's abed. I'll wait for

you at the smithy."

"Cliffe Royal is locked."
"I'll open a window easy enough."
"I'm afraid, Jim."

ut you are not afraid if you are with me Roddy. I'll promise you that no ghost shall

So I gave him my word that I would come and then all the rest of the day I went about, the most sad-faced lad in Sussex. It was all very well for Boy Jim! It was that pride of his which was taking him there. He would go because there was no one else on the country-side that would dare. But I had no



DEAD BESIDE HIS BED WITH HIS THROAT CUT.

pride of that sort. I was quite of the same way of thinking as the others, and would as soon have thought of passing my night at Jacob's gibbet on Ditchling common as in the haunted house of Cliffe Royal. Still, I could not bring myself to desert Jim, and so, as I say, I slunk about the house with so pale and peaky a face that my dear mother would have it that I had been at the green apples and sent me to bed early with a dish of chamomile tea for my supper.

England went to rest betimes in those days, for there were few who could afford the price of cardiary. andles. When I looked out of my window after the clock had gone 10, there was not a light in the village, save only at the inn. It was but a few feet from the ground, so I slipped out, and there was Jim waiting for me at smithy corner. We crossed the St. John's common together, and so past Ridden's farm, meeting only one or two riding officers upon the way. There was a brisk wind blowing, and the moon kept peeping through the rifts of the scud. so that our road was sometimes sliver-clear and sometimes so black that we found ourselves among the brambles and goosebushes which lined it. We came at last to the wooden gate with the high stone pillars by the roadide, and, looking through between the rails, among the brambles and goosebushes which lined it. We came at last to the wooden gate with the high stone pillars by the road-tide, and, looking through between the rails.

"I'm not afraid, uncle. " I never was afraid, But spirits are new to me, and-

"Spirits?"
"I've been in Cliffe Royal, and we've seen The champion gave a whistle.
"That's the game, is it?" said he.
you have speech with it?"
"It vanished first."

The champion whistled once more. "I've beard there is something of the sort up you der," said he, "but it's not a thing as I would advise you to meddle with. There's enough trouble with the folk of this world, Boy Jim without going out of your way to mix up with those of another. As to young Master Rodney Stone, if his good mother saw that white face of his she'd never let him come to the mithy more. Walk slowly on, and I'll see you back to Friar's Oak.'
We had gone half a mile, perhaps, when the champion overtook us, and I could not but observe that the bundle was no longer

branches. But Jim swung the gate open, and up we went, the gravel squeaking beneath our tread. It towered high, the old house, under his arm. We were nearly at the smithy before Jim asked the question which with many little windows in which the moor was already in my mind, "What took you up to Cliffe Royal, uncle?" glinted, and with a strip of water running round three sides of it. The arched door

"Don't you think we've gone far enough.
Jim?" said I, with my teeth chattering.
"I'll lift you in first."
"No, no: I'll not go first."
"Then I will." He gripped the sill and had his knees on it in an instant. "Now, Roddy, give me your hands." With a pull he had me up beside him, and a moment later we were both in the haunted house. him, but young as I was I had heard of coast amuggling and of packages carried to lonely places at night, so that from that had made a capture I was never easy until

How hollow it sounded when we jumped own onto the wooden floor! There was such THE PLAY ACTRESS OF ANSTEY CROSS. swidden boom and reverberation that we noth stood selent for a moment. Then Jim Oak and about the life which we led there. Now that my memory goes back to the old place it would gladly linger, for every thread which I draw from the skein of the past brings out half a dozen others that were entangled with it. I was in two minds when his pocket. When the flame burned up we



"I HOPE-I HOPE YOU'RE WELL."

"I'll show you round," said Jim, merrily, and pushing the door open, he led the way

stood right in the face of us, and on one

side a lattice hung open upon its hinge.
"We're in luck, Roddy," whispered Jim.
"Here's one of the windows open."

a sudden boom and reverberation that we both stood slient for a moment. Then Jim

burst out laughing.
"What an old drum of a place it is!" he

ere both in the haunted house.

"Don't you think we've gone far enough

One was his own young out and a single white bust which sent my brother, Captain Barrington. Another was heart into my mouth, in the corner. Many his cousin, Sir Lothian Hume. Sir Charles rooms opened out of this, and we wandered from one to the other, the kitchens, the still Avon the fourth. They were fond of playing room, the morning room, the dining room, cards for money, these great people, and they all filled with the same choking smell of dus

"I wonder where that stair Jim.

"Don't go up there, Jim!" I cried, clutching at his arm. "That must lead to the room of the murder."

"How do you know that?"
"The vicar said that they saw on the celling—Oh, Jim, you can see it even now!"
He held up his candle, and there was a great dark smudge upon the white plaster above us. above us. "I believe you are right," said he, "but,

anyhow, I'm going up to have a look at it."
"Don't Jim, don't!" 1 cried. "Tut, Roddy, you can stay here if you are afraid. I won't be more than a minute. There's no use going on a ghost hunt unless -my God, there's something coming down

twitch the shadows sprain from the waits to the ceiling. As to myself, my knees gave way under me, and I found myself on the floor crouching down behind Jim with a scream frozen in my throat. And still the steps came slowly from stair to stair, Then, hardly daring to look and yet unable to turn away my eyes, I saw a figure dimly outlined in the corner upon which the stair opened. There was a silence in which I could hear my poor heart thumping, and then when I looked again the figure was gone, and the low creak, creak was heard once more upon the stairs. Jim sprang once more upon the stairs. Jim sprang after it, and I was left half fainting in the

But it was not for long. He was down again in a minute, and, passing his hand un-der my arm, he half led and half carried me out of the house. It was not until we were in the fresh night air again that he opened his mouth.

his mouth.

"Can you stand, Roddy?"

"Yes, but I'm shaking."

"So am I," said he, passing his hand over his forehead. "I ask your pardon, Roddy. I was a fool to bring you on such an errand. But I never believed ip such things. I know better now." "Could it have been a man, Jim?" I asked, plucking up my courage, now that I could hear the doge barking on the farms.
"It was a spirit, Roddy."
"How do you know?"
"Because I followed it and saw it vanish into a wall as easily as an cell into sand

My fears were all back upon me, and every nerve creeping with horror. "Take me away, Jim! Take me away!" I cried. I was glaring down the avenue, and his eyes followed mine. Amid the gloom of the oak trees something was coming toward

"Quiet, Roddy!" whispered Jim. heaven, come what may, my arms are going

round it this time."
We crouched as motionless as the trunks behind us. Heavy steps ploughed their way through the soft gravel, and a bread figure loomed upon us in the darkness. Jim sprang upon it like a tiger. "You're not a spirit,

The threat might not have loosened Jim's grip, but the voice did. "Why, uncle!" he cried.

saw an arched stone roof above our heads and a book, and now I know that I could write broad deal shelves all round us, covered with one about Friar's Oak alone, and the folk dusty dishes. It was the pantry, whom I knew in my childhood. They were hard and uncouth, some of them, I doubt not, and yet, seen through the golden haze of time, they all seem sweet and lovable. There was our good vicar, Mr. Jefferson, who loved the whole world, save only Mr. Slack, the Baptist minister of Clayton, and there was kindly Mr. Slack, who was all men's brother, save only of Mr. Jefferson, the vicar of Friar's Oak. Then there was Monsteur Rudin, the French royalist refugee, who lived over on the Pangdean road, and who, when the news of a victory came in, was convulsed with joy because we had beaten Bonaparte, and shaken with rage because we had beaten the French, so that after the Nile he went for a whole day out of delivery. he could win no more. He won their money, but above all he won the papers from his elder brother, which meant a great deal to him. It was late on a Monday night that they stopped playing. On the Tuesday morning Captain Barrington was found dead beside his bed with his throat cut."

"And Lord Avon did it?"

that very table."

"Why, here are the cards themselves."

cried he, and he pulled a brown towel from something in the center of the sideboard. Sure enough it was a pile of playing cards—forty packs, I should think, at the least—which had lain there ever since that magic game which was played before I was born.

"And Lord Avon did it?"

beaten the French, so that after the Nile he wept for a whole day out of delight, and then for another one out of fury, alternately clapping his hands and stamping his feet. Well I remember his thin, upright figure and the way in which he jauntily twirled his little cane, for cold and hunger could not cast him down, though we knew that he had his share of both. Yet he was so proud and had share of both. Yet he was so proud and his such a grand manner of talking that no one dared to offer him a cloak or a meal. I can see his face now, with a flush over each craggy check bone, when the butcher made him the present of some ribs of beef. He could not take it, and yet while he was stalking off he threw a proud glance over his shoulder at the butcher, and he said: "Monsieur, I have a dog!" Yet it was Monsieur Rudin, and not his dog, who looked plumper for a week to come. Then I remember Mr. Paterson, the farmer,

who was what you would now call a radical, though at that time some called him a Priestly-ite, and some a Fox-ite, and nearly everybody a traitor. It certainly seemed t me at the time to be very wicked that a man should look glum when he heard of a I heard it, too, a shuffling footstep in the room above, and then a creak from the steps, and then another creak, and another. I saw Jim's face as if it had been carved out of ivory, with his parted lips and his staring eyes fixed upon the black square of the stair opening. He still held the light, but his fingers twitched, and with every twitch the shadows sprang from the walls to the celling. As to myself, my knees to the celling. As to myself, my knees way under me, and I found myself quietly away! "You livers of a lie," smid he. "You and those like you have been presching peace for nigh 2,000 years, and cutting throats the whole time! If the money that is lost in taking French lives were spent in saving English ones, you would have more right to burn candles in your windows. Who are you that dare to come here to insuit a law-abiding men?"
"We are the people of England, cried young Master Ovington, the son of the tory squire Master Ovington, the son of the toty squire. "You—you horse-racing, cock-fighting ne'erdo-well, do you presume to talk for the people of England? They are a deep, strong, silent stream, and you are the scum, the bubbles, the poor silly froth that floats upon the surface." We thought him your wicked.

And then there were the smugglers! The downs swarmed with them, for since there might be no lawful trade betwixt France and England it had all to run in that channel. have been up on St. John's common upon dark night, and, lying among the bracken. dark night, and, lying among the bracken, I have seen as many as seventy mules and a man at the head of each go flitting past me has silently as fish in a stream. Not one of them but bore its two ankers of the right French cognac, or its bale of silk of Lyons and lace of Valenciennes. I knew Dan a Scales, the head of them, and I knew Tom Hislop, the riding officer, and I remember the night they met. "Do you fight, Dan?" casked Tom. "Yes, Tom, thou must fight for it." On which Tom drew his pistol and blew Dan's brains out. "It was a sad thing to do," he said afterward, "but I knew Dan was toe good a man for me, for we tried it out before." It was Tom who paid a poet pfrom Brighton to write the lines for the tombstone, which we all thought were very true and good, beginning:

Alas! Swift new the fatal lead.

true and good, beginning:
Alas! Swift new the fatal lead
Which pierced the young man's head;
He instant fell, resigned his breath,
And closed his languid eyes in death. There was no more of it, and I dare say it is all still to be read in Patcham church-

One day about the time of our Cliffe Royal any way," he cried.

The man gave a shout of surprise, and then a growl of rage. "What the deuce—!" had fastened onto the walls, and wishing, he roared and then, "I'll break your neck if you don't let go."

The threat might rot have located lim's grammar when my eather wrote his Latin grammar, when my mother, who was sitting knitting in the window, gave a little cry of surpr.se

"Good gracious!" she cried. "What a vulgar looking woman!"

It was so fare to hear my mother say a hard word against anybody (unless it were General Bonaparte) that I was across the room and at the window in a jump. A pony chaise was coming slowly down the village street, and in it was the queerest looking person that I had ever seen. She was very stout, with a face that was so dark a red that it shaded away into purple over the nose and cheeks. She wore a great hat, with a white curling ostrich feather, and from under its brim her two bold black eyes stared out with a look of anger and defiance

"What a dreadful sight!" cried my mother. Rodney, but I think that the unfortunate

woman has been drinking."

"Why." I cried, "she has pulled the chaise up at the smithy. I'll find out all the news for you," and catching up my cap, away I scampered.

Champion Harrison had been shoeing horse at the forge door, and when I got into the street I could see him with the creature's hoof still under his arm and the rasp in his hand, kneeling down amid the white parlogs, The woman was beckening him from the chaise, and he staring at her with the queerest expression upon his face. Presently he threw down his rasp and went across to her, "What took you up to Cline Royal, uncle"
"Well, as a man gets on in years," eaid the champion, "There's many a duty turns up that the likes of you have no idea of. When you're near 40 yourself you'll maybe know the truth of what I say."

So that was all that we could draw from So that was all that we could draw from the sale was all that we could draw from the sale was all that we could draw from the sale was all that we could draw from the sale was all that we could draw from the sale was all that we could draw from the sale was all that we could draw from the sale was all that we could draw from the sale was all that we could draw from the sale was all that we could draw from the sale was all that we could draw from the sale was all that we could draw from the sale was a sale where and shaking his head as he talked to her. For my part I slipped the sale wheel and shaking his head as he talked to her. For my part I slipped the sale was a like the sale work and the deft way in which he turned up the caulkens. When he had done with it he carried it out and there was the strange woman still talking with his uncle. "Is that he?" I heard her ask.

Champion Harrison nodded, She looked at Jim, and I never saw such eyes in a human head, so large and black and wonderful. Boy as I was I knew that in spite of that bloated face this woman had been very beautiful. She put out a hand, with all the fingers going, as if she were playing on the harpsichord, and she touched Jim on the shoulder. "I hope-I hope you're well," she stam-

"Very well, mam," said Jim, staring from her to his uncle.

"And happy, too?"
"Yes, mam, I thank you."

"Nothing that you crave for?"
"Why, no, mam; I have all that I lack." "That will do, Jim," said his uncle in a stern voice. "Blow up the forge again, for that shoe wants reheating."

But it seemed as if the woman had some thing else that she would say, for she was angry that he should be sent away. Her eyes gleamed and her head tossed, while the emith, with his two big hands outspread. seemed to be soothing her as best he could. For a long time they whispered until at last she seemed to be satisfied

"Tomorrow, then?" she cried loud out.

"Tomorrow," he answered.
"You keep your word, and I'll keep mine, said she, and dropped the lash on the pony's back. The smith stood with the rasp in his hand, looking after her until she was just a little red spot on the white road. Then he "I don't want her help, uncle, and I don't ment upon me. want to see her."

"But I've promised, Jim, and you wouldn't make me out a liar. She does but want to talk with you, for it is a lonely life she "What would she want to talk with such

"Why, I cannot eay that, but she seemed very set upon it, and women have their fancies. There's young Master Stone here who wouldn't refuse to go and see a good lady, I'll warrant, if he thought he might better his fortune by doing so."
"Well, uncle, I'll go if Roddy Stone will go with me," said Jim, Won't you, Master

Rodney?" So it ended in my saying yes, and back went with all my news to my mother, who dearly loved a little bit of rossip. She shook her head when she heard where I was going but she did not ray pay, and so it settled.

It was a good four miles of walk, but when we reached it; yau would not wish to see a more cosy little house, all honey-

suckle and creepers, with a wooden porch and lattice windows. A common-looking woman opened the door fer us. "Miss Hinton cannot see you," said she, "But she asked us to come," said Jim. "I can't help that," cried the woman in

rude voice. "I tell you that she can't see We stood irresolute for a minute.

said Jim at last. "Tell her! How am I to tell her when she couldn't so much as hear a pistol in her ears? Try and tell her yourself, if you have a mind to." She threw open a door as she spoke and there, in a reclining chair at the further end of the room, we caught a glimpse of a figure, all lumped together, huge and shapeless, with tails of black hair hanging down. The sound of dreadful, swine-like breathing fell up n our ears. It was but a glance, and then we were off hotfoot for home. As for me, I was so young that I was not sure whether this was funny or ter rible, but when I looked at Jim to see how

he took it he was looking quite white and ill. "You'll not tell any one, Roddy," said he. "Not unless it's my mother." "I won't even tell my uncle. I'll say she was ill, the poor lady. It's enough that we should have seen her in her shame, without it's being the gossip of the village. It makes me feel sick and heavy at heart."

"She was so yesterday, Jim."
"Was she? I never marked it. But I snow that she has kind eyes and a good heart, for I saw the one in the other when she looked at me. Maybe it's the want of a friend that has driven her to this."

It blighted his spirits for days, and when it had all gone from my mind it was brought back to me by his manner. But it was not to be our last memory of the lady with the scarlet pelisse, for before the week was out Jim came round to ask me if I would again go up with him.

"My uncle has had a letter," said he "She would speak with me, and I would be easier if you came with me, Rod." For me it was only a pleasure outing, but could see, as we drew near the house, that Jim was troubling in his mind lest we should bubbles, the poor silly froth that floats upon the surface." We thought him very wicked then, but, looking back, I am not sure that we were not very wicked ourselves.

This was froubling in his mind test we should find that things were amiss. His fears the surface." We thought him very wicked were soon set at rest, however, for we had had scarce clicked the garden gate before the woman was out of the door of the cottage. and running down the path to meet us. She was so strange a figure, with some sort of purple wrapper on, and her big flushed face smiling out of it, that I might, if I had been alone, have taken to my heels at the sight of her. Even Jim stopped for a moment as if he were not very sure of himself, but her hearty ways soon set us at our case.

"It is, indeed, good of you to come and see an old lonely woman," sald she, "and I owe you an apology that I should give you a fruitless journey on Tuesday, but in a a fruitless journey on Tuesday, but in a sense you were yourselves the cause of it, sirce the thought of your coming had excited me, and any excitement throws me into a nervous fever. "My poor nerves! You can see yourselves how they serve me."

She heid out her twitching hands as she spoke. Then she passed dite of them through Jim's arm, and walked with him up the nath.

path.
"You must let me 'know you, and know
you well," said she, "Your uncle and aunt
are quite old acquaintances of mine, and,
though you cannot remember me, I have held you in my arms when you were an infant. Tell me, little man," she added, turning to me, "what do you call your friend?"

"Boy Jim, ma'am," said I.

"Then if you will not think me forward I will call you Boy Jim also. We elderly people have our privileges you know. And now choir, sang the Doxology.

Why, Jim, what are you as if to tell the felk that she thought less of them than they could of her. She had some sort of scarlet priess, with white swansdown, about her nack, and she held the reins slack in her hands, while the pony wanged her head the great hat swayed also, ro her head the great hat swayed also, ro fit and you will come in with me and we will take a dish of tes together."

She led the way to a cory room, the same which we had caught a glimpse of when first we came, and there in the middle was a table with white napery and shining glass and gleaming china, and red-cheeked appresisher head the great hat swayed also, ro fit and the great hat swayed also, ro full of smoking muffus which the cross-faced Yun can think we fancy took him. Each time the pony swayed her head the great hat swayed also, so that sometimes we saw the crown of it and that sometimes we saw the crown of it and maid had just carried in. You can think we maid had just carried in. You can think we "What a dreadful sight!" Cried my mother.
"What is amiss with her, mother?"
"Hinton would ever keep pressing us to pass "Heaven forgive me 'If I misjudge her, our cup and fill our plate. Twice during our meal she rose from her chair and with-drew into a cupboard at the end of the room, and each time I saw Jim's face cloud, for we heard a gentle click of glass against

"Come, now, little man," said she to me when the table had been cleared. are you looking round so much?" "Because there are so many pretty things upon the walls."
"And which do you think the prettiest of

"Why, that!" said I, pointing to a picture which hung opposite to me. It was a tall and slender girl, with the rosiest cheeks and the tenderest eyes-so daintly dressed, that I had never seen anything more perfecanother one was lying upon the planks of wood upon which she was standing. "Oh, that's the prettiest, is it?"

laughing. "Well, now, walk up to it and let us hear what is writ beneath it." I did as she asked and read out: "Miss Polly Hinton as Peggy in the 'Country Wife, played for her benefit at the Haymarket theater September 14, 1780!

ater September 14, 1780!"
"It's a play actress," said I.
"Oh, you, rude little boy, to say it in such a tone," she said. "As if a play actress wasn't as good as any one else. Why, 'twas but the other day that the duke of Clarence, who may come to call himself king of England, married Mrs. Jordan, who was herself only a play actress. And whom do you think this one is?" She stood under the picture with her arms folded across her great body and her big black vyes looking from one

"Why, where are your eyes?" she cried at last. "I was Miss Polly Hinton of the Haymarker theater. And perhaps you never heard the name before."

We were compelled to see the com

We were compelled to confess that we never had. And thei very mame of play actiess had filled us both with a kind of vague horror like the country-bred folk that we were. To us they were a class apart, to be hinted at rather than named, with the wrath of the Almighty hanging over them like a thunder cloud. Indeed, His judgments seemed to be in visible operation before us when we looked upon what this woman was

and what she had been.
"Well," said she, laughing like one who
is burt. "You have no cause to say anytling for I read on your faces what you have been taught to think of me. So this is the upbringing you have had. Jim, to think evil of that which you do not understand. I wish you had been in the theater that very night with Prince Florizel and four dukes in wish you had been in the theater that very turned, and I never saw his face so grave.

"Jim," said he, "that's Miss Hinton, who has come to live at the Maples out Anstey Cross way. She's taken kind of a fancy to Avon had not given me a seat in his carriage. you, Jim, and maybe she can help you on a li had never got the flowers back to my lodg-bit. I promised her that you would go over and see her tomorrow."

I had never got the flowers back to my lodgings in York street, Westminster. And now two little country lads are sitting in judg-(To Be Continued.)

FIRST LEARN TO RIDE.

Chicago Chronicle Chicago Chronicle.

In the spring a livelier interest
Every politician feels,
In the spring the young man's fancy
Light's turns to thoughts of wheels.
Rubber tires become his hobby
And he longs for checkered hose,
Which, with knickerbockers nobby,
All his charms of form disclose.

Over maps of country highways Long he burns the midnight oil; Anxiously the heavens scanning
Lest a storm the road might spoil.
Wheels of various grades and prices
He examines with much care
Learns of all the new devices

Then some morning bright and early
Hies him to the boulevard,
Clean and smooth and quite inviting,
Also very, very hard.
With his wheel so new and shining
He essays to take a whir.
Knowledgous and wise, repining
That he did not bring his girl.

But with his first move unsteady This young man of great renown Finds himself not yet quite ready And the cycle throws him down. Bruised and dazed, he finds a pedal Firmly Jabbed into his side And remembers, of a sudden, He forgot to learn to ride.

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champage a delicious aroma of the grapes. Its purity

RELIGIOUS.

Ex-Governor McKinley will deliver an address at the quadrennial general conference of the Methodist church, which will be held A bronze tablet is to be placed in the Park Street church, Boston, bearing the names of Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith and Lowell Mason. The was one of the founders of the Handel

and Haydn society of Boston.

delphia make serious charges of proselyting against the Christians of these cities, and are very much distressed over what they consider improper methods of carrying o their religious work. The golden jubilee of Archbishop William Henry Elder of Cincinnati will be celebrated

The Hebrews of both Boston and Phila-

in June. The exact date is the 10th, but the jubilee will continue all of that week. It is expected that many of the high priests and dignitaries of the Catholic church in the United States will be present. There are more Latter-Day Saints in this

country, outside of Utah, than many people suppose. There are no less than eighteen organizations in New York state, fourteen in Pennsylvania, eighteen in Ohlo, eight in Massachusetts, forty-two in Missouri and twelve in Texas. The interesting fact is stated that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which was established as a society for extending the Church of England in the colonies of the United Kingdom, has

flourished more since than before the with-drawal of the patronage of the state, which years ago it enjoyed. The total income for 1895 was \$591,290 Bishop Hendrix of the Methodist church. south, who recently returned from a tour of inspection of the mission fields of his church in Corea, Japan and China, brings this mes-sage from Li Hung Chang to the American churches: "Say to the American people for me to send over more men for the schools and hospitals, and I hope to be in a position both to aid and protect them."

Prof. Max Muller in one of his lectures recently called attention to the largest book in the world, the wonderful "Kutho Daw." It consists of 729 parts in the shape of white marble plates, covered with inscriptions, each plate built over with a temple of brick. It is found near the old priest city of Manda-lay, in Burmah, and this temple city of more than 700 pagodas virtually makes up this monster book, the religious codex of the Buddhists. It is written in Pall, and was erected in this century by command of King Mindomin of Burmah.

The members of the Second street Methodist church of New York City were treated to a mild and pleasing sensation last Sunday morning. It has just paid off its debt of \$5,000, for which a mortgage existed. To celebrate the event the pastor prepared the spectacle of burning the mortgage. With a silver plate in his hand he stepped out into the gaze of the congregation, placed the document in it and touched a match to the paper. The fire blazed up in the sight of all, and then the congregation, led by the choir, sang the Doxology. The members of the Second street Method-

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TOLD OUT OF COURT.

"That a bed is not ordinarily h dangerous instrument is of no moment in this case," said the court, in holding that the seller of a folding bed fairely represented to be safe is liable to any person who may be injured while using it. In this case it was warranted to "stand upright against the wall during the daytime," and this, it appoars, it would do. But the trouble arose over a further warranty that at night when the front part was lowered "the lege of the same would automatically descend and se curely lock themselves." The complaint of an injured lady alleged "that being about to The complaint of retire for the night, and the legs thereof be her preparations for retiring, leaned with her left arm upon the side of the bed, and while she was in this attitude the heavy framework of the bed fell forward and downward upon the borizontal part and upon the plaintiff, breaking her arm and other-wise injuring her to her damage." Conse-quently the coller of this trap was held liable to be mulcted in damages because of its vicious propensities.

A quotation from "The Came of Heresy, 7 Coke, 56, says: "The archbishop an 7 Coke, 56, says: "The archbishop and other bishops, and other the clergy, at a general synod or convocation, might convian heretic by the common law. But for this, that it was troublesome to call a convocation of the whole province, it was ordained by the statute of £ Hen. IV., chap.
15, that every bishop in his diocese might
convict heretics. And if the sheriff was
present he might deliver the party convict
to be burnt without any writ de haeretico
comburendo; but if the sheriff be absent, or
if he be to be burnt in another county, then
there ought to be a writ de haeretico comvocation of the whole province, it was orthere ought to be a writ de haeretico burendo." This revered common law authority should not be disregarded. Nothing less than the formality of a writ de haeretico comburendo will satisfy a heretic when he is to be taken to another county to be burned.

In a life insurance case a federal judge re cently charged the jury as follows: "Now, gentlemen of the jury, I try to close my eyes, as well as I can, to the fact that a woman and child have any interest whatever in the result of a controversy when it is brought into court. I cannot always do it. don't suppose you can. It is not expected, If a man can do that, he is no better than a brute. He is as bad as the heathen is supposed to be, and worse than the horsethief i thought to be. If he close his eyes to that fact, lose all sense of decency and selfrespect, he would not be fit for a juror. so far as it is possible for you to do that, you do so, and decide the case precisely as you would if it was between man and man, or be tween a woman and a woman." And yet the nsurance company took an exception to the

The Century, Standard, International and Encyclopaedic dictionaries are steadily falling behind the courts. One recent decision es-tablishes that when a man is hung by a mob it is an "accident." A child whose parents are living has also been declared by an eminent judge to be an "orphan," and when life nourance was taken by a man while unmarried, it was judicially declared to have been "effected by a husband." In addition to these, an commarried woman has been declared by our highest court to be a "single

Some years ago a court, speaking about a deceased canvasser for insurance, said there was proof "that in an interview with the president, the deceased remarked that he could procure a great number of applications in Newark, N. J., to which the president in as the company did not wish to insure insure persons, or persons of habits of intoxication."

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