n'a sia sia

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN. 6666666

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Just after a ball at the Sutherland manifolm Again who for years has at the dimension, who for years has at the dimension of the man he venerated hencehold. A trace of blood on his sleeve points to him as the murderer. Again who is known to but few as a rich woman, Miss Page, the nice of Sutherland's housekeeper, pereists in remaining about the Wobb premises and discovers blood on the great pereists of the man and promises not to marry Mar Debetry is added to the mystery. Frederick Sutherland, a wayward youth, calls his father to witness his determination to be a better man and promises not to marry Mar Debetry is added to the mystery. Frederick Sutherland, a wayward youth, calls his father to witness his determination to be a better man and promises not to marry Mar Debetry is added to the mystery. Frederick that she followed his father to witness his determination to be a better man and promises not to marry Mar Debetry is added to the mystery. Frederick that she followed his life is a ming in smoothly, long that the money was in new bills and the keeper of a small store proclaimed as the murder of Agatha Webb. It is learned that the money was in new bill is learned that the money was in new bill is learned that the money was in new bill is learned that the money was in new bill is provided in the flow of the more of them clutching his father. The Zabel brothers are found dead of starvation, one of them clutching his father. The Zabel brothers are found dead of starvation, one of the called the more of the mystery solved, but young Sweetwater sactifies and the was wondering and the was wondering and officers and tollows frederick claims of the mystery solved, but young Sweetwater sactifies and the was wondering and officers and tollows Frederick weeping over her grave. On the following day occurs to function of the mystery broderick weeping over her grave. On the following day occurs to function of the mystery brederick weeping over her grave. On the following day occurs to fu Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Sutherland was right. Sweetwater nutest search had not succeeded in finding Sweetwater could understand and this half him in the cabins, though no one had seen of the conversation was certainly startling in reaching shore before the ship set sail him or any interest he represented or underand the pilot was suitably surprised at stood, he could not help listening and re ception of a certain old gentleman living prehended. It was this: on the hill and Knapp, the detective. He. that is the latter, had his explanation at his tongue's end.

"Sweetwater is a fakir. He thought he could carry of the honors from the regular as he passed the second mast." force and when he found he couldn't he quietly disappeared. We shall hear of him again in the Brazils."

so that in a few hours Sweetwater was all Sutherland, whose breast was burdened by gratitude. The amazing fact that Frederick, the village scapegrace and Amabel's reck-for this," with the quick addition following gratitude. The amazing fact that Frederick. less, if aristocratic, lover, having been made a hurried whisper: "All right! I'd send a the legatee of the upright Mrs. Webb's secret savings, had something to do with this. With such a topic at hand, not only watching us! If he has heard-" the gossips, but those who had the matter of Agatha's murder in hand, found ample material to occupy their thoughts and tongues, without wasting time over a presumptuous busybody who had not wits enough to know that five minutes before sailing time is an unfortunate moment in

which to enter a ship. not be found on the shore or on the ship? headlong into the sea. We will follow him and see. Accustomed from his youth to ramble over the vessels while in port, he knew this one as well as he did his mother's house. It was, therefore, a surprise to the sailors when, shortly after the departure of the pilot, they came upon him lying in the hold, half buried under a box which had partially fallen upon him. He was unconscious, or appeared so, and when brought into open light showed marks of physical distress and injury; but his eye was clear and his expression hardly as rueful as one would expect of a man who finds himself enroute for the Brazils with barely a couple of dollars in his pocket and every prospect of being obliged to work before the mast to earn his passage. Even the captain noticed this and eyed him with some suspicion. But Sweetwater, rousing to the necessities of the occasion, forthwith showed such a mixture of discouragement and perplexity that the honest sailor was deceived and abated half at least of his oaths. He gave Sweetwater a hammock and admitted him to the mess, but told him that as soon as his bruises allowed him to work he should show himself on deck or expect the rough treatment commonly be-

It was a prospect to daunt some men, but not Sweetwater. Indeed it was no more than he had calculated upon when he left his little savings behind with his old mother and entered upon this enterprise with only a little change in his pocket. He had undertaken out of love and gratitude to Mr. Sutherland to rid Frederick of a dangerous witness and he felt able to complete the sac-More than that, he was even strangely happy for a time. The elation of the willing victim was his, that is for a few short hours; then he began to think of his mother. How had she borne his sudden departure? What would she think had befallen him, and how long would be have

stowed on stowaways.





CURE CONSTIPATION. ... MO-TO-BAC gists to CURE Tobacco Habita

to wait before he could send her word of his and in the direct line of travel from New safety? If he was to be of real service to York to Boston. Rescue would come, and if the man he venerated he must be lost long enough for the public mind to have become more and more furiously made it difficult settled in regard to the mystery of the Webb for him to retain his hold it certainly would murder and for his own boastful connection not wreck his spar or drench him more than return got two apples and a red herring he with it to be forgotten. This might mean years of exile. He rather thought it did; meanwhile his mother! Of himself he was all, and filial love would make him do

By sundown he felt himself sufficiently It was a mild night and the sea was runthe distant horizon. As he inhaled the and then his clutch perceptibly weakened; fresh air the joy of renewed health began but only once did he come near losing his to infuse its life into his veins and lift the hold altogether. And that was when he few minutes of quiet enjoyment, he with- the midst of ocean! in the midst of storm! a drew to a solitary portion of the deck and laugh! Were demons a reality then? Yes, allowed himself to forget his troubles in but the demons he had feared were of his contemplation of the rapidly deepening sky own imagination; it had a face of Medusa, and boundless stretch of waters.

shaken off. Before he realized it his be laughing in her dreams at this very mothoughts had recurred to the old theme and he was wondering if he was really of suredly would laugh if conscious of his sufsufficient insignificance in the eyes of his fering and aware of the doom to which his fellow-townsmen not to be sought for and self-sacrifice had brought him. Amabel! found in that distant country to which he was bound. Would they, in spite of his dark, the waters more threatening, the fuprecautions, suspect that he had planned ture less promising. Yet he would hold on this evasion and insist on his return or if only to spite her who hated him and would he be allowed to slip away and drop whom he hated almost as much as he loved out of sight like the white froth he was Mr. Sutherland. watching on the top of the ever-shifting waves? He had boasted of possessing a hours. When morning broke he was but witness. Would they believe that boast and a nerveless figure, with sense enough to send a detective in search of him or would cling, and that was all. they take his words for the bombast they really were and proceed with their investigations in happy relief at the loss of his

As this was a question impossible for him to answer he turned to other thoughts leaning against, till he became to any passing eye but a blurred shadow mixing with other shadows equally immovable.

Unlike them, however, his shadow suddid not return with the pilot. According to denly shifted. Two men had drawn near the latter there was no Sweetwater on board him, one speaking pure Spanish and the the ship to return. At all events the mi- other English. The English was all that him leave the vessel, or, indeed, seen him enough. Though he could not, of course. at all after his hasty dash below decks. It know to what or whom it referred, and was thought on board that he had succeeded though it certainly had nothing to do with learning this was not so. So were Sweet- membering every word. The English-speakwater's friends and associates, with the ex- ing man uttered the first sentence he com-

"Shall it be tonight?" The answer was in Spanish.

Again the English voice: "He has come up. I saw him distinctly

More Spanish; then English. "You may if you want to, but I'll never breathe easy while he's on the ship. Are An opinion that speedily gained ground, you sure he's the fellow we fear?"

A rapid flow of words from which Sweet but forgotten, save by his mother, whose water got nothing. Then slowly and disheart was filled with suspense, and by Mr. | tinctly in the sinister tones he had already begun to shiver at:

dozen men to the bottom for half that money. But 'ware there! Here's a fellow

Sweetwater turned, saw two desperate faces projected toward him, realized that omething awful, unheard of was about to happen, and would have uttered a yell of dismay but that the very intensity of his fright took away his breath. The next ninute he felt himself launched into space and enveloped in the darkness of the chilling And where was Sweetwater, that he could waters. He had been lifted bodily and flung

### CHAPTER XXVI.

Sweetwater's one thought as he sank was, 'Now, Mr. Sutherland need fear me no

onger.' But the instinct of life is strong in every heart, and when he found himself breathng the air again he threw out his arms wildly and grasped a spar.

It was life to him, hope, reconnection with his kind. He clutched, clung, and, feeling joy and appeal that unhappily was smothered in the noise of the waters and the

now rapidly rising wind. Whence had come this spar in his desperate need? He never knew, but somewhere in his remote consciousness an impression remained of a shock to the waves following his own plunge into the water, had tossed him to his death. However it when it alternates with despair.

so it seemed to this dazed soul, plunged ner for which he felt himself at that mosuddenly from dreams of exile into the ment famishing? valley of the shadow of death. And such a through his benumbed brain and lent their once into one of the low-browed drinking

and despair. He wanted to live. Now that the dread

hold on the spar more secure, but the hor-ror seemed to have lifted and the practical He came to a stand before a little child hold on long enough daylight would come, beside her. and if, as in this calmer moment he realized

then they must be not far from Cape Col the storm which was breaking over his head he was already drenched, while every blast would drive him shoreward. The clinging that, even in the semi-unconsciousness which now and then swept over him. Only would recovered from his bruises to go up on deck. it not be better for Mr. Sutherland if he should fail and drop away into the yawning ning in smoothly, long waves that as yet chasms of the unknown world beneath? but faintly presaged the storm brewing in There were moments when he thought so, oppression from his heart, and, glad for a thought he heard a laugh. A laugh, here in sweetness and the laugh. Only Amabel's But such griefs and anxieties as weighed rang out so thrillingly false and with such upon this man's breast are not so easily a diabolical triumph. Amabel, who might ment of his supreme misery, and who as-

It was his last conscious thought for

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

"A man! Haul him in! Don't leave a poor fellow drifting about like that." The speaker, a bluff, hearty skipper, whose and fretted himself for a while with sturdy craft had outridden one of the worst memories of Amabel's disdain and Fred- storms of the season, pointed to our poor erick's careless acceptance of a sacrifice he friend Sweetwater, whose head could just could never know the cost of, mixed be seen above the broken spar he clung to. strangely with relief at being free of it all In another moment a half dozen hands were and on the verge of another life. As the stretched for him, and the insensible form dark settled his head fell further and drawn in and laid on a deck which still further forward on the rail he was showed the results of the night's fierce conflict with the waters.

"D-n it! how ugly he is!" cried one of the sailors, with a leer at the half-drowned man's face. "Didn't please some merry lass in saving him! He's fit to poison a devil fish!"

But though more than one of them laughed, they gave him good care for all that and when Sweetwater came to life and realized that his blood was running warm again and that a gray sky had taken the place of darkness and a sound board supported limbs which for hours had yielded helplessly to the rocking billows, he saw a ring of hard but good-natured faces about him and realized quite well what had been lone for him when one of them said:

"There! he'll do now; all hands on deck! We can get into New Bedford in two days if this wind holds. Nor'west, the skipper shouted to the man at the tiller. We'll sup with our old women in forty-eight hours at New Bedford!" It was the only word Sweetwater heard. So, he was to get no urther away from Sutherlandtown than that. Evidently Providence had not meant him to escape. Or was it but trying his ortitude A man as numble as he might easily be lost even in a place as small as New Bedford. It was his identity he mussuppress. With that unrecognized he might remain in the next village to Sutherlandtown without fear of being called up as a witness against Frederick. But could be suppress it. He thought he could. At all events he would

"What's your name?" were the words he now heard shouted in his ear. "Jonathan Briggs." was his muchbled re-

ply. "I was blown off a ship's deck in the gale last night." "What ship?"

"The Proserpine." It was the first name that suggested itself to him. "O, I thought it might have been

Hesper; she foundered off here last night." "Foundered? The Hesper?" The hot lood was shooting now through his veins. "Yes, we just picked up her name board. That was before we got a hold on you." "Foundered! The ship from which he had been so mercilessly thrown! And all on board lost, perhaps. He began to realize

the hand of Providence in his fate. "It was the Hesper I sailed on. I'm not just clear yet in my head. My first voyage was made on the Proserpine. Well, bless

the gale that blew me from that deck." He seemed incoherent, and they left him himself floating, uttered a shout of mingled again for a little while. When they came back he had his story all ready, which imposed upon them just so far as it was for their interest. Their business on this coast was not just legitimate, and when they found he simply wanted to be set on shore they were quite willing to do this much for him. Only they regretted that he had only \$2 or so and his own soaked clothing to give which might mean that this spar had been in exchange for the motley garments they thrown out after him, perhaps by the altrumped up among them for his present ready repentant hands of the wretches who comfort. But he, as well as they, made the best of a bad bargain, he especially, as his came, or from whatever source, it had at clothes, which would be presently scattered least given him an opportunity to measure among half a dozen families, were the only his doom and realize the agonies of hope remaining clew that connected him with his native town. He could now be Jonathan The darkness was impenetrable. It was Briggs, indeed. Only who was Jonathan no longer that of heaven, but that of hell, or Briggs, and how was he to earn the din-

At the end of a couple of days he was death! As he realized its horrors, as he dexterously landed on the end of a long felt the chill of night and the oncoming pier, which they passed without stopping, storm strike its piercing fangs into his on their way to their own obscure anchor narrow, and knew that his existence and age. As he jumped from the rail to the the hope of ever again seeing the dear old pier and felt again the touch of terra firma face at the fireside rested upon the strength he drew a long breath of uncontrollable of his will and the tenacity of his life elation. Yet he had not a cent in the world, clutch, he felt his heart fail, and the breath no friends and certainly no prospects. He that was his life cease in a gurgle of terror. did not even know whether to turn to the But he clung on and, though no comfort right or the left as he stepped out upon the came, still clung, while vague memories of docks, and when he had decided to turn to ong-ago shipwrecks and stories told in his the right as being on the whole more lucky, youth of men, women and children tossing be did not know whether to risk his fortune for hours on a drifting plank flashed in the streets of the town or to plunge at

norror to his own sensations of apprehension | houses whose signs confronted him on this water lane. He decided that his prospects for a dinspecter had risen out of the waters and had ner were slim in any case, and that his is clutch on his hair he realized that the only hope for breaking fast that day lay in world held much for him and that even in the use he might make of one of his three exile he might work and love and enjoy talents. Either he must find a fiddle to play lod's heaven and earth, the green fields and on, a carpenter's beach to work at or the blue sky. Not such skies as were above piece of detective shadowing to do. The of duty to the man who had intrusted it to him now. No, this was not sky that over- last would bring him before the notice of arched him, but a horrible vault in which the police, which was just the thing he To the first question his conscience at once the clouds, rushing in torn masses, had the must avoid; so it was fiddling or carpentry spect of demons ready to contend for him he must seek, either of which would be with those other demons that with long difficult to obtain in his present garb. But arms and irresistible grip were dragging at of difficulties Sweetwater was not a man im from below. He was alone on a whirl- to take note. He had undertaken out of he could answer readily enough. First, the ing spar in the midst of a midnight ocean, but horror and a pitiless imagination made He had accomplished it, and now was he his conflict more than that of the elements to complain because in doing so he was certain position on Mr. Gifford's table was and his position and isolation beyond that likely to go hungry for a day or two? No: of man removed frim his fellows. He was Amabel might laugh at him, or he might or this woman; secondly, that the almost mad. Yet he clung.

fancy she did, while struggling in the midst woman, though plainly and inconspicu-Suddenly a better frame of mind pre- of rapidly engulfing waters, but would she ailed. The sky was no lighter, save as the laugh at him now? He did not think she lightning came to relieve the overwhelming would. She was of the kind who some- the man was one of those saturnine-faced

darkness by a still more overwhelming glare, times go hungry themselves in old age. nor were the waves less importunate or his Some premonition of this might give tier a

nature of the man reasserted leelf it only sitting on an ill-kept doorstep. Smiling at for a passing moment. Other men had gone her kindly he waited for her first expresthrough worse dangers than these and sur- sion to see how he appeared in the eyes of vived to tell the tale, as he might survive innocence. Not so bad a man, it seemed, to tell his. The will was all; will and an though his naturally plain countenance was Indomitable courage, and he had will and he had courage, or why had he left his home knitted shirt he wore. For she laughed as to dare a hard and threatening future purely she looked at him, and only ran away befrom a sentiment of gratitude. Could be cause there wasn't room for him to pass

Comforted a little, he sauntered on he had been thrown into the sea within glancing here and there with that sharp twenty hours after leaving Sutherlandtown, eye of his for a piece of work to be done. Suddenly he came to a halt. A market woman had got into an altercation with an oysterman, and her stall had been upset In the contention, and her vegetables were rolling here and there. He righted her stall picked up her vegetables and fruit and in would not have given to a dog at home Yet it was the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted, and the apples might have been grown in the garden of the Hesperides from the satisfaction and pleasure they gave this hungry man. Then, refreshed, he dashed into the town. It should now go hard, but he would earn a night's lodging.

The day was windy and he was going along a narrow street, when something floated down from a window above past his head. It was a woman's vell, and as he looked up to see where it came from he met the eyes of its owner looking down from an open casement above him. She was gesticulating and seemed to point to some one up the street. Glad to seize at anything which promised emolument or adventure, he shouted up and asked her what she wanted.

"That man down there," she cried; "the one in a long, black coat going up the street. Keep after him and stop him; tell him the telegram has come. Quick, quick, before he gets around the corner. He will pay you; run.'

Sweetwater, with joy in his heart-for 5 ents was a boon to him in the present condition of his affairs-rushed after the man she had pointed out and hastily stopped him. "Someone," he added, "a woman in a window back there, bade me run after you and say the telegram has come. She told me you would pay me," he added, for he saw the man was turning hastily back without thinking of the messenger. "I need the money and the run was a sharp one."

With a preoccupied air the man thrust ils hand into his pocket, pulled out a coin and handed it to him. Then he walked hurriedly off. Evidently the news was welcome to him. But Sweetwater stood rooted to the ground. The man had given him a \$5 gold piece instead of the nickel he had evidently intended.

How hungrily Sweetwater eyed that coin! In it was lodging, food, perhaps a new article or so of clothing. But after a moment of indecision which might well be forgiven him, he followed speedily after the man and overtook him just as he reached the house from which the woman's veil had floated.

"Sir, pardon me, but you gave me \$5 in stead of 5 cents. It was a mistake; I cannot keep the money.'

The man, who was not just the sort from whom kindness would be expected, looked at the money in Sweetwater's palm, then at the miserable, mud-bespattered clothes he wore (he had got that mud helping the poor market woman), and stared hard at the face and appearance, but only two attracted his of the man who looked so needy and yet returned him \$5.

"You're an honest fellow," he declared, not offering to take back the gold piece. Then with a quick glance up at the window. "Would you like to earn that money?" Sweetwater broke out into a smile, which changed his whole countenance. "Wouldn't I, sir?"

The man eyed him for another minute with scrutinizing intensity. Then he said shortly: "Come upstairs with me."

They entered the house, went up a flight and stopped at a door, which was elightly ajar.

"We are going into the presence of lady," remarked the man. "Wait here until Sweetwater waited, the many thoughts go

ing through his mind not preventing him from observing all that passed. The man, who had left the door wide open

approached the lady who was awaiting him, and who was apparently the same one who had sent Sweetwater on his errand, and entered into a low but animated conversation. She held a telegram in her hand which she showed him, and then after a little earnest parley and a number of pleading looks from them both toward the waiting Sweetwater, she disappeared into another room, from which she brought a parcel neatly done up. which she handed to the man with a strange gesture. Another hurried exchange of words and a meaning look which did not escape the sharp eye of the watchful messenger and the man turned and gave the parcel into Sweetwater's hands.

"You are to carry this, " said he, "to the town halt. In the second room to the right on entering you will see a table surrounded by chairs, which at this hour ought to b empty. At the head of the table you will find an armchair. On the table directly in front of this you will lay this packet. Mark you, directly before the chair and not too far from the edge of the table. Then you are to come out. If you see anyone, say you came to leave some papers for Mr. Gifford. Do this and you may keep the \$5 and

Sweetwater hesitated, There was some thing in the errand or in the manner of the man or woman that he did not like. "Don't potter!" spoke up the latter, with an impatient look at her watch, "Mr. Gifford will expect these papers."

Sweetwater's sensitive fingers closed or the package he held. It did not feel like

"Are you going?" asked the man. Sweetwater looked up with a smile Large pay for so slight a commission, he ventured, turning the packet over and over in his hand.

according to the instructions I have given you," retorted the man. "It is your trustworthiness I pay for. Now go. Sweetwater turned to go. After all it was probably all right, and \$5 easily earned is doubly \$5. As he reached the staircase he stumbled. The shoes he wore did not fit

"But then you will execute it at once, and

"Be careful there!" shouted the woman to a shrill, almost frightened voice, while the man stumbled back into the room in a hastwhich seemed wholly uncalled for. "If you let the packet fall you will do injury to its contents. Go softly, man, go softly, Yet they had said it held papers!

Troubled, yet hardly knowing what his duty was. Sweetwater hastened down the stairs, and took his way up the street. The town half should be easy to find, indeed, he thought he saw it in the distance. As he went he asked himself two questions Could he fail to deliver the package, according to instructions, and yet carn his money? And was there any way of so delivering I without risk to the recipient or dereliction him, and whose money he wished to earn' answered no; to the second the reply came more slowly, and before fixing his mind determinedly upon it he asked himself why he felt this was no ordinary commission. This pay was too large, arguing that either the packet or the placing of the packet in a of uncommon importance to this man

ously clad, had the face of a more than or-

dinarily unscrupulous adventuress, while

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puts us on our guard, and whom, if we hope nothing from him, we instinctively shun. Third, they did not look like inhabitants of the house and rooms in which he found them. In the few minutes be had stood in the doorway he had noted other things besides those we have named. He had seen that nothing was to be found there beyond the usual objects of furniture to be seen in any decent lodging house room. Not a trunk, not an article of clothing, nor any of the little things to be found where a woman expects to spend : day or even an hour. They were transients consequently, and perhaps already in the act of flight. Then-he was not sure, but he was almost sure-that he was being followed by one or both of them. He had fol lowed people himself, and something in his own sensations assured him that his movements were under surveillance. It would therefore, not do to show any consciousness Be sure to see that the pouch, as shown in the cut, is intact and bears of this, and he went on directly and as the name of the makers. straight to his goal as his rather limited knowledge of the streets would allow. He

And he thought he saw his way. At the entrance of the town hall be hesttated an instant. An officer was standing in the doorway. It would be easy to call his attention to the packet he held and ask him to keep his eye on it. But this might involve him with the police, and this was something, as we know, which he was more than anxious to avoid. He reverted to his first idea.

was determined to earn this money and to

earn it without disadvantage to any one

Mixing with the crowd just now hurrying to and fro through the long corridors, he reached the room designated, and found it, as he had been warned he should, empty. Approaching the table, he laid down the packet just as he had been directed, in front of the big armchair, and then, casting a hurried look toward the door and failing to find any one watching him, he took up a pencil lying nearby and scrawled has:ily across the top of the packet the word "Suspicious." This he calculated would act as warning to Mr. Gifford in case there was anything wrong about the package, and pass as a joke with him, and even the sender, if here was not. And satisfied that he had both earned his money and done justice to his own apprehensions, he turned to retrace As before, the corridors were his steps. alive with hurrying men of various ages notice. One of these was a large, intellectual-looking man, who turned into the oom from which he had just emerged, and the other a short, fair man, with a countenance he had known from boyhood. Mr.

Stone of Sutherlandtown was within ten paces of him, and he was as well known to the good postmaster as the postmaster was to him. Could any one have foreseen such a chance!

Turning his back with a slow slouch, be made for a rear door he saw swinging in and out before him. As he passed through he cast a guick look behind him. He had not been recognized. In great relief he rushed on, knecking against a man standing against ne of the outside pillars.

"Halloo!" shouted this man. Sweetwater stopped. There was a tone of authority in the voice which he could not

(To Be Continued.) RELIGIOUS.

The diamond anniversary of the American nday School union will be held in Phila delphia May 24 and 25. The work of the delphia May 24 and 25. The work of the society for seventy-five years, in part, is as follows: Sunday schools organized, 100,928, containing 578,680 teachers and 4,070,348 pupils; 224,844 cases of aid to chools, having 13,333,968 members. Nearly our schools a day organized for every day of the last seventy-five years. Value of blications distributed by sales and gifts, over \$9,000,000.

The government has officially recognized the Mormon religion by appointing Elias Kimball, a Mormon, chaplain of the Second orps of engineers. He was commissioned Rev. Charles A. Briggs of Union Theo

ogical seminary is to be ordained as a Protestant Episcopal clergyman on May 14 n St. Peter's Episcopal church in Westchester, Pa Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, who from his

ulpit damned the sultan so vigorously the other day, paid a visit to this country : ago and preached in cities, but did not make much of an impres-A fashionable church in Louisville, Ky., the Walnut Street Baptist church, of which

Rev. Dr. T. T. Eaton is pastor, has adopted resolutions practically dismissing from the ongregation all members who have any connection whatever with the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors. Rev. Tucker Wilson, pastor of a Baptist

church in Muncie, Ind., has established a new record, having immersed eighty-seven newly converted members of his flock in twenty-seven minutes, or at a rate greater than three a minute, and that without any Rev. John L. Dube of Incwadi, Umkoma

valley, Natal, who renounced his rights to the chieftaincy of a Zulu tribe to become a Congregational minister, has sailed for his native country, where he will take up the work of missionary, for which he has been fitting himself in the United States or three years. He will found an industrial school for Zulus. Cardinal Rampolla has informed Arch-

bishop Chapelle that the Very Rev. F. Bar-nada, canon of Santiago cathedral, has been appointed archbishop of Santiago. He is a native of that city, was educated at Salananca, and is considered the most distinnative clergyman of Cuba peaks English well, and is a great admirer American institutions.

Rev. Dr. De Costa of the Church of St.

John the Evangelist, New York, has made

in appeal for the closing of places of amusement on Sunday, on the ground that without onsidering the religious side of the ques-ion, the actors need rest just like other After enumerating the evils of the unday theater the preacher says they may be summed up under the head of overwork Rev. Wilson Carlile, rector of St. Mary-at Hill, London, is an up-to-date priest. He takes a trombone with him into the pulpi nd when the singing becomes spiritless h livens it up with a few blasts on that nent. During the greater part of the serv ce the church is darkened and the hymns gravers, sacred and other pictures thrown by limelight on a huge screen sus-pended across the altar. Besides an organ, there is an orchestra composed of girls wear-ing surplices and college mortar boards.

In support of the statement in Rollins' proclamation that religion is on the decline in New Hampshire, it is stated that the annual minutes of the New Hampshire Methodist conference—an official document show by actual figures a decline in all departments of religious work, as compared with the previous years, and this includes membership of churches, Sunday schools contributions for missions, etc. It is no probable that this decline is confined



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It is Perfecto shape and 41/2 inches long. You can get more bulk for your money, but nowhere near so much good tobacco.

Its manufacturers make over ninety million cigars a year-the largest cigar-making plant in America. No small manufactory could begin to make such a cigar as the CAPADURA for less than the retail price of ten cents. One trial will convince you of that fact.

For sale at all cigar-dealers'. The CAPADURA cigar is made by Kerbs, Wertheim & Schiffer,

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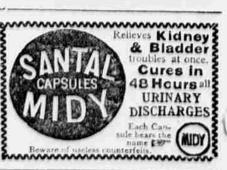
WE GUARANTEE FOUR BOXES to cure any case with a positive written guar-anice or refund the money, and to destroy the appetite for intexteating liquous

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