DROLLERIES OF DONEGAL.

A Series of Irish Folk Stories-By Seumas Macmanus. WHEN NEIL A-MUCHAN WAS TUK. Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "The Leadin' Road to Donegal.

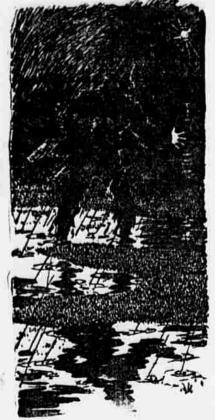
gether round Shemishin's big hearth fire, was used to do. He worked as little as he greatest sporter and spender of the day. in walks me brave devil again. The storm of rain and sleet without gave could, but he wanted as much as ever; so He kept race horses and steeplechase horses, us no bother, only made us enjoy the com- things went on from bad to worse, and his carriages and coaches—and everything was same old vicious smile. tort of the big fire, and the great stories, far chances of thrade even was laivin' him, for thrapped out in solid goold. He built castles into the middle of the floor stepped a man no breakfast, bekase he had neither money them days, and great distinguished tourists along," says he with a scared look on his face, and out of nor means, he was standin' leanin' against and genthry of all descriptions come flockin' "That's mighty whose clinging clothes streams of water his own forge door with his heart in his from all parts and parts to see him and to were running and pouring over the floor. boots, and he wondherin' what was he ever receive his hospitality-bekase he kept open down the knife and fork now, and throt. The wet hair came down on his brows and | born for anyhow-an' debatin' with himself face in wet tongues, and streams were run- | whether dhroundin' or hangin' would be the ning from it. His hat leaf drooped over all laist troublesome death, when all at wanst like a limp rag.

'God bless all here!" he said. "And yourself likewise," we said when on a great black charger. we got our breaths.

'Thank God!" said he, from his heart, "It's me is the glad man to get a Christian Ye look as lorn as a March graveyard." roof over me head. I've been tuk."

"What? By the fairles? On such a night?" "wouldn't take any Christian on such a be this mornin'."

"They wouldn't," said the stranger, "and didn't. I was tuk by Willie-the-Wisp." "God help ye, poor man," Shemishin said, "ye had a narrow escape," and "God help ye,



"I WAS GITTIN' DEEPER IN THE MIRE AT EVERY STEP I TUK."

poor man." we all said, and made room

for him amongst us. 'I'm Neil a-Mughan of Tievahurky," said he. "I was comin' from Donegal, where I couldn't have escaped with the life. Three times runnin' I was steppin' intil a loophole

when something (I thought) toul' me not to lay down me fut-1 held it back, and looked, and the black bottomless wather lay right at me toe-" Musha, God was by ye.

"He was, Thanks be till him, this night-"Amen! Amen!"

"Well, when I'd gone the full mile an seen I was only gettin' more hopelesser into the bog, it sthruck me like a flash that it was no other nor Willie-the-Wisp, an' all at wanst I seen how I'd been deluded and a'most lost. But there I was in the middle of a black, threacherous bog in a night as sleety and wet as sorra and as dark as the of a cow an' where the next step might mean death. I turned, as nearly as I could think, in the same direction I had come-an' yous may take my word for it that I was prayin' faster nor I was used to If I have any idea of time, that's two solid hours ago-and here I am now! This is the first sign of Christianity I've seen. How I

him) was guidin' me steps." Poor Norah, when she recovered sufficiently from the shock of both the stranger's appearance and his story, warmed him : skillet of milk and literally insisted on pour ing it down the poor fellow's throat, when it must have felt like so much molten lead. But Norah would hear of no remonstrance, and Shemishin, equally well intentioned, stood by and held the victim.

got out of the bog is more nor I can tell

meself-only I know God (praise be till

Neil a-Mughan survived. Then Norah turned Patrick Burns' young sons, Charley and Ned, out of the chimney corner, in which they squatted, and stuck Nell into it-"till the heat gets in about yer heart," she said, "and dhreys all the sleet out of yer clothes." She put on what she called "a pitcher of tay" for him then, buttered several large padges of oaten bread and boiled four eggs hard, and gave all to him in the corner.

hear Shemishin (than whom there were this. Go up and go ahead with yer constory of Willie-the-Wisp, and the reason for travelers.

In the grand old times, long, long ago, there was wanst a blacksmith, and his name was Willie-and he was notorious over all Ireland for the dhrinkin' sportin' way he spent all of his life-and it was often and often prophesied for him that he'd never good family, and besides his thrade-which nineteen rooms beside. was in them days a profession for a gentleman-his people had left to him great properties, both in houses and in lands. But all

he hears the noise of hoofs, and up there rides a grand gentleman entirely, mounted

And "helfoa, Willie," says he, "what are ye so down in the mouth about this mornin'?

"Small wonder I would," says Willie, says he, "and if you had the same raison it's not "The fairles?" Shemishin said, rebuking such a spruce jaunty lookin gentleman you'd

"I'm martial corry for ye, Willie," says the gentleman. "Can I help ye?" "I dar' say ye could; but I don't expect yer would," says Willie.

"Don't be so sartin of that," says the gentleman. "What is it ye need?" "Money," says Willie, "an' plenty of it." "How much of it?" says the gentleman. "Och, a roomful," says Willie that way,

carcless. "Well, a roomful," says the gentleman says he, "you'll have—on wan condition." "And what is the condition?" says Willie, says he, brightenin' up.

"It's this," says the gentleman, "that you'll consent to give yerself to me and come with me in a year and a day from now." At this Willie's eye went down and caught sight of one of the gentleman's feet an' he seen it was cloven. "Phew!" says Willie, says he, "is that how the hare sits?"

"It's a grand offer," says the gentleman. "Just this minute ye were plannin' how ye'd Here ye have the offer of a roomful of money | them.

shead and fill it. It wasn't any use, at all, membered him. at all, for the devieto object that it was one of Willie's own rooms he meant. "Ye "I suppose you know me and are ready for should always say what ye mean and mean me." what ye say," says "Willie. "Ye have bar- "Good morra and good luck," says Willie, night of a long summer's day, the room Willie to the king, "this is-" didn't seem to be gettin' more nor half full.

was payin' the rent to Misther Martin. It afore seen the room I couldn't fill inside hoped to be further acquainted with him on it seemed farther and farther away. I goold lowerin' in the middle an' disap- shoes. a long mile, among such marshes and bogholes that only God willed it, and I had
some poor body's prayer about me. I
couldn't have escaped with the life. Three



'FINDS BRAVE WILLIE FILLIN' BAG AFTHER BAG AT A STHREAM OF

hole in the center of the floor above, an' havin' them carted away. "Och, ye natarnal vagabone ye!" says the

levil, "ve've had me sweatin' and swearin' all the day long, and couldn't know how it was I was comin' no speed. It's a purty mane thrick of ye," says he to Willie, "an" I wouldn't 'a' expected you'd play it on

Says Willie, says he, straight back to Nell felt a new man as he got around him, "By yer laive, this is none of your not the laist thriffe mismoved, seemin'ly. these; and, by sympathy our spirits got business. There was nothin' mentioned in "Willie," says he, "I hope you're read to business. higher, too, and we felt in the mood to the bargain at all at all again my doin'

Willie had him again, so there was nothhis wanderings, and his evil tricks upon ing for him to do but offer Willie better hand for this gentleman, and bring him tarms if he'd stop the trick, an' let him fill the room and be done. "Willie," says he, 'instead of a year and a day I'll give seven years and three wishes if ye stop that hole

and let me get done." "Agreed," says Willie. And it wasn't many minutes then till the devil had the

"Now," says the devil, says he, "what's your wishes?" "They're simple," eays Willie. "Here's a these properties Willie very soon drunk and purse, and I want that any money ever says Willie-"are you?" sported away-and all melted like snow in goes intil it will never get out till I let it. summer. When it came to that he had only I want that any wan catches my sledge-

It go, without my leave. And I have an of the earth itself, and the fun was ten for all he was worth and wouldn't go away ermchair at home that I want any wan sits times as great, and the aitin' and dhrinkin' till they'd consent to hand him out a torch down in it not to be able to get out of it ten times as great and grand. And the that he might see his way by. So the devil

Goodby, and be ready for me this day "I'll be ready for ye," says Willie. | with Willie; for these seven years passed, osthray. Willie had a gay and a rollickin' time and too. And the day the devil was due came, Back ! "I'll be ready for ye," says Willie. (Copyright, 1899, by Seumas MaoManus.) | for he didn't like to work, and he didn't care | He made the money spin as it was never | was sittin' down till the table to dinner over hill and dale, himself and his torch, no mistake after that for the seven years, and on that day, just as afore, Willie, he this he has continued wandherin' afore him.

lie, as little as ever mismoved, "won't ye torch or wisp he carries in his hand, he has "Not me," says the devil. "You fooled when he was carrying the pack there, the horse to shoe, or a plow to mend. And at them as rats. The fame of the great rich me twicet, but ye'll never have it to say latch rattled and the door burst open and long and last wan mornin' that he had got blacksmith spread over the known wurrl' of that ye fooled me the third time. Come he had some poor body's prayer on him and people as the world-famous Mariani Wine.

"That's mighty curt," says Willie, "It's your desarts," says the devil. "Lay



do away with yerself. It's cowl comfort to house for all comers and sarvints to wait on | So poor Willie had there and then to say

an' a whole year to spend and sport it. But for all his wealth Willie couldn't stop Think of all the fun ye'd get out of a room- Time from runnin', and at long and at last ful of money in twelve months and a day!" the seven years' sparin's was up, an' as "Thrue for ye," says Willie; "it's a bar- Willie was wan day sittin down to a grand dinner entirely among kings and counts an' Willie, he pitched upon the greatest room many l'arned people, and people of high in a king's oul' castle that stood in the degree, the doore of the great dinin' hall neighborhood an' told the devil (for it was opened and a tall gentleman walked in. himself and none other, was in it) to go Willie looked up and the first glint he re-

till I tell them."

seven years.

gained to fill me a room with gold. There's not a trifle mismoved—"Yis, I know you, and the room-fill it, or else never after want to I'm ready for ye-as soon as I get through be thought a gentleman of your word." This with dinner (it would be bad manners to lay his word, so he agreed. But though he Prooshia there below for his horse-let me wrought hard from early mornin' till late at inthroduce you to the king-king," says

"Well, well," says he, "this is the "-A frien'," says Willie, an' the king and curiousest thing ever I have seen. I never the devil bowed, the devil remarkin' he

hands and begun baitin'; but the savva wan begged of Wiffle to let him out, and he'd of him could let it go when he wanted to, give him more sparin's. And when Willie

are ye ready for the road?' "Take away this sledge out of me hands, says the devil.

"I don't recall," says Willie, "that there's anything about that in my bargain. I'm afeered ye'll have to stick to the sledge.

he, and he dancin' all over the place, with work. His friends disappeared, too, with all Willie's guests and friends standin' by br'akin' their hearts laughin' at him. "Take count friends by the thousand couldn't find away this sledge," says he, at long and at as much as one single one now, on lookin' last, "and I'll give ye another seven years' round him. The seventh year, then, was sparin's. So, at that, Willie tuk from him | a purty hard one with Wiffle; an' he was no the sledge, and the devil went off in mighty

It was like new life to Willie startin' the next tarm, and he went at these seven years of fun and frolic like a man at a day's work. And if the seven years afore had the stick in his fist waitin' him. And off been a merry seven these seven were seven times as merry. His house never emp'ied, and day or night the fun and carousin' never wanst ceased in it. There come more throops and bands, and kings and queens, with all their body servints than ever went to visit Solomon in all his glory. His name was sounded in the utthermost ends of the earth, great a man as Willie.

But at long and at last, again, these seven years passed, too, And on the very day when they were up, just as Willie, again, was sittin' down to table in the middle of kings and queens and great foreign counts, the doore of the dinin' hall opened, and in steps no other than Willie's frien'. "Good morra Willie," says he, with an ugly and a ma licious smile on his face, as much as to say "I'm goin' to get even with ye at last boy-o.

to come with me?

"I am." says Willie. "Butler," says Willie, "bring forrid that large chair there behind you and set it here at my right in a large plate of the best ye can find in the pot-he's going to do us the honor of

"Thanky, thanky," says the devil, says he, seatin' himself and tacklin' the dinner with a rale hearty appetite. But, lo! when all had fluished their dintiff a good ending. He had come of room filled-and Willie had the full of ners, and Willie had syed grace and stood

up, the devil he couldn't rise at all, at all, for he was stuck as fast to the chair as if he had been waxed to it. "I'm ready for the road now, old man

his trade. Willie had purty hard times of it; hammer can never have the power of lettin' man in your own house, and at your own table, moreover. Relaise me from this chair." says he. thing about that in my bargain," says Wil-

> I'll give ye seven years more." with anger and wrath.

had done afore; only, if anything, he went go till they had to join and put him out it ten times faster and furiousier, and his by main force. And when they got him out house was the resort for ten times as many and the gates slammed on him Willie kicked

likes of it never had been seen afore nor through the bars of the gate, handed out to

We had been in the middle of our story to starve—and he found it purtikilarly hard afore known to spin in Ireland. He came | slong with all his great distinguished guests, and it's his great delight to atthract the attellin', with all our seats drawn close to- to have no money to sport and spend, as he to be known all over the country as the when the doors of the dinin' room opens and tention of good people that have lost their

"Good morra and good luck," says Wilmore keenly. But in the middle of an exciting story of Pandean More's, a fearful adventure of his in the wilds of Georgia, mood was on him) when they'd bring a bards and chiefs were as plentiful about "Not me," says the devil to say



go out of the wurrl' on a hungry belly, them, and coaches and coach horses to dhrive goodby to his guests, an' beg their pardon for his hasty departure, an' walk off, as hungry as he was, with the devil. It was in the heat of summer and the oads were dhry and dusty, and the sun ourning down on top of the two travelers. Afther they'd been an hour or more walkin'

> first inn we come till, I'll let ye go in and have a dhrink." Says Willie, "but I haven't got a stiver on me; me purse is as emp'y as Micky Mechan's

Willie complained he was mighty thirsty.

"Well," says the devil, says he, "the

"Neither have I a stiver," says the Devil; what'll ye do?" "Why, as for that," says Willie, says he, "you're such a nice, obligin' fella that I know ye'll oblige me in this. All you've

And the first inn they come up till, the devil thransformed himself intil a goold piece, and Willie slipped him intil his purse and closed the purse on him. Then straight back home with him Willie marched, and the anvil, and gettin' two other sthrong away and not spare themselves. So, as

got all the fun himself and his friends

needed for wan day out of him, Willie released him from the purse on his promisin' to give him seven years more. But poor Willie's money, which had been goin' all this time like corn in a sieve, was now run purty low. For six of the seven years he had as gay a time and as merry as ever before; but the money run out with the come along," says he, "I'm ready."

sixth year, and poor Willie had no means of cured her of a hacking cough that for many makin' more—for he'd sooner starve than years had made life a burden. All other the money; and him that thought he could ways sorry to find the end of it comin' and with it the devil-for he had got heart sick,

sore and tired of the wurrl'. And when at the end of the seventh year the devil come again he found Willie, with Willie started along with him, this time with a heart and a half. And on ahead the both of them thrudged and thraveled for many a weary dhreary mile, far further nor I could tell you, and twicet further nor you



"A TALL GENTLEMAN WALKED IN." reached their journey's end, and the devil

But, behold you, Willie wasn't long here The devil he writed and wriggled, till he tired of it and wished he was free screwed and twisted himself, till all again. So he set about makin' himself as the gentlemen and ladies present went into bothersome as he could and zocked to row stitches with the laughin'. And then, with everybody in it, till they could stand "Relaise me out of this chair and him no longer and put in a petition to the devil to have him put out of here, bekase "Done," says Willie, and he relaised him there'd never be no more comfort whilst and let him go off, black in the countenance ho'd be let remain. And the devil himself, too, found him so throublesome that he was Willie's pile of money was by no means only too glad to give in and ax the request as big as it used to be, but there was an of Willie that he'd go quietly and lave them odious pile of it yet. And so for the next in paice. But Willie was contrary, as alseven years Willie run the same rigs he ways he had been, and he now refused to princes and people from the very corners up a racket outside and pegged on the gates litch, and many forms of eczema.

"Your wishes are granted," says the devil. never will be seen again.

Boodby, and be ready for me this day But the best of things must some time to the wurr! he come from and spend his or other come till an end, and so it seemed time ever afther in leadin' good people

Back Willie came and from that day to way at night and lead them into marshes "Good morra, Wilite," says he, with the and bogs and swamps, where they get stuck and sunk and lost.

And from that day to this, owin' to the been called Willie-the-Whisp. And on our friend Neil here tonight he

God reached till him a helpin' hand and led

him out of the bog. "Thank God!" we all said fervently. And Neil said: "Thanks be to Him!"

CHILDREY WHO RUY AUTOMOBILES Little Parisian Boys and Girls Race

Fearlessly. Those who imagine that one must have a considerable knowledge of machinery before being able to go about in horseless carriages would open their eyes in amazement at seeing children of Paris as they dash by in powerful carriages and motor cycles,

controlling them as they do with absolute

confidence. At the recent automobile exhibition at the Tuilleries gardens the children played a special part. Seated in carriages gorgeously decorated with flowers and ribbons, young boys and girls as young as 8 and 10 years old joined in parade, scattering roses to one another, dashed along in races, and turned around so quickly sometimes that a rear wheel would be lifted from the ground. Finally automobiles were running wildly in all directions and the children showed remarkable dexterity as they steered back and

forth among people and obstacles. The Parisians have one great advantage in the way their houses are built, for the convenient accommodation of horseless carriages. Most of the houses of the better class have wide carriage entrances through them to open courts in the rear, so that the carriages run in to the doorstep and then through the court.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS. "Willie, didn't I tell you to stop that

noise? Now, don't let me have to tell you a second time." "This is the second time now, ma."

"Willie, said a mother to her 5-year-old

son, "I see your little sister has the small orange. Did you let her take her choice, as I told you to?" "Yes'm," replied Willie, "I told her she could either take the little one or none-and she took the little one." "You don't take any interest in figures,

going to do when you grow up if you don't know how to cipher?" "Oh," replied the precocious youth, "I'm going to be a school teacher and make the pupils do all the figgerin'." Teacher-Tommy, I hear that you and

Tommy," said the teacher. "What are you

Willy were fighting yesterday. Don't you know your little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes? Tommy-How could we tear each other's eyes with gloves on, I'd like to know? Why, Miss Meek, you don't seem to know the first

thing about the rules of the ring.

"Papa," said little Harry, "do you know how high those clouds are?" "No, my son," answered the father, with an indulgent smile. "Weli, they're cirrus clouds," said Harry, regarding them with a critical eye, "and they are about three and a half miles high. Your education must have been pretty sadly neglected, wasn't it, papa?"

"Now, boys," said the Sunday school Dr. Searles & Searles. 119 S. 14th St., Omahagreat feasts of the Jews?" "Yes'm, I can," replied one little fellow

"Very well, Johnny. What are they?" asked the teacher. "Breakfast, dinner and supper," was the

unexpected yet logical reply.

Thousand Tongues Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer of 1125 Howard street, Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure: "It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the universe." So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat. Chest or Lungs. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store; every bottle guaranteed.

BEETLES AS UNDERTAKERS.

When They Find a Dead Animal it is

Buried for Future Use. People often wonder, says Our Animal Friends, what becomes of the dead mice and dead birds, for, though birds and mice could tell me, till at long and at last they are constantly dying in large numbers, hardly one is ever to be seen. The fact is that they are buried by beetles. Buchner gives a brief account of them as fol

> "Several of them unite together to bur under the ground, as food and shelter for their young, some dead animal, such as a mouse, a toad, a mole, a bird, etc. The burial is performed because the corpse, if left above ground, would either dry up grow rotten, or be eaten by other animals. In all these cases the young would perish, whereas the dead body lying in the earth and withdrawn from the outer air lasts very well. The burying beetles go to work in a very well considered fashion, for they scrape away the earth lying under the body, so that it sinks of itself deeper and deeper. When it is deep enough down it is covered over from above. If the situ-ation is stony the beetles with united forces and great efforts drag the corpse to some place more suitable for burying. They work so diligently that a mouse, for instance, is buried within three hours. But they often work on for days, so as to bury the body as deeply as possible. From large carcasses, such as those of horses, sheep, etc., they only bury pieces as large as they can

> There can be no doubt of the intelligence of these strange insects, as a gentleman discovered in a rather curious way. He desired to try a dead toad, and for that purpose he fastened it upon the top of an up-right stick. The burying beetles, how-ever, were soon attracted by the smell, and, finding that they could not reach the toad, they undermined the stick, causing it to fall with the toad, which was then duly

The Sultan's Cinematograph. Berlin Letter to the London Standard: The sultan has long had a passion for the cinematograph, and has now determined to put it to a practical use. He wishes to see with his own eyes, but without the trouble entailed by traveling, the working of the Anatolian railway, and has given orders to a cinematograph specialist to prepare, regardless of cost, a series of pictures covering 1,100 kilometers of the line. They will be shown him in the Imperial theater at

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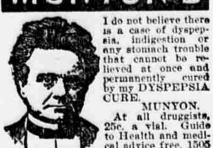


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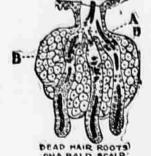
What the Microscope Reveals About Diseased Hair and Its Follicle.

WHAT KILLS THE HAIR?

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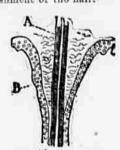
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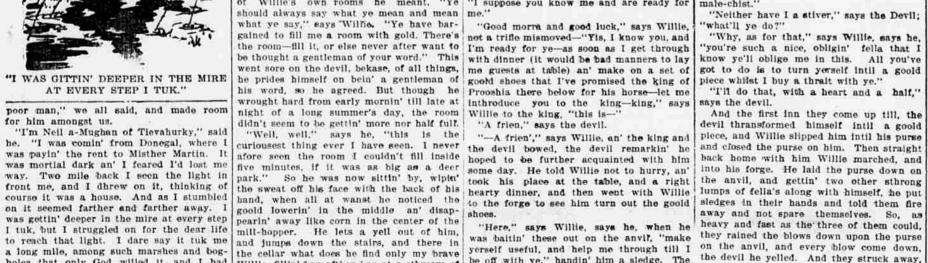
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for the sledge stuck to his hands like grim "Come." says Willie, says he, "old man,

Come along," says he, "I'm ready."

and in all the wurrl' again there wasn't so

"Good morrs, and good luck," says Willie "Willie," says he, "I hope you're ready

pickin' a bone with us."

"O, ye utorious villain," says the devil 'This is a purty mane thrick to play on a

"I don't remember that there was any-

knocked on the gates and had both of them admitted in.

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