

TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT.

CYRIL AND THE GNOME.
By Charles Battell Loomis.

(Copyright, 1899, by Charles Battell Loomis.) There was not a doubt about it, the post box on the lamp post at the corner was bewitched. The people in the vicinity were most of them writers and wrote the loveliest stories that you ever read and they always posted them in the lamp box on the corner and had done so for years. Indeed, some of the very loveliest had been posted twenty times in that same box. How they ever came back had often puzzled the letter box, who was of an inquisitive turn of mind, but they were certainly posted about once in so often.

That was before the box was bewitched. Now, no matter how many stories and poems and riddles and charades were dropped into the aperture, not one could be found when the postman made his rounds. The box was always empty. At first people thought that it was thieves and a man was placed at the opposite corner to look as if he was just passing by, but although he stood in that attitude for one whole hour, a particularly large batch of literature had been dropped into the box by at least six different writers, and although he watched that box as carefully as a sleep man could yet not a soul opened it. But when the postman came around there was perfectly empty. Perhaps I have not been explicit enough, if you know what that means. Letters posted in the daytime were not lost. It was only after dark that the bewitchment took place.

Now there was one writer who never wrote anything but fairy stories and she had a son about 10 years old who knew that there were fairies. He pitied children who said with a lofty air, "Oh, yes, when I was a kid I believed in fairies, but I found out long ago that there were none." He used to say to these superior boys and girls: "How do you know there aren't fairies?" "The world is a large place and there are many things when you sleep from 8 until 7 next day. How can you be sure that the fairies do not hold revels somewhere at night? And if anywhere why not in New York?" And then the others would say: "Oh, we don't want to argue. Believe in fairies if you want to and play with blocks and dolls, too, but we're beyond such things."

Well, now, for what part, I'm going on 60 and yet I would not say there are no fairies because what would become of the beautiful and authentic history of Cinderella if it were proved that fairy folk were imaginary? No, there are fairies, depend upon it, and if we haven't seen them it's our misfortune. I never saw the Cape of Good Hope, but I'm sure it's around somewhere.

This is a good deal of talk, it seems to

way, and they soon came to the rope hanging from the window.

"Here, don't try to climb that," said the gnome as Cyril twisted the end around his wrists and swung himself over the ground. "I know a way worth two of that. Put your foot on my head."

"Put your foot on my head, I say," said the gnome, and in a tone that invited obedience, Cyril placed his foot upon the little man's head and felt himself rise to his window as if he were floating on a bit of dandelion down. By the way, why do they call it dandelion down when it's up most of the time?

When Cyril and the gnome were in the room the former threw himself upon the bed, and the latter sat upon the footboard. "Now tell me a story that will please the king."

So Cyril told him "Puss in Boots," and he was delighted.



CYRIL THREW HIMSELF UPON THE BED AND THE GNOME SAT UPON THE FOOTBOARD.

"Say, did you make that up?" said he, and locusts and I had to go to Japan for them because the best insect musicians are Japanese. It takes time to go to Japan even the way I travel, on a moonbeam. We're to be married tomorrow night, and I've brought you a piece of wedding cake and a

"Pshaw!" said Cyril. "You don't anywhere's near look it."

"I don't feel a day over 900, but then all my family are very young-looking. My grandfather is 4,000 and you'd never take him to be over 3,700. It's because we're very particular not to let the sun shine on us. I've never seen the sun in my life, but I had a cousin who followed the human's proverb, 'early to bed and early to rise' and the sun-shine shrivelled him up so that he looks hundreds of years older than he is. He used to go to bed at 7 in the evening and get up at 6 in the morning and we all go to bed at 3 in the morning and get up at 8 in the evening."

"Cyril looked at his clock. It was five minutes to 3."

"I'm sorry to hurry you," he said, "but if that's the case you'd better be going."

"Well," said the gnome, "I thank you for the story and you may depend upon it I won't eat any more of those inky old letters. They didn't taste good a bit and if I hadn't loved the king's daughter very much I wouldn't have eaten one."

"Come again tomorrow ni—" began Cyril, but the gnome had vanished.

He waited a week, but the little imp did not come back. On the other hand no more letters were lost and the writers were so encouraged that they wrote an unusual number of beautiful stories and I dare say you may read some of them in the magazine before long.

Cyril knew that it would be foolish for him to tell his neighbors that he had caught a gnome eating their letters because they were not enlightened enough to believe him, but he did tell his mother and she said: "Well, I suspected as much. I knew no thiefing letter carrier could have gotten away with them."

"But he didn't come back," said Cyril, half crying, "and he said that he was going to tell me how the king liked the story he had learned."

"Give him time, my dear," said his mother. "I take it as a good sign. If the story hadn't suited he would have been back for another. I dare say that he is busy getting ready for his marriage."

And that night the gnome proved that Mrs. Merton had guessed right, for after Cyril had been sleeping some hours he was awakened by a breath of cold air upon his face, and opening his eyes he beheld the little gnome sitting upon the pillow by his side.

"You're a prick!" was his first words to Cyril.

Cyril was wide awake in an instant and he said: "So the king liked it?" He jumped out of bed the better to listen. As for the gnome he leaped to the footboard and crossed his knees in the drollest way imaginable.

"Like it?" said he. "Why, I thought he'd never stop laughing. He said that it was the best story he'd ever heard and he gave me his daughter's hand as he had promised, and I've been so busy getting ready for the wedding that I haven't had time to come before. You see, I had to engage a big orchestra of crickets and katydids and frogs

little fellow, sincerely sorry that he was going.

"Just think," said the gnome, "if you hadn't come that night I would still be eating those horrid, inky old manuscripts he had learned."

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CYRIL FELT HIMSELF RISE TO HIS WINDOW AS IF HE WERE FLOATING ON A BIT OF DANDELION DOWN.

and never getting any story at all for the king. Oh, I wish you could see the princess. She's a young little thing; only 200, but she is so pretty. Well, I must be going. Here's the cake and here's a pin to remember me by. It's an emerald made out of a real katydid. Bye-bye."

And the gnome vanished.

In the morning Cyril found a piece of toad stool on his pillow. That was the wedding cake. He did not eat it. But he has the emerald pin to this day.

MAN AND HIS MOUSTACHE.

Character Revealed by the Way the Hair Grows on the Upper Lip. Whether it be true or no, that the moustache is a safe guide to character, here are some pictures from which anybody can tell in a moment what kind of a man they are being introduced to simply by studying his moustache.

No. 1. Not much reliance is to be placed upon the character of a man with a moustache like this. Poor fellow, he is possessed of little principle, does not care how he looks, is irregular in his habits, lacks all reverence, hates work, and lives merely for what pleasure he can find in life.

No. 2. This is a busy man, with no time for trifles. He is very precise, materialistic, solid and absorbed in business affairs.

No. 3. He does not betray very praiseworthy characteristics. His word is worth very little; he can not be depended upon, for his opinions change with every zephyr.

No. 4. Here is a type of a melancholy man with a limited amount of self-consciousness, who hardly knows his own will, and requires an adviser at every turn in life.

No. 5. This moustache indicates a man of great determination. His owner is most charmed with himself, and need not be expected to manifest any great degree of conscientiousness.

No. 6. The man who wears a moustache like this is extremely conceited, determined and less conscientious than the possessor of No. 5.

No. 7. Here at last is a man worthy of esteem. He is large-hearted, witty, tender and true to those whom he calls either friends or loved ones.

No. 8. This moustache belongs to a man of firm character. He is a thinker and at the same time one who has the ability to do what he decides should be done.

No. 9. But here is the mark of a man generally known as a "lady killer." He is a barefaced flatterer, giddy and soulless. One of whom to beware if you would be happy.

No. 10. Rare as this moustache may be it is the mark of an exceptional man. He possesses great will power, nothing can discourage him. He is talented and proud, but reverent. He knows his limitations, but brooks no rival.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Robert is being told by his mamma how to conduct himself in company.

"If you are asked to have cake a second time," says mamma, "answer, 'No, thank

you, I've had plenty,' and don't you forget it!"

What mother could do more for her child? But when the time comes, and Robert is asked to have cake a second time, he answers merely:

"No, thank you, I've had plenty."

He does not answer:

"No, thank you, I've had plenty, and don't you forget it!"

All this, of course, is very humiliating to Robert's parents and friends.

Teacher—Do you know what a franchise is?

Pupil—Not exactly; but I know it's something you grab.

"What is the meaning of the word 'natural'?" asked the teacher of a small pupil.

"It's the way we act before we learn manners," was the answer.

"Does your teacher give any reward of merit?" asked one little boy of another.

"I guess so," replied the other. "He gives me a lickin' most every day and says I merit two."

"I guess I'll marry Johnny Jones when I drug store.

got growed up," said little 5-year-old Ethel.

"Oh, Nellie," exclaimed a very weary mother, "don't ask so many questions."

"But, mamma," queried the little one, "if I don't ask questions what can I ask?"

"Do you really like him so much?" asked her mother.

"Oh, no," replied Ethel, "it isn't that; but he happens to like the same kind of candy I do."

Hubbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim. No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents, guaranteed, at Kuhn & Co.'s

DR. CHARCOT'S TONIC TABLETS

are the only positively guaranteed remedy for the following ailments: Nervousness and Debility caused by over-drinking.

WE GUARANTEE FOUR BOXES to cure any case with a positive written guarantee or return the money, and to destroy the appetite for intoxicating liquors.

THE TABLETS CAN BE GIVEN WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF THE PATIENT.

STRONG DRINK CAUSES MISERY, POVERTY and Death. We will mail you four (4) boxes and post the written guarantee. No cure or refund warranted. Single boxes \$2.00.

Myers, Dillon Drug Co., Sole Agents 16th and Farnam, Omaha, Neb.

Suggestions...

Nothing makes such a satisfactory Holiday Gift as a piece of Furniture.

It is a lasting remembrance—a serviceable, useful and an ornamental present that will give pleasure to anyone.

There is ample opportunity to express any depth of feeling of friendship or love in the wide range of a selection, from a Jardinier stand of modest model to a bedroom suite of the most elaborate design. We want to interest you in our Furniture from a Holiday standpoint—you already know it from a housefurnishing point of view.

Dressing Tables

A dainty Dressing Table for a dainty woman's boudoir is a most acceptable and cherished gift. Many are the pretty patterns from which to select, in all the wanted woods, 6.50 to \$68 and finishes, ranging in price from

Ladies' Desks

Many's the woman who has longed for a pretty Writing Desk. It is a piece of furniture graceful in its lines, taking up but little room, but making a convenient place for correspondence and woman's own belongings. New designs ranging from 5.00 to \$48

Morris Chairs

A Morris Chair is so sensible in its construction, so restful and so luxurious in its repose that it is one of the most popular chairs today. Unequaled as a gentleman's chair, large assortment ranging from 4.90 to 37.50

Music Cabinets

An article of furniture that appeals to all music lovers. It is so convenient, systematic and indispensable after once being used. An excellent assortment to choose from ranging from 6.00 to \$32

Parlor Tables

A Parlor Table nowadays means everything from a simple oak affair to the beautifully constructed gem. All the carvers' skill, all the polishers' art. Every conceivable shape of top. Every graceful curve is displayed in the line we are showing. Many are the patterns from which to select at prices ranging from 1.00 to \$65

Library Tables

To make the library cozy and delightful a commodious table is important. It can be as plain or as handsome as you may elect, but from our stock it is sure to be a valuable article and reasonable in price, ranging from 6.75 to \$140

Many are the holiday suggestions to be found in our Carpet and Drapery Department.

"Make your selections now for Christmas delivery."

Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co., 1414-1416-1418 Douglas Street.

Holiday Rugs

We have just received the largest shipment of Small Rugs ever brought to this city. Nearly two cartloads of Rugs for our great holiday sale—over 300 varieties of well known grades.

Genuine Smyrna Rugs.	Genuine Princess Rugs.
26x18-inch..... 65c	26x18-inch..... \$2.25
26x24-inch..... \$1.50	26x24-inch..... \$3.25
26x30-inch..... \$2.00	Wilton Rugs, in Oriental effects.
26x37-inch..... \$2.75	27x34-inch..... \$3.50
Best Axminster Rugs.	26x33-inch..... \$5.50
27x63-inch..... \$2.50	Beautiful French Wilton
26x27-inch..... \$1.00	Rugs at \$5.50 and \$8.00.

Smyrna Rugs in the large room sizes.

60x90 Smyrna Rugs.....	\$11.00 and \$14.50
7x10.8 Smyrna Rugs.....	\$18.00 and \$24.00
8x12 Smyrna Rugs.....	\$22.50 and \$30.00
8x10.6 Axminster Rugs at.....	\$18.00 and \$26.50

Oriental Rugs

Wednesday, December 6th, we place on sale the largest assortment of these beautiful Rugs ever shown in the west. Mr. G. T. Pushman will be in charge of this sale and will be pleased to show his many customers and friends. A handsome line of heavy Silk Portiere Co-

Draperies

ers in four colors, two shades of green, rose and red, extra high quality, very reasonable

at.....	20.00
Very choice line of Louis the XVII. Portieres at.....	30.00
Large new assortment of very choice Tapestry Portieres, beautiful colorings, worth considerably more than our price—pair.....	\$12 and \$13
New line extra heavy Oriental effect Portieres, go at pair, \$16.00, \$15.00 and.....	12.00

Just received, a special importation of handsome Japanese Screens direct from the Orient, beautiful designs—prices 4.00 to \$15

In the above mentioned we only hint at a few, to have you appreciate the rich field in which to rummage for holiday gifts.



DR. CHARCOT'S TONIC TABLETS are the only positively guaranteed remedy for the following ailments: Nervousness and Debility caused by over-drinking. WE GUARANTEE FOUR BOXES to cure any case with a positive written guarantee or return the money, and to destroy the appetite for intoxicating liquors. THE TABLETS CAN BE GIVEN WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF THE PATIENT. STRONG DRINK CAUSES MISERY, POVERTY and Death. We will mail you four (4) boxes and post the written guarantee. No cure or refund warranted. Single boxes \$2.00. Myers, Dillon Drug Co., Sole Agents 16th and Farnam, Omaha, Neb.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

I have used Wine of Cardui for all stages of disordered men- ses, and am now using it for the "change of life". I have had doctors, but Wine of Cardui is away ahead of doctors, for trouble like I have had. I have not done anything to amount to much for months, and have been so weak I could not go out. I had cold feelings and was sick at my stomach. After that I was taken with a kind of nervousness, with jerking all through my body and limbs. I had much headache and hot flushes at night. I really had all kinds of aches and pains, and swelling of the feet and ankles. No tongue can tell of all my sufferings. I have used Theford's Black-Draught with Wine of Cardui, and am sure they are the very best medicines ever made for such trouble.

Mrs. L. E. STEELE.

Nearly a century's use has given Wine of Cardui a reputation for curing "female diseases" that no other medicine enjoys. When headaches, nervousness, dizziness, bearing down pains, delayed monthly sickness or flooding give you warning of leucorrhoea or falling of the womb or irregular or painful menstruation, you can save yourself much suffering and misery by procuring a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui at your drug store. The medicine is used with great success during pregnancy and the "change of life," and after childbirth or miscarriage. It should be given every girl at the age of puberty. In cases requiring special directions address the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

HE LEFT HIS ROOM BY MEANS OF A ROPE.

me, and nothing at all about that lamp box. Well, Cyril Merton, who believed in fairies, was sure that a gnome was in the box and that he was living on letters. He said nothing to any one, but one night after he had gone to bed and all the house was quiet he arose softly and dressed himself and left his room by means of a rope which he had concealed there that day. Then he went to the lamp box.

He had small, delicate hands and he put one in the aperture and felt for the letters. There was not one. Then he posted an envelope containing nothing but blank paper and putting his ear to the opening he listened. He could distinctly hear little jaws champing and paper being torn. He was now perfectly sure that there was a bad little fairy inside the box. So he put his mouth to the aperture and said: "Little gnome, little gnome, come from within

To eat up the letters is surely a sin."

"I don't say that the gnome would have minded you or me or any of those children that don't believe in fairies, but I do know that as soon as the gnome heard Cyril's voice he oozed out of the aperture and sat himself down cross-legged on the top. He was about the size of a squirrel and wore a tight-fitting suit made of woven grasses of different shades of green. A little bit of the envelope of the letter that Cyril had posted was sticking to his lip, but the rest was evidently eaten.

"Cyril came to business at once. He said: "Don't you know, little gnome, that you're making trouble for a great many people? Most all who live around here write stories and they get their living by selling them. If you eat all their stories, after a while they won't