#### CONN COYLE'S ELDEST.

BA CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.

Author of "The Way of the Wind, "The Fire of Life, "The Lifted Shadow," Etc., Etc.

suppressed gyiggles.

that's all"

sults.

not used to the like av that!

"God help him, then," said Conn

an't marry, an' it's well they don't."

"Have yer way, have yer way,"

"Faith, thin, 'tis the money does it."

for the man, and him me own brother."

have heered more noise av it."

freckle-faced boy called Barney.

"Shure, one's enough to talk av 'im.

A effence fell upon the party, which

Maggie, show us the thrick wid yer toes."

gie possessed and consisted in a curious

flexibility of the toes, which enabled her !

fold them under almost as though they

were fingers and pick up almost any small

object from the ground. This trick was a

source of endless delight to the children,

"Not now, pet," said Maggie, running her

Why wouldn't she do the thrick to plaze

the boy?" asked Conn. "I've thried times

Coxic was at the door in a moment, peering

out into the autumn twilight, with hands on

He was not a prepossessing man. The lit-

it, as by compulsion. He was small and

spare of figure, neat as became his position,

hard, save for the mouth, which had an un-

expected looseness of lips; his eyes were

his small soul bare under the disguise,

Maggie, poor girl, was as quiet as a sitting

time, she had a secret from her parents

ing current of joy that made music to her

After the meal was over and the two men

had their pipes lit, Maggie and her mother

pulled one of the benches to the hearth and

hands, each waiting for some one else to

"Tis long since I've seen ye, Ellen, an

"Ave coorse not, Frank." She shot a

"I've been a busy man, Ellen, an' I knew

"Minds change as well as times," said

'Ay," he said, "I'd a fancy for Ellen to

"Who's in gaol this two years for as

"I am, an' not wan of thim more throuble

"I sometimes wish," said Power, "that I'd

"I've bin takin' a partner," Power went

business. He's a shmart man, wid money.

owld shoulders." He laughed drily, glanced

"I've bin thinkin' ye might sphare me

"Me!" Maggie called the word out of

"Hush, dearie!" said Mrs. Coyle, leaning

'She's a fine grown girl, an' 'd do well

forward eagerly, and trying to catch Power's

n the shop. "Tis a pity to lave her here.

six months, or say nine, afther she'd learnt

the business. I'd pay her some wages, an' in

the meantime I'd kape her free intirely.

"What'd we do widout Maggie at all?

She went to him and sat on his knee, with

"Tis a fine offer," said Mrs. Coyle

"What de ye say, Maggie?" Conn whis-

"No. no," she pleaded, and again, "No

no," with a shiver that shook her throat.

She clung closer. "Let me shtay wid ye, let

Coun held her to him and allowed his pipe

to go out. He was a poor man with many

clamering mouths to feed; he was also a

man of strong affections; a bitter struggle

The thought just kem to me." he added.

said Conn. "Come here, asthore.

pered in the girl's ear.

In time she'd be a grand help to ye.

"It's time, shure," said Mrs. Coyle,

blagyard a thrick as iver a man played."

"Thrue for ye, thrue for ye.

ye have to yer own blood."

uncertain eve.

aguely.

me shtay."

"Ye were black agin me wance

ve were well placed with Conn here."

Power waved his pipe deprecatingly.

ye might think I'd forgotten ye, but 'twasn't

begin.

Conn.

so, faith."

Power made a start,

trlumphant glance at Conn.

It was then that Uncle Frank

Yet under the oppresssion there was a sing-

heart, a music hardly to be listened to with-

out bringing the hot blood to her cheeks.

hips and an anxious tremor at the heart.

"Whisht! there's wheels comin'."

It was Uncle Frank Power at last.

"The idea," cried Mrs. Coyle.

ve larn sinse, Barney?

to do it meself."

(Copyright, 1900, by S. S. McClure Co.) It was a gusty, squally day, which made with a "Good day, Maggie," and a wave of it difficult for Maggle's bare legs to carry hand. He had previously appointed to see her toward Carmore as rapidly as the oc- her on the following day. casion demanded. She made herself as small. When the children came in from school, as possible, held the shawl which covered a riotous mob, they were taken by Maggie her head close under her throat and in to be "put straight," a process which inthe fulls of the wind increased her pace to volved much howling and many tears. She There was really no particular was so full of the morning's episode that hurry, but the unusualness of her errand she would have preferred not to change the seemed to the girl to give no loophole for dress she wore; it seemed now to be part of delay. Crompled up in her left hand wan the altered life. In the same way she hesta slip of paper, on which was scrawled a list tated to wash the mud from her feet. But of the articles she was to buy and carry of course she did both, and in the act was back to Ballyclogher.

The luxuries enumerated on the slip of again paper were for the entertainment of one guest, Maggie's uncle, her mother's brother, whom she had never seen. She understood him to be rich; indeed, he was always held up by Mrs. Coyle as a model for her husband's imitation. "He's hunderds," she used to say, "hunderds, and it's my belief they're all in gowld; ye can see money in 'ic face. It's you might be as warm, Conn, if ye'd think av the poor

As the girl struggled on against the wind her head was busy with thoughts of the uncle who was rich. The word, coming close home, as it were, set her imagination dancing, for rich men did not often come near Ballyclogher, and when they did certainly not as guests of Conn Coyle. She knew what poverty was, though that not of the acutest-she generally had enough to eat, but the idea of riches swept her up into a new world.

She made her purchases all at one shop. and then found, as was inevitable, that Mrs. Coyle had miscalculated the prices. and she was 2 shillings short. Mrs. Mac-Donaugh, who kept the store, was quite willing to give credit for the balance, but It seemed to Maggie that this course would be a kind of reflection on her uncle. While she groped hopelessly in her pocket for money which she knew was not there she saw James Phelan pass the door. An inspiration shot her to his side. "Jim." she cried, "lind me 2 shillin"; I'm that short. You'll have it back to-

"Faith, is it you? Well, well! Two shillin' is it? How do ye think I'd have all siduity which promised great future re-

'No jokin'. It's a blessin' I saw ye, sure." "That's thrue," said Jim; "the pol'is might bave had ye else, Maggie." He produced the money; she settled the account and took a "The idea," cried Mrs. Coy receipt with an air of grave dignity. When she came out of the shop Jim was waiting.
"Is it you still?" asked Maggie.

"An' why not? I'm goin' your way, sure, and we might as well walk in shtep." "I'm in a mad hurry, Jim."

'Did I ask ye to go slow for me?" "Ye did not," said Maggie, candidly, That's a great ug'y parcel," said Jim:

too heavy for the likes av you. Just hand it here. Maggie. break if ye did."

"I'll howld an to it right enough. What's inside at all? It's morshul heavy! "All sorts. We've a visitor comin' tonight-Uncle Frank Power." 'An' who's he?

"Sure ye've heard tell ave him times an" times. He's mother's brother." 'I'd forgot, Maggie. "I've never set eyes on 'im yet-but he's a grand rich man I'm towld."

Ballyclogher? "That's kind av 'im." said Jim. Well, annyway, he's comin', kind or not. Don't ketch the parcel by the shtring!" "Aisy. Maggie, I was only changin' arms."

"Is he that? Thin what'll he want in

"Will I take a turn at it?" "Lave it be, child." smart shower of rain came on. After a time

Jim said: "We'd best shelter a bit." cel up in me shawl," she said.

"An' ketch yer death! That's likely!

He found a dry spot under a wayside e'm. Maggie took the parcel from Jim and carefully placed it close to the trunk; then the pair stood side by side before it, and listened to the hiss of the rain in the leaves and watched the streaming white road. 'Ye'd nade boots in this weather,"

Jim, glancing at the girl's bare feet. "Not at all! What mischief'd a little wet She pressed her toes into the soft

"I'm doin' well now, Maggie." That's good hearin'," she said.

'Ay, I'm doin' well," he repeated. "Ye'l be a'most a weman new, I s'pose?" "Siventeen last birthday," she said. "Bedad, that's a great age! A'most mar

ryin' time, Maggie. I s'pose ye haven't a notion av it yerself?" "How would I, wid all thim childer to look

Jim slipped an arm round her waist and "I thought ye might have," he said.

Maggie flushed and closed her eyes for a " again to see the Frank." moment; then the blurred sky and rainy road. "I couldn't," see \_\_\_\_ sortly.

Jim released her suddenly and cried, marry Tom Blake.

Whisht! There's Mary Cregan comin'!" She was opposite the pair almost as soon as Jim spoke, a tall, handsome girl, warmly said Conn. clad, though less neat than Maggie. She had strong shoes on her feet, too, which should well, an' a fine family, too. Ye'll be proud have been sufficient herald of her approach av thim, Conn. if Jim had not been deaf at the moment. She paused and looked them up and down with than a bird in a cage. a smile that had something of scorn in it.

and at the back of that again a spark of some ay me own, for it's well to lave what "Tis a grand day for the like av that. Mrs. Coyle's face epitomized all the joy-James Phelan!" she said. "Ye might put ful emotions, but Conn was staring hard the comether on grown girls and not chil- into the peats, and did not see.

"Tis a grand day indeed, Mary," said on, "an' it's our intintion to increase the James, avoiding her eyes. "I'm for Carmore," she said: "are ye an' he'll take some av the work aff me

"Not now; I've an errand to Hallycloground the circle, and replaced the pipe in his

"Ab, well! good day to ye." She passed Maggie had stood quite still, watching wan av these childer av yours; not," he

added hastily, "a young wan, but, say, Mag-Mary closely all the time. "She's a hard nail," said Jim, laughing gie here. awkwardly. dream. The dream was broken.

'She saw!'

"What of that, sure?" "She'll tell an us."

"Let her."

"Did ye iver kiss her, Jim?" "I did, many a time-and others have, too. What's there in that to throuble wid? I'd rather kiss you. Maggie."

"It's shtopped rainin'." she said. "Give me wan kiss, astor," he said; "the other I tuk widout lave."

Maggie trembled as she lifted her face to his, and there were tears in her eyes which James Phelan did not see. her arms round his neck and her head sunk against his shoulder.

At the door of the Coyle Stitage which

THERE IS A CLASS OF PEOPLE Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not oost over '4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 18cts, and 25 of GRAIN-O.

ONE OR THE POWER WAS A PROPERTY OF THE POWER WAS A PROPERTY OF THE POWER WAS A POWER WAS A

"I'm thinkin' the north mightn't shute th child," said Conn. "An thin there's the young wans. Who'll see after turm? "Sure Biddy's 14, and well able for t Would ye shtan the girl's way, Conn ! "God save us, what talk, woman! Shtand in her way! Is it me harm the child? Ach.

adjoined the forge, Jim left his companion blood! God bless ye for the thought av us. We'll worth no pay, I'll lave an' welcome. settle what we'll do tomorrer. An to led wid ye Maggie, asthere, and lave us to think

She slipped from Coun's knee after an embrace pitcous with entreaty, kissed her mother and the uncle whom she already regarded with a kind of terror, and went up quietly to bed. It was the first night of the girl's life in which she had experienced true sorrow and the dragging length of the dark hours. Even the many prayers she repeated brought small comfort, for when she had When she went downstairs her father had been through them twice her mind wandered come in from the forge, and was sitting, while her lips moved. A week before the clean and uncomfortable, near the hearth. would have accepted the proposed change. Mrs. Coyle sat opposite to him; the nine not, indeed, without corrow, but as part of children were perched on two wooden the necessary round of life. Now it seemed benches that ran along the wall. They an utter uprooting, terrible as the idea of made way for her with many signals and

It was decided that Maggie should go. "Whisht! Be shtill, there! Yer uncle is Frank Power, when he made the offer, knew it was inevitable and congratulated himself "An' why God help him? Sure, every man see Ellen's eldest girl. Her attractiveness him I'm wearyin' to see!" was beyond his hopes; even in his eyes she was pretty, and he saw no more than the "I'm thinkin' Frank Power's a sad shell of her, the accidents of feature and of laid a hand on her shoulder. health. He advanced a meager sum toward the purchase of the necessary outfit, to be not another word 'll I say.' Ye'll harp an that shtring till it breaks." repaid, he said; when she was earning for 'Arrah, Conn, ye've niver a good word

Maggie's parting from James Phelan was a very simple matter after all. Her heart a blessed saint were comin' we couldn't was too big for specch, and his, if not that, at least prompted him to say no more than might have been overheard with safety by unexpectedly broken by a shock-headed, any passer-by. He had

Mary Cregan, as he knew, had long cars been gazing for a long time at Maggia's and a longer tongue; it was well to be dispretty feet and the words were out before he remembered the solemnity of the occa- of silent prowling, both saw and heard. He creet. But Frank Power, who had a habit said nothing, but that night his lean face looked leaner and his crafty eyes drew closer It was about the only accomplishment Magtogether under bent brows.

Conn's last words to Maggie were "Be good, dearie, and whin ye come back

ve'll be proud av ye." The change to Maggie from Ballyclogher to Belfast was like moving from free air to a close room. Disappointment met her en who practised if themselves with an as- the threshold of the new life, for the glorious shop which she had imagined, with a plate glass front and sumptuous display of millinery, far finer than anything in Carmore, proved to be a dark little place in a side street, with hardly more room than Mrs. MacDonagh's. A god deal of business appeared to be done, but it was mainly with poor people, and instead of handling silks and velvets Maggie had to sell such common stuffs as she had been familiar with from childhood.

Maggie and a companion worked at one ounter, Frank Power and his new partner an amiable young man, content, it seemed, to work under his senior's direction, and tle likeners to his sister that he had was, as "Ye'll not chrop it? There's things there'd it were, hidden away in odd corners of his appearing to have no ideas of his own. face, which only now and then revealed Power ruled the place. He sat up late at night over his books, long after the household had gone to bed. Once, when Maggie came down to fetch something she had for drily conciliatory in manner, as a person gotten, she found him in his little counting who has to please to live. His face was house poring over rows of figures like a man whose life depended on the solution of some fantastic puzzle. At the sound of her furtive, shooting a sudden glance and then step he rose, white and trembling; then he turning aside, as though to muse on the cursed her for a plague and drain on him; impresssion they had taken. He was a afterward he made a whining apology, acman who habitually masked himself, though companied with frigid endearments, which with so little art that a close observer saw the girl understood less than his rage.

The much-debated meal was hardly a sono answer. This did not trouble her much. cial success. To begin with, Power had because she knew that he was handler with no great appetite, nor did he pour forth the the tongue than with the pen. She h a d can help me. congratulations which Mrs. Coyle had con- from her parents at rare intervals, but in fidently expected. He are slowly and their letters there was naturally no referthoughtfully, speaking little, and the other ence to Jim, as she had told them nothing gettin an owld man. I meant no harm, but The wind had dropped semewhat, and a three had to restrain their longing hunger of that incident of her life. So the weeks the luck was dead agin me. I niver had a out of respect for the extreme gentility of passed until gix months were over.

the Belfast draper. He made no refernces The expected payment did not begin from to the old times which are so dear to the that date; she must wait. Power said, until Maggie hesitated. "I could wrap the par- lrish heart, he said nothing about the little trade was better-six months or nine hall fold house at Killeen, where he and his sis- been his words. She should think h reelf for had been brought up; he appeared to lucky for having clothes and free keep and There's no hurry, sure, if he's not comin' till have forgotten the episode of the brown a friend like his partner to show her the world. At the end of the nine months she asked again and was again put off. Hubird. She was oppressed both by Power's Maggie's idea of a contract was very simple, presence and the thought that, for the first in tamely to a superior power. She pressed -insisted; Power shuffled, wheedled and raged by turns. When she found that no

One evening she had been to his mother's "I've only this." she said, and put the sail on the Lough. It was as they walked back together that she spoke. the four sat round the fire with folded

To be sure. Maggio?"

It's nine months since I kem here, an' "Quite right-an' haven't ye got it !"

"Not a pinny," she said.
"Ye say that?" He stopped short for a moment; then walked on slowly with bent Maggie, ye know, well yer me own heart's brows. I spoke to uncle, an' he put me aff

"Yes," whispered the girl. agin. I thought maybe ye'd see me through "I say thank ye kindly, Frank Power, and wid it. Mister Riordan. Av coorse, if I'm "The owld blaggard," Riordan mutterel

under his breath. "Ye see," she went on, "I want to take a ook at me own people, an' till I've money I'm tied here like a dog to a gate."

'Maggie, ye'll have ivery penny ye were runnised for the last three months tom rrer. on me soul, I thought ye'd had it' Maggie did not grasp the full meaning of Ah! thank ye. Mister Rividan," she said, flushing with pleasure. "Ay, an' if I've my way ye shall have man!" more-all I've got, bedad, and ye cin live

away from the owld man." 'Am I worth more" she asked. "Ye're worth all a man can give ye, Maggie. Sure, if ye'll have me ye'll never go near the shop agin. I'm yours for the takin, child, and that's God's truth!

The meaning of it rushed upon her like a black mist. Her heart sickened. "Ach, not that!" she cried. "There's a on the brilliant idea which had sent him to boy at home who's waitin av me, an it's

Riordan took the blow like a man. After "If that's so," he said, "I'm done, and

Maggie amiled at him through tears. Ye're a good man," she said, "an' Got

That night Riordan returned with her to the shop, where Power was at his usual work books. Maggie bed and slept more happily than that he thought to do it. Mister Riordan, done since the world had had changed for her. But all night in the little counting house Frank Power stood at until at last, stripped bare of lying and subterfuge, his partner saw him for what he was-a swindler and a thief. But hawk Riordan, in his anger, let slip a word of his

aside and slipped a packet into her hand. That's the money," he said; "ye may go whin ye like.

Woday ? Whin we like," he repeated. And whin must I be back, Mister Rior-

Ah, well, we'll think av that." He untied a parcel; it contained spun silk shawls, an unprofitable investment for that neigh-

"I'm thinkin"," he said, blushing to his hair, "that wan av these'd shute ye fine. Just choose wan, Maggie." "Ah, ye're too good, Mister Riordan.

What'd I do wid the like av that?" "Wear it, sure. They're owld stock," he added, diffidently, "an' anyway somethin' 'Il at another facing it. The new partner was be saved if ye take it. We'll not be here much longer.' "Are ye goin' to lave the shop?"

'Ay, that's it. We've ended the partner-"Thin enustn't I come back?" "I think it's goodby, Maggie, whin ye go. But we'll see later."

He laid the shawl aside. "I'll parcel it for ye." he said. Before Maggie could answer her uncle's voice called to her from the little parlor behind the counting bouse. Power was leaning with his elbows on the table, where the breakfast things still remained.

"Sit down, Maggie," he said. She obeyed him. He lifted a cup as though to drink, down again and moistened his lips with his tongue

"I'm hard driven." he said, "an' it's you "How can I help?

"Hard driven," he repeated, "An' me chanst-a poor man's always kep' down." "I thought ye were rich, uncle." thrick wid yer toes."

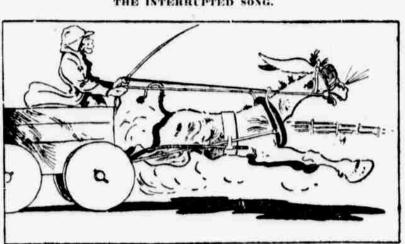
"Rich! I'm not worth the price of me funeral, and prison's starin' me in the face." "But ye've done nothin wrong. They can't put ye away for bein' poor." "But they can for stealin', child, an' that's

what I was drove to, God help me! Ay, this minit I might be tock! He shivered and drew a hand across moist face.

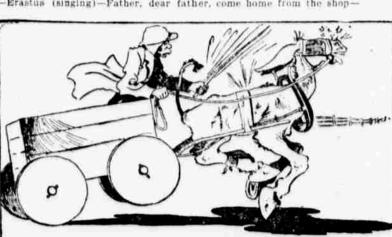
"You a thief!" "That's the word, an' ye may throw it at advantage was gained she determined to me," he wailed, "Maggie, there's only wan can save me, an' that's you.

house to tea; afterwards he took her for a packet Riordan had given her on the table. "That's no good," he cried. "It's you, an' not money. It's me partner, John Riordan, "Mister Riordan," she said, "may I ask I've robbed, an' you can save me name. If

THE INTERRUPTED SONG.



1-Erastus (singing)-Father, dear father, come home from the shop-



2-The clock in the steeple strikes-



ye'd marry him he'd forgive me, an' not say

'I can't," said Maggie. "He asked me the end of six or nine I was promised last night, an I said 'No.' for there's another I belong to. "Ye said 'No?' God save us, where's yer

sinse? Let the other wan go." 'I can't! "Ye must, for the sake of the name! Would ye have yer own mother's brother

put in Jail?" 'Mister Riordan 'll not be hard." she said Would ye be that ongrateful?" cricil Power, his tense nerves giving way to the press of anger. "Didn't I take ye from the dirt an' feed ye like me own child? Did I do it all for nothin'? An' who's the other

ve fancy? The boy I saw ye wid was

night at Ballyclogher" Wrans he'll be the

wan as sint ye a letther that I'd the stawe "Yo did that?" she oried, her face flamthis; she only thought there had been some | ing. "Ye dared to do that ! Ach, ye cowand! An' ye brought me here to k-pe ye out av jail? God forgive ye for a black-hearted

> "I'm beside meself wid sorrow." he "That's a hard word ye spoke, whined. Maggie.

"Was it too hard? A dog'd be ashamed to do the like an' you a man'." Her eyes swept him with scorn. "Do ye think," she went on, "that Mister Riordan would take me from me own boy? He's too good for that! Arrab, we'll see!"

She disregarded Power's restraining ges ture, and ran into the shop. Riordan had just finished wrapping up the shawl. "Mister Riordan, come in here a minit a moment's silence he lifted his head and she said. He followed her. When the door was closed she turned and faced him. "If I said I'd marry ye," she cried, "would

ye marry me, knowin' well that I loved another man? "No," he said. "for yer an honest girl, an'

wish ve no shame. 'God bless ye for the word! Me uncle there wants to save himself, an' it was by will ye let 'im go?"

"He's done his worst for both av us Maggie. Let the poor divvle go, an' wel-There, take yer money an' go, teo Don't leave it there for the owice child.

She took the packet from the table and said goodby. Riordan kissed her for the first After breakfast, just before the day's and last time. For Frank Power she could business commenced, Riordan called her summon neither word nor gesture of fare

> She went straight to the station, and found that a train left for the south in half an hour. To buy her ticket the packet had to be opened. She found, in addition to the money which Power had withheld, a £5 note. At the last moment she remembered that she had left the shawl behind. When she reached Carmore twilight

falling. The sight of the familiar white town and the long up-hill stretch of the Ballyclogher road brought back to her in full flood the long-lost sense of freedom. As she walked, her hurried breath almos broke into happy sobbing; she only pause she made was by the wayside elm. She had been too distressed in the morn ing to think of sending any notice of he coming, so that as she neared the cottage

no one was peering out to get the first sight of her. At the door she paused and listened.
A single child's voice reached her-it was Barney, saying his prayers. A moment later she was overwhelmed with welcomes, the center of a chaos of laughter and tears. When things had quieted down, and she was sitting with Conn's arm around her neck and a couple of children on her lap, she said

suddenly: "Och let me feel the flure agin. Gedown, dears, while I take me shoes an stockins' aff. I niver liked thim, an' sure it 'd be no holiday at all wid thim things!" "Let me take thim aff," shrieked Barney "Do, hoy," said Conn. While Barney was at work Conn said: "We'd great times

here vesterday, Maggie "What was it?" "A weddin', sure."

"Who's married now, thin?" James Phelan. "They're aff!" cried Barney. "He married Mary Cregan. They'd bir portin' this six months. "Maggie," said Barney, "show us th

"What's wrong, asthore?" asked Conn. "Nothin'," she said, "but the flure feels cold. I'll soon be used to it agin." (The End)

No wine has a purer boquet than Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It is the pure juice of the grapes fermented.

AVOID STEPPING UPON CRACKS.

Peculiarity of Many People When Walking Along the Pavements. "I wonder why it is," said a quick observer to a reporter, "that nine people out of every ten in walking along the side walk invariably try to avoid stepping upon the cracks or divisions in between the flagging? Now, for instance, if the divisions are made so that an ordinary man's steps would measure about two-thirds of tha width of one section of the flagging he would naturally take about three steps in crossing two of them. But instead of making the three steps of the same length and setting one foot down upon the seam, you will find that he will invariably take a step either a little longer or a little shorter than is really most convenient, just to enable him to avoid stepping upon the crack or seam. It seems to be done almost unconsciously, and yes if on the next square the size of the division in the pavement is changed you will no tice that almost invariably the pedestrian adapts his steps to the new arrangement and still continues to avoid the cracks. "Children used to play a game called 'poi son' on their way to school. The same consisted entirely in carefully avoiding stepping upon a stone or some other materia selected by the leader to be designated as 'poison,' to set foot upon which was supposed to be followed by direful consequences. "Whether the habit of 'looking where you step' thus acquired is continued by those

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who now try to avoid cracks I cannot say

but if you notice you will find that many people who walk are addicted to the habi

bere described."

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tore I took them and they completely cur-Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, malled by Foser-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents Remember the name, Doan's, and take

me no small amount of rouble. I could scarcely endure the pain and shought some-

# President McKinley

will be renominated at Philadelphia June 19 next.

The campaign for his re-election promises to be one of the most hotly waged political battles in the history of our country.

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If so you will want to keep informed of the progress of the contest and you can keep abreast of the events in no way so well as by reading The Bee from day to day.

### Do You Want McKinley and Prosperity?

If so, you owe it to yourself and your party to do what you can to strengthen his cause. You can strengthen the republican cause no better than by disseminating good republican literature in the form of a daily or weekly newspaper like The Bee, which will carry republican principles to the home and fireside.

### Do You Know Any Doubtful Voters?

If so, get them to subscribe for The Bee and thus inspire them with republican doctrine. The Bee's editorial discussions treat of every day topics in an intelligible and convincing manner from the republican standpoint. You can have The Weekly Bee sent to any of your friends or neighbors from now until after election for 35 cents. We make this unprecedentedly low offer, taking the chances on having the reader subscribe for himself before that time expires.

#### Do You Want Nebraska Redeemed?

That is what The Bee is working for day by day. It is exerting itself in every direction to reinforce the party organization and bring the state again into the republican column. Do you think you can make any better acknowledgment of the prosperity enjoyed under a republican administration than by helping along in this movement by subscribing for The Bee yourself and pushing it among friends and neighbors?

## Do You Read The Bee Regularly? If Not, Why Not?

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