THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1900.

WHEN PEGGY TRAVELED INCOG.

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

(Copyright, 1900, by Annie Hamilton sight-my old clothes won't do 'em any barm that way."

In the intervals of grade-and the intervals | Poor little stocking counter clerk! came often and lingered, when the thermom- had always been on the outskirts and he ster registered 52 degrees-the clerks at was 50 years old! lieved.

Bruce's drifted together in sparse groupe But when he had settled himself on the to talk. It was all there was to do. The great, hot beach, hidden in the lee of a mighty boulder, whom should he see dancwith pa. ter and Old Adam-everybody at Bruce's ing down the beach toward his h ding place called him Old Adam-conversed sociably but Peggy, in her dainty bathing suit. She with Gregory Knox. They were the oldest was all alone and she made a pretty picclerks in the store and were getting gray in ture to pa's admiting eyes. Peggy was the baby and his favorite. the service.

"My! hot, ain't it? Stockin's nin't runnin' In his quiet, secret way he worshiped at real spry today?' Old Adam said with a little Madcap Peggy's reaties feet. cheerful laugh. He leaned over the counter other girls called him pa, but she called and fanned his round, red face with a "No- him daddy. How preity she looked in that tion" palm leaf. little blue and white rig! The little cil-

slik cap perched on her brown head had a "Well, I guess not! All the swells are out of town and poor folks can go barefoot this saucy, witching air. weather. What's the matter with you, old Eut Gregory Knox shrank back in the

man? You don't look peart." lee of his rock. A minute too late, daddy! "I guess I look as peart's I feel," Gregory For Peggy had seen him. Knex answered.*

"Daddy !- of all things, great and small 'You're played out, sonny, What you things! Daddy Knox!' need's a week or two off. You tackle the "Yes, it's me, Peggy," he answered, boss tonight and see what you can do." meekly

A smile curved the other man's lips. It "It is, as sure as I live! But where'd you would have been a bitter smile if there had drop from-out of a bailoon? Did you come been time enough before the patient lines on the wings of the-but there isn't any. settled back into place. The whole pallid, not a breath! Well, tell me about it, weary face was patient. daddy.' She threw herself in the sand beside him

"I've been gettin' my courage screwed. Oh, I'll tackle him, but what's the use?" and dug the toes of her bathing shoes deep He shrugged his spare shoulders under the in. Her long black stockings stretched out rusty seersucker cost. before her and daddy's experienced eyes fell

"You goin 'to try it. Adam?"

on them at once. He was so well acquainted 'Me? Oh, I'm all right. I get aboard my with stockings! He noticed instantly that wheel at close-up and ekite out into the they were rusty and loose-fibered. Then he country a ways. Nothin' like it-not in this saw the little "gobbled" darns in them. world! That's all the country I need. Get Peggy was not renowned for needlework. a wheel, man, get a wheel." "Poor dye, slazy weave," he thought

saying?"

or selling stockings!"

Again the bitter smile that lost itself in Couldn't have come from Bruce's. Mine are patience. Gregory Knox was thinking of the fast black and you can't see daylight wheel he was trying to get for Peggy. Both through 'em, either. of the other girls had them. He had one of "Fire away, daddy. Don't you see the his whimelcal fancies that perhaps his lady's walting?" chance might come when he got to the Peggy's clear, laughing voice interrupted streets of gold. his thoughts and brought him back from the

The slow afternoon crawled toward close-up. Instantly, at the stroke of 6. beach with the sea at his feet. the clerks hurried toward the great doors that swung between them and freedom. But Gregory Knox took another way.

"Wish you luck, old man, called Old Adam after him. But good luck looked doubtful. The boss-in Bruce's dialectwas out of temper. The heat and confinement rasped him.

"En? A week off? Man alive, are you daft?" he cried sharply. "Don't you know we're short-handed now? The young cubs here-I hankered to see a little harumhave to go-can't hold 'em in. But you old chaps are our standbys. You've had your fling."

"Yes-yes," murmured Gregory Knox ab the best pair o' sllk stockin's at Bruce's." sently. When had he had his fling? He was watching the boss fold up a trout pole, joint on joint. Then his pale blue eyes roamed to the litter of flies and lines the shabby little figure, taking the shiny and einkers on the desk. He had been seams and the frayed edges disapprovingly. thinking of a trout pole all day long-queer! | How little and-and seedy daddy was! But his had been a slender sapling, fresh Would this complicated bamboo affair cut. catch a fuller string of fish than he used to catch with his sapling? What beauties they had been! How the sun had silvered their wet backs! Queer, how all day long

he had been thinking of trout and a little thread of shadowy water, rippling under willow trees. He gazed away out of the window, and instead of listless-moving crowds a barefoot boy with a string of trout crossed his retinus.

"There, sir, that's the swellest trouting outfit there'll be in the Adirondacks this summer! You can't beat it." the boss said, in better spirite.

No. sir-Oh. no," Gregory Knox said.

ever is. I guess daddy'll be glad to see me and I've got enough of this place. I'm too young to firt around with the girls and I'm oo old to dig in the sand with the bables. That's what I'd like-to have a little rei called out, brusquely: pail and a shovel and dig. That's living. But as long as 1 can't, I guees I'll go home. I'm going upstairs now and pack up." Ma folded down the corner of a leaf to

whime and was unastonished.

month-there's two whole weeks left," she gers. said, slowly. In her heart ma was re-Peggy's ways were apt to be disconcerting and she would be safe and well coming tomorrow. I had a let-mm, that

pour pa! Without any objection Peggy was allowed to put her things together and go. When It's as dark as a pocket." the train was well under way she went ahead to daddy's car to surprise him. He

The paper bag of lunch remnants car. was in his hand and he was absently twisting and untwisting it. Peggy raw the for his face. tragedy coming. She got there just in

time to see daddy regarding the torn bag in dismay, while fragments of ham sandwiches oozed out and dropped to the floor. "I'll pick it up-don't stoop, daddy," she

said, quietly. "Peggy Knox!" cried daddy. "Don't mention it-Sh! I'm traveling incog." whispered Peggy. Then they both laughed and settled comfortably for the trip home. Peggy explained rather ambiguously

The

day.

that she thought she'd run up home for a "Take my day off, you know, daddy," she

said, gayly. "You won't mind having me keep house for you a day, will you? I can boil tea to perfection and I'll make you frit-

ters for breakfast. Then I can do some shopping between times. If you're a very good old daddy indeed. I'll buy my stockings of you. On the next morning but one daddy went

the morning Peggy was going back to ma from afar off. and the girls. He had taken it for granted and it filled him with homesick misery. It home. She had taken his lonely old heart by storm.

He hung up his hat and began mechanically to straighten some of the boxes in one of the tiers behind the counter. He had not thought to say good morning to Adam, as usual. It was Peggy-gay little harum-

stocking counter at Bruce's to the great, hot scarum Peggy-daddy was thinking of. It was the boss. He leaned over the counter "That's the trouble-you weren't saying a

don't look pulled together yet. You need another day off. Why not take-say, a fort-"Sellin' stockings-you've hit the nail, night, and go somewhere trout fishing-Ad-Pergy! That's what I was doin', sure. It frondack way ,you know? Can as well as not kinder comes second nature to me. That's what I expected to be doin' this minute, but scarum girl o' mine. But, you see" the lowered his voice confidentially), "I never

thought to fix up, so I'm keepin' dark. I not? wouldn't have your ma see me this way for Persy eyed the crumpled shirt bosom with palpable disfavor. Her eyes traveled over with a grin.

"Yes, ma'd have a fit-two fits," she said, promptly. "You'll have to remain incog, daddy. Now, I don't mind-I'm not in full dress myself! So I'm willing to fellowship

room and tell them I'm not going down to around. He ain't half bad. Now put on your dinner and then I'll trouble you for a silver hat and start-shoo! half-dollar, kind sir, and buy our lunch at It was half past eight-there was time to a restaurant. And we'll cat it right here

oward the little dark brook under the willows! There was time!-time!-time! that is called custard, and the house fly If Peggy had only stayed long enough to

On the 10 o'clock train Gregory Knox sat

graph her, but on second thought decided

Bruce's was 6 o'clock sharp, but it was late twilight when Peggy came bome. She knew DEATHS daddy would be there and she had lingered on the way. He heard her coming in and More Than One Hundred Lives Are Annually "Who's there? Hold up your hands!" Taken This Way.

"Can't do it, daddy, they're plum full She make with nervous hilarity, mum

ECCENTRIC BEHAVIOR OF THUNDERBOLT Interesting Facts and Observations

Noted by the National Weather Bureau - Precautions to Be Observed.

LIGHTNING

FROM

An American periodical devoted to electrical interests recently expressed the opinion that, although much damage is done to property by lightning every year, not more than 100 lives are lost from the same cause. was sitting by himself in the front of the the place for him." he groaned, dismally. Hence, it was argued, there is a good deal of needless popular apprehension on this core. The conclusion is eminently correct. omments the New York Tribune, but the "If I find the crow's feet, I'll know it's premises on which it is based are not alto

A report has just been issued by the United States weather bureau on the thun-"Under the willows, beside a trout stream, der storms of 1899. It is announced that Peggy. How many feet would you have a the number of fatal cases of lightning stroke in this country of which the bureau has received information was 562, and that 820 persons were struck, but did not die in consequence. Here is a total close to 1,400, and if allowance is made for unreported cases it is credible that no less than 1,500 persons are more or less seriously injured by light ning in the United States annually, and that about three-eighths of them are killed outright.

It is asserted that the fatalities from this cause in 1899 were more numerous than When the children of men gird up their usual. It is probable, however, that the inioins and go to the far country of Va-Ca- crease is apparent rather than real, and that it simply represents improved facilities for Now, this country is over against the land getting information. A similar developmen tornadoes were observed and reported in For the rulers of the land of Va-Ca-Shun this country. And though the lightning do cause to be sent far and near writings statistics here quoted are collected with commendable diligence and certainly pos-Va-Ca-Shun is a place of wondrous beauty, sess a definite value, one should be cautious And they make writings unto the children about drawing hasty inferences from a comparison of one year's figures with another's Of the fatal cases of 1899 about one-tenth twenty-eight to Indiana, twenty-four to Minnesota, and only twenty-three to New York. At least three factors enter into this question of distribution. The size of a state counts for something, of course, and so does density of population. But it must also be borne in mind that some parts of the country experience a greater abundance of thunderstorms than do others. So that

from this one cause alone results a great inequality in the chances of harm. The region of greatest frequency lies, approxi mately, between the Missouri valley and the Alleghanies. The gulf states are visited almost as often, square mile for square mile, and the New England states by an appreciably smaller proportion. The Rocky mountain region is not altogether exempt, but it has few thunderstorms, whereas the Pacific coast is practically free from them. No fatal cases were reported last year from California, Nevada, Oregon or Washington, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, however, each reported from one

Prof. Alfred J. Henry, who has digested and arranged the government's data on this subject, declares that when death results from lightning, it usually occurs immediately. Of the persons who were struck but not killed some recovered entirely and suf-And the fierce Mus-Keeter seeketh whom fered from a permanent paralysis of the legs he may devour, and he taketh the blood of or arms. The largest number killed by a single stroke was five. And the red ant roameth through the pie

Eccentricities of Lightning.

Many eccentricities have been observed buzzeth into everybody's business, and the beauty of the landscape is as a thing that in the paths taken by lightning, when this could be traced along the walls of build And the ruler of the land of Va-Ca-Shun ings that had been hit. Equally strange is naketh out the bills of the children of its behavior in regard to human beings.



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Shun

"Oh, I say, Mr. Knox, good-day to you, sir!" some one out in the aisle was saying. and pulled his sleeve. "I say, Knox, you

-don't say a word. Fact is, I've made arrangements with somebody to take your place and you've got to go. Can't help yourtrouble about your pay. That'll go right on, you know. Might as well go today-why

He was gone before the astonished little man behind the stocking counter had recovered himself. Old Adam was regarding him

"Got your walkin'-ticket, ch?" he drawled, Well, you deserve it! You won't be half a man till you get out into the woods somewhere and holler. Put in for all you're worth-you need it! Let yourself go, old man, for once. I'd go with you if I hadn't got an engagement with my wheel. I say.

with you. I'll run up across lots to our man, I'm powerful glad the bors has come

get the 10 o'clock train that went straight the children of men. Her eyes were still on daddy. She was

seeing many new things-the hollows in his temples, the patient droop to his lips, the know! It would please Peggy. whitening hair around his "bald spot." She

was seeing how "stoop shouldered" daddy back in his seat and wished again that Peggy was getting to be and how tired-tired- could know. He had half a mind to tele-

Why don't you have a light?" keep her place. She was used to Peggy's bling something indistinct about trains that ost time and herdie men that went around "But, Peggy, it's only half through the Robin Hood's barn to unload their passen-"I'm the advance guard, you know

daddy." she cried. "Ma and the girls are She'd be company for him, too-- is, the month's up airs for the Knoxes. No more putting on

"Where are you, daddy-on the couch "A man gets all-powerful fagged out

tendin' stockin's. The couch oughter be

She felt her way to him, across the room. At the couch she knelt beside him and felt

you and not a counterfeit daddy. Here gether sound.

we are. Daddy Knox, where are the other LWO?

row have? Aren't two enough ?" Taken off her guard, Peggy put her lips o his ear and whispered: "Did-did the fish bite, daddy?"

The day of reckoning was at hand. THE LAND OF VA-CA-SHUN.

A Few Lines Written for Thomas Spending the Summer at Home. Those Baltimore American

Behold, the time of the year is come and even now at hand.

down to Bruce's with a long face. It was of Fer-Get-It, and it is a goodly land to see was noticed during the first few years when

had been so pleasant to have the child at and picturings, showing that the land of

of men, saying unto them: "Lo, in the land of Va-Ca-Shun there are one of the terrible Mus-Keetcers, neither fifty-six, are credited to Pennsylvania. any of the tribe of Chig-Gers, nor is there forty-one to Illinois, thirty-four to Ohio. any heat by day or night.

"But always there is a breeze, and the colness thereof is as the coolness of the maiden when she sayeth 'no' unto the man whom she liketh not."

"And, furthermore," sayeth the writings, it is cheaper to live in this land, which is a goodly land, than it is to stay at home and

board with the old folks. "For, verily, it requireth but few sheckles make payment for the cakes and the oil and the flesh of the kid and the fowl of the air, with which the table doth groan, even self. Stay two weeks and -er-you needn't as the groan of the elephant when he pusheth the twenty-ton circus chariot through the sands of the desert."

And the children of men, who continue to be foolish in their generation and wise in their own conceit, do gird themselves about with seersucker and tow linen and blue serge and striped flannel and many other garments.

Yea, they take unto themselves the small bathing suit and the large linen duster and hie themselves unto the land of Va-Ca-Shun.

And when they have told him he sayeth:

Peradventure one of them hath a copy of

Which he showeth to the ruler thereof.

And the ruler giveth him a look of con-

"Huh, that is the way it was when that

And the children of men revile the ruler

nances and hunger in their stomachs,

that you have, and then some."

was written and pictured there.

around and make complaint.

abada.

men.

He

never happened.

shekelo have you?"

land of Va-Ca-Shun.

tumely and murmureth:

hair of their heads,

the winter."

to nine. And they find that the dust is over all things and that the sun by day doth smite the land with a heavy hand. For there are no trees, neither any canvas awnings, neither anything that maketh

"But then, it's pretty surprisin' what a string o' fish you can haul in with a saplin' fresh cut. You get one jest sappy enough and jest the right bigness-1 tell you!'

When he turned away a moment later the boss called him back.

"Oh, I say, Knox!" he called. "I take it we can let you off for a day-say, tomorrow. We'll manage somehow. Not at all-not at all-no thanks, man! Wish you

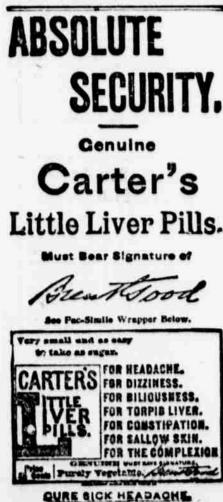
good luck." But Gregory Knox had not thanked him. There seemed no occasion. The thread of dark water ran under willows 150 miles S.WRY.

The boss had relented suddenly. The blood of Izaak Walton, running in both their veins, had forged a link of good fellowship between him and the little old Such a slender link! What would clerk. a day off-one day-avail over 150 miles? But, in the morning Gregory Knox followed a sudden impulse and slipped down to the sea to catch a glimpse of ma and the girls. banter.

He had not meant to go until the last minute, and he went in his shabby store suit and forgot to change his shirt. On the one, not just a mean, little twenty-fourtrain remorse assalled him sharply. What hour one like this. See, there are crow's would ma say? No, certainly not, ma feet round your eyes and you are not old must not see him in that dubious guisema, who was making her one-month-long four. struggle for gentility in a great hotel by feet? the sea. It was her one chance for the have a good, long holiday. You shall stay year-hers and the girls. They dreamed right down here with us. I guess we can of it, and pa worked for it the year round.

sake and the girds," thought Gregory Knox, guiltily, and in a minute the holiday's zest had vanished. He settled back dully on the hot velvet cushions and made his plans wearily. He would keep out of satisfied. be nice jest to see 'em enjoyin' themselves, he said.

"Thi keep on the outskirts, out o' their



tired he looked. It seemed to Peggy, lying there in the warm sand beside daddy, as if to wait and write from Sim's. He could tell she was just being introduced to him. She Peggy so many things that would be intershe was just being introduced hand and esting, then-how her Uncle Simeon looked, slowly threaded the scant gray hair between and how the old place had stood the wear her fingers. The softness and silkiness of and tear of thirty years-and whether the it surprised her. She had never known betall tree apples tasted as good as they used to-and if the trout were biting well.

fore that daddy's hair was soft and silky. "But it's thin, daddy. I believe to my soul would write Peggy a long letter-the first you're growing old. Ain't you ashamed of letter he had ever written to one of the yourself, sir? The idea!" girls. He was glad the first one would be to "No older than some other folks this side Peggy.

out of a paper bag. Larks!"

"Er-why, yes, Peggy, yes. What was

solitary word, Daddy Knox. Just mooning-

" the sea, puss," retorted daddy, with a boy-Two weeks later Gregory Knox, brown ish laugh. He did not feel old just then. and happy, got off the train in the crowded He felt young. It was so pleasant to have city station. He walked away with a springy Peggy all to himself and to lie resting. with the gentle boom of the breakers in his

my soul, wasn't it day before yesterday you had the colic and I toted you up and down the nursery floor! Up and down-up and down-did you ever say enough? Not you." He prodded her whimsically with his finger, but she was not listening to his

enough for crow's feet. One, two, three, find clean shirts enough. You shall not go

"I'd ought to have fixed up for ma's home a step till we go." Gregory Knox shook his head slowly. "And lose my job, little one? who'd get the bread and butter? No, no; I'm having my lark today with you. sight-that would be easy enough in such have to stand by the ship while the young crowds-and ma and the girls need never bloods are having their outings. It's the know he had been there at all. It would haw. Besides, a place like this, my dear. wouldn't do for me. Think of your ma.

stride that fitted his little stooped figure oddly. People turned to look again at his car. happy face. "You're growin' old, too, ma'am. Bless The whim seized him to walk by Bruce's and see how it looked from an outsider's standpoint-to stand and look idly in the big and complain among themselves. windows as outsiders did. Then another "You're tired, daddy, that's what," she cried, abruptly. "You need a lark-a long

Who ever heard of a crow with four Daddy, do you hear? You must

have to go to old Adam's counter now! Not if I can help it. It's too near my old stand Then and I'm not a stockin' tender yet-not till tomorrow." 1'm He could not decide on what to get. We old fellows at the store distrusted his own wisdom in anything but stockings. Ah, yes, stockings-why not Peggies wore stockings, and suddenly he remembered the rusty-black, gobble-darned stockings his Peggy had worn that May at No, no; I'd rather go to the trout brook at the beach. He would have to go down to home and lie on the banks and fish." the stocking counter aisle after all.

"Yes, daddy, yes-go on." Her eyes were "Stockin's it is then," he said, tramping on his kindled old face and his were on a away in that direction. fleck of white sail in the offing. He began to speak again, dreamily, as if to him-

self. "I'd like to see Simeon again, too, We He was getting old and they might be failalways went troutin' together-he and meing him. But nearer yet the vision was the but I could haul in the most fish. Every same. He knew it was Peggy behind the time-Sim warn't much of an angler. He'd lay with his eyes shut and say poems to me. watched her. Poor Sim-that's about all the poetry he tomer and did not see him. Her face was hand. Where is the other part?" ever had, or me, either. It would be like a little pale and weary, but she smiled inreviewin' a poem, though, jes' to go back gratiatingly and twirled the stockings about and lay under the willows at home. Shady? with an air of long acquaintance with their Well, I guess. And cool? There ain't a kind

cooler place anywhere, in the heat o' sum-Peggy! In an instant it was all elear to mer, than the bank o' that old troutin' him. He knew it was to Peggy he owed stream was-no, sir. And you could hear his beautiful two weeks of rest. It was the stiddy song o' the water-it never Peggy's doings. stopped-and smell the pine needles, he't He followed an irresistible impulse to up with the sun in the middle o' the day. vault over the counter like a boy and take brought the last half of 'The Red Badge of Smell good, did it? I get to hankerin' Peggy into his arms. The sly little harumafter that smell, hot days, behind my coun- scarum girl-to cheat her old daddy. He told us that the coming of that story was says that a wire clothesline ought never to ter, among the stockin's. Yes, sir, when wanted to squeeze her pale little face be-

the good Lord gives me a whole week off tween his palms and kiss it a hundred I'm goin' home to go troutin' with my times. He wanted to scold her and thank from a tree. brother, Sim." her and get her away from that place. The He woke out of his day dream a minute stocking counter at Bruce's was no place for

later, in time to see Peggy skimming over blithe little Peggy. he beach toward one of the looming hotels | The customers were turning away and n the background of the sea. She had Peggy was getting back the boxes. Even sad mention of his lack of success: forgotten all about her dip in the surf. from that distance daddy could see that she She came back again, by and by, with the put one in the wrong place.

paper bag of lunch, and they ate it to- In the moment of starting down the aisle durance that sometimes I wear the appeargether in the lee of the big boulder. Daddy he changed his mind. An instinctive deli- ance of having forgotten my best friends, was very gay and scarcely noticed Peggy's cacy restrained him and he hurried around those to whom I am indebted for everything. preoccupation. She said goodby to him in the corner out of sight. mid-afternoon and he waited alone for train-No, he would not spoil Peggy's little

. ing incog" now-he would wait. But he

ienly, with her novel, on the broad veranda, it out with Peggy. There was a reckoning near mad. Ob, yes-he was going to use "Ma, it's played out. I'm going home, day ahead, symewhere.

whim, to go in at the great swinging doors and lotter through the aisles-all but the stocking counter aisle. Not that-that would break the spell. "I'll buy a little mite of a present for Peggy-that's what." Peggy always said

Co-Shun is a rumdum land, and a good 'that's what," and he smiled at the thought. place to get away from." His heart was hungry to see Peggy and he Yet do they go unto the same land, which had reckoned that she and ma and the girls is over against the country of Fer-Get-It, would be home now in a day or two. Their even the next year. month was over. For the children of men do always think "Now, what'll I get?" he mused, idling

that some other place is more to be desired along lazily and refusing to look at the fathan the place whereon they stand. miliar faces of the clerks. What do Peggies Yea, verily, even so. like? Fancy notions of some sort-I may

Tetter-No Cure No Pay. Your druggist will refund your money if Pazo Ointment fals to cure you. 50 cents. THE RED BADGE "IN HOCK."

Some Interesting Facts About the Famous Story of Stephen Crane. Hamlin Garland in a sketch of Stephen Crane in the Saturday Evening Post says: "When Crane came next day he brought the first part of a war story which was at that time without a name. Such mastery of details of war was sufficiently startling in a youth of 21 who had never smelled any more carnage than a firecracker holds, but the seeing was so keen, the phrases so graphic, so fresh, so newly coined, that I dared not express my admiration. "The next day I asked for the other hal of the novel. 'We must get this published "He looked very much embarrassed. It "hock," he said, to the typewriter.'

"We all laughed, but it was serious business to him.

" 'Fifteen dollars!'

spare that, don't you think?' 'So Crane went away joyously Courage,' still unnamed at the time. He mysterious, and I can believe it. It literally came of its own accord like sap flowing

"I had given him a letter to a syndicate press company, and with them he had left the manuscript of his war novel. In a

letter written in November, 1894, he makes 'My Dear Friend: So much of my row with the world has to be silence and en-

As a matter of fact. I have just crawled ou of the fifty-third ditch into which I have scheme. She would like it better to have it been cast, and I now feel that I can write go on, uninterrupted. Peggy was "travel- you a letter which will not make you ill. - put me in one of the ditches. He "Ma." Peggy sail, coming upon her sud- told hims-if that by and by he would have kept The Red Badge six months until I was it, but---- Finally I took it to B. They

Many of its victims are badly marked and And he sayeth unto them: "How many burned. Their clothing is often set on fire, but cases are not uncommon in which

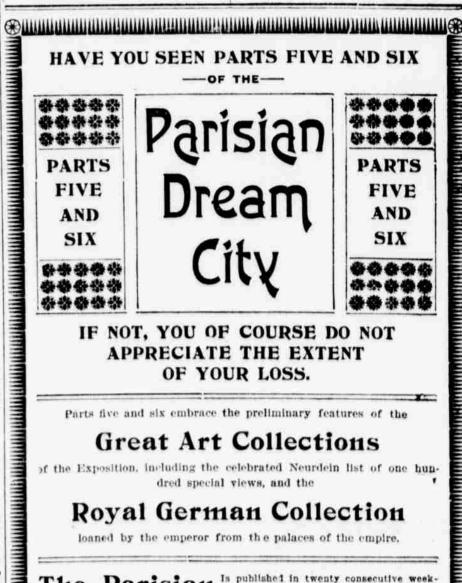
Prevents Waste it is impossible to find any outward trace That is the amount of your bill, even all of the electric fluid. This remarkable dis-

Aids Digestion, similarity in effect was strikingly illus-And the children of men do foolishly stand trated by the appearance of two brothen

Braces Body, Brain who were killed while driving in a dogcart. They were found lying on the ground

the writings telling of the wonders of the where they fell from the vehicle. One and Nerves.

No other preparation has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from emi-ment people as the world-famous Marian. Wine The Wine. Bold by all druggists. Refuse Substitutes. Mariani & Co., 62 W. 15th st., New York, publish a handsome book of endorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals Archbishops and other distinguished per-sonages. It is sent gratis and postpaid te all who write for it. that one person can stand more electricity



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body bore a number of small burns on the

chest, abdomen and back and the shirt and and asketh him why it is not so, even as it waistcoat were distinctly scorched. other body was without visible injury. scarcely less surprising is the fact that percons whose clothing is set on fire by light ning occasionally survive the stroke. Sevwriting was made, even in the middle of eral possible explanations of these excep tional cases are offered. It seems probable

than another. And if, as Dr. Oliver Lodge For there is sunburn upon their counteholds, lightning is an oscillatory discharge it should occasion no surprise if it affected only the exterior of a body and did no And snakebites upon them, and many other mementos, even unto burrs in the penetrate to any great depth. Still another freak that was reported last And they say: "Verily, the land of Vayear was the killing of a team of horses attached to a wagon and of a man scated in the back part of the latter, while the

driver was not seriously injured. This fact leads Prof. Henry to remark that the zone of danger from a thunderbolt is probably larger than has been supposed. The old notion was that it had a breadth of only a few inches. In some photographs of lightning the flash assumes a ribbon-like form and has a width of scarcely less than thirty or forty feet. It is not improbable that in these bands there are splits or lanes of immunity, which would account for the curious exemption just mentioned. Avoid Trees.

Nearly half of the lightning strokes re ported occur out in the open, 34 per cent in houses, 11 per cent under trees and 9 per cent in barns. It would not be safe to conclude from these figures that one is less likely to be hit while in a barn or under a tree than when in a house or a field. Rightly to construe the statistics one must also know how many people in houses and in the open were unharmed. It is generally conceded that seeking shelter under the branches of a tree is about the riskiest possible proceeding during a thunderstorm. It is much safer to take a wetting and keep in the open, unless it is practicable to go indoors. However, even in a house one

should avoid approaching too closely to an open window or door. It is better to sit or stand near the center of a room. Those who are out of doors should keep away from wire fences as well as trees.

The wire clothesitne was the cause of at least a dozen deaths last year. That number of women were struck by lightning and killed while removing clothing from the line. Metal is altogether too good a conductor of electricity to be a safe neighbor under such circumstances. Prof. Henry be permitted to come within fifty feet of a

done.

I'm going tonight-this very tonight that He went home and waited. Close up at use it in January in a shortened form.""



dwelling. Much less should it be fastened to one corner of the house, as is commonly Milwankee Census Figures.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.-The population of Milwaukee, Wis., according to the count just completed at the census office, is 285,315. In 1880 the population was 204,468. The increase is 30.54 per cent.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate Relieves Fatigue. A wholesome acid tonic relieving the lassitude of the summer months.

But just at the turn he looked own the aisle and uttered a low murmur of astonishment. He could scarcely credit his eyes.

stocking counter. Peggy! He stood and at once,' I said. 'It is a wonderful study. She was waiting on a cus- A mysterious product for you to have in

'How much is it "hung up" for?

"I looked at my brother. 'I guess we can