### At Benson Harbor.

By ANNA S. RICHARDSON.

trusted that girl with the telegraph oughly at ease in the dim, simply furnished cipher?

Yes, and with a good deal more, including the affairs of my clients." The absolute evenness and calmness of David Graham's tones should have warned plunged blindly on.

her mouth shut!" Then you'll meet one now-Miss Mait-

The click of the typewriter in the inner tor's cheeks were not affame, nor her eyes flashing. By the time she appeared in the doorway in response to the third summons the danger signals had subsided.

"Miss Maitland, my brother John." Young Graham acknowledged the introduction as best he could under the quiet scrutiny of Helen Maitland's clear, gray eyes and slipped away with an air of evi-

"She looks you square in the eye, which mured ungaliantly as he hurrled toward the the admiring look. elevator.

No name adorned the ground glass door of David Graham's office, situated at the end of a dark corridor in the towering office building. Those who had need of his servfinancial world-Wall street.

That is how he happened to get the Worrell case. All the Manhattan security and investment company incorporation asked of Graham was the return of the money and bonds with which young Worrell had absconded. They had no intention of prosecuting the son of the institution's founder The one horror which the situation held for the company was publicity. The fact that so solid, so conservative a firm had been wantonly, flagrantly fleaced was to be suppressed at any cost, even that of the hypothecated funds.

Helen Maitland knew all this and more. the names and numbers of the stolen bonds. the color of the young man's eyes and hair and the number in his watch. She had innumerable specimens of his handwriting in personal notes and business letters, a half dozen of his photographs and a picture of the woman in the case, a stage beauty who stood in the front row of a Broadway

Graham was annoyed by the slowness o his progress in the case. No trace of Worrell had he found abroad or in Canada, and the fact that the stage beauty still haunted Broadway inclined the detective to the belief that the absconding cashier was shrewdly hiding in New York, pending the subsiding of interest in the case. Hence he had called in his brother, formerly with the city detective bureau, to follow the scent through the most promising quarters, the metropolitan lodging houses.

Before his brother was fairly out of the building Graham, in his terse, business-like fashion, had gone over the ground with Helen. The gray-eyed stenographer gave a sigh of relief. 'I am glad to hear that Mr. Graham will

be with you for a while, for I-I-David Graham compressed his lips suddenly. She was about to tender her resignation. Well, triffing matter like increased salary should not stand between them.

Yes?" he said, encouragingly. "Why, you see, Mr. Graham, we've been so busy, and-and, well, perhaps you have forgotten the fact, but I've had no vacation

No. Graham had not forgotten the fact All summer long he had postponed offering her the vacation because—and now he woke suddenly to the selfishness of his attitudehe could not endure the thought of the office without her presence. Week after week he had salved his conscience with the belief that he had never put in such a busy summer. He had no intention, however, of telling Helen all this. She was far too vaiuable an employe to be frightened away by any expression of sentimental nonsense. Better to have her near in the role of ste-

aographer than not at all. 'That is so, Miss Maitland, and let's seethis is November 10. Rather late to turn summer girl, eh? Shall you go to Saratogs or Long Branch?"

Helen smiled at this unexpected pleasantry. He was always so grave, so absorbed in the complications of his clients.

Neither, Mr. Graham. You see we are New Englanders, and my mother still occuples the small homestead at Benson Harbor. We've never been separated on Thanksgiving day, and I'd like to spend my two weeks with her and brother Jim. 'Certainly, I'm a New Englander myself

and know just how you feel, though there is no mother nor old homestead to entice me away from New York this year. Just remind me Saturday to make out your check for the vacation salary, and-I hope you'll have a pleasant time."

Then Helen went back to her typewriter and Graham apparently resumed his cogltations on the Worrell case. At least he sat with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets and his brows knotted into a frown.

"Mother dear, however do you stand it?" asked Helen, as she stood at the smallpaned window of her mother's cottage and watched the night fog settle down on the jagged coast rocks. She pictured Broadway at the same hour, the crush of people homeward bound, the brilliant windows, the sun poured in through windows on three gleaming electric signs. And here were the sides. An asthmatic bird, the old housebleakness and blackness of night, all unre- hold pet, chirped feebly smidst a nest of

"Stand what?" asked her mother, placidly trimming the lamp. "I hope one year in New York hasn't made you hate your old

of you and how lonely it must be for you when I am gene- I do wish you'd let me

take a little flat, and-"Nonsense, child, I'd never be happy away from the sea. Now there's Mr. Watper, be's been stopping six weeks with Ged Harper's folks. He came down here just to get away from the bustle and excitement of New York says be can't write there."

Write what?" queried lielen, still star ing out into the gathered gloom. 'A book-a society novel. He says Ner

York life scatters his ideas." Lots of other people write books and good ones-in New York," said Helen, a bit sharply. "I hope you did not tell bim I was a stenographer. He'll be sure to offer me work and I want to rest every minute I'm here.

"I never told him anything, but I recken he'll be over to see you soon. Somehow, in spite of all his talk about wanting quiet and sclusion. I believe he's plumb homesick nonsense: As if he would come all the way for New York. He's been counting big on to Bensen Harbor to take Thanksgiving your coming and has been over every night

lately." Almost on the heels of this remark there came a knock on the door, and Mrs. Mait- signally, blunt often, but appreciative alland admitted a tall, square-shouldered young fellow, whose face, where it was not above his ears, but the forepart of his wellhidden by a well-trimmed beard, showed a moulded head was quite bald. Ingenious

Helen was at first inclined to resent the had sarcastic lips, and bright pink spots presence of a stranger on this her first on either cheek gave him an artless apevening at home, but the feeling gradually pearance quite out of keeping with his clear the theater.

"D'ye mean to say, Dave, that you've | wore away. Glenn Warner was so thorfront room, so dehonnair in his conversation that Helen fell to comparing him, and to his great advantage, with the young men whom she had occasionally met in the duncolored parlor at her Harlem boarding his impetuous brother, but the latter house. Yes, unquestionably this was a New York man, the sort she had read about, and Never knew a woman that could keep had seen occasionally at theaters or driving in the park, but never before at such close range.

Young Warner-or was he young? His beard and eyes wore the thumb marks of office moved on as smoothly as if the opera- time, but his voice was blithe, almost boyish. He steered the conversation modestly and skillfully away from his book. He had been a mere dilettante in college, but this was to be something serious. He would certainly send them an autographed copy when it came out, but in the meantitue there were pleasanter things to think about. And here he looked straight at Helep's beautiful gray eyes. The well-aimed arrow fell short. Helen was mentally arguing whether or not she was glad he had chosen Benson Harbor is more than most women do." he mur- as a literary workshop and she did not catch

By the next night she had decided in the affirmative. She found that the interests of Benson Harbor were no longer her interests. At 9 a, m. there had come to her an intense yearning for the dull office at the ices knew where to find him. As for the end of the corridor. At 10 she pictured rest of the world the less it knew of his Graham slowly, perhaps irritably, inditing movements the better he was suited. For his own correspondence, for he had declared Graham was a successful private detective. he would have no substitute. At 12 she quiet, unostentatious, inscrutable, and he saw the elevator shooting up to the lunchlooked for his clients in the very hub of the room on the top floor. At 4 the janitor's to New York. assistant would enter the office and she Ten minutes later Helen came down New York.

who would love a woman for years without telling her so, and then wonder why she did not understand. Was not the fact that she was the object of constant attention. that he always showed a desire to have her with him sufficient evidence of his feeling? It would be hard for him to realize that women insist upon word of mouth-a constant reiteration of old, old story. Helen came out of her reveries with a

at his heels. Such mornings are rare in interwoven letters. brusque New England and not to be wasted. Mrs. Maitland was peering into the oven that way." and did not notice Helen's face as she left the kitchen. Once within her room, Helen don't you try?" snapped the door, dropped weakly on the

"My Dear Miss Maitland-This day is a gem. Are you good for a climb to the Point? preparations? Better come out. You can ing the distant horizon. feed in New York, and you can't enjoy sea air like this. I'll drop around in half an ass-there's no chance for me." he answered hour. Faithfully. G. W."

hed and again read the note:

There was nothing startling in the simple The interlacing of those letters was the chance-to make it for us." graphs also in Graham's safe. And this for Thankagiving day." detectives off his track. He was simply waiting for interest in his case to lag-then

wondered anxiously if Graham would lock stairs and called for Jimmy. In her hand For a few moments sielen, silently watch-

doors upon you, or whether she would open her aching eyes.

"Close the doors on Thanksgiving day? No, nor on any other day. Mothers-the forgive, and give us a chance to try it over. snow. That is a woman's right and privilege-to forgive, and make the world better for her

Holen spoke in a low, earnest voice. She be at Ged Harper's! Jimmy had thrust a note into her had forgotten everything save the knowlhand and was speeding away with gid Tige edge that had come to her through these two land, on hospitality and good cheer intent.

> "I think so, if she's like her son. Why The words slipped out unconsciously.

Warner started and gazed at her-uneasily at first, then quietly, almost yearningly. She sat with her hands loosely clasped Or are you immersed in Thanksgiving about her knees, her clear gray eyes aweep-

"Oh, I've been such a fool-such a selfish bitterly.

"There is always the chance-if we make wording, yet Helen nat like one fascinated. It," said Helen quietly, but with an odd studying every word, every curve of the quaver in her voice. 'The trouble is that clear chirography. Yes, she knew it. "G. we always wait for some one else to offer

unmistakable. In Graham's safe lay two Warner was silent. His glance followed and courage. notes, signed with the same interwoven her's to the horizon, where the sunlight initials. There was no mistaking the simi- seemed to be casting a shower of diamonds. larity. Then she tried a trick of which "By Jove, Miss Maitland, I believe you'te Graham had often spoken, picturing War- right. I'm not going to tell you the story ner's face without the beard. Slowly each of my life. You've been too good to deserve feature stood out in her mind until she such a fate as listening to it-but I-well. What had she said or done to rouse Warhad a perfect reproduction of the photo- I'm very glad you came to Benson Harbor ner's suspicions?

was Grover Worrell, not Glenn Warner. What was passing in his mind Helen The book he was writing? A ruse to throw could only guess. But that the demon of remorse had entered his heart she knew. to send to you." The plea of the prodigal sen was on his lips Europe and that woman: She remembered and she-the sunlight danced on the waves quite well that Graham had outlined that and on a boat that rode the water gaily. It of Graham. Was he mentally accusing her very theory, temporary concealment close was Jimmy coming back from Benson Har- of duplicity? She gave a sudden gasp. The



up every scrap of paper. She had looked after these details. Her's was a temperament which found its greatest happiness in the knowledge that she was essential to someone. And Graham, in scores of ways had shown his dependence upon her, his faith in her. By 6 o'clock she had lost her appetite, and the sullen roar of the surf set her wild for the shriek and rumble of the elevated road. When Warner arrived there

was genuine welcome in her eyes. And Warner? Well, he blessed the prospect of the next two weeks and returned to his old game of love-making with the zest of one who had been deprived of the lighter and most enjoyable privileges of life. Not that Benson Harbor could boast of no pretty girls, but they had proved shy, or Helen was none of these. She carried her gowns, too, almost as well as did the women in his own set; yes, almost as well as-he

frowned suddenly, then laughed with Helen, The friendship progressed as it can only between two young people shut in by beetling crags and sullen waves. On sunny mornings they rowed across the inlet to the postoffice. In the afternoon they went for long walks. Helen smart and trig in her rainy-day suit and crimson tam-o'shanter, which matched the color of Warner's gay sweater. And dimmer and weaker became Helen's anxiety about the condition of af-

fairs in Graham's office. She was a healthy, spontaneous creature, and the sudden liberation from office routine was followed by a reaction. The joy of her Puritan ancestors seemed to run riot in her veins. She was free-free to climb the rocks, to send her boat flashing across the inlet, to fill her lungs with great drafts of sea air and she was glad just to be alive. The old love for the sea and the rock-locked town filled her heart and she no longer pined for the brilliant illuminations of Broadway and the insistent clatter

of the elevated trains. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and she stood in the cozy kitchen, where the blooming geraniums in the south window, and the air was charged with savory odors. "It don't seem like Thanksgiving day was temorrow," complained Mrs. Maitland crimping the edges of her third pumpkin "Hate it! Never! I was only thinking pie. "There isn't a sign of storm nor snow it's most like Indian summer."

"And it seems selfish to make up all these goodies for you and Jimmy and me," laughed Heien, sniffing the spicy air with undisguised pleasure.

"Well, you're the prodigal daughter, and we've got to kill the fatted calf if it's nothing but a gobbler." laugher her mother. 'I did write to Otis and his wife, but they're going over to the Demmingses this year, and there ain't none of our relatives near. "I wasn't thinking of relatives," mur mured Helen, gazing across the rocks and sand to where the inlet danced and sparkled in the unusual mellow light. But she did not add that she was thinking of Graham and the tone in which he had said: There is no mother nor homestead to entice me away from New York this year." Perhaps he would really have enjoyed coming, but she had not thought to ask bim. She polled herself together sharply. What dinner with his stenographer! In truth, Graham was not the stuff of which maiden's dreams are made. He was irritable occa-

ways. His soft brown hair cropped heavily

blue eyes, a stubby brown mustache tha

was a slip of paper.

over to the Harbor and send this by wire." She pressed a \$2 bill into his hand. Jimmy started curiously at the message. The address, "David Graham, room 171, Edison Bldg., New York," was all he could understand

'Gee, Nell, this don't make sense.' "Never mind, Jimmy; it will make sense to the man who gets it, and I want it sent just that way. You can keep every cent of the change.

Jubilant Jimmy rowed off toward the Harbor, and Helen went round Indian Point with Warner. He noted her evident despondency. It seemed as if the sunlight had been suddenly drenched and the air tried to resume his old bantering tone. "Is your mother preparing a feast in the round my table than three." prodigal daughter's honor?"

"She called me that, too," said Helen, musingly. lost the careless ring.

"Thanksgving day is the time for all prodigals to put in appearance, isn't it? 1 Mr. Warner. sins, whether your mother would have been | Maitland seen handcuffs, but now the iron

message? Should she give him the chance to escape that night? In the morning-on our engagement. Thanksgiving day-Graham would come. What steps would the detective take? Once on their way down, when Warner was helpalmost clasped his hand and told him the the curved back of Mrs. Maifland's ances-"Jimmy, dear, I want you to row right truth. Then, as from the distance, came trai chair. the mumur of voices in Graham's office. What was he saying?

"I'd trust her with more than that, the affairs of my clients."

She closed her eyes suddenly. She felt terribly faint, and Warner almost carried her down to the sloping sands, where she threw aside the thoughts which crowded of entreaty in his voice. Her eyes fell. upon her like a thick fog. With forced gayety she roused herself and chatted volubly until they reached her mother's cottage. Mrs. Maitland met them in the door. Her baking had turned out marvelously well. She was at peace with the world, and hospitality incarnate.

"Won't you come over to dinner tomorsilly, or inappreciative, or engaged. And turned cold. Once perched on the rocks he row, Mr. Warner? I think Ged Harper's folk can spare you, and four looks better

Warner bowed courteously over the outstretched, work-worn hand. "You are very kind, Mrs. Maitland, Sudden stience fell between them. It was shall come with pleasure. Then he turned Warner who finally spoke, but his voice had to Helen. Again she had turned pale and her lips moved stiffly

"We'd be very glad to see you tomorrow, wonder if you had come home, not as you | Tomorrow—and in the morning Graham are now, strong, self-reliant, clear-eyed and | would be here! Who or what would he honest, but burdened with mistakes and bring with him? Only once had Helen



He-1 made \$10 on the races "esterday



Treasurer-How did that monologuist do Manager-He's a great chaser.

Treasurer-You don't say. Manager-Yes. It took him three minutes to clear his throat and nine minutes to

like the Puritan mothers of old, closing the bracelets in hideous guise appeared before

"Wake up, Helen: It's a real Thanksgiving morning! The weather changed in Where Do They Come From ? truthfully say Dr. Pierce's medicines did right kind of mothers-are always ready to the night and the ground is covered with

Helen tried to smile into her mother's cheerful face. It had been a bad night for her, and now-in two hours Graham would

The moments fairly flew for Mrs. Mait-There were geraniums to pick for the tafinal polishing, and never did a turkey require such incessant basting. Helen to be of some assistance, but her trembled when she cut the flowers and

she basted the turkey. Ten o'clock! Graham must be at Ged at the door, but Helen dared not move. Her mother bustled back to the kitchen, a puzzled look on her face.

the door carefully, "it's the man you work for -Mr. Grabam-and he's got a value. I

wonder if he's --But Helen was out of hearing. At the front room door she paused to gain time-

Graham stood with his back to her, staring intently at a letter in his hand. He turned abruptly. "Well, he's gone!

"Gone!" Helen echoed the word blankly. "Left on the 10:47 train last night," con-

tinued Graham's blunt, unwavering tones.

This bag and letter he ordered Mr. Harper Mechanically Helen took the letter and bent to open the bag. But her thought was bor. The message was speeding toward bag was filled with papers. Graham knell beside her, a light of triumph illuminating his stern face. She tore open the letter, read it hastily and then with a great sob

dropped her face on her clasped hands.

Graham watched ber in stience; then the

veins on his throat and wrists stood out like great cords and an angry light shone in his eves. What had Worrell done-added to his other crimes the unforgivable sin of breaking this girl's heart? And the man who would have protected her, had he dered to ask the right, stood tensely watching the

sob-shaken figure before him. "Miss Maitland-She raised her head and at the great joy in her face Graham felt a load fall from

"Read it," she said simply, and handed him the crumpled letter. "My Dear Friend-I told you yesterday would not bore you with the story of my life. To tell you the truth I lacked the courage to tell it. But if you will take this grip to the Manhattan Security and Investment company, incorporated, and turn it over to Mr. Forbes, the president, he will doubtless give you all the information obtainable regarding my iniquities. I am trusting you with this because I know I to see my mother and tell her what passed between us yesterday on the point. As for myself, I'm going after that chance. Where -never mind. You'll hear from me in time hope the knowledge that you've done me a good turn will add zest to your Thanksthink me unpardonably rude to thus break

"Yours faithfully and gratefully.

"GROVER WORRELL." hand to the

"Helen!" The girl raised her beautiful gray eyes o his in wonder at the tone.

"Helen, you don't care? A puzzled look came into her face.

Don't care what?" "That he has gone?" There was a world

"No." A mighty wave of joy thrilled her and a spirit of mischief rang to her next words. "Not if you'll have Thanksgiving dinner with us. We have places for four, you know." Then Graham forgot the Worrell case, the

property of the Manhattan Investment company scattered at his feet, the fact that he had never told Helen of his love. He simply held out his arms-and she under-

Mrs. Maitland had just brought in the turkey and was holding the carving knife aloft with a contemplative air, when she remarked with startling abruptness: "Well, if this hasn't been the queerest

Thanksgiving day I ever put in. Who'd ever thought of your coming all the way from New York to eat a real Rhode Island turkey? I declare, it's a wonder this whole dinner ain't burnt to a cinder." "It has been a surprising series of

events," answered Graham, with almost boyish enthusiasm. "All day yesterday was dreading that Thanksgiving dinner at a cafe. It just goes to show that sometimes one cannot tell what he has to be grateful for until almost time to carve the turkey. And then blessings come thick and fast. Allow me, Mrs. Maitland, as your future son-in-law, to relieve you of that task.

And Mrs. Maitland weakly relinquished the carver, murmuring faintly, "Well, Helen Maitland, this does beat all. You might have told me. "How could I mother, dear, when I didn't

know it myself?"

For Hoarseness.

Benjamin Ingerson of Hutton, Ind., says he had not spoken a word above a whisper for months and one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar restored his voice. Be sure you get Foley's.

BLUSHES WHEN IT RAINS.

Tree that Turns a Rich Crimson During Moist Weather.

One of the strangest things found in the morasses of Florida is the blushing tree. It is found only in the thickets of these interminable marshes, whose luxuriant vegetation always proves a revelation to explorers. It is called the blushing tree by those who know it because it actually blushes or turns a pink color when rain falls upon it. It is a graceful tree, with broad, banana-like leaves. Wide-spreading branches hang down slightly waving in the warm breeze, and it has emerald-hued foliage. It rises to a height of twenty feet and its thick, substantial trunk indicates many years of existence.

"While watching the tree the rain began to fall in torrents." says a returned swamp explorer. "after a custom it has in these parts. As the cool water drenched the tree I was amezed to note a changing of its color. Gradually but humistakably the green hue was giving way to pink. I went up to its trunk under its spreading branches to obtain a closer look and found it to be true, and the tree was blushing from the effect of the rain. In a few minutes the green had faded from sight, except in a few half-hidden spots where the rain had failed to penetrate." After the shower had passed over the spectator watched with easume its familiar green color.

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## BAD DREAMS.

A great deal of philosophizing has been done in the endeavor to determine the If there is one thing more than another cause of dreams. At the best, the question tought by Mr. Copenhaver's experience it is left unsettled, the materialist who re- is that it is a waste of time, money and lates all dreams to physical causes seeming health to delay the use of Dr. Pierce's to have a shade the better of the argument. Golden Medical Discovery when the stom-It is, however, certain that wemanic intule sch is discased, whether or not other 'I wonder if my mother would look at it ble, the old-fashioned silver to be given a tion and motherly experience furnish a organs are involved. Here is a record of solution of the common cause of bad treatment by three physicians, with "little dreams, which appeals at once to practical benefit" as the best result of their treatgood sense. When little Willie wakes ment the use of "several widely advertised stricking in the night and has been quieted patent medicines." with no result but twice she spilled the succulent juice when and comforted, his mother remarks to her "temperary relief while using;" and all husband. I wonder what Willie could this at an expense of time, money and sufhave eaten to have made him have such fering. Then he "tried Dr. Pierce's medi-Harper's! Half-past! There came a knock frightful dreams." She puts her finger at cines and in two months time was feeling once right on the ill used stomach as the better than for years before." There are immediate cause of the nocturnal daturb. thousands of similar cures on record. They ance. She has right on her side. A da- all point to the same fact. The prompt us-"Lawree, Helen," she whispered, closing ordered stomach can disturb the whole of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

I then tried Dr. Pierce's medicines, using his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' 'Favorite Prescription' and the 'Pleasant Pellets, and in two months' time I was feeling butter than I had for years before. I can me more good than any I had ever taken A LESSON TO HEED

saves health, time and The reason why other treatments do not produce lasting benefit, and other widely advertised medicines give only temporary relief while they are being used, is because they are only palliatives. They relieve disease as opium relieves pain while it is being Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures disease perfectly and permanently, because it goes to the root. It does not deal with effects but causes; It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. and increases the supply of pure, rich blood, which is the life and health of the

proper activity of the liver, make the blood foul, start the nerves to throbbing are usually worked-out people. They are and the head to aching. Almost every-worn-cut because they are using up more hody at some time or another experiences energy than they can store up every day this physical disturbance as a result of Human energy comes from food. Food is a disordered stomach. But the great evil the fuel of the body, and its heat is concomes when temporary disorder gives place verted into motion. When the fire under to permanent disease of the stomach. Then the steam engine dies down from want of come the disquieting day dreams of the fuel the power gives out, the engine slows dyspeptic, who sees enemies in his friends down and ultimately stops. When the foodand foes in his own household.

A WISE WATCHWORD. Take care of the stomach and the bidy stops activity, because it is starved. But will take care of itself, is the watchword if there be abundant fuel in the fire-box of of health. True, not all diseases reach the the steam engine without proper combusbody through the stomach, but in so many tion, there is a loss of power just the same. cases diseases of other organs may be And that's the way it is with the man. traced directly to the diseased stomach He may have abundant food, but if it is that it is surely true that the man with a not properly digested and assimilated, and sound stomach has the best chance of pre- so converted into blood, the power gives serving sound health. It is becaus It out, the strength fails. Food digested and cures diseases of the stomach and other assimilated furnishes the power that runs organs of digestion and nutrition that Dr. the heart, the lungs, the liver, the kidneys Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery restores - every organ of the body. When the food so many broken-down people to sound is not digested and assimilated, then there

physical health. straight. It would grow more severe until Discovery enables the building up of the it caused waterbrash and vomiting of a whole body into a condition of strength when I've something decent to write slimy yellow water. I consulted a physic and sound physical health.

gestion. He gave me a treatment and I got R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. some better, but only for a short time. I then tried another one who said I had Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Ad-The moist sheet fluttered from Graham's chronic indigestion, ulceration of the lining viser, containing more than a thousand of the stomach, torpid liver and kidney af- targe pages, and over 700 illustrations, i fection. He treated me for more than a sent free on receipt of stamps to pay exyear, and I felt better but it did not last, pense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent I then took to using several widely adver- stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 tised patent medicines, but received no stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Admore than temporary relief while using, dress Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

body; set the heart galleping, check the body. "PLAYED-OUT" PEOPLE

fuel of the engine of the body is reduced the power gives out, and in time the body is a reduction of physical power felt by Mr. O. S. Copenhaver, of Mount Union, every organ of the body, and the result is Huntington Co., Pa., (Box 222), writes: "weak" heart, "weak" lungs, sluggish can, and with something more. I want you "About twelve years ago I was suddenly liver, "weak" kidneys, etc. By enabling taken with a pain in the pit of the stomach, the perfect digestion and assimilation of the which was so violent I could not wak food eaten. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical

I've known for months I was a fool, but it can and he told me I had a form of dys- Sick people, especially those suffering needed just you to show me the way out, pepsia and treated me for about six months from chronic disease, are invited to conwith but little benefit. I still kept getting sult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, and so so weak I could scarcely walk. I then obtain, without charge, the opinion of a giving dinner and that your mother won't tried another physician and he told me my specialist on their ailments. All correliver was out of order and that I had indi- spendence strictly confidential. Address Dr.

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