

A COLONIAL ROSE.

Do Rochambeau came riding down
On his prancing charger through the
town:
With careworn wrinkle and weary frown
His brow was shaded;
And she, with a gesture demobair,
Threw him a rose from her powdered
hair—
The fairest maid of Washington Square,
In gown brocaded.
Fled for a moment war and wife
As he caught the rose with courtly smile,
And thought of a maid of France, the
white
His glance had met her—
A maid of France, of an ancient race,
A master painted her then, a face
Whose piquant charm and dainty grace
Let none forget her.

And again he saw the old chateau
Where the roses hung in garlands low
When he rode away, long years ago—
She died soon after.
Ah, roguish maid of Washington Square,
When the gray old Frenchman saw you
fair,
You little knew why he lingered there
To hear your laughter!
—Charlotte Becker in The Smart Set.

A Saintry Sinner.

BY ELIZABETH M. GILMER.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

When handsome Jack Orton
announced his engagement to Marian
Harding to his sister, she being a dis-
creet woman, only lifted an eyebrow,
and asked him if he was quite sure
his choice was a wise one. The girl
belonged to a very different world from
the gay, fashionable, pleasure-seek-
ing one in which they were such con-
spicuous figures. Still, Jack was old
enough to know his own tastes and
mind, and when all is said, a man
marries for himself and not his sister.
So she forbore to say any of the
nasty things a man's people usually do
when he marries out of his set, and
merely laid a very tender hand upon
his shoulder as she asked over again
if he was sure it was for the best.

"She is an angel," he had cried
enthusiastically, and his sister had made
a mock gesture of despair.
"My poor boy," she exclaimed, "is
she so bad as all that? Don't. Only
fancy having to live in the house with
an angel. You could never possibly
do it in peace. You are not keyed up
to the situation."

But Orton laughed with the fatuous
self complacency of the newly engaged,
and went off to his demure little
Puritan sweetheart.

In truth the girl's unlikeliness to all
the other women he knew had been
the first thing that attracted him to her.
He had met at a big crush at a fash-
ionable house, where she had been
present by virtue of being a far away
cousin of the hostess, and in her sim-
ple white frock, among all the glitter,
and spangles, and flash of jewels, and
bold display of white, bare shoulders
and arms, she had made him think of
a wild flower suddenly transplanted
amidst the overblown roses in a con-
servatory. Then somebody had asked
her to sing, and she had started even
that blasé assemblage with a voice
so pure, so sweet, and true, and with
such a passion of expression in its
tones that it had made the simple
ballad she sang seem like a cry from
heart to heart. There was a minute's
silence when she was done, and then
a woman standing near Orton ex-
claimed.

"Fancy any one with a voice like
that hacking it out teaching miserable
little children. They say she had
fabulous offers from opera managers
to go on the stage, but that horrible
old Puritan of a father of hers has
brought her up to believe that the
theatre is the very door to perdition."
"Go on the stage," repeated Orton,
still with his eyes on the pure little
face, "God forbid."

The woman raised her lorgnette
and gave him an amused stare. Jack
Orton, and after all that story about
him and the little comic opera prima

delicious with that little earnest frown
on her face, and it pleased him to
think she was considering his soul in-
stead of the diamonds he would give
her. After all, though, one does not
care to be always spoken to from the
heights of superior spirituality, and
there began to be jarring notes. He
discovered that Marian was provin-
cially prejudiced against things of which
she knew nothing, and that in many
ways she was intolerant and bigoted.
Her own life had been so removed
from all temptation she had no sym-
pathy, as wiser people have, with
those who have been sore pressed, and
have failed.

Finally they quarreled about some
question about a woman whom Jack
defended, and the girl had given him
back his ring, quoting self righteously
something about being unequally
yoked with an unbeliever.

It takes a saint to be unforgiving.
Jack, who loved the girl with all his
great soul, would have kissed, and
made up, but Marian refused to see
him the next day, and after making
various fruitless efforts he buried him-



"Yes, a blooming angel!"
self and his troubles in the depths of
a winter hunting camp.

After he left evil days fell on the
little household. The old father be-
came ill, and nurses and doctors ate
up Marion's little bank account, and
her cheek grew wan and thin trying to
make one dollar do the work of three.
It had always been her custom to go
on Sunday afternoons to the hospital
to sing to the patients, and it chanced
at this time, there was a little lad
there in whom she took a great inter-
est. He was a jockey who had been
badly hurt in a hurdle race and who
was slowly recovering from his in-
juries. To him, Marian with her pret-
ty face and glorious voice was the one
bright spot in the dreary days of con-
valescence, and he literally lived upon
her visits.

One afternoon just as things were
at their worst with her, when she had
only ten dollars left and the numberless im-
portunities of the home and sick room
were calling for it she went to see him,
and he greeted her with shining eyes.
"Say miss," he said, "Ben, he's me
side partner, he was here yesterday, an'
he give me a dead straight tip, an' I'll
put yer next. Anita's just got a walk
over."

"Anita, who's she?" inquired Marian
vaguely.
The boy gasped. "Youse don't know
Anita? By gee, she's a race mare, an
say, de talent ain't on to her. Say,
it's got'n to be a hundred to one shot,
Gee, don't I wish I was out of dis," and
he moved impatiently.
"Hundred to one shot," repeated
Marian, "what's that?"
"Shucks," he cried, and then talking
very slowly as if explaining things to
a child: "Youse puts up one dollar,
an' de bookies pays you one hundred
of youse win out."

"A bet," Marian exclaimed, "but
doesn't somebody lose?"
"De bookies dis time, sure," replied
the boy with conviction, "but deys
dead lousy wid boodle, an' it's a charity
to relieve 'em. Say, gimme a ten, an'
let Ben put it up for you. Dis ain't no
graft. It's a lead pipe cinch."

In the end Marian did. On the way
home she told herself that it was be-
cause the money was to use for others,
but in her soul she knew she had been
tempted, and had fallen, just like
every other sinner, but all her miser-
able self-righteousness was swept
away, and she understood, and pitied,
and loved, as she had never done be-
fore, all the great sinning, struggling,
suffering brotherhood of mankind.
As the boy had predicted Anita won,
and the next time she went to the
hospital he put in her hands a great
roll of bills, but for answer she
only gathered him in her arms.

"Oh, Tom, Tom," she cried, "I am
nothing but a common, wicked gam-
bler!"

Naw yer ain't," the boy returned
digustedly, "yer ain't got de nerve,
Yer ain't nothing but a bloomin'
saint."

That night a very humble letter went
to Jack's club, and being forwarded
brought that gentleman in a few days
to Marian's door.

Somehow, in the new light that had
come to her, she knew that a fellow
sinner would understand and forgive,
and that it is only the wrath of the
righteous we have to fear, so without
one word she fled to Jack's arms and
sobbed out her story on his breast—her
temptation, her sin, and her yielding.
When she was done he looked at her
with a very grave smile in his eyes.
"Sweetheart," he said, "you were
very earthly as an angel, but you are
simply heavenly as a sinner," and for
the first time in her life Marian under-
stood.

Earth is here (in Australia) so kind
just tickle her with a hoe and she
laughs with a harvest.—Douglass Jer-
rold.

The turks have seven different kinds
of flutes.

German Geography from Nature.

On misty days in autumn the
schoolboy of the Black Forest is
marched to the peak of some high
hill. From there geography is taught
him, says a German correspondent.
It is pointed out to him that he
stands upon an island completely
surrounded by the mist, which, for
the purpose of this comedy, has had
handed to it the part of water, which
it plays with much success. The
twin rivers of mist on either side of
him, filling both valleys, are, for him,
estuaries; the spur of mountain op-
posite is a peninsula. He descends,
it is certain, with geographical ideas
in his head that could never have
been put there by mere maps hanging
upon a wall.

The Cheapest 'Keep.'

By actual experience the Ruskin-
ites, a colony of socialists near Way-
cross, Ga., have demonstrated that
is probably the lowest possible daily
cost for food. They live at an actual
cost per capita of less than 10 cents
a day. Of course, this could not
have been accomplished except
through co-operation. Everything
they consume is bought at wholesale
in large quantities, and is cooked in
the community kitchen. In the com-
munity dining room tables are set for
300 people. Those who do not wish
to eat with the crowd are allowed the
privilege of purchasing company
stores and cooking them at home.

But We Sell 'Em Steel Rails.

While England has sent out an earl
to be governor-general of Australia,
the successful bid of 17,400 tons of
steel rails for the state of Victoria in
that commonwealth goes to American
firms in the face of the world's com-
petition.

Rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness,
pain, sore throat and all bodily suffer-
ing relieved at once by Wizard Oil. In-
ternally and externally.

You may be unable to oblige, but
you can at least speak obligingly.

The system cannot be in good con-
dition when the bowels are constipated.
Take Garfield Tea, it cures constipa-
tion and effectually regulates the liver.

Monument to Nicot.

The memory of Nicot will no longer
be perpetuated merely in smoke. The
French government has just appropri-
ated funds for the erection of a
bronze statue of him who first intro-
duced tobacco in Europe in 1550. It
was from his name that the word nicot-
ine was derived. The statue will be
situated in front of the government to-
bacco manufactory in Paris.

Oldest Railway Mail Clerk.

George W. Putnam, a descendant of
the famous revolutionary general, is
said to be the oldest railroad mail
clerk in this country. He was ap-
pointed by Lincoln in 1861, and has
been in the service ever since. His
home is at We-Field, O., but his "run"
is between Ashtabula and Oil City, on
a branch of the Lake Shore road.

After a Cromwell Fortune.

William Dickerson, an engineer, liv-
ing at Chelsea, Mass., is the moving
spirit in an organization of fifty or
sixty men and women of that part
of the state who say they are descend-
ants of Oliver Cromwell, and as such
entitled to a share in the division of
more than \$25,000,000, which, they
have been assured, has been lying for
generations in the Bank of England.

It is a greater theft to steal reputa-
tion than to steal diamonds.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen,
Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet,
Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's
Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into
the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe
Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Ad-
dress, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

What poor, defenseless creatures
women would be if they couldn't cry!
The well-dressed woman never
adopts the exaggerations of fashion.

Lunch for the Court Callers.

One of the probable reforms under
the new regime in England will be the
serving of luncheon at the palace to
ladies attending drawing rooms. Hith-
erto a sandwich eaten in a carriage
under the eyes of a curious crowd has
been the only refreshment obtainable
at the most desirable but most tedious
functions.

The widow's might may be the re-
sult of practical experience.

Each package of PUTNAM FADE-
LESS DYE colors more goods than any
other dye and colors them better, too.

Add a few drops of ammonia to the
blue water to whiten the clothes.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-
Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes
tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures
Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and
Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and
Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE.
Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

If a musician utters false notes he
is a counterfeiter.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE
STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for
10 cents. All other 10-cent starch con-
tains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaran-
teed or money refunded.

Vanity sometimes spoils a multitude
of real virtues.

Lots of men know how to cure
hams, but are unable to pro-cure
them.

That poultry should never be eaten
until twelve or fifteen hours after it is
killed.

King Victor Emanuel of Italy will
visit London next May, it is announce-
d.

His Literary Aspirations.

A correspondent writing to the At-
lanta Constitution from Liberty coun-
ty, Ga., says: "Desiring to embark in
the literary business, I will state that
I will swap one mule and two grown
hogs for a first-class bookcase, con-
taining Byron's poem's Bunyan's 'Pil-
grim's Progress,' Colonel Scott's no-
vers, Mr. Dickens' 'Lampwick Papers'
and a few 'Guides to Literary Composi-
tion.' This offer open for thirty
days."

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible
medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL,
Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Most men are bad.—Bras.

Sprinkle salt on a wine stain and
pour hot water through it until it is
gone.

If You Have Dyspepsia
Send no money, but write Dr. Shoop, Iacine, Wis.,
Box 148, for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Restorative
express paid. If cured, pay \$2.50—if not, it is free.

Man is an epitome of the world.—
Pliny.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces
inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Men were givers deceivers ever.—
Shakespeare.

\$148 will buy new Upright piano on
easy payments. Write for catalogues,
Schmoller & Mueller, 1313 Farnam
street, Omaha.

Man is a sample of the universe.—
Theophrastus.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All
druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.
Z. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

The skillful man should know how
to disguise his skill.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE
STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for
10 cents. All other 10-cent starch con-
tains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaran-
teed or money refunded.

Probably the most difficult ascent is
getting up a subscription.

Drugs have their use, but don't store them in
your stomach. Beeman's Peppin Gum aids the
natural forces to perform their functions.

There are more foolish buyers than
foolish sellers.

There is more Catarrh in this section of
the country than all other diseases put together,
and until the last few years was supposed to be
incurable. For a great many years doctors pro-
nounced it a local disease, and prescribed local
remedies, and by constantly failing to cure
with local treatment, pronounced it incurable.
Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitu-
tional disease, and therefore requires constitu-
tional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, man-
ufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio,
is the only constitutional cure on the market.
It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops
to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood
and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer
one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure.
Send for circulars and testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Laws, like sausages, often cease to
inspire respect when we learn how
they are made.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible
medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL,
Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Most men are bad.—Bras.

**DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?
Pen Picture for Women.**

"I am so nervous, there is not a
weak inch in my whole body. I am so
weak at my stomach and have indig-
estion horribly, and palpitation of
the heart, and I am losing flesh. This
headache and backache nearly kills
me, and yesterday I nearly had hyster-
ics; there is a weight in the lower part
of my bowels bearing down all the
time, and pains in my groins and
thighs; I cannot sleep, walk, or sit,
and I believe I am diseased all over;
no one ever suffered as I do."
This is a description of thousands of
cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's
attention daily. An inflamed and ul-
cerated condition of the neck of the
womb can produce all of these symp-



MRS. JOHN WILLIAMS.
toms, and no woman should allow
herself to reach such a perfection of
misery when there is absolutely no
need of it. The subject of our por-
trait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of
Englishtown, N. J., has been entirely
cured of such illness and misery by
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound, and the guiding advice of Mrs.
Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.
No other medicine has such a record
for absolute cures, and no other medi-
cine is "just as good." Women who
want a cure should insist upon getting
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound, when they ask for it at a store.
Anyway, write a letter to Mrs. Pink-
ham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all
your troubles. Her advice is free.

**"SALZER'S SEEDS
WILL MAKE YOU RICH!"**
This is a daring statement, but sal-
zer's seeds have it out every time.
Green corn, sweet corn, yellow corn,
revolutionize corn growing.
Billion Dollar Crops.
Greatest marvel of the age.
Billion of hay per acre. First
crop in weeks after sowing.
What is it?
Catalogue tolls.
FOR 10c. STAMPS
and this NOTICE we mail
you real catalogues, 10 Cents.
Sample including above, also
Bottle (10c. per doz.) and
(\$20.00) (10c. per doz.) (10c. per doz.)
John A. Salzer Seed Co., Leavenworth, Kan.

For Top Prices Ship Your
GAME AND POULTRY
To
G. W. Icken & Company,
Butter, Eggs, Veal, Hides and Furs, Potatoes,
Onions in Carload Lots,
Omaha, Nebraska.

If afflicted with
sore eyes, use
Thompson's Eye Water

**OMAHA & ST. LOUIS
R.R.**
WABASH R.R.
WINTER TOURIST RATES.
SPECIAL Tours to Florida, Key West,
Cuba, Bermuda, Old Mexico,
and the Mediterranean and
Orient.
HALF Rates for the round trip to
many points south on sale first
and third Tuesday each month.
To Hot Springs, Ark., the fa-
mous winter resort of America,
on sale every day in the year.
Tickets now on sale to all the winter
resorts of the south, good returning until
June 1st, 1901. For rates, descriptive mat-
ter, pamphlets and all other information,
call at C. & St. L. R. City Ticket
Office, 1415 Farnam st. (Faxon Hotel
Bldg) or write
HARRY E. MOORES,
C. P. & T. A. Omaha, Neb.



"She is an angel!"
donna! Really men were too absurd!

After that evening the acquaintance
between the demure little music
teacher, and the fashionable man of
the world, had flown smoothly enough,
and soon ripened into love. To Mar-
ian, Jack with his gay ways, his ele-
gances, and extravagances, was like a
being from a different sphere, and one
of whose moral standard she was not
a little doubtful. She had been brought
up in a hard, and narrow school, and
it seemed to her almost pagan for one
to enjoy things frankly and openly,
while to love life and laughter, the
delights of a good dinner, and a glass
of sparkling wine, and the smile of a
woman's fair face, seemed to her noth-
ing less than a sinful pandering to the
lusts of the flesh, as her stern old
father called it.

It is, however, the province of earth-
ly angels to always judge their fellow
creatures hardly, and Marian deliv-
ered many a sermon to Jack on his
worldliness and wickedness, which the
big hearted, loving, generous fellow
received with outward meekness, and
inward mirth. She really looked very

\$100.00 Reward
To protect your health and our reputation, we will gladly pay this big reward to any one who will furnish us infor-
mation on which we can secure conviction of a dealer who tries to sell worthless fake imitations, when CASCARETS
are called for. When you're offered something "just as good," it's because there is a little more money in the fake.
Buy CASCARETS from the honest dealer. They are always put up in blue metal boxes with long-tailed trade-
marked C on the cover—every tablet stamped C. C. C., and they are never sold in bulk. Remember this and when-
ever fakes are offered when CASCARETS are called for, get all the details and write us on the subject at once.

**SIX MILLION BOXES
SOLD LAST YEAR
OUR BEST TESTIMONIAL**

Cascarets
BEST FOR BOWELS AND LIVER.

10c.
25c. 50c.
NEVER SOLD IN BULK.
DRUGGISTS

THIS IS
THE TABLET
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

GUARANTEED TO CURE: Five years ago the first box of CASCARETS was sold. Now it is over six million boxes a year, greater than any
similar medicine in the world. This is absolute proof of great merit, and
our best testimonial. We have faith, and will sell CASCARETS absolutely
guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Do buy today, two 50c boxes, give
them a fair, honest trial, as per simple directions, and if you are not satisfied
after using one 50c box, return the unused 50c box to the dealer who sold it to
you by mail, or the druggist from whom you purchased it, and get your money
back for both boxes. Take our advice—no matter what ailment you suffer from,
health will quickly follow and you will bless the day you first started the use
of CASCARETS. Book free by mail. Add: STEWART KEEFE CO., New York or Chicago.