

"Manners maketh the man," but it is well to know whether the manners are natural or only borrowed for occasions.

Memory sighs when we promise to forgive and forget; for Memory knows that the mind does not always obey the heart.

#### CAN'T BLAME TOMMY MUCH.

"Tommy, were you fighting with that Carter boy?"  
"Yes, ma'am."  
"Didn't I tell you not to quarrel with anyone?"  
"Yes, ma'am; but I thought all bets were off since you quit speaking to the Carter boy's ma'am."

#### A Man's Tact.

Nobody but Mr. Henley would have asked such a question in the first place.

"Miss Fairley," he said, "if you could make yourself over what kind of hair and eyes would you have?"  
"If I could make myself over," said Miss Fairley, "I would look just exactly as I do now."  
"You would?" exclaimed Henley in honest surprise, and to this day he can't understand why Miss Fairley thinks him a man of little taste and less tact.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

#### Nothing Else to Do.

A well-known doctor who dabbles in literature recently published a poem. Shortly after its appearance he was conversing with a lady celebrated for her wit.

"Well, doctor," she remarked, "so I hear you have taken to writing verse."  
"Oh, merely to kill time."  
"Indeed! Have you disposed of all your other patients?"—Stray Stories.

#### Realistic.

The conversation turned on the effect produced on the emotions by pictorial art, when one gentleman remarked:

"I remember one picture that brought tears to my eyes."  
"A pathetic subject, I presume?"  
"No, sir; it was a fruit painting. I was sitting close under it when it dropped on my head."

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

It's all right for a man to be a dreamer of dreams providing he wakes up occasionally and gets busy.

#### Omaha Directory

### Courtney's

Wholesale and retail  
Gentlemen's table, including Fine  
Little-1000 You are able to obtain in our Home Town  
Write us for prices on same, and we will be sure to have  
Small orders carefully filled.  
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN  
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS  
AND TABLE DELICACIES  
508 FURNACE ST. OMAHA, NEBR.  
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**J. E. von Dorn Commission Co.**  
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Track bids made on any railroad.  
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**OMAHA THE BRIGHTEST  
SPOT ON THE MAP**  
A GOOD PLACE to invest your money where  
you can get from  
**6% to 10% On Improved Properties**  
Write Us How Much You Have to Invest  
**HASTINGS and HEYDEN**  
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**RUBBER GOODS**  
By mail at cut prices. Send for free catalogue.  
**MYERS-DILLON RUBBER CO., OMAHA, NEBR.**

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**SHIP YOUR WOOL** to the Omaha mar-  
ket to get bottom and prices and quick  
returns. Ref. any bank in Omaha.

**DENTISTS**  
Mrs. Holley & March, The  
312 South 1st St.  
Black, Cor. 10th  
& 12th Sts., Omaha, Neb. Best equipped  
Dental office in the Middle West. Latest appliances.  
High-grade dentistry. Reasonable prices.

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Why get the cheap, rank, bitter flavored coffee in  
your stomach when you can get the **GERMAN-AMERICAN  
COFFEE** cost no more? Insist on having it. Your  
grocer sells it or you get it.

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1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB.  
Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

**Steel Culverts**  
Suitable for county roads and town streets.  
Write for information and prices.  
**SUNDERLAND CULVERT CO., Omaha, Neb.**

**ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT THE  
VELIE MERRY BUGGY  
JOHN DEERE PLOW CO.**



**BLIND FOLDED**  
By EARLE ASHLEY WILCOIT  
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#### SYNOPSIS.

Henry Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Giles Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men led Henry to comment on it by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley Wilton, who has an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences render him almost dumb. He is taken to a room in a hotel, and Mrs. Knapp explains to him the situation. He is told that he is to perform a task that is not only dangerous but also a puzzle. He is told that he is to perform a task that is not only dangerous but also a puzzle. He is told that he is to perform a task that is not only dangerous but also a puzzle.

the arrangements she would find necessary to make, and I heard one of the low voices behind me:  
"Now this is a profound secret, you know. I wouldn't have them know for the world that any one suspects. I just heard it this week myself."  
"Oh, I wouldn't dare breathe it to a soul," said the other. "But I'm sure I shouldn't sleep a wink to-night." And they moved away.

I interrupted Mrs. Bowser to explain that I must speak to Mrs. Knapp and made my escape as some one stopped to pass a word with her.  
"Oh, must you go, Henry?" said Mrs. Knapp. "Well, you must come again soon. We miss you when you stay away. Don't let Mr. Knapp keep you too closely."  
I professed myself happy to come whenever I could find the time, and looked about for Luella. She was nowhere to be seen. I left the room a little disappointed, but with a swelling pride that I had passed the dreaded ordeal and had been accepted as Henry Wilton in the house in which I had most feared to meet disaster. My opinion of my own cleverness had risen. In the language of the market, "above par."

#### CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"But I suspect Mr. Knapp makes whirlpools instead of swimming into them," I said meaningly.  
"Ah, Henry," she said sadly, "how often have I told you that the best plan may be to let the market take its course. It may not take much to start a boulder rolling down the mountain-side, but who is to tell it to stop when once it is set going?"  
"I think," said I, smiling, "that Mr. Knapp would ride the boulder and find himself in a gold mine at the end of the journey."  
"Perhaps, but you're not telling me what Mr. Knapp is doing."  
"He can tell you better than I."  
"No doubt," she said with a trace of sarcasm in her voice.  
"And here he comes to do it, I expect," I said, as the tall figure of the King of the Street appeared in the doorway opposite.

"I'm afraid I shall have to depend on the newspapers," she said. "Mr. Knapp is as much afraid of a woman's tongue as you are. Oh," she continued, after a moment's pause, "I was going to make you give an account of your self, but since you will tell nothing I must introduce you to my cousin, Mrs. Bowser." And she led me, unwillingly, to a short, sharp-featured woman of sixty or thereabouts, who rustled her skirts, and in a high, thin voice professed herself charmed to see me.

She might have claimed and held the record as the champion of the conversational ring. I had never met her equal before, nor have I met one to surpass her since.

Had I been long in the city? She had been here only a week. Came from Maine way. This was a dear, dreadful girl with such nice people and such dreadful winds, wasn't it? And then she gave me a catalogue of the places she had visited, and the attractions of San Francisco, with a wealth of detail and a poverty of interest that was little less than marvelous.

Fortunately she required nothing but an occasional murmur of assent in the way of answer from me.

I looked across the room to the corner where Luella was entertaining the insignificant innman. How vivacious and intelligent she appeared! Her face and figure grew on me in attractiveness, and I felt that I was being very badly used. As I came to this point I was roused by the sound of two low voices that just behind me were plainly audible under the shrill treble of Mrs. Bowser. They were women with their heads close in gossip.

"Shocking, isn't it?" said one.  
"Dreadful!" said the other. "It gives me the creeps to think of it."  
"Why don't they lock him up? Such a creature shouldn't be allowed to go at large."  
"Oh, you see, maybe they can't be sure about it. But I've heard it's a case of family pride."  
I was recalled from this dialogue by Mrs. Bowser's fan on my arm, and her shrill voice in my ear with, "What is your idea about it, Mr. Wilton?"  
"I think you are perfectly right," I said heartily, as she paused for an answer.  
"Then I'll arrange it with the others at once," she said.  
This was a bucket of ice-water on me. I had not the first idea of what I had committed myself.

"No, don't," I said. "Wait till we have time to discuss it again."  
"Oh, we can decide on the time whenever you like. Will some night week after next suit you?"  
I had to throw myself on the mercy of the enemy.  
"I'm afraid I'm getting rather absent-minded," I said humbly. "I was looking at Miss Knapp and lost the thread of the discourse for a minute."  
"That's what I was talking about," she said sharply—"about taking her and the rest of us through Chinatown."  
"Yes, yes, I remember," I said unblushingly. "If I can get away from business, I'm at your service at any time."  
Then Mrs. Bowser wandered on with

try to speak with his voice. Drop your disguise. You are no actor. You are no more like him than—"  
"Satyr or Hyperion," I quoted bitterly. "Make it strong, please."  
I had thought myself in a tight place in the row at Boston's, but it was nothing to this encounter.  
"Oh, where is he? What has happened?" she cried.  
"Nothing has happened," I said calmly, determined at last to brazen it out. I could not tell her the truth. My name is Henry Wilton."  
She looked at me in anger a moment, and then a shadow of dread and despair settled over her face.  
I was tempted beyond measure to throw myself on her mercy and tell all. The subtle sympathy that she inspired was softening my resolution. Yet, as I looked into her eyes, her face hardened and her wrath blazed forth once more.  
"Go!" she said. "I hope I may never see you again!" And she turned and ran swiftly on. I thought I heard a sob, but whether of anger or sorrow I knew not.

#### CHAPTER XIII. A Day of Grace.

Resolve, shame, despair, fought with each other in the tumult in my mind as I passed between the bronze lions and took my way down the street.  
I was called out of my distractions with a sudden start as though a bucket of cold water had been thrown over me. I had proceeded not twenty feet when I saw two dark forms across the street. They had, it struck me, been waiting for my appearance, for one ran to join the other and both hastened toward the corner as though to be ready to meet me.

I could not retreat to the house of the Wolf that loomed forbiddingly behind me. There was nothing to do but to go forward and trust to my good fortune, and I shifted my revolver to the side-pocket of my overcoat as I stepped briskly to the corner. Then

She meant a Mantle.  
Thomas A. Edison was discussing at Atlantic City the various devices for increasing the brilliance and diminishing the cost of a gas jet.  
"Many of these devices have for base a mantle," he said. "You know what a mantle looks like? Then you'll appreciate a remark I overheard in a hardware dealer's."  
"A young woman entered the shop and said:  
"Have you got those things for improving a gas light?"  
"Yes, madam," said the dealer. "Here is a complete set, fittings, chimney and mantle, all for—"  
"Oh, I don't want the set," said the young woman. "I've got the metal part and the chimney, but the little white shirt is busted. It's only one of them I want."

Woman Lost \$230,000.  
New York.—Mrs. Arthur P. Mason of Larchmont is the woman who lost a tin box containing 196 \$1,000 bills and jewelry valued at \$10,000, while journeying to New York on the local New York, New Haven and Hartford train from her home. Mrs. Mason made this admission despite the advice of her lawyer, Benjamin F. Norris, who has tried to keep secret the name of his client. Mrs. Mason refused to go into details of the trip.

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Discussing Washington and his birthday, John Kendrick Bangs said: "I have made a study of ghosts, as my 'Houseboat on the Styx' and other stories show. And I once dreamed, or saw in a vision, the ghost of Washington and the ghost of Gen. Howe conversing."  
"The two ghosts seemed on excellent terms. Howe insisted that Washington was taking on weight, joked him about it—and finally said: 'George, I'll run you a mile for a shilling.'  
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"No, thank you," he said. 'I was always behind you when it came to running."  
Air Navigation Engines.  
Ten or 15 years ago authorities writing on the subject stated that if only it were possible to make engines so light as to weigh but ten pounds a horsepower, there would be no difficulty in constructing a flying machine. A few years after, petrol engines were made of such weight. Today they are made and on the market, weighing no more than two and one-half pounds a horsepower.—Technical Literature.

Chinese Crowding Vladivostok.  
An increase of 40,000 in one year to the Chinese population at Vladivostok alone, coming entirely from the province of Shantung, shows that there must be some particularly attractive business there to interest the exceedingly keen business men of that territory.  
Tool of Many Uses.  
During the present army maneuvers the French troops are using for the first time an instrument which for variety of adaptation probably approaches to a record. It is a kind of concave lance shaft, or gouge, about 8 inches broad at the base and with a handle about 12 inches long.  
This implement is a shovel, a pointed bar, a trenching pick, a wire cutter, a wood chopper and can be used for bread and meat.—London Globe.

"I'm certain I locked it," was my inward comment.  
I stopped short and hunted my revolver from my overcoat pocket. I was nervous for a moment, and angry at the inattention that might have cost me my life.  
"Who's there?" I demanded.  
No reply.  
I gave a knock on the door at long reach.  
There was no sound and I gave it a push that sent it open while I prudently kept behind the fortification of the casing. As no developments followed this move, I peeped through the door in cautious investigation. The room was quite empty, and I walked in.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### LIMITED FOOD SUPPLY.

There is Not the Great Variety We Generally Imagine.

"Certain great food-staples have proved themselves within the age-long experience of humanity to possess a larger amount of nutritive value, digestibility, and other good qualities, and a smaller proportion of undesirable properties than any others. These, through an exceedingly slow and gradual process of the survival of the fittest, have come to form the staples of food in common use by the human race all over the world. It is rather astonishing how comparatively few there are of them, when we come to consider them broadly: the flesh and the milk of three or four domestic animals, the flesh of three or four of the eggs of one species of domesticated birds, three great grains—wheat, rice and maize—and a half-dozen smaller and much less frequent ones, one hundred or so species of fishes and shell fish, two sugars, a dozen or so starch-containing roots and tubers, only two of which—the potato and the manioc—are of real international importance, twenty or thirty fruits, forty or fifty vegetables make up two-thirds of the food supply of the inhabitants of the world.

"Instead of wondering at the variety and profusion of the human food supply, the biologist is rather inclined to grieve that the London footman immortalized by John Leech who, when told by the cook that there would be mutton chops for dinner and roast beef for supper, exclaimed: 'Nothing but beef, mutton and pork—pork, mutton and beef! His opinion, his 'igh time some new animal was invented!'"

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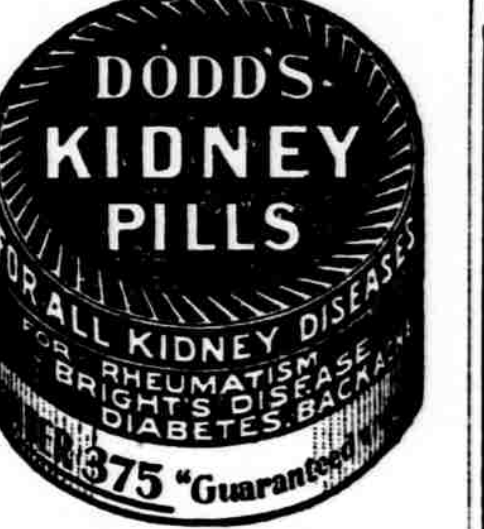
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**The Mean Young.**  
She (eyelid the refreshment booth)  
—Dearest, while we are waiting for the train, don't you think it would be a good idea to take something?  
He—Yes, darling; and since it is such a beautiful moonlight night, let's take a walk.  
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For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. All Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The 48 Page Book in each Pkg. is worth Dollars in every home. Ask your Druggist.  
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Contentment is natural wealth; luxury, artificial poverty.—Socrates.

Many a man is out of work because there is no work in him.



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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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**Shirt Waist Suit**  
if properly laundered. To get the best results it is necessary to use the best laundry starch.  
Defiance Starch  
gives that finish to the clothes that all ladies desire and should obtain. It is the delight of the experienced laundress. Once tried they will use no other. It is pure and is guaranteed not to injure the most delicate fabric. It is sold by the best grocers at 10¢ a package. Each package contains 16 ounces. Other starches, not nearly so good, sell at 10¢ but contain only 15 ounces of starch.  
the same price per package, but they Consult your own interests. Ask for DEFIANCE STARCH, get it, and we know you will never use any other.  
**Defiance Starch Company, Omaha, Neb.**

### Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispels Colds and Headaches due to Constipation. Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.  
Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.  
To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company.  
**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.  
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS, one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

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**UNION PACIFIC**  
New and Scenic Route to Yellowstone Park  
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**E. L. LOWMAN, C. P. A., Omaha, Nebr.**

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LASTS THE ENTIRE SEASON  
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It is a true and reliable fly killer, and is sold by all drug and grocery stores.  
**DR. H. S. KINMONTH, Asbury Park, N. J.**

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**KINMONTH'S ASTHMA CURE**  
Over 200 patients cured during the past 8 years. A 50-cent trial bottle sent to any address on receipt of 25¢.  
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