COOPER'S SALES ARE ENORMOUS

HIS PREPARATIONS LEADING TOPIC IN OMAHA—CALLERS AT YOUNG MAN'S HEADQUARTERS INTERVIEWED.

Omaha, Neb., Feb. 9.—The most interesting feature of the enormous sale of the Cooper preparations, now going on in this city, is what the medicines are actually accomplishing among the people of Omaha.

At the commencement of his visit here Mr. Cooper prophesied that during the later part of his stay he would receive hundreds of callers daily who came simply to thank him for what the preparations had done. He also stated that stomach trouble is the foundation for a great many diseases and that his New Discovery, as it is called, would prove very effective in all cases of rheumatism simply by getting the stomach in working order.

That this prophecy has been fulfilled cannot be doubted after a half-hour spent at the young man's headquarters listening to what his callers have to say.

A reporter, who watched to ascertain, if possible, some light on the reasons for the immensity of Cooper's success, interviewed about twenty of his callers yesterday afternoon. The statements made by those seen indicate that physicians who claim that Cooper is merely a passing fad, have not looked into the facts.

Some of these statements were as follows:

W. J. Grant, a popular cigar dealer at 508 South Sixteenth street, upon being questioned, said: "After a most remarkable experience with the Cooper remedies, I cannot refrain from saying that anyone who is suffering in any way from stomach trouble, and who does not give this Cooper medicine a trial, is passing up a golden opportunity for restoration to good health.

"For three years I was troubled with my stomach, and what little I did eat gave me distress. Nothing tasted right. I felt weak and bad nearly all the time. I was nervous and allowed matters of small importance to worry me. I treated with two different physicians, but received no benefit. I had about reached the conclusion that medical science had not yet produced anything that would help me.

"However, a number of friends urged me to try Cooper's New Discovery, and they were so persistent that I finally took new hope and got a bottle of the Cooper medicine. After I had begun to take it I wondered why I had not taken it long ago. Its effect was marvelous—brought me right out. I regained my appetite, took on new strength—in fact, began to feel like a different man altogether. I would not have believed there was a medicine on earth that could do so much in so short a time. I have good reason to be grateful for what Cooper's New Discovery has done for me, and cannot praise it too highly."

The statement of Mr. William Kennedy, advertising manager of the Bennett Company, at Sixteenth and Harney streets, was as follows:

"Long and tedious hours of hard work, and continuous confinement in a stuffy office tended to put my stomach in a condition that has for many months made my life miserable. There is no need of my going into detail, for anyone who has ever had stomach trouble knows the suffering to be endured. I became weakened and run down, and life began to be a drag.

"A personal friend persuaded me to give the Cooper medicine a trial. I procured a bottle of the New Discovery preparation and began taking it. Relief came quickly, and in a short time I was feeling like a new man. I developed a splendid appetite, could eat anything I wanted with no ill effects, and it all tasted good. My strength returned and once more work became a pleasure.

"I have taken four bottles, and shall continue its use until I am fully recovered, which I am confident will not take long. This is a remarkable preparation for any one who is 'all in' as a result of close confinement and overwork. I earnestly recommend it to anyone in this condition."

Other statements taken from those who had previously used the medicines seem to prove that Cooper's success throughout the country is genuine.

Owns Up.

"Young man, I began life on a salary of four dollars a week."

"And lived with your father a while, I'm—well, yes, I did."

The face that lights up in conversation is not necessarily lantern-jawed.

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suitor. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook. Gillespie disappeared the following morning. A rough sailor appeared and was ordered away. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker. After a short discussion Donovan left surlily. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting a country church with $1,000. Gillespie admitted he knew of Holbrook's presence. Miss Pat acknowledged to Donovan that Miss Helen had been missing for a few hours. While riding in a launch, the Italian sailor attempted to molest the trio, but failed. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. She admitted conniving with her father despite her aunt's precautions, in a night meeting with Donovan. The three went for a long ride the following day. That night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. Helen's lover escaped. At the town post office Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft into the hand of the Italian sailor. She also signaled her father. Miss Pat and Donovan "took in" the canoe carnival. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe, when Helen was thought to have been at home. Donovan met Gillespie. The latter confided giving Helen $20,000 for her father, who had then left to spend it. Gillespie told of the queer state of the Holbrook affairs. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the night. She told him Gillespie was nothing to her. He confessed his love for her. Donovan found Gillespie gagged and bound in a cabin, inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook.

"Who Was the Other Man That Wanted You to Kill Holbrook?"

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"You ugly dago! you infernal pirate—" he bawled.

There was no mistaking that voice, and I now saw two legs clothed in white duck that belonged, I was sure, to Gillespie. My head and shoulders filled the window and so darkened the room that the prisoner thought his jailer had come back to torment him.

"Shut up, Gillespie," I muttered. "This is Donovan. That fellow will be back in a minute. What can I do for you?"

"What can you do for me?" he spluttered. "Oh, nothing, thanks! I wouldn't have you put yourself out for anything in the world. It's nice in here, and if that fellow kills me I'll miss a great deal of the poverty and hardship of this sinful world. But take your time, Irishman. Being tied by the legs like a calf is bully when you get used to it."

In turning over, the better to level his ironies at me, he had stirred up the dust in the straw so that he sneezed and coughed in a ridiculous fashion. As I did not move he added:

"You come in here and cut these strings and I'll tell you something nice some day."

I ran round to the front door, kicked it open and passed through a square room that contained a fireplace, a camp bed, a trunk, and a table littered with old newspapers and a few books. I found Gillespie in the adjoining room, cut his thongs and helped him to his feet.

"Where is your boat?" he demanded.

"On the west side."

"Then we're in for a scrap. That beggar goes down there for water; and he'll see that there's another man on the island. I had a gun when I came," he added mournfully.

He stamped his feet and threshed himself with his arms to restore circulation, then we went into the larger room, where he dug his own revolver from the trunk and pointed to the shotgun in the corner.

"You'd better get that. This fellow has only a knife in his clothes. He'll be back on the run when he sees your canoe." And we heard on the instant a man running toward the hut. I opened the breech of the shotgun to see whether it was loaded.

"Well, how do you want to handle the situation?" I asked.

He had his eye on the window and threw up his revolver and let go.

"Your pistol makes a howling noise, Gillespie. Please don't do that again. The smoke is disagreeable."

"You are quite right; and shooting through glass is always unfortunate! there's bound to be a certain deflection before the bullet strikes. You see if were not a fool I should be a philosopher."

"It isn't nice here; we'd better bolt."

"I'm as hungry as a sea-serpent," he said, watching the window. "And I am quite desperate when I miss my tea."

I stood before the open door and he watched the window. We were both talking to cover our serious deliberations. Our plight was not so much a matter for jesting as we wished to make it appear to each other. I had experienced one struggle with the Italian at the houseboat on the Tippecanoe and was not anxious to get within reach of his knife again. I did not know how he had captured Gillespie, or what mischief that amiable person had been engaged in, but inquiries touching this matter must wait.

"Are you ready? We don't want to shoot unless we have to. Now, when I say go, jump for the open."

He limped a little from the cramping of his legs, but crossed over to me cheerfully enough. His white trousers were much the worse for contact with the cabin floor, and his shirt hung from his shoulders in ribbons.

"My stomach bids me haste; I'm going to eat a beefsteak two miles thick if I ever get back to New York. Are you waiting?"

We were about to spring through the outer door, when the door at the rear flew open with a bang and the sailor landed on me with one leap. I went down with a thump and a crack of my head on the floor that sickened me. The gun was under my legs, and I remember that my dazed wits tried to devise means for getting hold of it. As my senses gradually came round I was aware of a great conflict about me and over me. Gillespie was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with the sailor and the cabin shook with their strife. The table went down with a crash, and Gillespie seemed to be having the best of it; then the Italian was afoot again, and the clenched swaying figures crashed against the trunk at the farther end of the room. And there they fought in silence, save for the scraping of their feet on the puncheon floor. I felt a slight nausea from the smash my head had got, but I began crawling across the floor toward the struggling men. It was growing dark, and they were knit together against the cabin wall like a single monstrous, swaying figure.

My stomach was giving a better account of itself, and I got to my knees and then to my feet. I was within a yard of the wavering shadow and could distinguish Gillespie by his white trousers as he wrenched free and flung the Italian away from him; and in that instant of freedom I heard the dull impact of Gillespie's fist in the brute's face. As the sailor went down I threw myself full length upon him; but for the moment at least he was out of business, and before I had satisfied myself that I had firmly grasped him, Gillespie, blowing hard, was kneeling beside me, with a rope in his hands.

"I think," he panted, "I should like champignon sauce with that steak, Donovan. And I should like my potatoes lyonnaise—the pungent onion is a spurring tonic. That will do, thanks, for the arms. Get off his legs and I'll see what I can do for them. You oughtn't to have cut that rope, my boy. You might have known that we were going to need it. My father taught me in my youth never to cut a string. I want the pirate's knife for a souvenir. I kicked it out of his hand when you went bumpety-bumpety. How's your head?"

"I still have it. Let's get you outside and have a look at you. You think he didn't land with the knife?"

"Not a bit of it. He nearly squeezed the life out of me two or three times, though. What's that?"

"He gave me a jab with his sticker when he made that flying leap and I guess I'm scratched."

Gillespie opened my shirt and disclosed a scratch across my ribs downward from the left collar bone. The first jab had struck the bone, but the subsequent slash had left a nasty red line.

Gillespie swore softly in the strange phrases that he affected while he tended my injury. My head ached and the nausea came back occasionally. I sat down in the grass while Gillespie found the sailor's pail and went to fetch water. He found some towels in the hut and between his droll chaffing and his deft ministrations I soon felt fit again.

"Well, what shall we do with the dago?" he asked, rubbing his arms and legs briskly.

"We ought to give him to the village constable."

"That's the law of it, but not the common sense. The lords of justice would demand to know all the why and wherefores, and the Italian consul at Chicago would come down and make a fuss, and the man behind the dago would lay low and no good would come."

"When will Holbrook be back?—that's the question."

"Well, the market has been very feverish and my guess is that he won't last many days. He had a weakness for Industrials, as I remember, and they've been very groggy. What he wants is his million from Miss Pat, and he has own chivalrous notions of collecting it."

We decided finally to leave the man free, but to take away his boat. Gillespie was disposed to make light of the whole affair, now that we had got off with our lives. We searched the hut for weapons and ammunition, and having collected several knives and a belt and revolver from the trunk, we poured water on the Italian, carried him into the open and loosened the ropes with which Gillespie had tied him.

The man glared at us fiercely and muttered incoherently for a few minutes, but after Gillespie had dashed another pail of water on him he stood up and was tame enough.

"Tell him," said Gillespie, "that we shall not kill him to-day. Tell him that this being Tuesday we shall spare his life—that we never kill any one on Tuesday, but that we shall come back to-morrow and make shark meat of him. Assure him that we are terrible villains and man-hunters—"

"When will your employer return?" I asked the sailor.

He shook his head and declared that he did not know.

"How long did he hire you for?"

"For all summer." He pointed to the sloop, and I got it out of him that he had been hired in New York to come to the lake and sail it.

"In the creek up yonder," I said, pointing toward the Tippecanoe, "you tried to kill me. There was another man with you. Who was he?"

"That was my boss," he replied, reluctantly, though his English was clear enough.

"What is your employer's name?" I demanded.

"Holbrook. I sail his boat, the Stiletto, over there," he replied.

"But it was not he who was with you on the houseboat in the creek. Mr. Holbrook was not there. Do not lie to me. Who was the other man that wanted you to kill Holbrook?"

He appeared mystified, and Gillespie, to whom I had told nothing of my encounter at the boat-maker's, looked from one to the other of us with a puzzled expression on his face.

"All he knows is that he's hired to sail a boat and, incidentally, stick people with his knife," said Gillespie in disgust. "We can do nothing till Holbrook comes back; let's be going."

We finally gathered up the Italian's oars, and, carrying the captured arms, went to the east shore, where we put off in Gillespie's rowboat, trailing the Italian's boat astern. The sailor followed us to the shore and watched our departure in silence. We swung round to the western shore and got my canoe, and there again the Italian sullenly watched us.

"He's not so badly marooned," said Gillespie. "He can walk out over here."

"No, he'll wait for Holbrook. He's stumped now and doesn't understand us. He has exhausted his orders and is sick and tired of his job. A salt-water sailor loses his snap when he gets as far inland as this. He'll demand his money when Holbrook turns up and clear out of this."

We passed close to the Stiletto to get a better look at her. She was the trimmest sailing craft in those waters, and the largest, being, I should say, 37 feet on the water line, sloop-rigged, with a cuddy large enough to house the skipper. As we drew alongside I stood up the better to examine her, and the Italian, still watching us intently from the island, cried out warningly.

"He should fly the signal, 'Owner not on board,'" remarked Gillespie as we pushed off and continued on our way.

The sun was low in the western wood as we passed out into the larger lake. Gillespie took soundings with his oar in the connecting channel, and did not touch bottom.

"You wouldn't suppose the Stiletto could get through here; it's as shallow as a sauce-pan; but there's plenty and to spare," he said, as he resumed rowing.

"But it takes a cool head—" I began, then paused abruptly; for there, several hundred yards away, a little back from the western shore, against a strip of wood through which the sun burned redly, I saw a man and a woman slowly walking back and forth. Gillespie, laboring steadily at the oars, seemed not to see them, and I made no sign. My heart raced for a moment as I watched them pace back and forth, for there was something familiar in both figures. I knew that I had seen them before and talked with them; I would have sworn that the man was Henry Holbrook and the girl Helen; and I was aware that when they turned, once, twice, at the ends of the path, the girl made some delay; and when they went on she was toward the lake, as though shielding the man from our observation. The last sight I had of them the girl stood with her back to us, pointing into the west. Then she put up her hand to her bare head as though catching a loosened strand of hair; and the wind blew back her skirts like those of the Winged Victory. A second later the trees stood there alertly, with the golden targe of the sun shining like a giant's shield beyond; but they had gone, and my heart was numb with foreboding, or loneliness, and heavy with the weight of things I did not understand.

Gillespie tugged hard with the burden of the tow at his back. I will not deny that I was uncomfortable as I thought of his own affair with Helen Holbrook. He had, by any fair judgment, a prior claim. Her equivocal attitude toward him and her inexplicable conduct toward her aunt were, I knew, appearing less and less heinous to me as the days passed; and I was miserably conscious that my own duty to Miss Patricia lay less heavily upon me.

I was glad when we reached Glenarm pier, where we found Ijima hanging out the lamps. He gave me a telegram. It was from my New York acquaintance and read:

Holbrook left here two days ago; destination unknown.

"Come, Gillespie; you are to dine with me," I said, when he had read the telegram; and so we went up to the house together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COMPLIMENT FOR THE PASTOR.

Remark Not So Intended Really Amounted to as Much.

Aaron Bancroft, the father of the historian, was a Massachusetts clergyman who revolted against the Calvinism of the day. The young minister found himself held at arm's length by the surrounding clergy. In "The Life and Letters of George Bancroft" Mr. M. A. DeW. Howe quotes the following item from the old minister's "Memoranda:"

"An honest but very intelligent farmer of my parish, some ten years ago, accosted me in this manner:

"'Well, Mr. Bancroft, what do you think the people of the old parish say of me now?'

"I answered, 'I hope something good.'

"'They say, "If we find fault with him he does not mind it at all; and if we praise him he does not mind it, but keeps steadily on his own way; we therefore have concluded that it is best to let him alone."'

"The farmer mentioned the fact as a subject of laughter, but I thought, and still think that, taking the declaration in its bearings, it was the prettiest compliment I have received through my whole life."—Youth's Companion.

Cheating the Law.

Man on Shore—I'm going ter have you arrested when you come outer thar!

"Te—he! I ain't coming out—I'm committing suicide!" (Sinks with a bubbling grin.)—Life.

The average man is always paid average wages.