"Take it away,

the baby into her lap.

van fust going to find-"

"Land!" she cried.

under his arm again.

narement and displeasure.

quick!" holding out the wondering baby to

omething," murmured the diminished pro-

fessor, tucking the wriggling infant meekly

"Well, I have, but 'taint a baby-land!"

cried the little woman, sharply. "I've lost my best pocket handkerchief-it was the

among themselves. The little woman edged

further into her corner and regarded the

poor professor distrustfully. She seemed to

be expecting another attack at any moment,

and only breathed freely when he and his

"The plot thickens," muttered Prof. Pom-

roy Pettingill Lee, despairingly. "I reckon

He hovered weakly about the waiting room

"Isn't there a place here where you leave

"Certainly, certainly, sir! We have a

coom where any lost articles are kept until

called for by the owner. If you will pass

The professor applied the rumpled baby

"I guess it'll squeeze hrough-it's limp,

"Mighty Caesar, man, it's a baby! We

on't keep that kind of property! Er-take

back at once, sir. I-it's going to cry-

There wasn't any place on the top of the

arth to drop it into. He shouldered it

again with a muffled groan and turned

away. The tiny head nestled against his

cheek in drowsy content. A little thrill of

wakening tenderness set the professor's

"Poor little chap!" he found himself think-

a the desperate hope of running upon the

right mother among all the mothers. "She

ought to come toward it like a needle to a magnet." reasoned Prof. Pomerov Pettingill

Lee, wisely. "By all that's mighty, I'll give

But the mothers who met them and passed

them and jostled them were all the wrong mothers. Once he spied a little woman, in

earnest conversation with a taller one. They

"What would you do? I'm at my wit's

end. I've tried everything," the small

woman was saying, rather excitedly. Her

"I'd advertise," the tall woman said,

By all that was might-the professor hur-

ied up to them eagerly. In his one glimpse

of the little woman's face he was sure it

was Cousin Agatha, Beside, wasn't she

ust on the eve of advertising for the baby?

"There is no need of it, ma'am," he stut-

tered hastily. "I've got it right here. I've

been looking for won ever since I-ah-ran

He was pressing the baby upon her, re

gardless of the fact that the small red face

was in inverse ratio to mother nature's

stared helplessly down at the back of the

"Of all things!" cried the taller lady.

Then they both laughed. The professor's

crestfallen, despairing face was too much

"Give it back," he gald with a groan,

'I've hit on the wrong one again. I've

been hunting all over everywhere to find

its mother. I'm not certain now it ever

"I'm sorry," the little woman cried heart-

ily. Her sweet, pleasant voice cheered him

baby. Mine's at bome in its cradic.

"You spoke of advertising, ma'am."

"O, yes-was that it? I was going to

"But really," interposed the other lady

"I ran away with it," the professor said

gloomily, "and with your permission I'm

And once more he was continuing his

hopeless hunt, shifting the sleeping baby

from one tired arm to the other, and peer

ing anxiously into all the little women's

"If I found her I shouldn't dare to hand

he little chap over to her," he mused. It's

But help was at hand. It came from the

quarter least expected. The professor met

wo of his college boys and in the frenzy

"Boys," he said, "if you had somebody

"Drop it," said one of the boys promptly.

"O, I say, professor, you come along with

ne. I know where she is," he cried, and his

voice was music in Prof. Pomeroy Pettin-

"I was down at the station, you know,

saw her when she got back and you weren't

there. Hi! didn't she rave, though! Then

somebody came along that she called

'Tom." I heard 'em say they were going to

The boy laughed. He was hurrying the

"Here, let me take the little kid. You

ook all used up. We'll find her all right,

professor-don't you worry. Here's the sta-

on-and, here you are, professor! Here's

This time the baby and the right mother

came together with perfectly satisfactory

Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee never re-

membered what explanations he made or

how he got home. His memory leaped a gap

there and began again at the front door

where pale, anxious little Heartsease met

"O, Pom?" Her voice and the upward in-

"Then come right in, dear boy, and see

He stopped at the threshold. "Never!"

he cried grimly. "I've seen all of Cousin

Arnold's Bromo Celery cures headaches. 10c, 25c, 50c. All druggists.

FAVORITE OF THE REGIMENT.

Woman Distributes the Flowers on

When the soldier boys left recently, re-

lates the Denver Times, there was one

bright-looking girl standing on the depot

platform. She wore one of the fashionable

down her cheeks, she saw the other girls

burying the brave boys in literal forests

"Please may I have one of those flowers

She took his hand and, in a voice almost

womanly, said: "Yes, sir, and may God

flection asked everything. His voice

She laughed aloud with relief.

the station to set the police on you."

The other one's face was suddenly enlight-

else's baby and didn't want it, what would

curiously, "I wish you'd tell us how you

don't see what made you think-"

advertise for a cook!"

mighty risky business!"

of despair stopped them.

you do with it?"

gill Lee's ears.

professor along.

answered her:

"Yes, Heartsease."

Cousin Agatha's baby.'

agatha's baby I want to,"

the kid's mother herself!"

came by the baby

do so again now."

sciously. "But, you see, it isn't my

had one. There isn't anything certain!"

away with it accidentally. I assure you

"That's the way I found

clear-cut, distinct tones reached the pro-

heartstrings to vibrating gently.

were in evident consultation.

Drop it? Oh, no, there was no danger.

for a while and then went to the ticket

-ah-things that have been lost, until-

unwelcome little charge got off the car.

we're in for it, little chap."

o the small square opening.

harp or you'll drop it!"

he said, cheerfully.

her a fair chance!"

fessor's ear intact.

baby's head.

for them.

"Why!" she gasped.

he began.

to me-

one Ann Sophy gave me Christmas." The other passengers were smiling broadly

Meeting Cousin Agatha.

By ANNIE H. DONNELL.

"Heartsease?"

Cousin Agatha-Cousin Agatha' over and in a tumble, over, so you won't forget you're going to

"Cousin Agatha-Cousin Agatha-"

could only go instead of you!" The face of Heartsease against the pillow was wistful and distinctly anxious. Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee regarded it with its bonnet.

time. You shall see how I'll distinguish my- o'clock car up." self. Hoper-may-die if I don't!" "Well, I'll trust you, Pom. Now, let me

"And doesn't wear glasses-most everybody does, you know-and has light hair and smiles. When we went to school together she always smiled. I should know

her just by that. Now, say your lesson after

He repeated it gravely.

"There, now you may go, dear boy. If he only doesn't get things mixed," she thought, following the big, square figure across the room with loving eyes. "If he only does it right! Pom. Pom!" "At your service, 'm."

"No, don't come back. Are you certain sure you read the letter all through?"

"Hoper-may-die if I didn't, little woman!" "O. dear," still worried Heartsease softly, "if I'd only read it! Why did I have that nervous headache just when it came? And then why diff Pom lose it? O, dear!"

Meanwhile Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee was swinging down street with painful alertness in every motion of his big figure. He was keeping his mind on cousin Agatha Wild horses themselves should not drag it

The city clock clanged loudly, insistently in his cars and reminded him of the flight of time. He hailed a passing car and settled himself comfortably on one of its cushioned seats. Might as well ride and reserve all his strength for cousin Agatha.

There was a trifling hitch in his complacent self-resignation when the conductor came around for fares. Where in the world was that change? Confound it, a man had as many pockets as a centipede had feet! Ah, there it was, and something else, toocousin Agatha's lost letter. "I'll review it again, now it's turned up

again so handy." thought the professor, smoothing out the crushed, sweet-scented sheet on his knee. 'My dear cousin-m-m-m-m-m-and

reach you at about three forty-five in the afternoon (that's all right side up)-m-m-

The professor straightened himself, aghast with horror. He had never seen that part before. Heavens, no! He didn't read that to Heartsease. Now, why by all that was mighty must a woman tack on a postcript to everything she wrote? And this post-

The poor man groaned aloud in his extremity and the meek little man beside him was moved with pity. 'Are you in pain, sir?" he inquired softly

"Pain? pain? I'm in the last extremity.

And he was obliged, out of sheer gratitude for the little man's compassion, to accept one of the little white lozenges he proffered with nervous cordiality.

"P. S .- I shall bring baby with me. Of course I could not leave him and besides I know he will amuse you. He is so cunning." She was going to bring the baby with Cousin Agatha was going to bring the baby! And Heartsease hadn't known it, to tell him what to do!

He half rose to his feet with a wild idea of going back to little Heartsease for directions. Then he sank back on his seat again, for the city clock was clanging half past 3. Too late!

"You have had bad news, sir?" crooned the little meek man's kind voice again. Yes, O, yes, certainly, confounded bad Cousin Agatha's going to bringthat is-er-I will bid you good day, sir. 1-will get out here."

No need of imposing Cousin Agatha's the little meek man didn't look as if a baby would throw him into a panic. He probably had plenty of 'em at home. And hadn't known-Heartsease and he hadn't-that there was any baby in Cousin Agatha's quarter of the world. But o course they might have imagined it-well,



MEEK LITTLE MAN BESIDE HIM

WAS MOVED WITH PITY. there was nothing for it now but to ac make ready, two to start, three to-go!

The 3:45 express was just steaming into the great station with grunts of disapproval at being pulled up. Crowds of outgoers were eddying toward the long chain of cars, to be presently met and jostled by the incoming throng. Cabmen were shouting with hoarse persistence and baggage was being methodically maltreated.

Confusion was rampant. Prof Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, with great presence of mind, waited near the entrance of the ladies' room for Cousin Agatha and They would have to go in through that door and out through the opposite one—they could not escape him! He felt a wild impulse to accost all the women as they approached with: "Are you Cousin

Agatha?-or you?-or you?" Fortune favored him, for in all the steady even looked out on the platforms. Nobody stream of travel-stained, weary women was Cousin Agatha. And Cousin Agatha's filtering through the door past him, there baby purred in gentle slumber on his arm! were only two babies and one of those was a He had left Cousin Agatha's baby's mother

was, of course, Cousin Agatha's baby. "Here goes!" muttered Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, setting his teeth and brush- rushing back to the station surged with ing past the babyless women with a stifled kindred impulses through his brain. A cold

groan, and fortifying himself with the perspiration broke out all over him. memory of little Heartsease.

The white baby's mother was "little"-

the docked off the items on his fingers mentally-"didn't wear glasses" (or did Cousin Agatha wear 'em?) -and "smiled." To be Heartsease's room he heard voices-the lit-

this one served to identify Cousin Agatha. The little woman sank down on a seat You'll keep your whole mind on Cousin near the door, and proceeded to rearrange Agatha? Keep saying, 'Cousin Agatha- the baby, whose soiled little clothes were

The professor, waiting to reinforce his courage, heard her crooning to it in the fashion mothers have-"There, there, it shall "O. no, you needn't begin now! O, Pom, be all smoothy-smooth again, yes it shall! it makes me have the cold shivers-if I Mother will drive away all the ugly wrinkles-so."

The baby crowed appreciatively. The little plnk, creased face swayed, and wriggled into "Let me take the baby." the professor

"Don't worry, little woman," he cried said, plunging in without foolish waste of cheerfully. "I'm on my good behavior this ceremony. There's just time to catch the 4 The weary little mother looked up at the

towering bulk of the big, strange man, with review you once more. She's little like a gasp of meek astonishment. He was clutching at the baby-he had him in his "Little like me," murmured the big man arms! Land of mercy! But his eyes were honest and kind.

"Are you Pom?" she stammered, cagerly, searching the resolute, martyr-like face for possible points of resemblance to her idea of us at the depot."

"Certainly, certainly," assented the big

He had come back for another goodby kies, sure, it was a very faint, tired smile that, it the woman's, low and sweet, and brisk, clearand loomed above her impressively. She was evident enough, was entirely for the and loomed above her impressively. She was evident enough, was entirely for the cut, unknown tones and a little gurgling put up her fragile finger and caught his baby's benefit. But a smile a smile, and voice keyed to high notes. "Hush, baby, hush," the clear-cut voice said chidingly.

north pole-anywhere."

she ever trust him again?

Heartsease had company!-was there no letup to a man's misery anywhere? But the door opened and the little

"Well, I'm in for it," groaned his

thoughts. "I've got to see it through—the baby, anyhow." The little flushed, sleeping

face appealed to him and not in vain. "I'll

get him landed and then I'll set the town

crier on Cousin Agatha. We'll find her between and betwixt us. When she's landed.

I'll sail for Europe! I'll get 'em to send

me on a scientific expedition to Africa—the

A little later he "landed" Cousin Agatha's

baby. Striding through the hall toward

voman came slowly, painfully toward him. "O. Pom!" and her voice had reproachful echoes in it. Wait till she knew the worst! In the dusk of the little hall the baby escaped instant notice.

"O, Pom, she's come-she took a carriage and just got here a minute or two ago." "Who's come? Not Cousin Agatha? Tell me guick!" "Yes, of course-Cousin Agatha.

you forget she was coming to see us?" The gentle, reproachful voice tried bard to be stern and cutting, but he did not her holding out a limp bundle at arm's length.

"The saints be thanked!" he was ejaculating heartily. "Let me pass, little woman. I've got ber baby-it's all safe."

"You've got what?" "Cousin Agatha's baby-here it is. No. "Cordella's husband." "She said he'd meet, you can't lift it. I'll carry it in. I've got to face it out, and the Lord help me!" "Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, you stand stock



HE STRUGGLED ACROSS AND DROPPED THE BABY INTO HER LAP.

tle familiar with pet names. No one but me everything-whisper it." Heartsease called him Pom-he did not notice the changed consonant. But what did it matter? It was the baby that mattered, and the baby was adjusting himself to the broad shoulder and crowing like a young bantam. His grimy little fists were pommeling the professor's cheek bones with im- he faced the little woman boldly. partial thumps-the baby was quite at

then, we'll have to step a little bit lively." And they were presently crossing the great room and making excellent headway toward the 4 o'clock car up. Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee was conscious of feeling a modest degree of pride at his own handiness with the crumpled, squirming little budget on his arm-it was easy enough, if you shut your eyes and plunged in. How proud O, where did you get this one? What have Heartsease would be! In his mind's eye he saw her pale little face lighting up approv-

saying: "Splendid, Pom! You're doing it like a hero!' Poor little Heartsease, in his mind's eye got there. he could not see the wistfulness in her face that crept in always at the sight of little children-and in the "dear boy's" arms!

ingly and in his mind's ear Heartsease was

Cousin Agatha's baby plunged wildly and was caught with a neat trick that presented itself for the emergency out of the mist of old base ball days. The danger was over for that time. Julius Caesar, did all the bables have St. Vitus' dance or was it an affliction monopolized by cousin Agatha's baby? How often did the fits come on? Would there be time to get to the car before the next one?

A group of the professor's students looked up in undisguised amusement as the little baby on everybody else, but, confound it, procession swept by them, and one of them collapsed weakly into the arms of the others.

"Hold me! Save me!" he gasped. "The old chap's picked up somebody's kid in an absent-minded fit and is making off with

Half way down the long station the baby's nother made a discovery that filled her with dismay. "Land of mercy, I've left my little handbag," she cried, but in the din left it right where I was sitting-I'il hurry laughed. Cousin Agatha's baby, on the other back-I won't be gone more'n a minute!' And the crowd swallowed up her rusty little figure. On the corner outside of the station, the professor and cousin Agatha's baby hailed it wildly.

"Hurry up!" shouted the conductor, crossly, his fingers twitching on the rope. The professor stood aside for Cousin Agatha to enter, and then followed the stout, unwieldy female down the aisle unsuspecting and serene. So far, everything was going on finely-the saints send a prosperous ending to the enterprise! He settled himself and readjusted the baby with an air of off-hand ease that tallied oddly with his perspiring, anxious face. He got out his watch and jackknife for playthings, opening the knife absently and extending it, handle foremost, with a slight, courteous inclination toward the small grasping fists. Fortunately it dropped to the floor and Cousin Agatha's baby's life was saved.

The car jolted on block after block, making stops and jerking into motion again. It was well "up" before Prof. Pomeroy Petingill Lee suddenly realized that it was incumbent on him to converse a little with Cousin Agatha. Certainly, certainly-what had he been thinking of? The baby had fallen asleep and the immediate danger of another fit was over-he might look away safely for a moment.

"Er-it's very pleasant weather," he ven-"It's raining," snapped the stout

beside him, tilting her nose in palpable scorn.

was mighty-she wasn't Cousin Agatha! Where was Cousin Agatha? He searched the car with eager eyes-he himself and the astonished baby in it. little shiny affair in ebony. The other one behind-shades of mighty Caesar! A wild The professor's gaze lighted upon her and desire to raise the window and drop the baby out seized him-another wild idea of Wait-he must reflect. He must be cool.

man briskly, thinking cousin Agatha a lit- still where you are. Don't move. Now tell

She hovered weakly between him and kept on insistently and helped them out. The professor deposited the drowsy baby carefully on the floor and laid his watch on top of it with propitatory intent. Then

"I didn't mean to run away with it. I thought she was there, too-hoper-may-die "Here she goes! Your bag, ma'am—that's little chap is safe enough. I took care of if I didn't think so, little woman! But the right. I can take it in my other hand. Now him. Now, let me present arms and get it over with. I'd rather face the cannon's

"But Pom-O, Pomeroy Pettingill Leebut she's got it now, this minute. Of course, she's got it!"

"Got what?" thundered the professor, gardless of caution. "The baby. Cousin Agatha's got the baby.

you done?" She was down on the floor beside the soiled, tumbled baby, peering into its little puckered face and fingering the tiny moist hands. It was a baby, anyhow, however it

Cousin Agatha's got the baby?-this isn't Cousin Agatha's baby?" mumbled the professor stupidly. "Then," reviving suddenly, 'hers was the black one. There wasn't any other white baby but this. I guess I can

count two! She had this one when I spoke to her-"O, Pom, wait-do wait! You've got it all mixed up. You didn't speak to her-you spoke to somebody else. Cousin Agatha waited and waited for you and then she took

the hack up. Now, wait, let me think-Heartsease rocked herself back and forth in a wild attempt to unwind the tangle. Suddenly she stopped and gazed up at the

looming figure sternly. "Which way did it come, Pom-the train? Did it come from the west? "I-it came from the east," stammered the

professor, getting a mental view of the puffing train into focus. His hair rose in anguish-he hadn't thought of that before. "And Cousin Agatha's train came from the west," the voice of Heartsease was saying in his ears, like the voice of fate.

For a minute they gazed into each other's the professor did not hear. "I must have faces in horrified silence. Then they side of the partition, laughed, too. The professor came to himself first, and

picked up the disregarded baby stolldly, arranging the little clothes with a certain proprietary concern. "I'll carry this one back," he said, sol-

emnly. "I'll find cousin Agatha-his mother or something will break." "I should think so!" cried Heartsease. 'His mother's heart will break." He tramped down the hallway with resolute tread that inspired poor little

"Goodbye, Pom," she quavered after him, 'and don't give him to the wrong mother again. "Hoper-may-die," came back faintly to her from the front door as it close upon Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee and the wrong

Heartsease with a minimum of courage.

Outside in the cool air the baby woke up and wailed in distinct rebellion to existing circumstances.

"There-the-re!" crooned the professor wildly, tossing the little bundle of clothes up and down till the baby in very astonishment stopped crying and eyed him out of round blue eyes. Instinctively he seemed to appreciate the professor's distress of mind and gurgled sympathetic little remarks in tended for comfort. He did not cry again at all.

To take a car and go back to the station was the professor's first thought. He had a dim idea that the baby's proper owner might be there waiting for him to bring it back. Anyway, he would go there-it was some thing to do. He hailed a car and established

In a corner opposite sat a little woman in hats which appear like a garden of flowers evident distress of mind. She was agitated As she stood there, with tears coursing and uneasy and seemed to be searching for something, fumbling about her anxiously. of flowers. One of the soldiers, stepping up his heart gave an exultant leap. It was to her, asked: cousin Agatha looking for the baby. The on your hat?" baby's mother was still "cousin Agatha" to the professor's dazed, uncertain mind.

"She's little and anxious, and she's look-

ing for something-by all that's mighty I've bless you." What would Heartsease advise, the poor run against her the first thing!" he thought | Then she told them all to come and se

little woman, the poor little woman! Would in inexpressible relief. He staggered across lect a flower from her hat. The boys, with flowers may remind you of the pleasant to the little woman's corner and dropped hands grim and bronzed from camp life, scenes of home, and guide you as your dear "Here it is, ma'am;" he said, eagerly. "I The little woman recoiled in evident

ward the car said with emotion:

carefully culled them from the straw frame; old mothers would have taught you to go. until they were all gone. Then she put on There were several girls standing clos what was left of it, and, stepping back to- by who whispered: "I wouldn't ruin my hat that way," but the wiser heads remarked Boys, I wish there were more. I hope "There is a loyal American woman-God



Absolutely the Purest, Cleanest, Most Wholesome.

OFFICIALLY INSPECTED BEFORE EXPORTATION.

"Invigorates in the morning, refreshes

at night,"-good at all times.

Visit the Japan Tea Garden at the Omaha Exposition.

Address DAVOL MEDICINE CO., P. O. Box 2076, San Francisco, Cal. For Sale by MYERS-DILLON DRUG CC., S. E. Cor 16th and Farnam, Omaha

"THE BEST, AYE, THE CHEAPEST." AVOID IMITATIONS OF AND SUB-SITUTES FOR

SAPOLIO



WANTE TO THE TANK TO THE TANK

& Bladder

It's not a "patent" medicine, but is prepared freet from the formula of E. E. Barton, M. D., leveland's most eminent specialist, by Hjalmer A Henson, Ph. D., R. S. HAL-LEN is the greatest known restorative and invigorator. It erests thown restorative and invigorator.

Cieveland's most eminent specialist, by Hjalmer O. Benson, Ph. D., R. S. B. Ah. - b.E.N is the greatest known restorative and invigorator. It ereates solid flesh, muscle and strength, clears the brain, makes the blood pure and rich and causes a gneral freding of health, strength and renewed vitality, while the generative organs are helped forceain their not mail powers and the suffercr is quickly made conscious of direct benefit. One box will work wonders, six should perfect a cure. Full directions in every box, or fill out, the diagnosis sheet you find enclosed, and we will give your case special attention without extracharge. BAR-BEN is for sale at all drug stores, a 60-dose box for 50 cents, or we will mail it securely sealed on receipt of price.

DRS. HARTON AND HENSON.

91 Bar-Ben Block, Cleveland, O.

For sale by Kuhn & Co., 16th and Douglas; J. A. Fuller & Co., 16t Douglas St., and Graham Drug Co., 15th and Farnam, King Pharmacy, 2th and Leavenworth, E. J. Seykors, South Omaha, and all other druggists in Omaha, South Omaha, Council Bluffs.

MADE ME A MAN

Pictures of the Complete American Navy

All the more important Spanish vessels, photographs of Dewey, Sampson, Schley, Miles, Coppinger, Brooke, and all the great officers of the Army and Navy.



All the Spanish possessions, including Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, are shown on maps 24x18 inches,

Large Colored Maps of the East and West Indies

Together with mail and steamship routes, and distances to main seaport towns clearly shown.

You can follow the Movements of every War Vessel

And know the construction, cost, size, tonnage, armament, speed, etc., of every ship, and see the Portraits and names of their Brave Officers and Crews.

Secure this incomparable work at once.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

This Coupon with 25c will secure

The Official Photographs OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

NAVY PHOTOGRAPH DEPT.,

You can get this collection of pictures, with the

25c and This Coupon.

Mailed to any address in the United States or Canada, for 4 cents extra postage.

NAVY PHOTOGRAPH DEPT. THE OMAHA BEE.

Omaha, Bee Building; Council Bluffs, 10 Pearl St.; South Omaha, 24th and N. Sts; Lincoln, 1020 O St.