

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL · ARRANGEMENT · WITH · THEM

CHAPTER L

where the river plunges madly downward to roar at the base of precipitous the angry waters. rocks and writhe over bowlders in its shallow bed. Overhead dark hemlocks stealth and then in tremulous pencils. At such moments, against the somber flashes or the indigo bird is seen-a living sapphire in the sudden light. And birds enters the solemn aisles as though the gate of heaven were left ajar. Within these aisles the foot sinks luxuriously amid cushions of hemlock boughs and pine needles. The tall, time scarred trunks lift themselves dimly like pillars of some leafy gothic dome. The vague spicery. All nature is hushed and wan Only the river's mean comes faintly, and everywhere roundabout and pervading all things are the twilight and seclusion beloved by the dryad.

tain mild February afternoon was at all impressed by any of these sylvan suggestions I cannot say. Her untutored mind was as yet guiltless of mythology, and no vision of straying god or goddess, no whimsical train of nymph and faun, had hitherto invaded her slumbering fancy Yet swinging lightly in a netted hammock within an innermost recess of this spicy vault, just where a slanting beam of sunlight fell full upon her graceful figure, she might well have been mistaken for some wood nymph surprised amid was she, and yet so essentially in keeping with the woodland stillness, of which she seemed a part. She reclined at ease and lazily as the hammock swung noted the soft play of sunlight through the boughs above and the trembling arabesques of spray and shadow. Her hands holding a small leathern whip with deer foot han dle were clasped behind her head, at once with graceful and careless abandon. A blond beauty somewhat sun tanned and | better help that feller-or not?" freckle strewn, her attire a plain blue spur upon the shoe of her left foot tinkling as she swung, a fascinating picture

Whether Miss Cynthia Dallas on a cer-

Miss Cynthia was at present bareheaded. I regret that this negligence had become a habit. There was, I believe, a fact that it was decorated with a ribbon or two and a gaudy woodpecker's wing at an extravagant angle, may have been once intended for a becoming bonnet. But at the unexpected moment of the young lady's introduction a pet antelope fawn was attempting to browse upon it and from present indications meeting with gratifying success. The antelope was assisting his prandial experiments by a vicious attack upon the hat with his sharp fore feet. A grave hound, seated upon his haunches at a respectful distance, regarded the antelope's sincere efforts with a solemn approval that was certainly flattering. Cynthia, her abstracted eyes still lost in contemplation of the swaying canopy of green above her head or watching through a sudden vista the calm poise of a gray hawk circling aloft in the limitless ether, was rapt and all unconscious.

certainly for some stumbling Strephon.

Suddenly she raised her head with a start. A sharp, articulate cry broke the stillness. The antelope dashed away in sudden panic to a remote corner of the bower, where he stood eying her askance. a few feathers from the gaudy wing still clinging to his mouth. The great hound raised himself with a preliminary stretch and monstrous yawn, as if expecting a departure.

The girl caught up the luckless hat with a gesture of annoyance and a snap of her whip in the direction of the terrified fawn-a movement at which the hound, with drooping ears and tail, was stricken into an attitude of eloquent re-

"Not you, old boy," she said kindly, patting his broad head, "but his impudence yonder! He knows it, the cute rascal, and he'll hear from me later! Praps he thinks I'm sittin up nights makin lovely hats jes' to give him a chance to try his new teeth. Naturally not, I reckon. But, Aulus," she continued interrogatively, addressing the grave hound, "I'm sure I heard a noise, old boy, didn't you? What was thet? Didn't you get to hear it?"

The hound, raising his ears with the droll interest of dogs of that family, walked gravely to the edge of a cliff on which the bower abutted and looked solemnly down. Suddenly his tail began to wag with lively interest. The girl sprang from the hammock with a lithe activity that left it swinging furiously behind her. Creeping forward cautiously beside him, she gazed below. Far, abrupt and sheer, down the precipitous descent she beheld a man floundering in the rapids. A dog, dripping wet and timorously wretched, was following him. It was the latter which had awakened the interest of the grave Aulus.

Both were in evident distress and endeavoring to effect a crossing by leaping from bowlder to bowlder amil the

whirling waters. But the rocks were Midway between Lampasas and Ses elippery and moss grown, the current Saba the Colorado river runs-a wild dizzy and swift. All at once the man's romantic, winding stream. At times its feet slipped on a treacherous stone, and placid current flows evenly over dim he tottered heavily backward. He sat pling shoals and gleaming pebbles down rather than fell upon his wretched Again the water deepens, and by flower dog, which was following him closely bordered banks its current eddies sullen. with frantic leaps. The animal uttered slow and grand. But there is one place an agonizing yelp, and with a great splash ately shaking himself and dispensing a both dog and man were precipitated into

The girl threw her head back and forborne. laughed long and musically in her sylvan curtain this rage of waters from the gaze bower. At the unaccustomed sound a as if in angry protest, abandoned the trees. of day. The sunlight enters only by mocking bird that had strayed into her idea with grimness and then looked retreat and perched upon a high limb wrathfully around for a stone as more green of the swaying pines, the redbird turned his pretty head to one side and Finding, as usual in such emergencies. the rippling melody of rival mocking trotted coyly up to her. Aulus, with trunks only, he abandoned a tempomuzzle, testified the humor of the catas ranks of forest exhale their cool, damp fawn. The mocking bird looked down the surrounding rocks. Then he was apfew bars of bubbling melody by way of comment. Fully three minutes elapsed rock in the middle of the stream.

Cynthia now noticed that he carried filled with water during his recent imble plight. The dog at his side, with gamboling dog. cowering limbs and shivering hide, was hardly less miserable and wretched and her favorite haunts, so quaint a figure expressed in pathetic dumb show his conviction that matters could hardly be worse—at least from a dog's limited point of view. Two large and heavy that raged above dimpled past her in feathered objects which the man had just cast down from the rock completed the group.

"What do you think, old boy?" said the girl affectionately, taking the hound by both his large ears and gazing critically into his intelligent eyes. "Had I

Aulus wagged his tail and looked inwoolen gown that clung almost tenderly terested. All at once he raised his head stern, her hands crossed in her lap, but to the charming curves of her figure, but and bayed loud and deep, with a sharp her alert eyes glancing eagerly up and swinging thus, and with a little silver recoil, as if he stood in awe of his own down the bank in expectation. vocal efforts. Apparently this was em- the approaching meeting had constrained phatic advice that assistance was neces-

At least Cynthia acted upon it promptly. She leaned far over the cliff, holding on by the low branches of a scarred felt comething lying on the ground and time beaten hemlock. A sunburst among the pine needles, which, from the from the nodding boughs above fell full upon her red gold head and shoulders.



Her voice echoed musically down the rocks. Above the noise of the rushing waters, above the sighing of the tossing pines, it reached the ear of the hapless wayfarer like a silver bell. The man started and swept the sides of the ravine with a surprised and earnest glance. Suddenly his gaze became fixed. He had espied Cynthia. To the unfortunate sportsman in the gloomy chasm the bright face peering so curiously down upon him from its coign of vantage was like an inspiration in the midst of his distress. His fancy transfigured her with all the graces of hope.

"Halloo!" The reply came clear up to Cynthia. She put her hand to her mouth to assist her voice and shouted down a word of homely advice:

"Throw them turkeys into the river! Don't you see thet's what's keepin you back? Make for the shore you've jes' left and go down the bank a little! I'll be down and help you over with a boat

Then the bright, animated vignette was gone from his fascinated eyes. Nothing was left but the precipitous wall of the ravine, with its fringing mantle of hem-

lock and pine. few moments gazing upward. He smiled with a frank good humor that threw a genial light upon strong features, bronzed on forehead and cheek by exposure and partially hidden beneath a light curling beard, more carefully trimmed than dog, stood revealed before her eyes. He usual on the frontier. Although begrimed and generally disordered from his recent contact with the river's bed, there was much about his dress to indicate the gentleman. He wore knee boots. well made and of modern fashion. His jaunty hunting jacket had a stylish cut and finish, the metal buttons being embossed with trophies of the chase.

The hat upon his head was new and of an excellent quality of felt. What was more unusual, it was becoming and

seemed in keeping with the athletic build, the manly face and bearing of the figure it surmounted. The gun he carried was breechloading and double barreled. A cameo ring graced the hand that held it. Altogether he looked the picture of a comfortable ranchman overtaken by embarrassing circumstances, in need of nothing so much as a warm fireside and a dash here and there of soap and water.

Such was probably his own opinion, for after a few moments' hesitation he acted with promptness and dispatch. He cast the two turkeys into the stream hardly stopping to watch them as they were borne away on the rapid current to float to some vantage point below him. Then he looked hurriedly around a second, shivered a little, pushed his wretched dog off the rock into the water and quite indifferent to the pitiful yelp with which the favor was received atruptly followed the animal. Alternately wading and leaping from rock to rock both gained the shore, the dog immedigratuitous shower that effectually drenched his master where the river had

apparently for rest and meditation direct and persuasive in canine logic listened attentively, as if about to favor that missiles were not available, and that her with an imitation. The antelope he was confronted by bowlders and tree rapidly wagging tail and whimpering rary impulse to impersonate Ajax and burst into a hearty laugh. The dog, a trophe from a canine standpoint. In handsome shepherd, which had meanthis sympathetic merriment Cynthia while awaited dissolution with pathetic half reclined between her pets, one arm resignation, took courage at once and about the hound's neck, the other thrown thankfully wagged a dripping tail that caressingly around the already forgiven distributed a watery benediction upon approvingly and actually improvised a parently rendered delirious by the prospect of farther advance dry shod and be came a frolicsome nuisance, demonstrain this harmonious interchange of opin tive, unduly familiar and generally union. Then the girl crept forward again bearable. The man interposed a few and peered below. The man had extri kicks of his heavy boot by way of comcated himself from the water and was mentary upon this obtrusive pleasantry, seated, chilly and miserable, upon a large which was appreciated and had a salutary effect.

But here both were surprised in their a gun, the barrels of which had been diversions by a loud call down the river -that indescribable vocal effort which mersion. He was occupied in emptying indicates a search. The man recalled the fowling piece, squeezing the water himself as if with regret for his forgetfrom his dripping clothing and regard fulnes, and hurried away over the rocks ing with general discomfiture his pitia along the shore, closely followed by hit

### CHAPTER II.

Cynthia awaited the stranger. She was seated in a flat bottomed boat at a wide bend of the river, where the water sullen eddies. She had but lately rowed across, and the oars, thrown carelessly down, were beaded and dripping. With maiden recklessness she had beached the little craft high and dry upon the rocks.

Still in no sense discomposed by the shock of landing and entirely serene as to possible damage to the boat from the recent collision, she sat quietly in the her to greater formality in dress than usual, for she had donned the unfortunate hat. It now proved to be simply a soft felt, the brim of which had been caught up at one side and garnished with a ribbon or two and the wing already mentioned-a poor substitute in feminine eyes, doubtless, for the exquisite follies of civilization, but worn amid her present surroundings with a picturesqueness and dash that were not without their charm.

Beyond her the dark river, flowing with its slow but irresistible current, swept calmly on its way. The faint green of trees upon the farther bank, the sharp outlines of rock and bowlder, framed her graceful figure against a rugged background. The noise of the waters above came to her ear but faintly. High over her head a red shafted flicker tapping monotonously upon a withered limb accented the lonely stillness of the ravine. while at intervals a sharp yelp of despair drifted across the river where the abandoned Aulus, distinctly discernible in the dim light, mounted guard at the boat

landing and bewailed her absence. The girl sighed regretfully. She waved her hand from the boat in reassurance to the faithful animal.

"Keep quiet, old man! I'm comin back d'rectly!" she shouted.

But her reflections were less amiable. "I reckon thet chap allows me to be pretty accommodatin waiting to ferry him over till nigh onto sundown. P'raps he thinks it's my reg'lar business rowin half drowned men and wet dogs across the Colorado. P'raps," she continued. glancing down in the bottom of the boat where the dripping bodies of the turkeys she had picked up on the way over were lying-"p'raps he reckons it's pleasant entertainment haulin bis game into the boat and gettin soaked into the bargain. I wonder now naturally if thet's his

opinion." But here a mournful succession of bays and howls from the aggrieved Au-

lus interrupted her meditations. She sprang to her feet, impatiently seizing an oar, as if to push the boat off and recross the river. A brief moment she stood thus erect, her blue eves flashing, the indignant blood mantling her cheek as she placed the blade of the oar upon a neighboring rock and threw the whole weight of her lithe body upon it The man on the rock remained for a But her efforts were futile. The unwieldy scow remained fixed and immovable. Then there was a sharp clatter among the rocks, the underbrush upon the bank parted suddenly, and the dilatory stranger, followed by his effusive stopped abruptly, smiled, and dropping the butt of his gun to the ground leaned upon it with both hands upon the muzzle. The dog, evidently surprised at the sudden meeting, sat down at once upon his haunches, and with panting jaws appeared to be including in one tremendous grin the whole encounter and the afternoon's incidents.

Thus surprised, Cynthia's resolution vanished before that charming embar- they were rowing back against the sullen rassment which sometimes overtakes her purrent the silence that had fallen be-

ex. She stood a moment irresolute, sur reying the easy self possession of the man before her. The next, the oar, with shower of spray, dropped awkwardly from her nervous grasp into the stream. Reckless of the effect of this accident upon her future rowing, she was immediately overcome with solicitude for her personal appearance, attempted to adjust a straggling lock of hair, and finally catching up her fallen hat and setting it quickly on her head sat down, a very bewitching picture of confusion, and yet not without an effort to assert herself that only increased her discomfiture.

The man looked amused, but straightway acted with the decision of a frontiersman. He glanced at the floating oar. Then he stepped quickly forward. placed his gun in the boat, and lifting the bow clear of the rocks by sheer strength shoved it off into the current, stepping in adroitly as he did so. His dog, with the imitative faculty of his kind, attempted to follow suit, but the force of the launching being considerable only succeeded in catching one foot on the gunwale, where he hung a miserable second, until, falling in with a loud splash, he began at once to swim after The man recoiled, opened his mouth the boat with the usual whines of dis-



The dilatory stranger stood revealed be fore her.

Strangely enough, it needed this pitiful incident to restore Cynthia to her natural composure. With her affection for dumb animals her assurance returned. She leaned forward and glanced boldly up at the stranger. He was standing erect, using the remaining oar as a paddle and urging the boat swiftly in pursuit of the lost one, which already in the sweep of the current was drifting rapidly away.

"Don't you reckon you better haul thet poor pup in, jes' naturally?" she inquired, fixing her critical eyes upon him.

The man glanced at her in amazement and burst into a ringing laugh.

"Certainly, if you say so," he said good naturedly, arresting his oar. "But to lift him in now means a shower bath for both of us. It's a neat little way with him in return for such favors," he added. with pardonable irony in view of his recent experience. "However, I can stand it," glancing down at his dripping boots and trousers, "but I thought you'd object.

"Don't you worry about me," returned Cynthia frankly. "Them turkeys settled thet!" She paused and whipped her bespattered skirt about her pretty ankles by way of comment. Then, with a toss of her head, she went on:

"I reckon thet gobbler'll weigh nigh onto 25 pounds. I had all I could swing to. It was nip and tuck for awhile whether he'd pull me in or I him, but-1 She laughed and touched the great

turkey with her foot as she exulted over her exploit in girlish triumph.

Her companion, having his attention for the first time attracted to the recovery of his game, thanked her warmly and applauded her achievement. His praise was received with apparent gratification and a sudden revelation of brilliant teeth and becoming dimples.

Meanwhile the struggling dog had overtaken the drifting boat and was making impotent efforts to clamber in. falling back repeatedly with agonized whining.

The girl sprang forward suddenly and caught him by the collar. She attempted to lift him in bodily, but without success. With her hand still upon the leathern strap, she turned impatiently to the stranger:

"Are you going to stand there as if you was moonstruck and let your poor

dog drown naturally?" she inquired. Thus besought, the man stooped down, and without more ado lifted the dog into the boat, receiving at once the customary tribute. It was delivered on the present occasion with a frankness and devotion to detail that made it noteworthy. In addition to drenching the two in the boat, it rendered occupancy of the seats unpleasant and boating an actual hardship.

During this animated cascade Cynthia covered her face with her hat and shook with laughter. The man turned his back upon his dog with manifest disgust. As soon as it was safe to do so he faced about and regarded Cynthia with grim amusement. "He did right smart, didn't he?" she

inquired, looking up brightly at him, her eyes still dancing with her recent merri-"For an ordinary dog," replied her

companion quietly, "a modest, unobtruve, unassuming brute, I should think he "I reckon so," she said quickly. Then

casting a sudden glance down the river. 'Don't you reckon there'd be more sense in gettin thet oar than jes' wastin daylight talkin about your dog?" The brusquer as of this rebuke was

lessened by a quiver of mirth that twitched the corners of her rosy mouth and flashed from her mischievous eyes. The man looked at her searchingly and with a grave surprise at her abruptness. Without a word he turned the boat again into the current and began to paddle with a rapidity that seemed an apology for his recent negligence.

Until the oar had been recovered and

freen them both had been in marked entrast to their previous merriment. This became so marked as they proceeded that Cynthia began to be distressed.

The sun no longer visited the river in occasional shafts and stray glimpses. It was sinking below the wooded heights. A vague chill crept over the river. The stranger shivered and suddenly addressed her. It brought a certain relief to Cyn-

"Where do you live, young lady?" The girl experienced a delicious tremor at this form of address. His voice was low and deep, and there was a quiet dig-

nity about his manner. 'Up at the ranch-back of the bluff."

"Whose ranch?" "Father's."

"And his name?" "Dallas-Alcides Dallas-but they call him Al for short-that is, some do. But others call him Allsides—Buck says it's 'cause he's uncertain in his votin. They can't allers count on him for the Democratic ticket. My name's Cynthia."

Her companion, having already experienced the divine despair of the average Republican in Texas, was not wanting in his appreciation of the woes of the elder Dallas. Howbeit, he made no political comment beyond a grave lifting of the eyebrows. But the name haunted

"Cynthia," he said, repeating it slow-"Cynthia Dallas. How do you get to your ranch, Miss Cynthia?"

"Not Miscynthia, but plain Cynthia," she said, "or Cynthy, as father says. But I hate that. You can call me Cyn-

Her companion looked up with a smile as he noted the privilege conveyed by her emphasis.

"Thanks," he said simply. "Well, Cynthia, do you suppose your father has any room at his ranch for a miserable, tired, half drowned hunter-a 'tenderfoot' we'd better call him, for he was fool enough to let his horse walk off and leave him up a turkey roost?"

Cynthia's curiosity and sympathy were awakened at once.

"Your pony walked off and left you. did he? Well, now!" She laughed. Then. as her frontier instincts asserted themselves, there was a little disdain in her manner as she inquired, "Can't you tie the cowboy's hitch?'

Her companion felt the implied slur for he colored visibly under his beard. "I must have been careless, I suppose or else the knot slipped," he replied apologetically. "At any rate that's the state of the case-no horse, rider wet, tired and hungry, dog ditto. Do you suppose your father can give shelter for the night to two tramps?"

"I reckon," said the girl simply. She stooped to pat the dog's wet head compassionately. "Poor 'Ditto!" she murmured. Then, looking up quickly with a mischievous glance, "What's the name of the other tramp?

"He calls himself Henry Bruce, and he hails from the 'Mesquite valley ranch, of which you may have heard," returned her companion, showing by a humorous twinkle that her sarcasm was appreciated.

"The 'Mesquite valley ranch!" exclaimed Cynthia, with an astonishment of manner that she did not attempt to conceal. "Ye don't say! Well, Henry Bruce, I don't reckon you'll have any call to complain of the treatment you'll get from father. Barrin the fact that a stray steer o' yours gets into our corn bin now and then he hasn't anything to complain of."

All at once her thoughts reverted to the ranchman's straying horse. Dumb animals possessed a peculiar interest for

"Won't that poor pony of yours get a whalin naturally?" she inquired. wonder where he is now?"

"I suppose his present address is Texas, on the Wing." replied her companion, with gravity. "On general principles, yes, I think I may safely say he'll have an intelligent idea later of the capacity of a quirt. But I shall have plenty of time to consider all that and possibly to get over my temper before I see him again. Meanwhile," he added, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. 'I'm feeling a little chilly and very much in need of dry clothing. Excuse me, Cynthia, but if you could hurry matters a little and get me home it

would be better for all concerned." The girl responded with promptness

to this appeal.

"I reckon you're right," she said quickly and with a sudden blush that was very becoming. "It's mighty slack in me to be so careless sittin here botherin you with questions and you freezin to death. Hand me thet paddle."

She pointed out a small oar that had hitherto laid unperceived in the bottom of the boat.

"Now, if you'll row for all you're worth against this current I'll have you at the landing in a jiffy. We're almost Insured and guaranteed against fire, there anyhow

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

His Apology.

Elder Spudkins, who keeps a store at Quohosh, was sent as temporary supply to a pulpit in the village of Podunk, four miles away. He was late at the morning service and apologized thus:

"Brethren, I hope you will pardon my tardiness this morning, but the fact is I was kept up late last night opening the finest stock of dry goods ever brought to Quohosh. We will sing the one hundred and third hymn."-Brooklyn Life.

"This is my latest scheme for calling attention to my wares," remarked the industrious poet and humorist as he displayed an engraved letter head bearing the following

'In returning manuscript editors are politely requested to inclose stamps enough to send it along to the next office on the route."-Truth.

Speed the Parting Guest.

Sister Theysay-I grievously regret you are to leave our church, dear pastor.

Pastor Peaceful—You should not grieve. No doubt the Lord will send you a better

servant to fill my place. Sister Theysay-I have no such hope. Of the last 13 pastors we have had each one has been worse than the other .- Texas Siftings.

## Cancers in the Neck

Terrible Choking Sensation



Mrs. James Baker

of Locust Valley, Long Island.

"Four years ago, while living in Trinklad, Colorado, a small lump appeared on my neck, which gradually swelled and developed into an intensely painful livid sore with a centre filled with granulations like shot. Another sore appeared an inch or two distant, and I had to give up and return to my parents in Brooklyn. Physicians pronounced them cancers and

#### Performed An Operation

for their removal. I suffered a great deal before the operation, and far worse since. One of the cancers, the smaller one, healed over but was as sore as ever, while the other did not heal and was worse. The physicians told me I would have to submit to another operation, but

I said I would Die First

A similar lump a year ago came on the rightside of my neck. For many months I could swallow only liquid or very soft food, and sometimes found great difficulty in speaking aloud. At the suggestion of a friend, I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the only thing I regret is that I did not take it years ago, and thus have prevented terrible suffering, for had I taken the medicine. I sincerely believe I should not have on the bald prairie while he was looking needed any operation at all. These sores are now, after taking two bottles,

**Completely Cone** and, I am satisfied, permanently healed up. The lump on the right side of my neck has

nearly all dried up, and no longer causes me Hood's parita Cures

more, and can use my voice as well as ever." MRS. JAMES BAKER, Locust Valley, Long Island Hood's Pills cure Nausea, Sick Headache, tion, Biliousness. Sold by all druggists

any inconvenience. I can eat anything once

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