

The Foundation Stone of Success.
The one great rule of business is that of honesty, absolute and unqualified honesty. All the rules of business are worthless if they are not founded on that one and only foundation stone to true commercial success. Honesty is not alone the best policy in business; it is the one and only policy. Upon it, and upon it alone, can a good reputation be built, and a man in business without a reputation for honesty might just as well stop. Any deviation from the rule of honesty in business may bring temporary gain, but it invariably means permanent loss. On the other hand, strict adherence to an honest policy may mean a temporary loss, but it is sure to result in permanent gain.

Almost Cheaper Than Walking
are the low rates offered by the Burlington Route (C. B. & Q. R. R.) Tuesday, June 11th, when round trip tickets to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota and Utah will be on sale at half the regular tariff.

Think of it—Half the regular tariff. Travelers to whom economy is an object—and that means everybody—will take advantage of the money-saving opportunity. For a time-table of the Burlington Route as well as for full information about rates and trains, apply to the nearest ticket agent or write to
J. FRANCIS,
Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Omaha, Neb.

The June Atlantic contains installments of the two leading serials by Mrs. Ward and Gilbert Parker, also a short story of frontier garrison life, by Ellen Mackubin, entitled "Rosa." Another bit of fiction, of unusual character and interest is, "Through the Windows: Two Glimpses of a Man's Life." Lafcadio Hearn contributes a delightful paper entitled "In the Twilight of the Gods," which, with Mary Stockton Hunter's poem, "A Japanese Sword-Song," gives this issue a distinct flavor of the Orient. Percival Lowell continues his readable paper upon Mars, discussing in this issue the Water Problem. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The Nickel Plate's New Trains.
The new train service of the Nickel Plate road, which went into effect Sunday, May 12th, has met the approval of the traveling public. On all sides are heard expressions of universal satisfaction regarding the efforts which this popular road is making in the interests of its patrons. Three fast trains are now run in each direction daily. Superb dining car service; no change of cars for any class of passengers between Chicago, New York and Boston. City ticket office, 111 Adams street, Tel. Main 388. Depot, Twelfth and Clark streets. Tel. Harrison 200.

The Highest Type of Hunting.
In my estimation, the pursuit of the mountain sheep is the highest type of hunting our continent affords. To "collect" an old ram requires good legs, good lungs, good judgment and good shooting. In the doing of it you are bound to rise in the world, to expand mentally, morally and physically, and to come under the spell that nature always lays upon the hunter who once sets foot upon her crags and peaks. To regret the disappearance of the mountain sheep even more than the passing of the buffalo and elk, for it is an animal of finer mould and stronger and more interesting character every way. It is much more alert than the mountain goat, and therefore more difficult to shoot—so say the men who have hunted both.—W. T. Hornaday in St. Nicholas.

Are You Going East This Summer?
Don't forget that the great summer tourist route is the Michigan Central. "The Niagara Falls Route," a first-class line for first-class travel, the popular line to Niagara Falls, Mackinac Island, the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, Portland by the Sea, Boston, and New England points, New York and the seashore.

Send ten cents postage for "A Summer Note Book." It will tell you all about these places and how to reach them. O. W. RUGGLES,
Gen'l Pass'r and Tkt. Agt., Chicago.

The Century Company has issued a new poster by Eugene Grasset for the June number of The Century Magazine. It illustrates Prof. Sloane's Life of Napoleon, and is no less striking in its way than Grasset's famous "Sun of Austerlitz," which has already become so well known in this country. The subject is Napoleon in Egypt, just preceding the Battle of the Pyramids. Napoleon is seated upon his white charger, which has rich barbaric trappings of red and gold. The arm of the conqueror is extended, pointing to the Pyramids, as if uttering his ringing address, "Soldiers, forty countries look down upon you from the summit of the Pyramids." Past him march the troops. The yellow glare of the desert, the dun-colored sky and the brilliant uniform of Napoleon make an unusual harmony of color.

A Month Among the Mountains.
Teachers, and their friends, too, for that matter, who want information about the best, absolutely the best, way to reach Denver at the time of the National Educational Association meeting next July should write to J. Francis, Omaha, Neb., for a copy of a little book recently issued by the Passenger Department of the Burlington Route (C. B. & Q. R. R.). It is entitled "To Denver via the Burlington Route" and contains 32 pages of interesting information about the meeting, the city of Denver, the state of Colorado, special trains, ticket rates, hotels, side trips, train service, etc.

DESTINY.
By Mrs. Douglas Adam.
The width of many countries lay between
A woman and a man when they were born.
Her world was full of flowers and tropic green,
While his was bare and fruitless as the thorn.
Her life was full of light. Upon her mouth
Smiles found their fated resting place.
She sowed a daughter of the fragrant South,
While clouds of Northern sadness touched his face.
And yet, these two so far apart and strange,
And seeing life within such different spheres,
Were led by Fate, with every smallest change,
To come together at the end of years.

THE WIT OF MAN.
I met her at a garden party, not a joyous gathering of tennis players and girls laughing to the sun, but the gloomy affair of the morbidly select. In bright red she blossomed with all the sweets of a woman majestically feminine. Her crisp, black hair seemed ready to fly out against conventionalities, against hats particularly, and her brown eyes were golden with the joy of life; wit had chiseled her features, so excellently irregular in the roundness of their curves, to pointed nose and chin. I could not but enjoy, as a relief from all the elaborate angles of her stiff surroundings, the rapid undulations of her lithe figure, her expressive arms, dancing little feet, as she sat there, a wild gypsy, fashionable and polished, but still untamed by society. Pouting like some playful child over lessons, her mouth rigidly set against the flickering dimples of irresistible laughter, she listened to the pompous old Duc de Retz, or answered his wise sentences at random, with a wave of her hand.

"Who is she?" I inquired of M. Pimodan de St. Ouen, a walking edition of "Le Tout Paris," tightly bound in a frock coat.
"Why, that is la belle Comtesse de Crequi de Canaples; a widow, mon cher, young, rich. If you admire her, here's your chance. The duke is dying to talk politics with the Dowager de Baudricourt. Forward, to the rescue!" And M. Pimodan emitted that short, dry cough which serves him as laugh or cough, while I stepped up to M. de Retz, who gratefully introduced me.

"Dear cousin," Mr. Castleigh—Comtesse de Canaples.
And he retired as Mme. de Canaples smiled up at me with her humorous eyes. Her voice was sweetly musical as she gaily said, "We are not quite strangers, for I have met your charming sister at the Plot-Chandieu's." Before I could frame a compliment, she suddenly added, "Do you love her?"
"Who?"
"Your sister, of course. I like every man to love his sister."
"Well, I hope I do."
"You only hope! Are you an Englishman?"
"More or less."
"Less, decidedly less. An Englishman with blue eyes like yours should not only be honest and brave, but sure, sure of everything. Don't you see? Don't you understand what strength, what manliness there is in being absolutely sure, even if you are quite wrong? It is healthy; every-thing strong and absolute is healthy. What are you, then?"
"Well, a cosmopolitan."
"Ah! bah!" she exclaimed, with a toss of her diminutive head, as she surveyed me good-humoredly. "And that means that you are not interested in anything but the surface of things; that your aspirations go to higher than a life will carry you; that your feelings, philosophy, love, lounge in a mental Hotel Metropole, and never work at home. Have you no preference for any country?"
"I think I prefer France."
"For shame! you a Castleigh; you whose very name seems rooted in Saxon soil! Ah," she added, with an air that her kindly smiles, "I see it all; you think to flatter. But why should you not speak the truth? I adore the truth! You cannot possibly love anything better than your birthplace, your family, your home!"
I laughed, saying: "You see, my mother was French."
"She seized my hand and shook it frankly, as she exclaimed: "Then you really did love your mother? You love her country? 'Tis well! All human greatness of man is in his devotion to his mother. France then seems to enfold you in her arms; the very air caresses, soothes and nurses you! But nevertheless, you are an Englishman. This mixture of races and names breaks traditions of hereditary faith. Man must be steadfast. Only a woman may capriciously adopt and passionately her love across the seas; may be irresponsible, except to God, herself and her husband. Man must be the rock to which we cling. He is our country, our name, our heart. Remember that song of your people: 'In spite of all temptations To belong to other nations, He remains an Englishman.'"
"How nice of him! You know there are temptations, for England means duty—but I am preaching; excuse me. You have such a real, honest British face, that I cannot help feeling disappointed at finding you a mere cosmopolitan. Go back to England; there is the place for the clever and the brave."
"You flatter!"
"Never!"
"But I feel flattered."
"You should feel ashamed, then, as flattery commences where truth ceases. Are you not clever; are you not brave? Well, at any rate you have enough false modesty to please most people of the world."
I blushed.

"Have I hurt your feelings," she said, with her hand on my arm, in soft, gentle tones. "I am so sorry! I only wished to spur you out of this nonchalant attitude. I am sure 'tis only a pose, that you really have ideals. Come, now, don't let me do you an injustice; I hate misunderstanding. Admit it, you are a worker, not simply a walking gentleman; you have something beneath the crown of your hat. What do you do, tell me?" And she leaned forward, her eyes intent on mine.
"Well, I write a little poetry," I stammered.

Her eyes sparkled, her lips smiled, she clasped her hands in delight, exclaiming in a musical cadence: You your mother and you are a poet! I know yours English eyes expressed ideals, strength and health. Poets may be cosmopolitans; indeed, their home is in all nations' hearts. Have you published? Not yet? Oh, then do bring your manuscripts to the house; could you come tomorrow, Tuesday? Yes? How good of you, when every moment may be precious gold. Thank you, and au revoir!"
And as I held that small hand in mine, I felt that I had made a friend. When I called next day, Mme. de Canaples was in her boudoir. She listened to my reading, silently, attentively, almost, it seemed, reverently, and when I left the house, after dinner, I felt very great. The next morning we met in the Bois and rode together; the same night we dined at the cotillon at Mme. de Plot-Chandieu's. Fate seemed determined to make us meet, and, perhaps, we helped her.

If a man and woman see much of each other they invariably talk of themselves, wax sentimental by waltz music and imagine themselves in love after supper. But I am tired of flirtations, sick of telling a woman whom I only admire that I love her. So one evening as we discussed sentiments over pate-de-fois-gras, I told her how much I regretted that two great minds should lavishly follow the example of the stupid. She agreed "If we remain on our present footing, one of us may fall in love. She opened her innocent eyes with delight. "I continued, "In love; what else can happen? Whereas, if we go off somewhere together and live naturally, unconstrained by the world, we shall know ourselves truly and enjoy a few days of rest."
"Oh, the wit of man!" she cried, gaily clapping her hands, her whole face beaming with delight.

The next morning we started by rail for Fontainebleau. Soon we were both fast asleep, only to wake at our destination. She took a room at one hotel, I at another. The next day we drove in the forest, silently watching the royal trees, till our eyes grew tired and we fell asleep. We started there a fortnight, driving, sleeping, barely saying a word, and yet quite happy. When we were back in Paris she asked, "And why did we go to Fontainebleau for that?"
"Because," I replied "at Fontainebleau we kept regular hours, allowed ourselves no cerebral excitement, drank no champagne, heard no one whisper, 'Little Castleigh is awfully in love with Mme. de Canaples,' or 'The Countess is decidedly sweet on her garcon.' I have simply proved, dear lady, that society was forcing us with its champagne and talk, to think of each other, whereas, had we left to follow our own individual and separate thoughts, Oh, that fortnight in Fontainebleau! We scarcely spoke twice a day. Silence is repose, and repose is bliss. To think that we might have been vulgar lovers! A few more days of Paris, and I should have been snarled. But I understood the dangers of our situation. Could anything be more paradoxical and modern than our elopement to Fontainebleau? Carry off a woman mysteriously at night, two hours by rail, to a strange town, remain there a fortnight, eat, sleep, talk, and do not become lovers, but, on the contrary, to escape the necessary, the historical development of a situation without issue. Don't you think that our late adventure gives us incontestable superiority over the greatest wits of our age?"
She seized both of my hands and fixed my eyes. It was a rapid, searching, wondrous look; only her irregular and mobile face could have such expression; and for half a second she seemed to tear open my soul, take a peep, see it all and shut it up. Then she sat down on the sofa and gazed meditatively at me. Her eyes shone, and her mouth was a little parted in a smile. She crossed her arms, nodded her head, examined her little feet slowly one after the other, and sighed, "The wit of man!" She shrugged her shoulders most charmingly as she reiterated, each time with quite a new and singular intonation, "The wit of man, the wit of man!"
Most people would have been put out by the obvious double meaning of this remark, but I am a psychologist; in fact, I pride myself not a little on my penetration. I understood that she smiled at my wit, compared mine to others, and sighed regretfully reflected how few men are really capable of such subtle conduct with women. They are few, indeed.

Then she buried her face in her hands to think. And, with equal unexpectedness, came softly to me and kissed my cheek. "Thank you," she said, in a strangely, far-off voice; "though a young man you are a great philosopher. Henceforth we are friends; we will never allow society to make us pose one to the other, but meet sometimes and rest together." She tripped away out of the room. But the door suddenly reopened, and she leaned forward, offering her exquisite figure to my view like a bouquet, as she smiled with her sweet, red lips. "The wit of man, ha! ha!" she laughed, as she ran downstairs.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Sniffing the Earthquake from Afar.
It is a well known fact that horses can hear sounds that are not perceptible to human ears. For days previous to the great earthquake in the Riviera the horses of that locality showed every symptom of fear, which continued until the morning of the disaster. It was in the direction of greater frenzy, till the fury of the great convulsion broke forth. Not until a few seconds, however, before the earth began to tremble did human beings hear the subterranean rumblings. One writer from the scene says that in his opinion the horses knew that the great quake was on the way from seventy-two to 100 hours before their masters heard or felt the first jar.—St. Louis Republic.

Leaps of a Mountain Sheep.
No; the mountain sheep does not leap from great heights, and land either upon his horns or his feet. He knows the strength of his materials too well to try it. His horns and skull might successfully withstand the shock, but the weight of his body would break his spinal column in two or three places, to say the least of it. It is true that when hard pressed a herd of them will sometimes plunge down a terribly steep incline, sliding and bounding from point to point, until they plow into the slide rock" below; but as to leaping over a sheer precipice, I never saw any one who even claimed to have witnessed such a thing. The old rams often fight by butting each other terrifically, and often splinter, or sometimes break off, the ends of their horns in that way.

He Lacked the Nerve.
Upon receipt of your address we will mail free a package of beautifully illustrated transparent cards, picturing and explaining just how and why men frequently suffer from nervous troubles that prevent their doing the RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME. Edition limited. Address, mentioning this paper, Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

The Mountain Goat a Stupid Animal.
Although the mountain goat is a very sure-footed and level-headed animal, he is said by those who have hunted him (of whom I confess I am not one) to be a very stupid animal, and easily killed when once the hunter reaches his haunts. In actual weight he is about the size of the Virginia deer, but in bulk he seems to be larger because of his shaggy fleece of wool and hair. The horns are small, smooth and jet black, and the hoof is a strange combination of rubber pad on the inside and knife-edge on the outside, to hold the owner on snow, ice, or bare rock without slipping.—W. T. Hornaday in St. Nicholas.

Home-seekers Excursions.
On May 21st and June 11th, 1905, the Union Pacific System will sell tickets from Missouri River points and stations in Kansas and Nebraska, to points south and west in Nebraska and Kansas, also to Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, east of Weiser and south of Beaver Canon, at rate of one first class standard fare for the round trip. Minimum rate \$7.00.

Facilities for Travelers.
The Nickel Plate road now offers greater facilities to the traveling public than ever, the improved service having been inaugurated May 19th. No change of cars between Chicago, New York and Boston in either direction. Superb dining cars between Chicago and Buffalo in both directions. Trains leave Chicago 8:05 a. m. daily, except Sunday; 1:30 and 9:20 p. m. daily for Fort Wayne, Postoria, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, New York and Boston; 1:30 p. m. train arrives New York 6:30 and Boston 9 o'clock the following evening. City ticket office, 111 Adams street, Tel. Main 388. Depot, Twelfth and Clark streets. Tel. Harrison 200.

Fashionable Stationery.
The paper most used in social correspondence is white parchment finish, and the preferred sizes are the well-known octavo and billet; the envelopes are square with pointed flaps. Square note sheets with oblong envelopes in tints or colors are simply fads for the moment. Good taste dictates plain white paper and envelopes for feminine notes.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.
The original Camphor Ice, Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Veal loaf, pressed chicken or salad, sandwiches and cake, make delicious luncheon dishes, and a substitute for ices can be made by preparing thick, sweet cream in this way: One pint of cream, one-half cup of white sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a little milk; whip with Dover egg-beater until it can be cut with a knife. The gelatine prevents it from falling, so the hostess can prepare it some hours before her guests arrive. Genuine clover honey is always a treat, especially to townpeople, and may be substituted for the cream. It is more easily served if placed on a flat dish or platter and passed with a knife and spoon so that each guest may help himself. This arrangement obviates the necessity for small dishes.

Uses of the Lichen.
The lichen's most important function seems to be to beautify the landscape, though some tiny ones are used by mother hummingbird to cover the outside of her nest, in order to conceal it as much as possible. In Iceland the lichen called Iceland moss is gathered every year by the boys and girls. It is boiled in milk and eaten. Fanny Bergen, in her little book "Plant Life" tells us that the Indians guided themselves through the trackless forest by observing on which sides of the trees the lichens grew thickest, those being the northern sides.

Make Your Own Bitters.
On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Steketee's Dry Bitters. One package makes one gallon being, tonic known. Cures stomach, kidney diseases, and is a great appetizer and blood purifier. Just the medicine needed for spring and summer. 25c at your drug store. Address Geo. G. STEKETEE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Most of the black pearls in existence come from the dark-tipped oysters of lower California.

ONLY ONE AND THAT IN JULY.
Excursion to Colorado.
The Great Rock Island Route will sell tickets cheap for this excursion to Denver in July, and you should post yourself at once as to rates and conditions. Write for it. JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago. For a beautiful souvenir issued by the Great Rock Island & Pacific R. Co. called the "Tourist Teacher," that tells all about the trip. It will be sent free. It is a gem, and you should not delay in asking for it. JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

It is claimed that there are fifty-five dogs in the United Kingdom to every 1,000 inhabitants.

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W. N. U., Omaha—23, 1905.
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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.
Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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