

A SET

OF ROGUES.

BY FRANK BARRETT, AUTHOR OF
"THE GREAT RESPER," "A RECKONING VENGEANCE,"
"OUT OF THE JAW OF DEATH," ETC., ETC.

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(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XVI.

The next day came. Simon with a bag of £800, which he tells over with infinite care, glooming and mopping his eyes betwixt each four or five pieces with almost rueful visage, so that it seemed he was weeping over this great expenditure, and then he goes to prepare the court and get servants against Moll's arrival. Then, by the end of the week, being furnished with suitable clothing and equipment, Moll and Don Sanchez leave us, though Dawson was now as hale and hearty as ever he had been, we being persuaded to rest at Chatham yet another week to give countenance to Jack's late distemper and also that we might appear less like a gang of thieves.

Before going Don Sanchez warned us that very likely Simon would pay us a visit suddenly to satisfy any doubts that might yet crop up in his suspicious mind, and so, to be prepared for him, I got in a good store of paper and books such as a merchant might require in seeking to re-establish himself in business, and Dawson held himself in readiness to do his share of this knavish business. Sure enough, about three days after this, the drawer, who had been instructed to admit no one to my chamber without my consent, comes up to say that the little old man in leather, with the weak eyes, would see me, so I bade him in a high voice bid Mr. Simon step up, and setting myself before my table of paper engage in writing a letter (already half writ), while Dawson slips out into the next room. "Take a seat, Mr. Steward," says I when Simon entered, cap in hand, and casting a very prying, curious look around. "I must keep you a minute or two." And so I feign to be busy, and give him scope for observation.

"Well, sir," says I, finishing my letter with a flourish, and setting it aside, how do you fare?"

He raised his hands and dropped them like so much lead on his knees, resting up his eyes and giving a doleful shake of his head for a reply.

"Nothing is amiss at the court, I say—your lady, Mistress Godwin, is well?"

"I know not, friend," says he. "She hath taken my keys, denied me entrance to her house, and left me no privilege of my office save the use of the lodge-purse. Thus am I treated like a faithless servant, after toiling night and day all these years, and for her advantage rather than my own."

"That has to be proved, Mr. Steward," says I severely, "for you must admit that up to this present she has had no reason to love you, seeing that her fate been left in your hands, and she would now be in Barbary, and like end her days there. How, then, can she think but that you had some selfish, wicked end in denying her the service, who are strangers, have rendered?"

"These speaketh truth, friend, and yet I knowest that I observed only the cautious prudence of an honest servant."

"We will say no more on that head, you may rest assured in my pronouncing as I do the noble, generous nature of your mistress—that if she done you wrong in suspecting you of base purpose, she will be the first to atone her fault and offer you reparation."

"I seek no reparation, no reward, nothing in the world but the right to this estate," cries he in passion, upon my looking at him very curiously, as not understanding the motive of his devotion, he continues: "These I do not believe me, and yet truly I am neither a liar nor a madman. What do you toll for? A wife—children—the gratification of ambition or I have no kith or kin, no ambition, but this estate is wife, everything, to me. 'Tis like some carved image that a man may give his whole life to making, yet die content if he achieves but approach to the creation of his image."

"I have made this estate out of nothing; it hath grown larger and richer and more rich, in answer to my will; why should I not love it, and my whole heart in the accomplishment of my design, with the same devotion that you admire in the maker of an image?"

"Despite his natural infirmities Simon uttered this astonishing rhapsody with such sort of vehemence that made frequent, and indeed, strange as his manner was, I could not deny that it was reasonable in its way as any notion of self sacrifice."

"I begin to understand you, Mr. Steward," says I.

"Then, good friend, as thee wouldst the man in peril of being torn from his child, render me this estate to govern it from the hands of unscrupulous lawyers, men of no conscience, to this Spanish don would deliver the speedy satisfaction of his wish."

"My claim's as great as his," says I, "and my affairs more pressing. I glance at my papers. 'I am unimpaired credit lost, my occupation shall be paid to the last farthing. Examine my books, inquire into the value of my securities, and these shall be paid to the last farthing.'"



"I'm like to be no better till I can get a ship of my own and be to sea again."

"Well, sir, as I have said many times, says I, as if to put him off."

"Nay, come at once, I implore thee, for until I am justified to my mistress I stand like one betwixt life and death."

"For one thing," says I, still shuffling, "I can do nothing nor you either to the payment of our just claim before the inheritance is safely settled upon Mistress Godwin."

"That shall be done forthwith. I know the intricacies of the law, and know my way," tapping his head and then his pocket, "to get a seal, with ten times the dispatch of any attorney. I promise by Saturday thee shalt have assurance to thy utmost requirement. Say, good friend, these will be at my lodge house on that day."

"I'll promise nothing," says I. "Our poor Captain Evans is still a prisoner in his room."

"Aye," says Dawson, coming in from the next room in his nightgown, seeming very feeble and weak despite his blustering voice, "and I'm like to be no better till I can get a ship of my own and be to sea again. Have you brought my money, Mr. Quaker?"

"Thee shalt have it truly; wait but a little while, good friend, a little while."

"Wait a little while and founder altogether, eh? I know you land sharks, and would I'd been born with a snuck of your cunning, then had I never gone of this venture and lost my ship and two score men that money'll ne'er replace. Look at me, a sheer hulk and no more, and all through lending ear to one prayer and another. I doubt you're minded to turn your back on poor old Bob Evans, as t'others have, Mr. Hopkins—and why not? The poor old man's worth nothing, and cannot help himself." With this he fell a-sniveling like any girl.

"I vow I'll not quit you, Evans, till you're hale again."

"Bring him with thee o' Saturday," urged Simon. "Surely my mistress can never have the heart to refuse you shelter at the court, who owes her life to ye. Come and stay there till thy wage be paid, friend Evans."

"What! Would ye make an honest sailor play bluff and stick in a house, willy nilly, till money's found? Plagues of your dry land! Give me a pitching ship, and a rolling sea, and a gale whistling in my shrouds. Oh, my reins, my reins! Give me a paper of tobacco, Mr. Hopkins, and a pipe to soothe this agony, or I shall grow desperate."

"I left the room as if to satisfy this desire, and Simon followed, imploring me still to come on Saturday to Chiselhurst, and I at length got rid of him by promising to come as soon as Evans could be left or induced to accompany me. I persuaded Dawson, very much against his greed, to delay our going until Monday, the better to hoodwink old Simon, and on that day we set out for Chiselhurst, both clad according to our condition—he in rough frieze, and I in a very proper, seemingly sort of cloth—and with more guineas in our pockets than ever before we had possessed shillings. And a very merry journey this was, for Dawson, finding himself once more at liberty and hearty as a lark after his long confinement and under no constraint, was like a boy let loose from school, caroling at the top of his voice, playing mad pranks with all who passed us on the road and staying at every inn to drink twopenny ale, so that I feared he would certainly fall ill drinking, as he had before of eating, but the exercise of riding, the fresh, wholesome air and half an hour's doze in a spinney did settle his liquor, and so he reached Hurst Court quite sober, thanks be to heaven, though very gay. And there we had need of all our self command to conceal our joy in finding those gates open to us, which we had looked through so fondly when we were last here, and to spy Moll in a stately gown on the fine terrace before this noble house, carrying herself as if she had lived here all her life, and Don Sanchez walking very deferential by her side. Especially Dawson could scarce bring himself to speak to her in an uncouth, surly manner, as befitted his character, and no sooner were we entered the house but he whips Moll behind a door and falls a-hugging and kissing her like any sly young lover."

"While he was giving way to these extravagances, which Moll had not the heart to rebuff—for in her full, warm heart she was as overjoyed to see him there as he her—Don Sanchez and I paced up and down the spacious hall, I all of a-twitter lest one or other of the servants might discover the familiarity of these two (which must have been a

due result of the curious gossip in the household and elsewhere), and the don mightily somber and grave (as foreseeing an evil outcome of this business), so that he would make no answer to my civilities save by dumb gestures, showing he was highly displeased. But truly 'twas enough to set us all crazy, but he, with joy, to be in possession of all these riches and think that we had landed at Chatham scarce a fortnight before without decent clothes to our backs, and now, but for the success of our design, might be the penniless strolling vagabonds we were when Don Sanchez lighted on us."

Presently Moll came out from the side room with her father, her hair all tumbled, and as rosy as a peach, and she would have us visit the house from top to bottom, showing us the rooms set apart for us, her own chamber, the state room, the dining hall, the store closets for plate and linen, etc., all prodigious fine and in most excellent condition, for the scrupulous minute care of old Simon had suffered nothing to fall out of repair, the rooms being kept well aired, the pictures, tapestries and magnificent furniture all preserved fresh with linen covers and the like. From the hall she took us out on to the terrace to survey the park and the gardens about the house, and here, as within doors, all was in most admirable keeping, with no wild growth or runweeds anywhere, nor any sign of neglect. But I observed, as an indication of the steward's thrift, unpoetic mind, that the garden beds were planted with onions and such marketable produce, in place of flowers, and that instead of deer grazing upon the green slopes of the park there was only such prodigious cattle as sheep, cows, etc. And at the sight of all this abundance of good things, and especially the well stored buttery, Dawson declared he could live here all his life and never worry. And with that, all unthinking, he lays his arm about Moll's waist."

Then the don, who had followed us up and down stairs, speaking never one word till this, says, "We may count ourselves lucky, Captain Evans, if we are suffered to stay here another week."

CHAPTER XVII.

The next morning I went to Simon at his lodgehouse, having writ him a note overnight to prepare him for my visit, and there I found him, with all his books and papers ready for my examination. So to it we set, casting up figures, comparing accounts and so forth the best part of the day, and in the end I came away convinced that he was the most scrupulous, honest steward ever man had. And truly it appeared that by his prudent investments and careful management he had trebled the value of the estate and more in the last ten years. He showed me also that in all his valuations he had set off a large sum for loss by accident of fire, war, etc., so that actually at the present moment the estate, which he reckoned at £75,000 pounds, was worth at the least £125,000. But for better assurance on this head I spent the remainder of the week in visiting the farms, menages, etc., on his rent roll, and found them all in good condition and held by good substantial men, nothing in any particular but what he represented it.

Reporting on these matters privily to Don Sanchez and Dawson, I asked the don what we should now be doing.

"Two ways lie before us," says he, lighting a cigar. "Put Simon out of his house and make an enemy of him," adds he betwixt two puffs of smoke, "seize his securities, sell them for what they will fetch and get out of the country as quickly as possible. If the properties be worth £125,000, we may" (puff) "possibly" (puff) "get £40,000 for them" (puff), "about a third of their value—not more. On £10,000 a man may live like a prince—in Spain. The other way is to make a friend of Simon by restoring him to his office, suffer him to treble the worth of the estate again the next ten years and live like kings" (puff) "in England."

"Pray, which way do you incline, senator?" says I.

"Being a Spaniard," answers he gravely, "I should prefer to live like a prince in Spain."

"That would not I," says Dawson stoutly. "A year and a half of Elche have cured me of all fondness for foreign parts. Besides, 'tis a beggarly, scurvy thing to fly one's country, as if we had done some unhandsome, dishonest trick. If I faced an Englishman, I should never dare look him straight in the eyes again. What say you, Mr. Hopkins?"

"Why, Evans," says I, "you know my will without telling. I will not of my own accord go from your choice, which way you will."

"Since we owe everything to Mistress Judith," observes the don, "and as she is no longer a child, ought not her wishes to be consulted?"

"No," says Jack very decidedly, and then, lowering his voice, he adds, "for was she Judith Godwin ten times told, and as old as my grandmother into the bargain, she is still my daughter and shall do as I choose her to do. And if, as you say, we owe her everything then I count 'twould be a mean, dirty return to make her live out of England and feel she has a sneaking coward for a father."

"As you please," says the don. "Give me £10,000 of the sum you are to be paid at Michaelmas, and you are welcome to all the rest."

"You mean that, senator?" cries Jack, seizing the don's hand and raising his left.

"By the Holy Mother!" answers Don Sanchez in Spanish.

"Done!" cries Dawson, bringing his hand down with a smack on the Don's palm. "Nay, I always believed you were the most generous man living. Ten from t'other. William Jackson," says he, turning to me, "what does that leave us?"

"More than £100,000!"

"The Lord be praised forevermore!" cries Jack.

Upon this Moll, by advice of Don San-

chez, sends for a man, and telling him she is satisfied with the account I have given of his stewardship offers him the further control of her affairs, subject at all times to her decision on any question concerning her convenience and reserving to herself the sole government of her household, the ordering of her home, lands, etc. And, Simon grasping eagerly at this proposal, she then gives him the promise of £1,000 for his past services and doubles the wages due to him under his contract with Sir W. Godwin.

"Give me what it may please thee to bestow that way," cried he. "All shall be laid out to enrich this property. I have no other use for money, no other worldly end in life but that."

And when he saw me next he was most slavish in his thanks for my good offices, vowing I should be paid my claim by Michaelmas if it were in the power of man to raise so vast a sum in such short space.

Surely, thinks I, there was never a more strange, original creature than this, yet it do seem to me that there is no man but his passion must appear a madness to others.

I must speak now of Moll, her admirable carriage and sober conduct in these new circumstances, which would have turned the heads of most others. Never once to my knowledge did she lose her self possession on the most trying occasion, and this was due, not alone to her own shrewd wit and understanding, but to the subtle intelligence of Don Sanchez, who in the character of an old and trusty friend was ever by her side, watchful of her interest (and his own), ready at any moment to drop in her ear a quiet word of warning or counsel. By his advice she had taken into her service a most commendable, proper old gentleman, one Mrs. Margery Butterby, who, as being the widow of a country parson, was very orderly in all things and particularly nice in the proprieties.

This notable good soul was of a cheery, chatty disposition, of very pleasing manners and a genteel appearance, and so, though holding but the part of housekeeper, she served as an agreeable companion and a respectable guardian, whose mere presence in the house relieved any question that might have arisen from the fact of three men living under the same roof with the young and beautiful mistress of Hurst Court. Moreover, she served us as a very useful kind of mouthpiece, for all those marvelous stories of her life in Barbary, of the pirates she had encountered in redeeming her from the Turk, etc., with which Moll would beguile away any tedious half hour, for the mere amusement of creating Mrs. Butterby's wonder and surprise, as one will tell stories of fairies to children, this good woman repeated with many additions of her own concerning ourselves, which, to reflect credit on herself, were all to our advantage. This was the more fitting, because the news spreading that the lost heiress had returned to Hurst Court excited curiosity far and wide, and it was not long before families in the surrounding seats, who had known Sir W. Godwin in bygone times, called to see his daughter. And here Moll's tact was taxed to the utmost, for some who had known Judith Godwin as an infant expected that she should remember some incident stored in their recollection. But she was ever equal to the occasion, feigning a pretty doubting innocence at first, then suddenly asking this lady if

she had not worn a cherry dress with a beautiful stomacher, or that gentleman if he had not given her a goldpiece for a token, and it generally happened these shrewd shafts hit their mark, the lady, though she might have forgotten her gown, remembering she had a very becoming stomacher at that time, the gentleman believing that he did give her a luck penny, and so forth, from very vanity.

Then Moll's lofty carriage and her beauty would remind them of their dear lost friend, Mrs. Godwin, in the heyday of her youth, and all agreed in admiring her beyond anything, and though Moll, from her lack of knowledge, made many slips and would now and then say things unbecomingly to women of breed—

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But here (that I may keep all my strings in harmony) I must quit Moll for a space to tell of her father. That first hint of the don's bringing him to his senses somewhat, like a dash of cold water, and the exuberance of his joy subsiding, he quickly became more circumspect in his behavior and fell into the part he had to play, and the hard, trying, sorrowful part that was neither he nor I had foreseen, for now was he compelled for the first time in his life, at any length, to live apart from his daughter, to refrain from embracing her when they met in the morning, to speak to her in a rough, churlish sort when his heart maybe was overflowing with love and to reconcile himself to a cool, indifferent behavior on her side when his very soul was yearning for gentle, tender warmth, and these natural cravings of affection were rather strengthened than stilled by repression, as one's

hunger by starving. To add to this, he now saw his Moll more bewitching than ever she was before, the evidence of her wit and understanding stimulating that admiration which he dared not express. He beheld her loved and courted openly by all, while he who had deeper feeling for her than any and more right to caress her must at each moment stifle his desires and lay fetters on his inclinations, which constraint, like chains binding down a stout, thriving oak, did eat and corrode into his being, so that he did live most of these days in a veritable torment, yet for Moll's sake was he very stubborn in his resolution, and when he could no longer endure to stand indifferently by while others were



Mrs. Chas. A. Myers, 201 Hanna St., Fort Wayne, Ind., writes Oct. 7, 1894: "I suffered terribly with severe headaches, dizziness, backache and nervousness, gradually growing worse until my life was despaired of, and try what we would, I found no relief until I commenced using Dr. Miles' Nervine. I have taken five bottles and believe I am a well woman, and I have taken great comfort in recommending all of my friends to use Nervine. You may publish this letter if you wish, and I hope it may be the means of saving some other sick mother's life, as it did mine."

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husband, yet these were easily attributed to her living so long in a barbarous country and were as readily glanced over. Indeed nothing could surpass Moll's artificial conduct on these occasions. She would lard her conversation with those scraps of Italian she learned from me,



To my strumming sings a Moorish song.

and sometimes, affecting to have forgot her own tongue, she would stumble at a word, and turning to Don Sanchez ask him the English of some Moorish phrase. Then one day, there being quite a dozen visitors in her stateroom, she brings down her Moorish dress and those hables given her by friends at Elche, to show the ladies, much to the general astonishment and wonder; then, being prayed to dress herself in these clothes, she, with some hesitation of modesty, consents, and after a short absence from the room returns in this costume, looking lovelier than ever I had before seen, with the rings about her shapely bare arms and on her ankles, and thus arrayed she brings me a guitar, and to my strumming sings a Moorish song, swaying her arms above her head and turning gracefully in their fashion, so that all were in an ecstasy with this strange performance. And the talk spreading, the number of visitors grew apace—as bees will flock to honey—and yielding to their urgent entreaties she would often repeat this piece of business, and always with a most winning grace that charmed every one. But she was most a favorite of gentlemen and elderly ladies; for the younger ones she did certainly put their noses out of joint, since none could at all compare with her in beauty nor in manner either, for she had neither the awkward shyness of some nor the boldness of others, but contrived ever to steer neatly betwixt the two extremes by her natural self possession and fearlessness.

Of all her new friends, the most eager in courting her were Sir Harry Upton and his lady (living in the Crays), and they, being about to go to London for the winter, did press Moll very hard to go with them that she might be presented to the king, and, truth to tell, they would not have had to ask her twice had she been governed only by her own inclination. She was mad to go—that audacious spirit of adventure still working very strong in her—and she, like a winning gamester, must forever be playing for higher and higher stakes. But we, who had heard enough of his excellent but lawless majesty's court to fear the fate of any impulsive, beauteous young woman that came within his sway, were quite against this. Even Don Sanchez, who was no innocent, did persuade her from it with good, strong arguments, showing that, despite his worldliness, he did really love her as much as 'twas in his withered heart to love any one. As for Dawson, he declared he would sooner see his Moll in her winding sheet than in the king's company, adding that 'twould be time enough for her to think of going to court when she had a husband to keep her out of mischief. And so she refused this offer (but with secret tears, I believe). "But," says she to her father, "if I'm not to have my own way till I'm married, I shall get me a husband as soon as I can."

And it seemed that she would not have to look far or wait long for one either. Before a month was passed at least half a dozen young sparks were courting her, they being attracted not only by her wit and beauty, but by the report of her wealth, it being known to all how Simon had enriched the estate. And 'twas this abundance of suitors which prevented Moll from choosing any one in particular, else had there been but one I believe the business would have been settled very quickly. For now she was in the very flush of life, and the blood that flowed in her veins was of no lukewarm kind.

But here (that I may keep all my strings in harmony) I must quit Moll for a space to tell of her father. That first hint of the don's bringing him to his senses somewhat, like a dash of cold water, and the exuberance of his joy subsiding, he quickly became more circumspect in his behavior and fell into the part he had to play, and the hard, trying, sorrowful part that was neither he nor I had foreseen, for now was he compelled for the first time in his life, at any length, to live apart from his daughter, to refrain from embracing her when they met in the morning, to speak to her in a rough, churlish sort when his heart maybe was overflowing with love and to reconcile himself to a cool, indifferent behavior on her side when his very soul was yearning for gentle, tender warmth, and these natural cravings of affection were rather strengthened than stilled by repression, as one's

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he would go up to his chamber and pace to and fro, like some she lion parted from her cub.

These sufferings were not unperceived by Moll, who also had strong feeling to repress and therefore could comprehend her father's torture, and she would often seize an opportunity—nay, run great risk of discovery—to hide her secretly to his room, there to throw herself in his arms and strain him to her heart, covering his great face with tender kisses and whispering words of hope and good cheer, with the tears on her cheek. And one day when Jack seemed more than usual downhearted she offered him to give up everything and return to her old ways, if he would. But, this spurring his courage, he declared he would live in hell rather than she should fall from her high estate and become a mere vagabond wench again, adding that 'twas but the first effort gave him so much pain; that with practice 'twould all be as nothing; that such sweet kisses as hers once a week did amply compensate him for his fast, etc. Then, her tears being brushed away, she would quit him with noiseless step and all precautions, and maybe five minutes afterward while Jack was sitting pensive at his window pondering her sweetness and love he would hear her laughing lightly below, as if he were already forgotten.

(To be Continued.)

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