

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH



"Under a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands."—New York Evening Journal.

Hayden's

Our Store is the Mecca for Men's and Boys' New, Stylish Spring Clothing, Ready to Wear and Fit.

Mail Orders Filled....

We know of no better ready-to-wear clothing than the Hackett, Carhart, Michael Stern & Co., Hart, Schaffner & Marx Co., and ready-made clothing on merchant tailor plans.

MEN'S \$10.00 SUITS FOR \$4.75.—In fine all wool clay worsteds striped and checked, fancy worsteds, also dark, plain, very fine cassimeres, and blue serges, all sizes from 34 to 44.

MEN'S VERY FINEST SPRING SUITS AT \$7.50, \$10 and \$15. These suits are excellently tailored, being sewed throughout with 6000 standard pure dye silk, they have the style and character of swell merchant tailoring and fit perfectly.

HAYDEN BROS., The Big OMAHA, NEB. Store...

SULPHO-SALINE BATH HOUSE AND SANITARIUM



DRS. M. H. AND J. O. EVERETT, MANAGING PHYSICIANS

Bicycles \$4 and up

Wittmann's Bicycles and Phonographs

Wittmann's Bicycles and Phonographs advertisement details, including address and phone number.

CALL AT KENNEDY'S 132 So. 12th St.

For the latest styles in photos. All work up to date.

Come in and see our "Colodian and Platinum finish." It is the latest.

Advertisement for Twine, featuring a diamond logo and text: "Before You Buy Twine... The Western Mercantile Co., Dept. V. 1206-8 Douglas St., Omaha, Neb."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury... as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces.

Hall's Family Pills are the best. Sharples Cream Separators—Profitable dairying. Dr. Louis N. Wente dentist, 137 South 11th street Brownell block.

OPTICAL GOODS. The Western Optical and Electrical Co., located at 131 North 11th street is composed of old citizens and thoroughly acquainted with the business, having fitted eyes for twenty-five years.

Magnetic Healing. The Kharas Infirmary Company (incorporated) have established a large branch office at 1600 P street, Lincoln, Neb., for the benefit of those suffering from chronic and so-called incurable diseases.

Hall Insurance. The season for farmers to insure their crops is now well begun and as there are several new Hall Companies started up this year the field is full of agents from the several companies.

Under the circumstances Quin altered his decision and reluctantly agreed to go. There seemed no other way out of the difficulty, unless he should run the risk of offending his kind friend, who had taken the trouble to procure the card of invitation.

The old State Mutual Hall Insurance Association of Iowa writes nothing but five year policies and is the oldest Hall Company in the United States and paid in its third year of existence \$287,000 in losses and the laws of Iowa in regard to the length of time a policy or membership may be written are identical with the same as our Laws of Nebraska.

The United Mutual Hall Insurance Association paid more for hail losses during the season of 1899 than has ever been paid for hail losses in the history of the state of Nebraska, and they are now writing more hail insurance alone than all the other Hall Insurance Companies in the state combined, and they are the only company in the state that confines its business strictly to the eastern part of the state.

Low Rate for July 4, St. Joseph & Grand Island Railroad. For the 4th of July low rates will be made for round trip tickets which will be on sale July 3 and 4, good to return until and including July 5.

Democratic National Convention, Kansas City, July 4th. Open rate of one fare for round trip for this occasion will be made by the St. Joseph & Grand Island Ry. Tickets on sale July 2, 3 and 4, good to return until and including July 9.

Little Oval Photos, 25c pe. dozen. Cabinets—\$2.00 Per dozen.

Advertisement for PREWITT 1214 O Street, featuring a portrait of a man.

THE PEARL OF THE PHILIPPINES BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

The Philippine Islands, first discovered by Magellan in 1521, have since been held and jealously guarded by the Spaniards. And to the present day, with the exception of the populous seaport towns, they are almost a terra incognita; the interior is comparatively unexplored and unknown.

He left England unaccompanied late in the year 1897, when the recent rebellion against Spanish rule had been apparently crushed and there was little likelihood of its breaking out again.

Daybreak of the 10th was the time Quin fixed upon for his departure. On the evening of the 8th he received a visit from Senor Carajo, who handed him a card and explained that it was an invitation to a ball to be given the next night by General Augustine, the commandant of the garrison.

"Ah, but you should go!" the senor said regretfully. "It will be a fine sight. And you need not remain late." "But it is a fancy dress affair, according to the card," Quin pointed out.

"That can be easily arranged," was the reply. "Unfortunately, I am unable to be present tomorrow night, and it will give me great pleasure to send you the costume I had purchased for the occasion. It is a novel one and will assuredly attract attention. It is a dress similar to that worn by the insurgent officers in the field."

"I'll leave at a respectable hour," he concluded, "for I must have some sleep before starting in the morning." Senor Carajo was as good as his word. The following day he sent the costume, which consisted of embroidered jacket and trousers, a gaudy sash with knotted ends and a broad brimmed hat. A black mask was also included.

Until the dusk of the evening Quin was busy with the final preparations for his journey. Then he got into the clothes, which fitted him perfectly. It was the cool season, so he put on a long light coat, concealing the hat under it, and wearing a cap on his head. He walked through the town to the main quarter, where was situated the palatial residence of General Augustine, standing in a fine garden.

It was a highly fascinating scene without doubt. Several hundred masked persons of both sexes, representing almost as many different characters, were strolling about in the splendid apartments of the Spanish commandant or dancing to the strains of a military band. The flowers and palms were superb and the refreshments of the best. All was happiness and gaiety. Merry jests and rollicksome sport abounded. There was no sign of the cloud that loomed on the horizon, the warcloud occasioned by the critical phase which the relations between Spain and the United States were steadily nearing.

For an hour Quin wandered about, feeling a bit lonely in spite of the coy but fruitless attentions of various masked ladies. The fair sex had but a slight charm for him, and he was indifferent to their advances, nor did he

The Senor Carajo's costume was stowed away with the luggage. He was stopped at the guardhouse beyond the town; but, on showing his permit, he was at once allowed to pass on, and one of the soldiers presented him with a Manila newspaper that was still damp from the press.

"The rebel leader was denounced," the article concluded, "by the Senorita Carajo, who recognized his face when his mask slipped down by accident. She led the soldiers to where she had seen him, but he had escaped by way of the dressing room and the garden. It is believed, however, that his capture is only a question of a few hours, as he cannot leave the town."

"A few hours more, and I should be in sight of Manila. Karl Hamrach has given me a lot of tough contracts, but this has turned out the worst. I'm done with the Philippines. Another time I'll take the south pole for choice."

"The speaker—he talked to himself because he relished the sound of a human voice—was Matthew Quin. Alone, he dropped the rifle on his shoulder and a few ounces of food in his pocket, he was trudging wearily through a dense forest. It was an April morning in the hot season, more than three months since his departure from the coast. Behind him lay the grave of his hopes and ambitions—the memory of a quest that was fruitless and fore-ordained to failure.

The history of the expedition may be briefly told. In spite of many hardships the little band penetrated to the middle of the island, where travelers had never been before. They collected specimens of unknown plants and birds and captured several snow white monkeys, but of wild animals there were only boars and a species of tiger cat, which settled the question of the Philippines so far as profit to Hamrach & Co. was concerned. Quin, still hopeful in spite of disappointment, insisted on further search. His men, who were plucky fellows, supported him.

Then trouble came. The last of the monkeys perished, and a native did of snake bite. The aborigines, flat nosed savages of crafty ways, attacked the expedition and killed five of its members. They followed it up when it started in despair for the coast and killed two more. The survivors pressed on, day after day, through the jungles and mountains. Quin wanted to make a fresh start northward, and the natives perhaps feared that he would force them to obedience. At all events, they quietly decamped one night, taking with them their weapons and ammunition and most of the food.

In the morning Quin discovered his loss and realized that it would be useless to track the deserters. Nothing daunted by his misfortune, he shouldered his rifle, pocketed what food was left, abandoned his specimens and marched on alone. A week had passed since then, and now, as nearly as he could reckon, he was within less than a day's journey of Manila. He knew nothing of what had happened during his absence, for he had met no human beings in that week of lonely wandering. But twice he had crossed narrow spaces in the forest scarred with the remains of fires, where large bodies of men must have recently camped. And this suggested to him that the rebels were once more fighting against Spanish rule.

"If such is the case," he reflected as he trudged on that morning, "I may at any moment stumble on a Spanish or insurgent picket. That will mean a brief detention, perhaps, but nothing worse."

By noonday, however, he had found no signs of the men, save here and there an old trail overgrown with weeds, and he began to think that he might be a little wrong in his reckoning. A few minutes later, while crossing a belt of marshland from which exuded a pestilential, steamy mist, he was startled to hear an angry grunt. The sound came from behind him—from a clump of reeds that he had just passed. He turned apprehensively to look, and as he did so a monstrous wild boar broke from cover and charged him furiously. Its species in the Philippines are all times ill tempered. Its little eyes were bloodshot, and its gashing tusks dripped foam.

Quin's last and only cartridge was in his rifle, and he instantly lifted the weapon to his shoulder. One foot

slipped into a water hole as he fired, and the shot missed. He turned and ran, knowing full well that he had but a slight chance of escape. The boar charged on, squealing and grunting savagely.

Quin strained every nerve, bounding with great leaps over the marshy grass. His only hope was to reach the far side of the clearing, where he might pull himself into the limbs of a tree. But it was soon evident that he could not gain the desired shelter. He was less than half way to it when a backward glance showed him his pursuer within half a dozen feet. He dodged to one side, intending, as a last resort, to try to stun the animal with the stock of his rifle.

But at that critical moment timely and unexpected aid reached him. From a thicket several yards away came a flash and a report, and down went the boar, stopped by a bullet under the fore shoulder. Then a man leaped into view, and with a long spear he quickly dispatched the ugly brute by stabbing it repeatedly in the throat.

This done, the stranger bowed courteously to Quin, who was breathing hard after his exertions. The rescuer was tall and slim, with a handsome and refined face and a complexion that was remarkably light colored for a native. His clothing, which was badly worn, consisted of tunic and trousers, a broad hat and a crimson sash in which was thrust a huge pistol.

"Who are you, senor, and what do you here?" he inquired. Quin gave him his name and also a brief account of his expedition. "I owe you my life," he concluded fervently. "But for you!" "Senor, I am glad that you are grateful for my poor service," the man interrupted, "and I regret that I must ask one of you in return. It may seem to you that I take an unfair advantage, but as my time is too valuable to waste in words—" "With that he whipped out his pistol and leveled it in Quin's face. "Throw your rifle at my side!" he added sternly. "Off with your coat and hat. Be quick!"

There was no alternative, so Quin obeyed with alacrity. His captor withdrew several paces, threw off his own hat and tunic and threw them at Quin. Then he picked up the latter's clothing and weapon in one hand, keeping his pistol ready in the other. "It is a fair exchange, senor," he said, "and I trust you will bear no malice."



He dropped from the window.