

# 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. The tailoring throughout our garments is as important to you as the fabrics.

**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. They are made by the best manufacturers in the world. The insides of our garments are taken care of—you would be convinced that there is no way to make clothing better.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED.

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

## Bicycles

### \$4 and up

Sent to any address in the United States on approval. Write today and get FREE SAMPLE of our 1900 ART CATALOGUES. Our 1900 guarantee reads:

If defective parts are found in WITTMANN BICYCLES we will replace FREE and pay all transportation charges. THE WITTMANN CO., ESTABLISHED 1870.

Genuine Edison Phonographs ONLY \$7.50



1136 O St., Lincoln. PHONE 192. The Bicycles and Phonograph headquarters of the entire west. REPAIRING—Send us your finest and most difficult repair work if you want satisfaction guaranteed at same prices which have built up the largest repair business in the west.

## SULPHO-SALINE BATH HOUSE AND SANITARIUM

All forms of baths—Turkish, Russian, Roman, Electric—with special attention to application of natural salt water baths, several times stronger than sea water. Rheumatism, Skin, Blood, Catarrh, Stomach, Nervous, and Heart diseases; Liver and Kidney troubles; diseases of women and chronic ailments treated successfully. A separate department, fitted with a thoroughly aseptic ward and operating rooms, offer special inducements to surgical cases, and all diseases peculiar to women.

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

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.

## Burlington Cheap Excursions by THE BURLINGTON.

For the following Flights, Tickets on sale July 18 and August 2, limited to return to Oct. 31st.—Denver, and return \$10.50; Colorado Springs and return \$18.50; Pueblo and return \$20.50; Glenwood Springs and return \$28.50; Salt Lake and Ogden and return \$32; Hot Springs, S. D., and return \$17.50; Cedar, S. D., and return \$19.50; Deadwood, S. D., and return \$21.50; Spearfish, S. D., and return \$23; Sheridan, Wyoming, and return \$25.50. Tickets on sale July 17-18 and Aug. 2-7-21; Return Limit Oct. 31, 1900; for St. Paul, Minn., and return \$14.50; Minneapolis, Minn., and return \$16.50; Kansas, Minn., and return \$18.50; Wausau, Minn., and return \$20.50; Superior, Wis., and return \$22.50; West Superior, Wis., and return \$24.50. City Ticket Office Cor. Tenth and O Sts., Telephone 235. Burlington Depot 7th St., Bet. P and Q, Phone 25.

## SAVE YOUR MONEY

Why pay retail prices? Buy at headquarters. We will sell you in retail quantities.

WESTERN GLASS & PAINT CO. Cor. 12th & M Sts. LINCOLN, NEB.

## Cut Rates on F. E. & M. V.

Special Westbound Excursions, Northwestern Line, F. E. & M. V. R. R. Deadwood, Hot Springs, Rapid City, S. D., Casper, Wyo., Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City, and Ogden, on June 21st, July 7, 8, 9, 19, and 18, August 2, 1900. At one fare plus two dollars for round trip, good until October 31, 1900. Call for tickets and other information on J. D. JACKSON, C. P. & T. Agent, 117 So. 10th St.

## ON THE 7:40 EXPRESS

As the 7:40 train began to pull away from the Alexandria station an old, white haired negro hurried across the platform and swung himself on the rear car.

"Here is a seat, uncle," called a young man. "You look tired."

The negro shuffled forward eagerly. "Yes, sah. T'ank yo', sah," he said gratefully as he sank down. "I'ze plumb beat. Done walk mon's'rous long way dis yer mawnin. Yo' see," as the young man folded his paper and slipped it into his pocket, "Marse Henery an me lib over in Prince George county, an last week Marse Henery he up an die. Dat let me by myse'."

"I see, and you are going south to look for work."

"No, sah; goin back home—goin back to ole Georgy. I ain't been dar in mon's' 'thirty year," he went on slowly; "not sense de Linkum men took we all's niggers. Dar was a whole passle ob 'em, but dey all done bruk away. Den de sheriff sof de plantation an dar wa'n't nutten left we all but de norf. We's 'bleeged ter hab plenty wuk."

"And you stuck to Marse Henery?"

The old negro looked at him in surprise. "Ob co'se," he answered simply. "I'ze de body sarbent, an Marse Henery couldn't git 'long 'bout me. He's a gen'lman an 'pended on bein tuk car ob. But I'ze 'bleeged ter be 'way in de daytime, case I'ze a cyrpanter an allers hab plenty wuk."

"What did Marse Henery do?"

"Marse Henery," indignantly. "Why, he's gen'lman, I telly yo'! He ain't do nutten. He ain't nubber learn do t'ings like common w'ite fo'ks. He hab niggers for dat."

"You don't mean that you have supported him ever since the war?"

The old negro drew himself up with unconscious dignity. "Yo' goin talk like dat, I ain't got nutten mo' ter splain."

"I beg your pardon," said the young man hastily. "Please go on."

"Yo' ain't know Marse Henery," commiseratingly, "so yo' don't un'stan. Ob oban, he's wuk for me. He car' for me befo' de wuk, didn't he? What nigger good for but wuk, I like know?"

A boy came through the car with a basket of sandwiches. The young man bought two and handed them to his companion. The old negro's eyes glistened.

"T'ank yo', massa! T'ank yo', sah!" he said gratefully. "I didn't hab no breakfas, an meony's too scase ter buy t'ings on de road. I war 'lowin ter fill up after I done reach Georgy."

A few minutes later there was a slight ripple through the conductor and he entered and was calling for tickets.

The young man produced his and held it in readiness. The negro fumbled anxiously through several pockets and finally remembered that he had pinned his to his hat lining.

"Done tuk ebery cent I could scrape up ter buy dat," he said triumphantly as he produced it. "But das all right. I kin wuk, an fo'ks don't need money 'en dey's home. Money's for trabblin'."

"In the seat behind them was a shabbily dressed woman whose face had an anxious, frightened expression. Crowded on the seat beside her were several children, and in her arms was a white-faced, big-eyed baby. When the conductor touched her shoulder, she started uneasily.

"Ticket, please."

A red flush of shame spread over the woman's face, then it disappeared, leaving her white and dogged.

"I haven't any," she said in a low voice.

"Very well. If you get off at the next station, it will save us the trouble of putting you off," and he turned to the opposite seat.

The woman's eyes grew big with terror as she sprang up and caught him by the arm.

"Don't do that, sir! For God's sake, don't put me off!" she implored hoarsely. "I've got to go. My husband has written for me to come. He's—he's dying!" And a great sob rose to her white lips, but was resolutely choked back.

"I tried to raise money," lowering her voice so the other passengers could not hear, "but I couldn't. We sold everything we had so he could go south, as the doctor ordered. And now he's—he's—oh, my God! my God!"

She turned from him and sank weakly into her seat. The conductor shook his head.

"I'm sorry, madam," he said kindly, "but we have only one rule. You must pay or get off. I can't risk breaking the rules. Ticket, please."

The old negro rose slowly to his feet. "T'ze feared yo'll hab ter put me off, too, boss," he said humbly. "In mon's'rous hard wuk for pore nigger like me ter raise money for ticket."

"Off at the next station!" broke in the conductor harshly. "We'll be there in a minute. If it was not so near, I'd slow the train and put you off. This poor woman has to come with you—she's the young man's wife, and she's about to make a protest, but something in the old negro's face restrained him.

Before the conductor reached the end of the car the speed began to slacken. The old negro rose and turned to his companion.

"Reckon I better be leavin'," he said. "T'ank yo' for dem san'wiches, an I hope yo'll member me kinly. Here, missy," to the woman, who was gazing stonily from the window, and dropping his ticket into her lap, "here's yo' ticket. I reckon yo' done drap it. I hope yo' fan' dat husband ain't so bad as yo' tink."

And before she could recover from her bewilderment he had left the car and was shuffling down the platform. The young man half rose to call him back. Then a remembrance of his own resources or perhaps of some one waiting for him caused him to sink back on his seat and stare blankly at the window. As the train moved out he saw the old negro trudging along beside the track, still bound for Georgia.—Exchange.

When Antiques Were Plentiful. John Stuckey, Bailiff, the sundial maker of Centerville, Bucks county, was one of the first Pennsylvanians to appreciate the aesthetic and financial value of the tall hall clock, the spinning wheel, the Dutch stove, the four post bedstead and the other colonial and precolonial furnishings that used to litter the attics of old farmers. The farmer, then used to send for him, and, working off, say, a magnificent old table of mahogany for \$15, would laugh to think how they had bested him, when he, a week or so afterward, would make a profit of about 500 per cent on the purchase.—Philadelphia Record.

## A GRIZZLY AT BAY.

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson Tells an Anecdote of a Wild Animal He Has Known.

In the Century Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson relates "The Biography of a Grizzly," telling of the days of his strength. The story opens with his anecdote—which is grizzly in more senses than one.

Wahb's third summer had brought him the stature of a large-sized bear, though not nearly the bulk and power that in time were his. He was very light-colored now, and this was why Spahwat, a Shoshone Indian who more than once hunted him, called him the Whitebear, or Wahb.

Spahwat was a good hunter, and as soon as he saw the rubber tree on the Upper Metetsee he knew that he was on the range of a big grizzly. He bushwhacked the whole valley, and spent many days before he found a chance to shoot; then Wahb got a stinging flesh wound in the shoulder. He growled horribly, but it had seemed to take the fight out of him; he scrambled up the valley and over the lower hills till he reached a quiet haunt, where he lay down.

His knowledge of healing was wholly instinctive. He licked the wound and all around it, and sought to be quiet. The licking removed the dirt, and by massage reduced the inflammation, and it plastered the hair down as a sort of dressing over the wound to keep out the air, dirt and microbes. There could be no better treatment.

But the Indian was on his trail. Before long the smell warned Wahb that a foe was coming, so he quietly climbed farther up the mountain to another resting place. But again he sensed the Indian's approach and made off. Several times this happened, and at length there was a second shot and another galling wound. Wahb was furious now. There was nothing that really frightened him but that horrible odor of man, iron and guns, that he remembered from the day when he lost his mother; but now all fear of these left him. He heaved painfully up the mountain again, and along under a six-foot ledge, then up and back to the top of the bank, where he lay flat. On came the Indian, armed with knife and

gun; deftly, swiftly keeping on the trail; glancing joyfully over each bloody print that meant such anguish to the hunted bear. Straight up the side of broken rock he came, where Wahb, forewarned now with pain, was waiting on the ledge. On sneaked the dogged hunter; his eye still scanned the bloody spots or swept the woods ahead, but never was raised to glance above the ledge. And Wahb, as he saw this shape of Death, relentless on his track, and smelled the fearful smell, poised his bulk at heavy cost upon his quivering, mangled arm, there held until the proper instant came, then to his sound arm's matchless native force he added all the weight of desperate hate as down he struck one fearful, crushing blow. The Indian sank without a sound, and then dropped out of sight. Wahb rose, and sought again a quiet nook where he might nurse his wounds. Thus he learned that one must fight for peace; for he never saw that Indian again, and he had time to rest and recover.

They Knew What He Meant. An ocean-going captain was so much given to using bad language that his first mate, in the laudable desire to reform his chief, made a bet with him that he could not do without swearing for a week. The captain was confident that he could. It went on all right for two or three days, until a bit of a squall came on, and the sailors were up aloft attending to their various duties. The captain was displeased with their work, and he stood it as long as he could in silence. Then he began to mumble under his breath, and finally he threw his cap on the deck and jumped on it. Even this did not relieve his feelings, so he shook his fist at the men aloft with an angry scowl and blazed: "Bless you, my dears! You know what I mean!"

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. E. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We have the honor to know F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West and Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Hustling young man can make \$60 per month and expenses. Permanent position. Experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars. Clark & Co., 4th & Locust Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Patronize our advertisers.

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE HALLAM BANK

At Hallam in the State of Nebraska, at the close of business June 30, 1900.

RESOURCES: Loans and Discounts, \$10,344.36; Overdrafts, secured and unsecured, 75c; Stocks, securities, judgments, claims, 75c; Bonds, 75c; Other assets, 1,500.00; Banking house furniture and fixtures, 1,404.02; Current expenses and taxes paid, 60.00; Prepaid on U. S. and other bonds and securities, 19,832.26; Checks and other cash items, 60.00; Due from National, State and Private Banks and Bankers, 15,832.26; Cash—Currency, \$1,282.00; Gold, 1,738.00; Silver, 696.75; Pennies, 7.25; Total cash on hand, 3,821.01; Total, \$38,162.48

LIABILITIES: Capital stock paid in, 5,000.00; Surplus fund, 1,922.91; Undivided profits, 1,922.91; Dividends unpaid, 1,738.82; Individual deposits subject to check, \$17,738.82; Demand certificates, 2,589.75; Time certificates of deposit, \$,901.00 29,239.57; Cashier's checks outstanding, 75c; Due to National, State and Private Banks and Bankers, 15,832.26; Notes and bills re-discounted, 75c; Bills payable, 75c; Total, \$38,162.48

STATE OF NEBRASKA, COUNTY OF \_\_\_\_\_, ss. I, John J. Meyer, cashier of above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is correct and a true copy of the report made to the state banking board.

JOHN J. MEYER, Cashier. ATTEST: JOHN J. MEYER, Director, GOCHARD RIFFEN, Director, Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1900. G. H. RUHAAR, Notary Public.

## Tours in the Rocky Mountains.

The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico the choicest resorts, and to the transcontinental traveler the grandest scenery. Two separate and distinct routes through the Rocky mountains, all through tickets via either. The direct line to Cripple Creek, the greatest gold camp on earth. Three trains daily each way, with through Pullman palace and tourist sleeping cars between Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and Los Angeles, and Denver and Portland. The best line to Utah, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington via the "Ogden Gateway." Dining cars (service a la hote) on all through trains. Write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colo. for illustrated descriptive pamphlets.

## F. JAS. COSGRAVE, Attorney-at-Law—Billingsley Block.

George W. Pollock, non-resident defendant: You are notified that June 23, 1900, Jennie Pollock filed her petition against you in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, asking for a divorce on the grounds of desertion and non-support.

You are required to answer said petition on or before August 6, 1900. By her attorney F. JAS. COSGRAVE.

## For a Summer Outing

The Rocky Mountain regions reached via the UNION PACIFIC, provide lavishly for the health of the invalid, and the pleasure of the tourist. Amid these rugged steeps, are to be found some of the most charming and restful spots on earth. Fairy lakes nestled amid sunny peaks, and climate that cheers and exhilarates. The SUMMER EXCURSION RATES put in effect by the UNION PACIFIC enable you to reach these favored localities without unnecessary expenditure of time or money.

In effect June 21, July 7 to 10 inc., July 18 and August 2. One fare plus \$2 for the round trip from Lincoln to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Ogden, and Salt Lake City. Return limit October 31st, 1900. For Time Tables and full information call on E. B. SLOSSON, Agent.

## TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two Cascarets. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."

GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Miss.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grievs. 10c, 25c, 50c. CURE CONSTIPATION. Sells Everywhere. Get Cascarets at any drug store. No-to-Bac Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to cure Tobacco Habit.

## SPRING MEDICINES AT CUT RATE...

- \$1.00 Hood's Sarsaparilla.....75c
1.00 Paine's Celery Compound.....75c
1.00 Ayer's Sarsaparilla.....75c
1.00 Allen's Sarsaparilla.....75c
1.00 Allen's Celery Compound.....75c
1.00 Scott's Emulsion.....75c
1.00 King's New Discovery.....75c
1.00 Peruna.....75c
1.00 Swamp Root.....75c
1.00 S. S. S.....75c
1.00 Pinkham's Vegetable Comp'd.....75c
1.00 Jayne's Expectant.....75c
1.00 Beef Iron and Wine Tonic.....75c
1.00 Pierce's Favorite Prescription.....75c
1.00 Miles' Restorative Tonic.....75c
1.00 Wine of Cardui.....75c
1.00 Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.....75c
1.00 Radfield's Female Regulator.....75c
1.00 Shoop's Restorative.....75c
1.00 Indian Sarsaparilla.....75c
1.00 McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.....75c
1.00 Mother's Friend.....75c
1.00 Woman's Health Restorer.....75c
1.00 La-cu-pi-a.....75c
1.00 Hostetter's Bitters.....75c
1.00 Iron Tonic Bitters.....75c
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Low Prices 141 So. 9th St. Lincoln, Neb.

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## THE HONOR OF BESSON.

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

[Copyright, 1900, by R. C. V. Meyers.] Besson shined in his pocket the paper on which he had jotted down the order.

"Of course," said Mr. Clavie white the young clerk in the background became interested in a book on a table near enough the two to render over-hearing not impossible—"of course you will be punctual?"

Besson buttoned up his coat. "And," followed up the publisher, "you understand fully."

"Such insistence! It tired Besson. "It is probable," he answered, "that I understand."

Clavie cleared his throat. "Your pardon," he explained, "but you seemed so—shall I say inattentive?"

"It is a very good word," Besson assured him. Then, apparently willing to relieve the other's anxiety at so slight a cost to himself, he pulled the paper from his pocket. "I have it down, you see—ten biographies of 500 words each, to be incorporated into a new popular history of the revolution. The subjects are Marat, Brianne, Danton, Desmoulines, Robespierre, Espremeuil, Mirabeau—of course not 'Tonneau' Mirabeau."

"You know that."

"As you say, Mirabeau (not 'Tonneau'), Roland, Lavoisier—I have them all here."

"And I know you have their histories at the ends of your fingers."

"Or at the ends of the fingers of those who have prattled about them in print—Besanville, Dulaure, Lacroix, Condorcet, Mercier, Toulougeon, Boville, Mellan, Vauban."

"Bravo!" cried Clavie. "Did I not say so?"

"For which emanations of genius," dryly summed up Besson, "I am to receive—"

He paused, a twinkle in his eye, in the corner of which quivered a drop of moisture.

"You consider the price low," said the publisher. "Twenty francs for each biography of 500 words is—"

"Precisely," interrupted Besson as he returned the paper to his pocket. "I took a prize in mathematics some years ago. I know how many centimes a word that is. It is settled. Bonjour!" And he left the office, brushing the drop from his eye with a finger circled by a deep gold band that served to accentuate the whiteness of the hand.

"Francis," the publisher said, turning to the young clerk, "there goes a man who knows more about France and her times than any two men in Paris today. But," he shrugged his shoulders, "dissipation has done its work. The green angel has him, and he will not be on time. Thus I have put the date five days ahead of that on which, as you know, we shall actually need the articles he is to do for us. Today is the 5th. I have told him we must have them by the 15th. We need them on the 20th. He will deliver them on the 18th. He has worked for us before. You may resume your duties, Francis."

Outside in the sunshine Besson relieved his eyes of another drop of moisture. It was always thus early in the morning. It was barely noon, and he had been forced to rise prematurely in order to see the publisher, who had twice asked for the interview.

Whether should he go—home to work at the order from Clavie? Bah! He had no such intention. What—on such a day as this to go to his silent room at Mamzelle's, in the Place Labrosse, and sit there and spin out words about those others! No, no, my child, not while the sun shone like this, and the boulevard promised what it did, and that path in the Bois had begun to sprinkle the asphalted air with imperceptible jets of the perfume of lilacs. He might get at the things this evening—though not this evening, either, for he had promised himself to go this evening and see how wretchedly Sardou had put together that last new play, a thing of shreds and patches of apocryphal history. Tomorrow would be time enough. Hold! He had promised himself that tomorrow. Well, he had told Clavie that the biographies would be done by the 15th. Here it was only the 5th. He had ten days in which to write out 5,000 words upon

"I will wait as long as possible, though," she said, with a sigh, "I must not despair. Despair ruins my skill, and this time I am making orchids."

The days passed, and Besson offered no part of the money he owed her. Of course in the midst of her increasing perplexity old Carriere had to come over, when he saw her working at the window. He folded his arms on the window sill and talked in that way.

"Ah, Mamzelle," he chirruped, "such a tombstone as your father will have! It must be pleasant to rest under such a tombstone. Dalcour is proud of it himself. He says that but for my friendship for you it would have cost you considerably more than he charges you. He is an agreeable man, that Dalcour. By the way, our young man, our Besson—I hope his late hours do not interfere with his work. He is always prompt in paying what he owes? I ask as a friend."

"I find no fault with monsieur," Mamzelle stily replied. "He is a writer for the newspapers. Writers for the newspapers frequently keep late hours, I understand."

Again old Carriere snarled over. "Dalcour says the marble of that tombstone is without a flaw. I have seen it. Dalcour says that 60 francs you pay him on the 25th will just defray the expense of the marble and the carrying of it to the cemetery, not a sou for the carving he has executed—such a ravishing wreath of acorns round your father's name.