E3 E3 0 E3 E8 E

"there's a dog abourd this ship. I recken because she had a few more dollars than he's got a muster. Does he belong to any he. of you?"

"He looks 'ike a dog of mine," said Cre-

"Did you bring him on board, sir?" "He came with me." "You should have let me know, Mr.

Cregan. "Sorry, esptain. I didn't know you liked dogs."

"I don't like 'em on my ship. Some people'd throw him overboard, Mr. Cre-

"Ah, would they? There'd be the devil and all to pay if they did. A lot depends on that dog. Captain Hammond. I'll stand for his keep and lodging. That's fair." Punch shook hands all around, and Captain Hammond was appeared. The dog naturally became the most

popular personage on the ship. Most of his time he devoted to Cregan. The rest was punctifiously divided between officers

At Ilio de Janeiro John Cregan disembarked with Punch and his few belongings. No one on board had succeeded in discovering his business, not even the captain, who had done his best to draw

When Cregan landed, he put up at the most moderate hotel he could find and looked about him for a family named Doyle. He found families called Doyle in every conceivable condition of life, but from all of them he turned away unsatlafied. Wherever Cregan went Punch went too. He was as alert as a fox.

"Come, Punch, we'll take a turn," said Cregan one cool evening. The main thoroughtares were crowded:

lighted saloons, not too choice, shope upon the street; the people of Rio were an ardent youth. making merry in characteristic fashion. Crezen turned into darker and narrower say, fellows, just see me sail in and capwars, pondering deeply on the strange ture that charmer." fortune that brought him so far on to so poor a chance of success. Suddenly Punch started forward, nose to ground. Cregan appear to be extra anxious to escape gents?" saw a figure pass into a squalid looking him, and so it was not long before he

"Back, dog!" he called. Punch came her. to heel all quivering with excitement. "Is it a true find, I wonder?" be

thought, drawing back into the shadow with his hand on the dog's cellar.

In half an hour the figure came out. It eventuate. was a women in the dress of a nurse. Punch strained to free himself.

"Quiet! Not now. This isn't the right place to interview a lady. You should Cregan was more excited than the dog.

He could have danced for joy. When the woman was out of sight, he went up to the house which she had left and knocked. A draggled child came to the

"Who was the lady who just left?" "Sure, 'twas Sister Moira."

"How could I know, sorr?" "Will she be here tomorrow?"

"Where does she live!"

"She will, sorr." Cregan scribbled his address on a piece of paper and slipped it and a coin into

the child's hand "Gire her the paper tomorrow and tell her to come at ones. Spend the money

dacent now, gvick." He hurried back to the hotel and tried to sleep, but the morning found him with heavy eyes and aching head. All day he sat at his window with the dog, watching that you are a married man-belong to

for the woman in a nurse's dress. At last she came. It was toward evening, and the cool wind was blowing up egain. She was shown into an empty room, according to his instructions, and

he and the dog went down to meet her. When the door was opened, Punch sprang to her joyfully. With a little startied cry she drew away; then she fell on her knees and buried her face against his

"Punch, Punch," she cried. "Is it Ton? "I've brought him to you, Moira," said

Cregnn. "Twas he who found you." "And you too! Oh, John!"

He took her hand and held it for a long time in silence, gazing into her eyes. Then he let it fall, with a sigh that showed what weariness had been lifted from extended arm and they started for an

"I didn't write," he said, "because my name would be nothing but trouble to Tim began to pour forth the same volume. you, a reminder of bitter days." "Never that," she cried.

"It was through my father that you were made poor," he went on firmly; gradually stole around her shapely and "otherwise you would never have left unyielding waist. home. Let me speak, Moira. I have had enough good fortune to be able to repay Mr. Doyle every penny. Here it is."

He took a draft from his pocketbook and laid it on the table.

"Don't" she cried.

"You must take it to him." "John, he died a year ago." "Then I'm too late."

"Not too late, for your goodness was in the thought. I never can forget that." Cregan sat staring at the draft, which was drawn to the order of a dead man. His head swam.

"Then it's yours now. You're alone and need it. The thing's been hancing law! ground my neck like a millstone. Take

it, Moira." "For the sake of the old days," she said, "don't ask me."

"It's for their sake I do ask. Dear word they started with him in the direc-God, the old days!"

"When are you going back?" "Never. I shall stay here to redeem

my father's name." "John, are you ill?"

"Only a little feverish." perion curls, and it is generally under-She felt his pulse and passed a cool hand across his forehead. days are over .- New York News. "The old days! Moira, if only we could

bring them back, if only I dared"-"Yes?" "Tell you"-She knelt beside him and gozed up into pet words. I believe the quiet admission

his face with eyes full of mingled joy and which we are all of as so ready to make "Tell me," she said.

"I have loved you plware." Her bend sunk and rested against his

"John," she said, "I was always yours. I thought you'd forgotten me.' There was need for Sister Moira's nursing. The yellow fever gets to work quickly, and in 12 hours Cregan was in its grip. He was not a particularly good patient, either, and had to be subjected to strict discipline. But death was beaten back at last, and he and Moira and the ble, you need not trouble yourself about dog Punch became the most popular it; if possible, try for it. It is very Uto- quicksands are, wherever we have once members of the English community at pian to hope for the entire doing away been stranded, let us sink the buoy and Ric. That was long ago. Their present with sin and misery out of the world, but anchor the memory and keep to the right sidness is in the County Clare.- Ex- the Utopianism is not our business-the or to the left, as the shoal may be .-

FLIRTING.

Then and Now at

frightful dream.'

fresh honey.

metal in evidence.

square of beauty.

By Kate Jordan.

lined with prison cells and officers' quar-

ters. The walls were flaring in coats of

whitewash, and the cleanly smell of chlo-

ride of lime came up to us. Enlisted men

were sweeping or plying soapy mops to

the pavements or polishing any bits of

Above an incline leading to a neighbor-

ing rampart an American sentry paced,

his bayonet a magnet for dancing sparks

of sunlight, the stars and stripes standing

out above him in the breeze, a brilliant

The old Cuban was silent. He was not

looking at the American flag. His eyes

saw nothing, but the vision of his soul

This shabby, quiet man, with shapeless

panama hat, knotted red neckcloth and

bulging cotton umbrella, was familiar to

the American colony. He was one of the

dismal, out at elbow thousands of Cuba,

and but a few years ago had been a

to mouth living as interpreter, for Eng-

"Au-aye!" he said, coming back to the

"Oh, yes; though not a soldier. But I

was a man to fear. It was known I had

had taken out papers there. My ene-

put me in this pesthouse-as it was then.

Rats, vermin, every imaginable filth, and

wretches who prayed aloud for death

tions in bulk, where each man was a

numbered Cuban without a name, just a

and husbands who had 'disappeared'

"This was mine," said the old Cuban,

We went down to the cells,

lived in the states till I was 25, and I

"Alone there for 60 days?"

Tim Julip was a benedict. That is to say, he was married up to the standard. Tim was rather a fine looking fellow and knew it. He had married a woman "Gentlemen," said Captain Hammond, a few years more ancient than he was

> He had a mother-in-law. She was a slight, well preserved old lady of the period, and under almost any light she looked quite as young as her daughter, Mrs. Julio.

This mother-in-law had a marvelous way of making herself up and of appearing rosy and kittenish, and if she took it into her head to pass for a sweet 16 she could do it-at a distance.

She was a dutiful mother-in-law to Tim and made it quite as animated for him as mothers-in-law are apt to do. She suspected that Tim was fond of other ladles-that he was inclined to pass himself off as a single man, and her heart yearned to prove it.

Her surmises had already awakened the jealousy of her daughter, and it had of late been so "warm" at his house that they didn't have to burn half as much coal as they formerly did. But Tim was a persevering cuss, and

whenever he felt himself at a safe distance from home he would unbend himself and be happy, for happy he was when he could find somebody to flirt

The park was his favorite resort, and how lucky it was that his "family" did not know of all his pleasant cadidoes in that beautiful resort. One pleasant afternoon Tim and a

party of boon companions, dressed in the wealthy planter. Now he earned a hand height of fashion, were meandering through the winding and devious ways lish was a second tongue to him. of the park, when a gay and dashing creature swept past them, casting back a coquettish smile that might easily have been interpreted into an invitation if either of them saw fit to take it up. ed-for 60 days."

Tim was the first to speak, for he was "By jingoes, but she's a stunner! I

They agreed to wait and see him do it. He turned and followed her. She didn't

She replied artfully, and in a few moments he seemed to have captured the mies hated me, so to keep me safely they fair creature for sure. His friends followed slowly behind to see how it would

overtook her. Raising his hat he saluted

They reached a shady seat, and, rest- filled every cell. Where I was one of us ing there, they kept up the same ani- kept awake always to keep the rats off mated conversation that they started. the rest while they slept. We took turns Tim was somewhat taken. Exactly how that way. What I tell you is true. she looked, or how old she was, he could not tell, for she had one of those illu- Once I was really led out to be shot in sionary veils over her face, and they are the moat down there. But they were such assistants to fraud that many a afraid. Before they could carry out the man has been taken in without going be- sentence the third time the protocol was hind them.

The result was an appointment for the while my people did not know where I next day in the same place. Then they was parted, and Tim joined his companions in high give. They were disposed to doubt his complete conquest, and so it was arranged that they should be on hand the next day to see for themselves.

The next day found him on the spot receptacle for a Spanish bullet-but sedressed with exceeding care. His beaucret murders by the score took place tiful unknown was also on hand, and ere within these walls. Some of these sons long they were engaged in earnest and loving conversation again.

were seen again when their garrotted "Oh, you naughty men!" sighed she, bodies, not sufficiently weighted, rose to "You are always capturing the hearts of the surface of the bay and drifted to the us poor, trusting women, and we are albeach. What I tell you is true." ways the sufferers. How do I know but snother?" snifting delightfully the aroma of white-

"What! Can you think me guilty of so wash and eying the clean pallet; "ah, much deceit?" "You know we are strangers."

never loved."

arbor near by.

sweet he talks."

tion of home.

see how well he was getting along.

half rising, he confronted his wife.

His charmer called to the veiled lady.

He turned toward the intruder, who

had in the meantime raised her veil, and,

He felt as though a ten pound shell had

Poor Tim Julip! He is now a broken

hearted and melancholy man. He avoids

Central park, and the places that knew

him once would require an introduction to

him now. A wig replaces his late hy-

Ctopianism.

-that because things have long been

of misery and crime from which the

world suffers. Whenever you hear a

man dissunding you from attempting to

do well, on the ground that perfection is

the word out of your dictionary alto-

gether. There is no need for it. Things

human science. If the thing is impossi-

work is.-Ruskin.

"Utopianism" is another of the devil's

the difference!" A young lieutenant approached with "What signifies it? Fate brought us a large piece of white pasteboard. It together and we cannot deceive each was covered with black penciled other. I love you!" squares.

"Oh, sir, it is impossible!" "Have you seen this? I got it in one "I'll swear it!" "And you are not married?" "No, no, my dear. Fate has reserved

of the cells when we first came. Some poor devil's chessboard. Wonder what he played with? us for each other. Until I met you I "I know," said the old Cuban; "dirt "Oh, oh, how my poor heart goes! Let

rolled into lumps." "We have another souvenir of two us retire to a place not so public, for I interesting prisoners." And the young feel so giddy. Here, let us go into this lieutenant led the way. "Two newspaper correspondents were "Anywhere in the world with you

kept here out of harm's way. They degrest," he whispered, as she took his were not treated like other prisoners and put into one of the vermin ridden cells, though these were bad enough Here they again seated themselves, and when we came. Look!" And he pointed to the wall. of poetry that he had used on so many

There in black crayon were the proother occasions. One of her little gloved files of the two Americans cleverly hands he took in his, while his arm sketched. It is probable the drawing will remain there while San Severino ex-

At this moment a deeply veiled lady We went back and recrossed the came up behind them, and Tom's friends bridge. Above, in its white arch, hung were just passing through the arbor to the silent fortress bell.

"Ah, that bell! What it said to me once!" the old man murmured. "It is a "Come here, Mary, and just hear how curious feeling." he added, "to say goodby to life and then come back to it.' Our way lay through the passages between the cemented bowlders to the dry moat. Over this the drawbridge hung. with massive, useless chain. exploded in his hat. He glanced from

"Do you see the level line of chipped his wife to his betrayer, who had also stone along this wall?" said my guide. raised her veil, and who, of all people in "It is the 'dead line.' Here those senthe world, should it be but his mother-intenced to be shot were ranged, blindfold-

His friends vanished amid the most He poked with the point of his umbrelboisterous laughter, and his mother-inla along the line of loosened mortar, and law reached for one ear while his wife a bullet fell out, then another and antook hold of the other, and without a

"It is full of them." he said, looking down on the rusty lumps in his palm, "and most of them stilled a heart. What

I tell you is true.' Up one of the paths between the towering walls, past the moat, filed a trio of American girls in white, with flowers stood among his friends that his flirting and big green parasols. Their laughter made the most murmur. Following at a few yards distance came one girl, a colonel's daughter, and with her a young cavalry officer. He was leaning toward her, and she gave him a rose as

they passed out of sight. "God be thanked! Lovers in San Severino! The difference!" murmured the wrong it is impossible they should ever be right-is one of the most fatal sources old Cuban, lifting his hat reverently, and he said no more.-Criterion.

Our Course In Life. We ought to buoy for ourselves in our "Utopian," beware of that man. Cast course as we buoy a harbor. Off this shoal a black buoy floats and says to those who sail by as plainly as if spoken are either possible or impossible-you can in all languages. "Keep to the right here." easily determine which-in any state of And over against it floats another and says, "Keep to the left here." Now in life's ocean, wherever we know the Weekly Bouquet.

A South End Romance

Fort San Severino Hiram Woodruff was unquestionably a self made man, and he was pardonably proud of his job. The material out of which he had fashioned himself was "As I look at it today," said the old patent medicines. Cuban, "the past seems like an evil,

He stood at the door of his office on Cornhail waiting for some one. "These To left and right of the great fort oa painter fellows don't have any idea of the land side the paseo stretched, tree time," said he to his cashier, who stood shaded, edged by a low stone sea wall in the door with him. The cashier bit and filled with companies at drill, strollthe end of a cigar which he was going to ing senoritas, excursionists, peddlers,

who, in varied minor keys, cried their "Why, I told that young Redmond to wares-guava sandwiches, cigars, limes, be here at 6 sharp, an here 'tis two minutes past, an he ain't come yet. But We paced peacefully on the brow of I believe he's the man for the job when the fort and then crossed to a point he does get here." where we looked down on the courtyard,

"What is the job, major general?" In the remote past Woodruff had been major general of militia in New Hampshire, and the title still clung to him at times, "Why, to paint a couple of dozen hand

paintin's in eil for our parlors. Marthy says she's tired of the chromos that we've had ever since we were married. an I have to please her. I never forget that it was her gettin cured of a broken back through takin Hazleton's hair invigorator that started me in the patent medicine business. "I'll give him one minute more, an then

I'll go down to the calciminer's on Court square an git a young man there to do the job. It'll be cheaper an jest as good. Paint's paint after all's said an done." As he spoke a slimly built young fellow with a beard of French cut walked up to

job. Where's your paint?" The young man colored. Being a painter, it may have come easy to him. But he fell into the other's humor and said: "I've got to make an estimate first. It wouldn't be businesslike for me to pitch in without counting the cost."

present with a dream. "Ah, what I have seen! You see the arch next the last? Woodruff was pleased. "You've got a In the cell beyond that I lay-and stewlong head if you ain't in business." They had walked as they talked to Washington street, and Woodruff hailed "H'm," he said, with a grim sniff. a horse car. This was a year or two be-"Not alone. There were 20 of us in that fore Boston discarded horses as a mohole, and some had fever, and two went tive power for its cars and fully ten years before the slower metropolis did "Were you active among the insurthe same thing.

As they entered the car a very stout woman rose and left her seat. The two sat down in her place and Woodruff thanked her with old fashioned courtesy. Redmond started to speak, but was seized with a violent fit of coughing. "Consumption?" asked Woodruff with

grim kindness. "Guess not." said the artist with telltale hopefulness.

"Sounds so to me. You must let me send you a dozen bottles of my liver comound. Over 1,000,000 testimonials. Named it Lucille liver compound after my youngest daughter."

Woodruff's crossed legs had upset a portly passenger. "Ought to make these cars wider," said he, overlooking the fact that a man should not wear his crosses signed. They dared not kill me. Meanin his legs. Hiram Woodruff lived at the South end

> in Union park, and a ride of a half hour brought them to his door. The door was opened by the most beautiful girl that Redmond had ever seen. "Whew!" he whistled to himself, "and living out." Then he remembered that it was Thursday and knew the girl to be

the Lucille of the liver compound. She was pretty with a New England prettiness that is, her charms w re largely of the face, and yet there i is that in the slim grace of her figure that was as potent in the eves of Redmond as the lines of a more generous build would

have held for him. "Hello, sis, Where's ma? Oh, this is Mr. Redmond, sis; the man that's got the job to paint the parlor pictures." Ma now arrived on the scene. She was

a small, faded, thin woman, pre-eminently the wife of a self made man who generally forgets to make his wife until it's too late. "Now, young man, there's eight walls

to cover in the two rooms, an we'll want three paintin's on a wall, each one 36 by 24. an four colors in each-red, white, blue and yeller." "Oh, pa," said Lucille, "let him have

green, or he can't do any landscapes." "Well, green, then." It was plain to be seen that Hiram Woodruff could deny his daughter nothing. "Now, what's your lowest estimate for

the job?" "If I use the same stencil for the lot, I can do them for \$2,000, but if I make each picture different it will be \$100

"Oh, I want them different," said Mrs. Woodruff in a hesitating way. She talked as if the belt that ran her tongue needed tightening.

Woodruff looked doubtful. "Yes, each one different," put in Lucille, pulling at a button of her waist as if she were picking cherries. Redmond was bewitched at the graceful action of her wrist and then and there determined that the job was not the only thing in Hiram's power to give that he would get. "Each one different it is, then," said

the old man, "an I'll pay you \$10 a picture extry if you'll paint ads. of my patent medicines on each landscape." Redmond felt that now was his chance.

"It's against the ethics of my profession to do such a thing," said he, twisting his beard to a point and then untwisting it again, "just as it is bad form to use a stencil for anything except cows in pastoral scenes, but if you'll let me have a chance to win Miss Woodruff I'll fill the landscapes so full of ads. that they'll crowd the trees out on to the frames."

"Done, by Jehosaphat!" cried the old man, bringing his fist down upon the old melodeon with such force that it com-

Redmond's action may have been crude, but both his pictures and his wife are much admired, and as the landscapes with the ads in them have never been on the line anywhere it doesn't make much difference if he did outrage the ethics of painting.-Criterion.

Too Much For Celeste.

with magnificent opera houses, were then guiltless of any decent halls, and the orchestras were the great difficulties. In Buffalo, a very pretty village, the only available music was one violin played by an old darky, and all he knew was "Hail, Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle." So, as Celeste danced twice, the orchestra (?) commenced the first time with "Hail, Columbia," and finished with "Yankee Doodle" and for the second dance reversed the order of precedence. Poor Celeste, who spoke very little English then, her patience exhausted, exclaimed, "Blank 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Hail, Columbia.' "-From Autobiographical Sketch of Mrs. John Drew in Scrib-

Nurse Tomkins didn't profess to be "none of your 'ighly trained nurses"-she didn't 'ad with "them newfangled notions" she didn't see "where the thermometer and the 'ygienic measures came in. People didn't live no longer than before all this washing and ripsing was started."

Thus soliloquized Nurse Tomkins in my presence after I had engaged her services to attend my wife for a passing and slight indisposition. Mildred did not improve rapidly, not so quickly as her anxious husband would have liked, and at last-that was on the Sunday-with a deeply rooted sense of distrust toward her purse, I decided on taking up my station in the invalid's room. I entered. The fire burned low, the window was open. and the cold, bleak wind of an early spring day blew in. "Your fire is low, Mildred," I said. "The room feels cold." Nurse Tomkins adjusted her cap, settled her apron and commenced a series of attacks on the fire. Bang, bang, bang, went the poker. I looked at the woman with a look which has caused a brave man to flinch. "These beastly lodging ouse grates-small and poky," said the nurse under her breath. The fire sent up a fitful blaze, more coals were shoveled on, a rattle of fire irons, and the nurse's work was done. Tomkins walked to the bed, collecting bottles in her progress. One was eau de cologne, another a salts bottle. "Smell these!" she exclaim-"Well, young man, you nearly lost the ed, presenting the apex of each bottle to the patient's nose. Mildred was taken by surprise, and the strong salts made her gasp. I commanded my language and sat still, considering the situation with a caminess which afterward astonished me. So long as I was by it was all right, I said to comfort myself, and I would always be by so long as Mildred was being

> which was drawn up to the fireside. On the dressing table near by a little cloud of blue smoke ascended to the ceiling, a sickly eastern smell emanating from the burning paper. I leaned over and blew it out. I did not approve of my wife's bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of bowels open, and be well. Force in the shape of bowels open, and be well. Force in the shape of bowels open, and be well. Force in the shape of bowels open, and be well. Force in the shape of bowels open, and be well. room smelling of these scents. Nurse saw the action. She stopped shaking the bowels clear and clean is to take pillows into a hard mass and looked at me questioningly. "Them papers purify the atmosphere of a sickroom," she said in explanation. "At my last case I burned them day and night. Captain Eames' wife-she was a real lady, and she liked fine smells." Mildred told me afterward Mrs. Eames' name had been a familiar one to her and that she appeared to have been a most remarkable woman. She evidently was a good patient in so far as endurance went. "Mrs. Eames and me," continued Nurse, resuming her "explanation" of the burning papers, "we 'ad the same views on your KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN modern nursing and them 'igh and mighty young modern nurses who are 'aving their 'eads turned by all them Whiten the Teeth and newfangled notions and them funds and associations-and Mrs. Eames and me we often said as 'ow it was all fudge! Now, in 'er case," Nurse Tomkins went on, "them doctors ordered 'er to eat nothing all day long. Well, that wasn't the first case of typhoid I 'ad nursed-and I knew well the pretty young creature's strength couldn't 'old out against starvation for weeks-she, as was accustomed to ride in her carriage and 'ave the best myself, and I takes 'er up a cut of meat on the sly-she that sad and beseechinglike for a bit of something to eat-and didn't she just perk up at it! And looked so pretty with all her laces and frills round her bonny face-'twasn't the first case of typhoid I 'ad by no means."

"And Mrs. Eames recovered?" I asked. "The pretty creature, she died in my arms as gentle and mild as a lamb, and I never saw a prettier deathbed," re- John Wittorff. sponded Tomkins. "She was a real lady -the flowers in her room were something lovely-and 'er husband, he sobbed 'is eyes out, and no wonder-she that was

more than my pay."

the dining room. have you had in nursing?"

head held high. "Twelve years-at a hospital?" "Lor' bless you, no sir; I never required no teaching. I was a born nurse, and I pick it up as I go."

tion accepts untrained nurses, then?" "That it doesn't, sir." she returned, with spirit. "I had five years' experience when I joined. I was a nurse ever since Mention this paper 318 So. 12 St. I was 8 years old. My poor father, he

anffered"-"But," I put in, interrupting what I guessed might develop into a lengthy anecdote, "you have had no training then -no training as a nurse?"

"Nature taught me," said Tomkins. "Nature and observation. If I saw anything made a patient worse, I altered my treatment next time. I've 'ad great experience with the sick, as I am seldom called in unless it's an incurable case." I had been pacing the narrow limits of the room while Tomkins spoke, and when she ceased I was conscious of a tremor in my speech. I didn't say much, as little as I could, but I paid Tomkins for her "services," and I satisfactorily conveyed to her mind that I could dispense with them in the future. For the sake of peace I gave the woman a few shillings beyond what she expected, but her absence, I considered, would be cheaply bought at thrice that sum, and I never felt more relieved than when I heard the rumble of the cab down the quiet seaside road. Tomkins took the landlady into her confidence before her departure, and I heard her say in the loud voice she at sumed in the sickroom, "'E'll kill that dear little wife of 'is just as likely as not. 'E's had no experience with the sick, and them young husbands ain't fit to 'ave the care of a young wife. Now,

if I staid"-But I wanted to hear no more, and when I stood next by Mildred's side I took her hand in mine as if I could never let it go, and a feeling of heroism seized me that Mildred was saved from the jaws of death and that I was her savior. -Westminster Budget.

Nearly one-third of the surface of Newfoundland is covered with fresh water, mostly in the form of lakes.



McKinley: "It's gaining, Mark, and there is

-san Francisco Exami

r in sight."

"nursed." I ensconced myself in an easy chair being best for THE



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victuals in the land-so I just judges for Office hours 9 to 12 & 1 to 5. Second Floor Burr Block, Corner room LINCOLN - - NEBRASKA

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