

## SHORT STORIES.

### A FIFTH MUSKETEER.

When Arthur Annersley ran away from home and joined a troupe of strolling players, he left only one sad heart behind him, and that belonged to little Nellie Fenton, the 15-year-old daughter of Squire Fenton.

The girl and boy parted with many kisses and many tears.

"When I come back," said the boy bravely, "I shall be rich and famous, and I will claim you for my wife."

Arthur wrote continuously to Nellie and received long letters in reply; and once, when the troupe was performing but a few miles away, the girl escaped from her father's house and saw her hero act.

That, in fact, was a great night for Arthur Annersley. With Nellie in the audience he felt inspired and played as he had never played before. Now there happened to be a man present who occasionally painted the scenery at a big Manchester theatre. When the performance was over this man wrote to Manchester. His letter was addressed to the manager of the theatre he worked for, and it ran thus:

"Dear Sir: I have found the greatest actor in England, playing in a penny gaff. You can secure him easily, and if you do your fortune is made."

Thus it happened that Arthur Annersley got his first step up the ladder of fame.

In a few weeks' time he was rehearsing D'Artagnan in a new version of "The Three Musketeers," which was to be put on at the important Manchester theatre, the New Royal.

Nellie had an aunt in Manchester, who, by much innocent scheming, she got an invitation to visit.

There was still a week before the opening night with rehearsals every day, and Nellie was present at all.

How she watched her hero, how keenly she appreciated every point he made!

Only one thing marred the happiness of that wonderful week. The actor who took the part of Richelieu was a man of about thirty, a polished, self-possessed man of the world.

The first time he met Nellie Fenton, who, by much innocent scheming, she got an invitation to visit, with the bright, fresh, handsome girl.

Myles Barrington refused to be snubbed, but when he found that Nellie had neither eyes nor ears for any one save the new actor a jealous rage began to burn in his heart.

"You may regret some day not treating me more kindly," he said once.

Nellie turned on him proudly and looked at him steadily in the eyes.

"If you mean that for a threat," she said, quietly, "you prove yourself a coward as well as a nuisance. I am to be married to Mr. Annersley. I will know how to protect me."

The first night came. The house was crowded.

Nellie and a cousin occupied one of the boxes, but shortly before the curtain was raised to go up she slipped away and went behind the scenes to see if all were well.

To her amazement wild disorder prevailed and frightened faces were seen on every side. She could get no reply to her eager questions, only pitying glances.

Almost distracted she made her way to the manager's room. He met her at the threshold; his face was red and he seemed to be on the point of weeping with rage and disappointment.

"What is wrong?" gasped the girl.

"Everything! Annersley is taken ill and can't play. He is lying like a log in his dressing room. Some one has drugged him!"

"Myles Barrington?" gasped poor Nellie, and then rushed to her lover's dressing room and fell on her knees before his prostrate figure.

Nellie tried to speak to Arthur, then changed her mind, rose to her feet, and turning to Mr. Todhunter, said, quietly:

"Leave me alone here for a moment. I may help you out of the difficulty after all."

The manager looked at her, shrugged his shoulders and went out, Barrington followed.

A few minutes later the manager, returning, paused in amazement. The door opened, and there emerged from the room D'Artagnan in his first costume as a raw but gallant youth from Gascony.

"Good heavens! It's Miss Fenton!"

The girl was very pale, but she replied with a frank laugh:

"Ring up the curtain; I am ready. No one in front of Arthur. I know the part backward. Fear not, Mr. Todhunter; you shall see a D'Artagnan to-night that even Arthur Annersley will not be ashamed of. You know the three musketeers are really four—well, I will make the fifth."

When the play was produced in London some weeks later it was declared that the young actor had become somewhat more robust, and had even improved in his rendering of the part, but he himself will never admit it, declaring that all that is best of him was given that night on the stage of the theatre at Manchester—The Rival.

\*\*\*\*\*

### JUST TOO LATE.

Herman powers hurried along the street, his thoughts traveling even faster than he was going.

He was engaged to Margaret Leland and had been for over a year. He was very much in love with her, and he considered himself a very lucky man to have won her consent to marry him.

She loved him, too, and as is often the case with a good, pure woman, this love amounted to almost worship.

Just now he was about to take a short trip out of the state, and he was on his way to bid Margaret good-bye.

"It would be Margaret's way to make a great fuss over our separation," he said to himself, as he ran up the steps of the Leland's home and rang the bell. But I shall be taking trips often and there is no need of being foolish. We must begin as we can hold out."

He is relieved as he enters the drawing room that there are guests present, and he is not likely to see his sweetheart alone, and with it all is a vague sense of disappointment, too.

He talks with her, with her mother and brother, and with the friends they are entertaining. When at the end of an hour he rises to go and carelessly announces his departure from the city on the morrow, he is convinced that he has avoided the very thing he had dreaded, and in a diplomatic kind of way, too, Margaret had, perhaps, grown a little white when he spoke of his trip, but she said nothing. It was only when he left the room that she followed him and put her arms around his neck.

"I don't like to have you leave me, darling," she whispered coquishly. "Is it necessary?"

The reply came rather shortly.

"Why, of course. Do you suppose I would go if it wasn't? Come, Margaret, don't be silly."

She withdrew her arm immediately, but her face dropped with disappointment and her lips trembled. Her lower lip moved uneasily, but she recovered herself at once.

"You will write me every day? It will be such a comfort to me when you are not here to know just where you are and what you are doing?"

"Oh, no, my dear. I would not have opportunity while traveling about from one place to another, and it would not pay to display so much sentiment for just two weeks."

"For just two weeks," she repeated, mechanically, and with an effort. "At all events, give me an address where mail would reach you. Something might happen; I might want you."

He avoided her eyes. The hurt look in them was more than he could bear. But he took the little trembling hand in his and stooped to kiss her forehead, dear, take good care of yourself. Give me one more kiss and I am gone. Remember, it's only two weeks."

Two weeks later the train is steaming into the city as fast as the big iron horse can carry it, but it cannot go too fast for the impatient Mr. Powers. The two weeks are over, the business trip is at an end and is successful, and now he wants to see Margaret, his love, his darling.

He had thought of her day and night, he had thought of her extravagant presents, he had thought of everything she had except write to her, and he could hardly wait for his meeting with her.

He gets his overcoat on, his grip in hand, and before the train has fairly started he has motioned for the porter to the platform of the station. He sends a telegram to Margaret, announcing his arrival, and then takes a cab to his hotel, giving the cabman an extra to hurry, so anxious is he to make the necessary change in his toilet and get to his dressing room and find out what under the door. From her? No, from her brother.

"My Dear Fellow: We are so sorry we haven't your address and cannot write for you. Margaret, of course, must know where you are, but for some reason she declines to tell us. Probably it is to spare the pain of parting—for Margaret is dying. She took cold the day you left and the illness rapidly developed into pneumonia. The doctor gave us almost no hope from the beginning, and tonight says we must expect the worst. We think she will hold out a couple of days longer, and we are hoping that some chance will bring you home before she goes. I send this to your hotel that it may reach you the instant you arrive. Come at once, if you would see Margaret. Very truly yours,

"JACK LELAND."

This letter was dated a week before.

\*\*\*\*\*

### BRICKLAYER'S BALL.

Agnes made her debut on Thursday evening. Nobody in her part of Claybourne avenue ever heard of a debut, but the other girls came out just the same, although there is no formal reception and presentation, for they generally come out at some time of the public ball that are given by the different labor unions at Snyder's hall.

Agnes had been showing symptoms of young ladyhood for some months. Of a sudden last summer she left off wearing her long braids and bunched her brown hair into an ugly web on top of her head. She noted that her knuckles were disgustingly red and took to wearing gloves at her work, to the great horror of her mother, whose own tollown hands are bent and twisted until they look more like quail vest-stable growths than hands. Agnes begged that her blue serge dress might be made "real long," and finally she obtained the boon, less because she wanted it than because her mother thought it would save "letting down" later. The next step was to steal out to the drug store and buy a box of pink face powder. This purchased, there seemed to be but one thing more necessary for young ladyhood, and that was a beau—steady company—who would hang around the house of evenings and meet her on the way from the baker's and walk home with her, carrying the load under his arm.

Of course, Agnes knew all of the boys of the neighborhood, but she wanted a beau from another part of the city. Katie Andarno had a young man who came to see her every Sunday in the most splendid clothes, and Agnes figured that she wanted just such another. So she repulsed the advances of "the boys" and waited.

She was justified, for along in September a new bricklayer came to work on Lehman's store that was being built on the street from her house. He was tall and straight and had big black eyes. Agnes liked him, even in his working clothes, but when she saw him in his Sunday cutaway and brown derby she was entirely convinced that she desired him for her "steady." He was of the same opinion, and they never really knew how they came to know each other, but one Sunday evening he appeared at the front door of Miss Agnes. They went walking in Lincoln Park that evening.

In this way Agnes came to keep steady company with "Ed," but still her mother frowned on dances and jollifications and reminded her that she was not yet grown up. Three times "Ed" implored Mrs. Dougan to let Agnes go to a dance, and three times she refused, but at last came near time for the "bricklayers' annual ball" he laid systematic siege to her.

This matter settled, Agnes had to think of her gown. Not a new gown, but the refurbishing up of her blue serge. She first had Miss Chubb, the little dressmaker over Lehman's store, construct a pink chiffon front for the occasion and she made bows of pink watered ribbon, which she disposed wherever she saw a bare spot of other trimmings. She had a new pair of white kid slippers and pink cotton hose.

Even Mrs. Dougan relaxed her usual claim on the night of the ball and hurled dupe to that she could help Agnes to dress. The younger children were wildly excited and "Jimmy" fought three rounds with Rudolph Tinsch, who said that his sister was going to wear a finer dress than Agnes.

Agnes' head had blossomed in white curling rags early in the morning; now they were removed and she had a fine crop of frizzled tresses. When she was finally dressed and had slipped into the transformed blue serge she looked into her narrow glass with an awed expression. It hardly seemed possible that this beautiful young woman that stared back at her really could be her, Agnes Dougan! She went upstairs shyly when Becky called up that "Ed" was below. His jaw fell and his eyes brightened as she entered the parlor, but he only said, "Howdy do, Agnes?"

Agnes revolved before him. "Do I look all right?" she asked.

"You look grand," he rejoined fervently, "but there won't be a fellow there with a prettier girl."

It was well past 8 o'clock when Mrs. Dougan heard the front door open and some smothering whispers. Then Agnes came into the kitchen.

The mother looked up. "I thought

Ed wait up and see if you had a good time," she said, awkwardly.

Agnes threw her arms around her mother's neck. "Yes, I had the grandest time," she panted. "I danced every single dance and all the girls said they liked my dress. And, ma," she whispered, "you can never guess what happened."

The mother shook her head. Agnes burrowed deeper in her mother's hair. "Wasn't it funny at my first dance, but ma Ed's got engaged. And I just had the grandest time."

"Well, it's time for you to be in bed. I guess Ed's a real steady fellow. You're lay in bed tomorrow morning if you're tired. Becky can help me with the work."

"Ma, you're awful good to me," Agnes whispered. She knew that this was her reticent mother's way of conferring congratulations. "I had just the loveliest evening you ever saw."—Raymond Maxwell in Chicago Chronicle.

\*\*\*\*\*

### LOYAL MARGARET.

It is night at Mrs. Denly's home. The door opens and a Mr. Desmond enters. Bright as the home is his presence seems to infuse new light into it. Robert Denly greets her pleasantly. Then she goes to his mother. Robert Denly gazes after her with long-lashed eyes. His soul in his face, he follows every movement. The same day he had said to her: "Margaret, I love, worship you; will you be my wife?"

"Robert," Margaret had answered, "I like you. You are dear to me as you are. I would have loved you as a sister, but I cannot love you as a wife."

That evening his mother spoke of the strange, quiet girl. Said she: "My boy, I wish you could win her." "I wish so, too," thinks Robert to himself, while aloud he only says: "Why, mother, I have a letter to give her, and I came near forgetting it."

Robert finds Margaret and gives her the letter. He watches the lovely face light up, the little hands tremble, and turning away, exclaims: "By Jove, she doesn't look indifferent now. I wonder who sent that letter."

A few weeks after this letter came Robert and Margaret conversed pleasantly before her intended return home, as Mrs. Denly had recovered from her illness, when the door opened and a bearded man, with brown eyes, stepped in.

Robert stood for one moment as if paralyzed. Then at one bound he was in the arms of the stranger, clasped close, and sobbing for joy on his shoulder. A moment after, before anybody had spoken, he cried, "Oh Jack, dear Jack," when warning sound and motion were both given. But Mrs. Denly had heard.

"Jack!" she said, coming forward, with a strange, uncertain step. The stranger put Margaret gently aside. "Mother," he said, with arms outstretched, and in a moment that good, motherly face lay upon his bosom, and he was in the arms of the stranger, clasped close, and sobbing for joy on his shoulder. A moment after, before anybody had spoken, he cried, "Oh Jack, dear Jack," when warning sound and motion were both given. But Mrs. Denly had heard.

"Jack!" she said, coming forward, with a strange, uncertain step. The stranger put Margaret gently aside. "Mother," he said, with arms outstretched, and in a moment that good, motherly face lay upon his bosom, and he was in the arms of the stranger, clasped close, and sobbing for joy on his shoulder. A moment after, before anybody had spoken, he cried, "Oh Jack, dear Jack," when warning sound and motion were both given. But Mrs. Denly had heard.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE LITTLE WIDOW.

At No. 8, Glenville road, a large, square-built house of somewhat ancient appearance, lived an elderly widow, her two sons and her niece, the latter of whom had been engaged to the son of the house for the last ten years, and who seemed as near her wedding day at the time of her betrothal as at the time the story opens.

But Miss Lancaster was seemingly content with life until the little cottage on the opposite side of the road at last was sold. The new owner, a Mr. Edwin, seemed to take an extraordinary interest in, since the tenant was a remarkably prepossessing little woman—a widow rich in the possession of a small annual income and a very pretty face.

Miss Lancaster gave way to grief, and was found one day by her young cousin, Herbert, sobbing as if her heart would break on the sofa.

"What's up, Grace?" he said anxiously. "You haven't been yourself for some time. What's troubling you?"

And Miss Lancaster's niece, which had been dissolved in her tears, gave way altogether, and she confided her woes to her sympathetic listener, and asked his advice as to whether she should give her brother his freedom.

"Nonsense," said Herbert, warmly. "Ed's all right. It's the woman's fault. You know men are very susceptible to pretty women who run after them. He's lost fond of you."

That evening Herbert made up his mind to interfere for the first time in other people's business. Edwin was going a bit too far and the affair must be stopped. He mused for a long time on the best manner of doing it, and at last decided that the wisest thing to do was to make love to the widow himself, even at the risk of offending the young lady he had set his affections on.

And he did, too, and found making love to the widow a very easy and pleasant undertaking. Nearly every evening he spent at the cottage, and the little widow, delighted at her new conquest, became so cold about her former one that success for his scheme was promised from the first. She was so pretty and had such winning manners that before long the younger brother began to excuse the elder for his infatuation and feel sorry for him and his unfortunate betrothed.

One afternoon, after escorting the widow home from a walk, Herbert thought of Grace with a pang of dutiful reproach, and getting on his bicycle, rode off whistling to call upon her.

When he arrived at the house he found Grace sitting in a chair, and, but with an entirely different manner about her, which profoundly puzzled him until he caught the sparkle of a ring upon her finger.

"You will be pleased, I know, to hear that I am engaged," she said, half shyly. "And I am sure you will be able to congratulate me, since you intend to commit matrimony yourself."

Herbert rode off home for all he was worth. But when he reached Glenville road he was so absent-minded that he wheeled his bicycle straight up to the cottage, and before he knew what he was doing found himself in the back garden of the widow's snug little home.

Strange enough, there was Mrs. Lawrence sitting upon the garden seat and looking so youthful and charming that he felt quite confused at his audacity and nervously accepted her invitation to sit down.

"I came," he began, "to make a clean breast of everything to you. I haven't treated you fairly. I—"

"Dear, dear!" said the little widow, brightly. "What's all this about? You haven't anything to reproach yourself about. Don't you suppose I know perfectly well why you have made yourself so amiable all along?"

"How you must despise me!" groaned Herbert.

"Not at all," smiled Mrs. Lawrence. "I admire you for it. You did it for the other woman's sake, and a disinterested motive is always a commendable one."

"Do you know what people are saying of us?" said Herbert, regretfully. "No—what?" asked the widow, in innocent wonder.

"That we are engaged to be married."

"How absurd," said the widow, faintly.

"Is it so very absurd?" demanded the young man. "Is it, Blanche?"

"Ridiculous!" said the little widow, as her head fell gently upon his shoulder.—Cincinnati Herald.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE BEAUTY OF LOVE.

The brigade had advanced by forced marches, and now lay within two miles of the Dervish camp. Two officers stood together, talking in low tones, for it was of the utmost importance that the enemy should be taken by surprise, and the orders as to silence were strict.

"Buck up, old chap; you'll come through all right. And if not, what does it amount to? You've got no women folk to bother about."

"No, thank heaven! It is in times like this that one is glad never to have married—like poor old Harcourt."

"Why poor?"

"I was thinking of his wife. I shouldn't care to be tied to an ugly woman myself."

"That's all rot, Hamilton," retorted the other. "I don't believe it matters a row of pins, so long, of course, as she isn't repulsive or underbred."

"Think so?"

"Yes. The most unlikely women at times attract most."

"Now, Hamilton, let's see," said Surgeon-Major Murphy, approaching an officer who lay motionless on a stretcher—who had so lain half an hour at least. The doctor looked his patient over, gave a low whistle and beckoned to one of the orderlies, who at that moment turned his head.

"Look, see; Dawkins, here's a bad case! He must go back to the hospital."

Lieutenant Hamilton had been totally blinded by the explosion of a shell in his workshop, as well in front, he was leading his company. He was sent to the rear—to hospital—and Sister May was given charge of him.

He had not much pain, only he was blind. Treatment appeared to have no effect on that; it seemed likely to be long illness. The days began to hang heavily. Then came the old story. "Love in Idleness."

So it was that by strange stages they drifted into that strange attraction which the world calls "love."

And her one word that was some day he might see again.

She prayed against that possibility for in her own eyes she was plain—nay, ugly past redemption.

A week later Hamilton left the hospital for Graefrath, full of hope. The night previous to his departure they came to an indefinite understanding, and though she would not give an unusual answer to his pleadings, she had not the courage to stop him altogether. In recklessness she allowed herself to drink in the sweets of his passionate words; they would at any rate be a lifelong remembrance, even though on his return he should cast her off.

The operation was successful beyond his hopes, and in a few weeks he was rushing back to his love—eyes shaded it is true, but with the certainty that in a short time his sight would be fully restored.

"I want to see Miss Johnstone," he said to the orderly at the hospital entrance.

"Miss Johnstone, sir? Which?"

"Why, the nurse."

"Yes, sir; but there's two of them."

"Call—she's very good looking."

"I did not know there were two."

"Oh, yes, sir, there's two. But I know the one you mean, now."

And he was shown into the waiting room.

Gentleman wants me? Who can't? The door opened. He started forward.

"My love!" he whispered. "I knew you were beautiful. I have come to claim you."

"Stop, sir," said Kate, regaining her senses. You must be Hamilton?"

"Yes," he answered, amazed, releasing her.

This frivolous little voice was not that of his love. This overfizzled hair these shallow eyes were not beautiful at the second glance. What had he done?

"Are you not Miss Johnstone?"

"Yes, Kate Johnstone."

"Kate? And is your sister—"

"Cousin."

"Is she not here?"

"Yes," said Kate with a smile. "Stay here. I will fetch her."

"Why, May, you there?" she whispered, finding her at the threshold, and wondering if she had seen or heard "Here is Mr. Hamilton. Come!"

"No, never! I will never see him!" she panted between her heart beats.

"Nonsense! He has come back on purpose for you, and his eyes are all right."

"Yes, and he expects to see a pretty girl like you," retorted May, bitterly.

"Look here, May. Don't be a fool! Go in, he is waiting."

But Hamilton had already grown impatient. The door opened, and he saw them both.

"Here she is," said Kate.

"Ah!" he said.

Sister May looked down, trembling.

"Are you May Johnstone, my dear, nurse?" he asked, his voice full of tenderness and love.

"Yes," she whispered.

"My darling I have come for you," he said.

"But—you can see now?"

She looked up recklessly, and their eyes met.

"Yes, thank God; I can see my love!" Then she surrendered herself.—Waverly Magazine.

### PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

The patriotism of Wall street was intensified by the hope that visitors would drop about \$10,000,000 in that vicinity.

The reported discovery and destruction of a cargo of low-grade oil in Kansas is a mighty interesting news. It indicates that oil inspection is not altogether a lost art.

A caucus of ministers down east frowned upon life insurance, insisting that "the Lord will provide." But the Lord expects everybody to hustle, righteously, just the same.

A record of the destruction caused by lightning in New York state last month was kept at Cornell university. It killed six men, eighteen horses, twenty cows and one sheep, and struck fifty-nine barns, twelve residences, two churches and one mill.

After much inward cogitation and outward tribulation, Edward Bok concludes that the twentieth century begins on January 1, 1901. Mr. Bok is an authority on feminine etiquette and things, and his decision on this disputed question will be received with delight by an anxious world.

Chicago is puzzled and somewhat sorrowful because President Diaz of Mexico backed out of his intended visit. The president had an appropriation of \$100,000 with which to do the town. That accounts for the sorrow. But that large war would not last long in some sections of the windy city.

It is now proposed to dam Niagara river for the purpose of increasing the depth of water in the lakes. If the project is carried out, the town of Niagara, which is in the dark as to plans, they might consult St. Louis. That town is vigorously damming Chicago's drainage canal, and doesn't hesitate to put a warm "n" in its dams.

The magisterial dignity was well maintained by Justice Greenfield of Clayton, St. Louis's Green. He refused to marry a runaway couple because the would-be bride, alluding to the venerable beard of the justice, spoke of "his nib's whiskers." The would-be groom having attempted to toy with the justice's beard the latter told the couple that they did not seem to realize the solemnity of the occasion and had better find a close-shaven justice.

\*\*\*\*\*

### RELIGIOUS NOTES.

In sixty-two towns and villages of Formosa there are one or more Christian churches.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor now has 56,062 branches, with 2,382,720 members.

The biennial session of the Universalist general convention will be held in Boston from October 20 to 25, inclusive.

The Lutheran church in the United States is said to be growing and increasing its membership. It now has 1,500,000 connected as members with its churches.

The Catholic priests in Belgium have secured the passage of a law compelling parents to give to their children no names except those in the calendar of saints.

D. H. Baldwin, the piano manufacturer of Cincinnati, who died recently, bequeathed \$450,000, to be equally divided between the home and foreign boards of the Presbyterian church.

Five Catholic priests, all brothers, the Fathers Hickox of the Cincinnati archdiocese, recently attended the annual reunion at Detroit of the alumni of St. Mary's seminary of Baltimore.

The cardinal archbishop of Armagh has been created papal legate of Ireland in view of the national episcopal synod in the jubilee year, 1900. The first of these synods, by the way, was held in 1118.

The pope has donated 20,000 francs to the fund for establishing Roman Catholic schools in the Sudan. It is stated that the pope is hopeful that the Sudanese and British rule will prove a fruitful missionary field.

It is proposed to place memorial windows in the new Roman Catholic chapel at West Point in memory of Generals Sheridan, Rosecrans, Newton, Sumner, Cahill, Ryan, O'Brien and other soldiers who held the Catholic faith.

A memorial window, a tribute to the late Prof. A. G. Hopkins of Hamilton college, is to be placed in the Reformed church in Alexandria Bay, N. Y. Prof. Hopkins passed his summer vacations in that neighborhood and often occupied the pulpit.

Marcello Valbonesi, just made titular bishop of Argos at the age of 31 years, is the youngest bishop in the Roman Catholic church. Next to him is Monsignor Macario, coptic patriarch of Alexandria, 32 years of age, who has been a bishop four years, and Monsignor Macario, vicar apostolic of the Sudan, 33 years of age, and also four years a bishop.

\*\*\*\*\*

### WEDDING SUPPER IN CAIRO.

After a Mohammedan wedding the bridegroom sees the face of his unknown bride for the first time in her apartment. As he enters the bride alights him by kissing his hand. Her head is covered by a veil, which he removes, at the same time presenting jewels to her, which are termed, "the price of the uncovering of the face." He then spreads the veil on the floor and kneels on it while he says a prayer, the bride in the meantime standing on its edge behind him. At the close of the prayer they seat themselves side by side on a divan, and an old attendant shows them in a mirror the reflection of their united faces. Supper is eaten by the happy pair alone, but not until the bride, after every device known to the bridegroom is used, can be induced to speak. Once she utters a word he claps his hand and supper is brought to them. Meat is not used at this meal because of a belief that it would lead to future bickerings between them. Eggs, sweets and fruits are served.

\*\*\*\*\*

### SANDALS FOR INFANTS.

Creeping sandals to be worn over baby shoes to protect the feet while in the house are welcomed by mothers. They not only save the little shoes from so frequent repairing, but keep them in condition for street wear longer, and save changing every time the child is taken out. Children's shoes to cure the turning in of toes or ankles, and others to straighten bow legs, are to be found ready made. Neither has braces, but they are so constructed that nature is greatly assisted.



We're going to  
Hot Springs, S. D.,  
Via the  
**Northwestern**  
Line.  
Nice Place  
Low Rates  
Wagner Palace Sleepers  
almost to the doors  
of the principal hotels.

Hot Springs is the place to go this season if you need rest, health or pleasure.

J. R. BUCHANAN,  
G. P. & T. A., F. E. & M. V. R. R.  
OMAHA, NEB.



**SHORT LINE**  
East, West and South.



**DOUBLE DAILY TRAINS.**  
PULLMAN SLEEPERS AND FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS ON NIGHT TRAINS.

**QUICK SERVICE TO ST. JOSEPH AND KANSAS CITY.**

For information or rates, call upon or address nearest agent or  
S. M. ADST,  
General Passenger Agent, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

**FLYO-CURO** will protect your stock from flies and mosquitoes. It is very easily, quickly and economically applied, and our dollar sprayer and is really no expense to use, as saving in feed and extra product will more than pay for its use. Send \$1.00 for sample can and sprayer. Prices reduced for '09.

Geo. H. Lee Co., Omaha, Neb.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss: Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888. A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.  
(Seal.)

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, etc.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Stammering** Omaha Stammerers' Institute, Range Bldg., Omaha, Neb. Julia E. Vaughan.

**Dr. Searles & Searles**

Cure All Diseases of Private Nature  
No failures. Weak men caused by errors of youth, excess, and debilitating drains, and to stay cured. Gonorrhea and syphilis cured in earliest possible time. Write, if cannot call.

119 So. 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

**Dr. Kay's Renovator, Guaranteed.** Send for free sample, free book and free advice how to cure the very worst cases of dyspepsia, constipation, bilious headache, liver kidneys and lung diseases. Remedy by mail for 50 cents and 100 cents. Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Saratoga, N. Y.

**COUNTRY PUBLISHERS COMPANY**  
OMAHA. VOL. 3, NO. 41—'09.

**JACK OF ALL TRADES**

OUR NEW "LITTLE GIANT" 1 1/2 H. P. GASOLINE ENGINE, WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD TO EVERY STOCKMAN AND FARMER.

How many of you have lost the price of this engine in one day on account of inefficient wind to operate your wind mill, leaving your stock without water. Get one of our pumping engines with no wind or so do it regularly. Weather does not matter. It will also mill corn, grind feed, saw wood, pump water, and do a hundred other things in the house or on the farm. Ours nothing to keep when not working, and only 12 cents per hour working. Shipped completely set up, ready to run, so found it absolutely safe. We make all sizes of Gasoline Engines, from 1/4 to 10 horse power. Write for circular and special prices.

**FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., OMAHA, NEB.**