

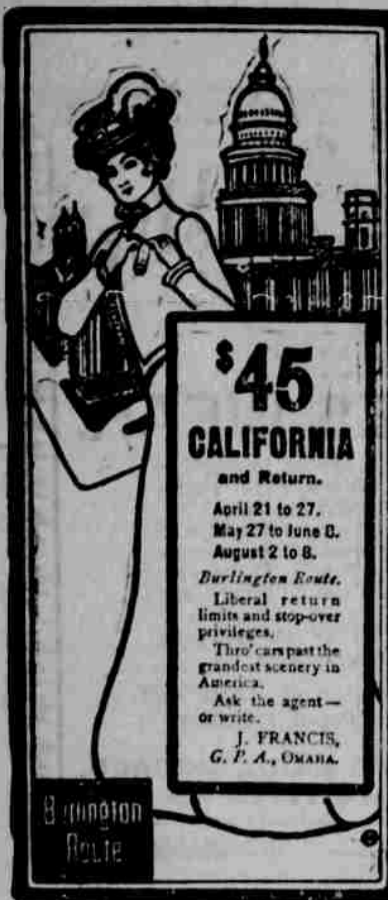
A FEW JOKES.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard: "Isn't it silly for a woman to refer to her new hat as a 'duck of a bonnet'?" "That's appropriate enough. A duck has a pretty big bill attached to it, you know."

Judge: "What cured him of gambling?" "An unfortunate speculation in the sugar market." "Then if he is sugar cured he ought to stay cured."

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "I see that May Yohe's pet name for Captain Putnam Bradlee is 'Putty.'" "Putty soft, isn't it?"

Baltimore American: "After all," commented the unhappy customer, "business is largely a name of chance." "Yes," agreed the pleasant butcher, "most of the time we are playing for high steaks."



'45 CALIFORNIA
and Return.
April 21 to 27.
May 27 to June 3.
August 2 to 8.

Berlington Road.
Liberal returns
limits and stop-over
privileges.
Third car pass the
Grandest scenery in
America.
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KIMBALL BROS. CO., Mfgs.
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The "Water Junior" Pumper
In all respects, ready to be
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water. The "Water Junior" is
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pumper ever made. It is
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When writing, mention this paper.

The WEBER 14 H. P. Gasoline Engine
For pumping
water, oil, etc.
For irrigation,
etc.
For power
plant, etc.
For all sizes.
Write for
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Half Rates via WABASH RAILROAD.
To Harrisburg, Pa. and Return; On
Sale May 14 to 19. Good Returning
Until June 30; Stopovers Allowed at
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Ask your nearest ticket agent to
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city office, 1415 Farnam Street (Baxton
Hotel Bldg.) or write Harry E. Moores,
Gen'l Agt., Pass. Dept., Omaha, Neb.

Blending

Blending coffee is a deep science. It consists of the knowledge of coffee and the facility to buy. The small concern, even if the blender has the knowledge, does not have the facility to buy. The Blanke Coffee Company buys, in immense quantities, high-grade coffees of varied strength, flavor and drinking quality. The knowledge of scientific blending enables them to so blend these coffees that the same flavor in the cup is always produced. Faust Blend is Blanke's best coffee—his other brands are proportionately as good.

Ask Your Grocer For Blanke's Coffee.

Blanke's Coffee.

REGENT Shoe Co's "ONIMOD"

\$3.50

\$2.50

SHOE

for MEN.



Mail orders have special attention. Add 25c when ordering by mail, to cover cost of packing and mailing.

"Onimod" shoes are the most stylish and most serviceable shoe sold. We manufacture all our own shoes and sell direct to the wearer. None genuine without this trade mark:

REGENT SHOE CO.
205 S. 15th St.
Omaha, Nebr.

Write for Catalogue No. 99.

YOU NEED A WATCH
A GREAT BARGAIN
Here is a 14-K gold filled watch, ducal case, well made, jeweled, stem wind, stem set and looks almost like a \$20 watch. It is guaranteed for 20 years. Send No Money. Send your name, address and we will send you the watch. You can see it and if it looks as well as any watch you ever saw, send us \$3.50 and we will ship it to you. It is a real bargain. Write for details. **REGENT SHOE CO., Dept. 46**
250 E. 14th St., Chicago.

Big Horn Basin

A rich but undeveloped tract in Northwestern Wyoming. Contains wonderfully good openings for small ranches along good streams. A million acres of land open for settlement under U. S. land laws. Big Horn Basin. Folder free on request. **J. Francis, G. P. A., Omaha.**

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Ask Your Grocer For Blanke's Coffee.

Blanke's Coffee.



A ROMANCE OF MANY LIVES' ERRORS.

BY ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.
Author "A Slave of Circumstances," "A Bargain in Souls," "The Black Ball," "The Cruel City," "A Woman's Will," "At the World's Mercy," "The Scarlet Cypher," "The Secret of the Marionettes," &c.

(Copyrighted, 1901, by DeLancey Pier-son.)
"False as Stairs of Sand."—Shakespeare.

CHAPTER I.
Dick Barnett, the schoolmaster of Exton, cast a parting look at himself in the cracked mirror over the little washstand, added a few final touches to his toilet, and sighed.

"Not much of a place to leave," as he turned and swept the barely furnished room with a glance. "But still I'm sorry to go."

He was a slender young man, with a keen, intellectual face, and carried himself with a certain dignity as became one who had been five years the village schoolmaster. He was only 24, but looked much older, as the result of hard work and study. He did not always intend to remain a simple pedagogue.

As his glance lingered on the faded hangings, the uncomfortable looking haircloth furniture, the faded rag carpet, it rested on a small trunk in the middle of the room, and he frowned.

"I wonder what can keep the fellow?" he muttered. "He promised me faithfully he would not disappoint."

Just then a timid knock sounded on the door, and presently a man entered, a rough, ungainly fellow, in a dirty canvas suit, whose wild hair and beard made him resemble one of those grotesque toys that are sold about the streets during the holidays.

"Well, here I be," said the newcomer in a deep bass voice.

"Very good, Jim. Now you will take this trunk to the station without saying whose it is. Let no one know I am going. Understand?"

"Sure."

"Here is for your trouble," and from a slender purse the young man passed over a silver piece, which the other, listening to the rattle of the trunk, took without a word.

"Good night, gov'nor," went out with his burden through the door.

Barnett waited until he heard the man's steps on the front porch, then with a parting look around the room that had been his home for five years, he blew out the lamp and slipped down the stairs and into the night.

He made his way rapidly along the country road, which, without the moonlight to guide him, he could have traveled safely by hand. Passing a few dark houses, he came at last to the entrance of an extensive estate, and paused for a moment before the great iron gate. It seemed to him that the stone lions bearing shields on the pillars on each side of the way were grinning at him derisively. "I wonder if I shall ever see this place again?" he murmured. "Am I acting for the best? I hope so." Then, as he saw a faint light still glimmering in the gatekeeper's little house, he passed rapidly on. Further he found a hole in the tall hedge, and, wriggling through, entered the park.

It was evidently not the first time he had found his way into the grounds in this surreptitious way, for here where the old trees interlaced not a gleam of moonlight penetrated the place. Yet he walked on without stumbling through the blackness, coming presently to another hedge scarcely higher than his shoulder. A silvery radiance shone over this part of the park. Here he paused for a moment to listen, then stepped back into the shadows. There was the sound of rustling leaves, and then a man appeared in the moonlight.

Dick could only make out that he was tall and ragged, for his face was in the shadow of an overhanging bough. Only for a moment did the stranger stand there, when he turned and made off in the direction of the house, the lights of which could be seen gleaming in the distance.

"What can that ruffian be doing here?" muttered the schoolmaster as he came out into the path again. "A poacher, no doubt, after Ellison's fish. Better buy such things than have a stocked lake to attract all the wandering vagabonds in the country."

He approached the hedge again, peered cautiously over, and, catching sight of something white in the distance, uttered a low whistle. The young woman, for such the white object was, running forward, opened a gate in the hedge near at hand, and came toward him.

"O Dick!" she began impulsively, lifting her face to his. "What does it mean? What can it mean?"

"I will tell you—but not here. Come, we are far too near the house to talk in peace," and he drew her away into the shadows, but still in sight of the moonlit path.

Finding a fallen tree, he pressed her to sit down, and then took a seat beside her.

"Now, then, tell me quickly. Don't you see I am burning with anxiety?" he said.

"There is little more to tell you, than that I think it best to go away. It is only a question of time before I should be sent. Your mother has learned of our attachment, and she could easily break it off, she believes."

"She little knows me," replied the girl firmly. "After all, what can she do?"

SIX THINGS I WANT YOU TO KNOW.

FIRST. You can consult with Professor Kharas only on Saturdays. This has been made necessary on account of an overburdening amount of work at Kharas Headquarters. All new patients or students will have to proceed themselves, for the first time, on Saturdays. Don't forget it.

SECOND. We have a proposition we can offer people who want to make money at their own homes without taking their time from regular work, without interfering in any way with your usual business, and without being known publicly. You can make from \$5 to \$50 per month without an effort, even. We have only opportunity on this for a dozen or so. Sounds like "stuff," doesn't it? Well, it isn't. Write for particulars. Then you'll know all about it. Proofs and particulars free.

THIRD. Our business is bigger, better, more prosperous than ever before. We are curing more people, and doing it with less cost and less effort than ever. Magnetic Osteopathy is a progressive science.

FOURTH. I have an Ecker Bros. Stereopticon and Edison Moving Picture machine, complete with films, slides, illustrated songs, acetylene gas generator, curtains—in fact, everything necessary for an entire exhibition in small halls or large opera houses or churches. The outfit cost \$120, and is almost new—in fact, is as good as new in every regard. I took it on a mortgage. Loaned some money on it, and had to foreclose. Have it on my hands and do not need it. Will take less than half value for it. A young man or two young men with a little cash capital to buy the outfit can earn a large income on the road. Anyone can run it. Somebody make me an offer—either time or cash.

FIFTH. We have recently issued some new literature concerning Magnetic Osteopathy. The Science of Life, Deep Breathing, etc., etc., and would be pleased to send you some of it. It's free.

SIXTH. When you write, tell what you want me to know. I have several thousand correspondents and am not a mind reader. If you do not say exactly what you want, you may find me a very poor guesser. I'm too busy to guess. Speak right out. Yours very sincerely

PROF. THEO. KHARAS,
Bee Building,
Omaha, Neb.

Puck: She—Tell your mother I'm so sorry I haven't been to see her lately; but the distance is so great the weather here has been so bad, I haven't dared venture. He—That's all right. Don't mention it. She'd be very sorry if you had.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Judge: Penfield—What induced that popular novelist to marry an actress? Merritt—He figured that one press agent would do for both.

The fools are not all dead; their foolishness and Rheumatism would both be cured with Hamilton's Wizard Oil!

A woman's editorial association had a dinner in Topeka and one of the toasts was: "Woman: Without Her Man is a Brute." It must have been a cynical printer man who set up the type, for this was the way the toast read in print: "Woman, Without Her Man, is a Brute." Just how much of a rumpus this raised may possibly be imagined; it certainly cannot be described.

Catarh Cannot Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

William M. Bunker, the past president of the California Society Sons of the American Revolution, asked the congress, whose session just closed at Washington, to provide for the care of the "Stars and Stripes" monument, which he discovered in an old church in East London, Eng. It bears the Washington arms and marks the burial place of Elizabeth Washington.

Don't Guess at the Time.
There is no need to guess at the time if for the small sum of \$25 you can purchase a durable, well made, stem wind, stem set, 17-jeweled, 14-K Gold Filled Watch. M. Steen & Co., the great Chicago jeweler, have for sale a very handsome watch at the above price. Write them for their free illustrated catalogue.

Chicago Tribune: "Two strikes!" said the umpire. "Exception," exclaimed the captain of the Yarn Sox. "Let the exception be noted," said the umpire, briefly, as he glanced at the indicator in his hand and fixed his eye on the pitcher again.

We are not to blame because you have Rheumatism, but you are—if you do not try Hamilton's Wizard Oil!

Philadelphia Press: "For all your superior airs," said the snake, "my reputation for wisdom is fully as good as yours." "This is the first time," replied the owl, with bitterness, "that I have had occasion to find fault with nature for fixing my eyes immovably in their sockets. I am compelled to move my head in order to look at you!"

Chicago Tribune: "Well, when you get your initiative and your referendum," the old party man said, "and your single tax and all the rest of it, you'll be satisfied, will you?" "No, sir!" the reformer replied, with a wild look in his eye. "We shall agitate then for a good 5-cent cigar!"

Detroit Free Press: Husband—I expect some of my relatives on a visit next week, dear. Can you suggest anything to make them happy while they are here? Wife—I might leave town.

Chicago Tribune: "All right," said Mike happily, make me a whisky cocktail." The compounder eyed the artist for a moment and asked curtly: "Hot or cold?"

New York Times: When the late Mike Woolf, the inimitable delineator of gamine life, was in Lincoln a half score of years ago he was attracted to a certain well-known hostelry by the sign, "American Drinks a Specialty." Approaching the polished mahogany, he asked, to make sure:

"Do you have American mixed drinks?"

"Yes," said the suave server.

"All right," said Mike happily, make me a whisky cocktail." The compounder eyed the artist for a moment and asked curtly: "Hot or cold?"

London Bartender's Knowledge as to Service of a "Cocktail."

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