

**THE WEBER JUNIOR PUMPER**

It is the most powerful, reliable, and efficient pump ever made. It is the only pump that can be used for all purposes. It is the only pump that can be used for all purposes. It is the only pump that can be used for all purposes.

**FOR MEN ONLY.**

Free Book! We will send our elegant 80 page book to any one who is afflicted and in need of information. Our book is the finest book of the kind ever published and is of great value to any one who is in need of medical treatment of any kind. We send the book in plain envelope sealed. Write for it today by postal card or letter. Address DR. FELLOWS & FELLOWS, 321 W. Walnut St., Des Moines, Ia. When writing, mention this paper.

**THE WEBER JUNIOR P. Gasoline Engines**

For pumping, grinding, sawing, etc. Also, for all other purposes. It is the only engine that can be used for all purposes. It is the only engine that can be used for all purposes.

**THE IMPROVED SCALE**

It is the most accurate and reliable scale ever made. It is the only scale that can be used for all purposes. It is the only scale that can be used for all purposes.

**KIMBALL BROS. CO., Mfgs.**

1051 9th St. - - - Council Bluffs, Ia.  
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**FOR MEN ONLY.**

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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 Niagara Falls.

Ask your nearest ticket agent to route you via Wabash R. R. or call at city office, 1415 Farnam Street (Bastion 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.**

**COUNTRY PUBLISHERS CO., OMAHA, Vol. 5—No. 20—1902**

The Austrian army has an active general who is 95 years old. This is Field Marshal Lieutenant Baron Schwartz-Meiller, who has been an officer 74 years and 50 years a general. He is one of five officers still alive who marched with their baggage on their backs from Lemberg to Naples.

The wasp is an insect highwayman. Wasps have been observed to rob even while those industrious workers laden with the fruits of an expedition are returning to the hive.

**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."

**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, diamond set, with a leather strap, also a watch with a chain and chain for ladies. Both watches guaranteed 20 years. Send No Money. Send your name, address and we will send you the watch. You can see it and if you like it we will refund you the money. Write for it today. Address: J. Francis, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

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**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



**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, then he shouldered the trunk and with a "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? 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?"

"Well, the first step would be to get your father to discharge me, and that, I believe, he contemplates doing, though he has been friendly to the last. Still, she could persuade him. I feel sure of it. Then, you see, I would have to anyway."

"But what is to become of me—what am I to do?" almost in tears. She was little more than a child, barely 17. "I don't want you to go—I won't have it!" with a stamp of the foot.

"My dear, I am acting for the best," firmly. "My usefulness here is over, and to remain would only make matters more disagreeable for you as well as me. I am going to the city, where there is some chance for me to show my ability if I have any. There is no chance for me to rise here, and when I have made a competence, and am in a position to take care of you as you deserve, why, we will marry in spite of the world."

"And will that be very long—very, very long?" she asked in a doleful voice that caused him to laugh.

"Not long if the world appreciates my transcendent genius," with a flippant air. "Not long, if hard work and application will lift me to a respectable place in society."

"Still I think it is very mean of you to go," poutingly.

"Don't think it is not a wrench for me to part from you."

But the girl refused to be comforted, and it was only through lavish endearments and many promises that she became more composed and reasonable, and began to share his views that it was for the best.

"But we can't part this way," she protested. "I must give you something to remember me by. Just wait here for a moment until I run over to the house. I shall not be gone long," and before he had a chance to protest that a souvenir was not necessary, she had flitted away out beyond the light into the shadows.

After she had gone he found himself listening to the rattle of the trunk, which, that seemed to fall with irritating reiteration on his ears. He felt far from being in a cheerful mood, not knowing what the future might bring forth, or if, indeed, he ever should see her again. It was such a breaking away from old ties, this starting out, after the placid years he had spent as the village school teacher. Sometimes he wondered if he was fit to wage a good fight beyond there, in the humming city. Well, at least he was not without courage, and if he went down it would be to fall fighting.

How long the girl was! It seemed to him that she must have been gone for hours. Perhaps she had been detained, and it would be impossible for her to return. Still, knowing what a passionate little person she was, and accustomed pretty much to having her own way, it would be a difficult matter for her to have kept her back. Finally he could bear the waiting no longer, and rose and stepped out to the edge of the trees, looking anxiously in the direction of the house. It would be really too bad if their last meeting should be so woefully curtailed.

A step behind him, and as he turned it was face Mrs. Ellison. Even in that light he saw that her face wore an angry expression.

"What are you doing here?"

"He did not answer, for the surprise of the meeting had checked his speech. She was a tall, handsome woman, and wore an evening dress that displayed her fine arms and bosom. In the moonlight, with the dark trees around, she was a picture for a painter.

She was swiveling a garden hat back and forth in one jeweled hand with an angry gesture, then, stamping her foot, she repeated the question.

"I ask you again, sir, what are you doing in these grounds?"

"It may be that I came to take a last look at the house—of my friend, Mr. Ellison," he stammered.

"You might have spared yourself the trouble, since it is my house and not his," which was true, Dick knew, since the wife had the fortune. "And now, since you have seen it, go!"

"Yes," replied the young man, but making no move to leave.

"I know that it was one of the family you came to see," she continued with rising anger. "I congratulate Mr. Ellison on his protégé. A fine guardian for young people, truly. Sneaking in here like a thief in the night to see my daughter, who is too young to know better."

"Your daughter will never suffer at my hands, madam," the anger rising within him, which he dared not give vent to.

"Enough! We will not discuss that matter. Your presence here is a sufficient answer. And now I insist again on your going. Do you want me to appeal to the servants?"

"I—I will go. I will go," murmured poor Dick, as he moved away, cursing his misfortune in having encountered this beautiful fury at such a time. Once he looked back, only to find that she was still standing in the path looking after him. She doubtless meant to remain there until she was sure that he was on his way out of the park. With a sigh he went on his way, until a turn of the path hid her from sight.

Then he stopped for a moment to consider. Should he not be able to return by a circuitous way to the place where he was to wait for Grace? What

would she think if she arrived there and found that he was gone. Was it not worth braving even the anger of Mrs. Ellison to try and see her again? Who he was considering them after an agonizing cry in a woman's voice rang through the woods. Had something happened to Grace? Without a moment's hesitation he dashed back over the road he had just traversed. It was only a short distance before he almost stumbled over the figure of a woman on the ground. It was very dark at that point where she lay. He stopped and picked her up, carrying her into the light. It was Mrs. Ellison. Her eyes were closed, a strange pallor on her face. He laid her gently on the bank at the side of the road. Had she fainted? It was strange that he should be the first to come to the assistance of a woman who had been abusing him, but a few moments before. Had the excitement of that short interview so worked on her nerves that she had fainted? What was to be done? It was an embarrassing position for him to be in. There was nothing that he could do to help her and yet help she needed. Should he call for assistance? There seemed to be nothing else to do; he could not leave the poor woman there even if she had insulted him.

Then as he leaned over her, hoping to see some signs of returning consciousness, a shuddering feeling of terror crept over him. There was a strange stain on the white silk waist, a stain that as he watched seemed to be spreading slowly. Filled with horror of the sight and the consciousness that he was in the presence of the victim of a tragedy, he looked around him with frightened eyes. Then he turned instinctively to his hands—they felt warm and strangely moist. With a feeling of overwhelming faintness he stooped hastily and began to hurriedly clean them on the grass. It seemed as if it seemed as if the stains would never come out.

He was rising, eager to be on his way to the house and warn the people of what had taken place. Then he felt a strong hand grasping his shoulder. He remembered trying to wrench himself free. Then the confused sound of many voices, the flash of lanterns and imprecations in which his name was mingled, then a blow that mercifully seemed to dispel all these distorted visions and a grateful oblivion that hid every thing.

(To be continued.)

**PRaise FOR JOE AND DAN.**

Former Kansas City Fire Horses Praised in Harper's Weekly.

Kansas City Star: A full page illustration of an article on the higher education of the horse in a late issue of Harper's Weekly, shows the famous Kansas City fire horses, "Joe" and "Dan" going through their star performance. The illustration is a reproduction of a photograph that is familiar to the people of Kansas City, who take pride in the fame achieved by the exhibition fire team in Europe. "Joe" and "Dan" have passed away and have been succeeded by "Buck" and "Mack," a fine pair of steeds that have in some respects excelled their predecessors. There are also other teams of the Kansas City fire department that are crowding the star horses for their laurels. Speaking of the "higher education" of horses the article in question says:

"The horses of the New York police department, the show horses of the Kansas City fire department and many of the horses of the military in Europe have received this higher education. Unquestionably one of the best trained fire teams in the United States is composed of two white horses, 'Joe' and 'Dan,' which accompanied Chief Hale of Kansas City to the Paris exposition. Their display takes place in the open air instead of in an engine house. The horses are placed a short distance away from the wagon and on a bugle call being sounded dash to the pole and are hitched. The harness is of the skeleton character, the collar having an opening at the bottom which enables it to be held open by a man at each horse's head. As signals are given the horses by a bugle, which they answer with precision; also going through many intricate evolutions. One of the most exciting incidents of the drill is a leap through an arch of flames, showing how utterly regardless of fire these brave and intelligent animals are."

**REMARKABLE FIGURES.**

Statistics Showing the Growth of Railroads in America.

World's Work: From a little wooden track line along the Lackawaxen creek, where the first locomotive in the country had its trial in 1825, the railroad systems of the United States have grown in 73 years to a network of rails which, straightened out, would make a single track extending eight times around the world. Visualize this eight-fold growth. Beside it a new track is progressing twelve miles a day on the ninth circuit. On every five-mile stretch is a locomotive with a train of eight cars. There are five men at work for every mile and 240 new men coming to work every day. The road carries more tonnage than all the ships on all the seas, together with the railroads of the busiest half of Europe.

From the lines that make up the imaginary manifold belt one wage earner out of every 15 in the country, directly or indirectly, secures a living for himself and his dependents. If not as a fireman, or a conductor, or a superintendent, then as a locomotive builder, or a steel worker, or even one of the lumbermen engaged in hewing down the 3,000 square miles of timber employed every year for ties.

**AMERICAN DRINKS ABROAD.**

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

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?"

**SIX THINGS I WANT YOU TO KNOW.**

FIRST. You can consult with Professor Kharras only on Saturdays. This has been made necessary on account of an overburdening amount of work at Kharras 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 one opportunity like 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. KHARRAS.**  
Bee Building,  
Omaha, Neb.

**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 Hamlin'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.

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**COUNTRY PUBLISHERS CO., OMAHA, Vol. 5—No. 20—1902**

The views which Cecil Rhodes entertained of death were extremely simple. The thought of it gave him little or no emotion. "When I am dead," he once said, "let there be no fuss. Lay me in the grave, tread down the earth and pass on. I shall have done my work."

The police have ordered Russian art dealers and booksellers to give a pledge in writing that henceforth they will not exhibit portraits of Count Tolstol. All postal cards bearing his picture have been confiscated.