

FOR OLD SAKE'S SAKE.

It is a commonplace of speech that there is no changing the leopard's spots. The keen observer of his kind, who has not twelve axioms wherewith to work the theorems of life, but twelve hundred, accepts it as gospel. Raymond, who was not a keen observer, but a man with faith in his heart, did not accept it. In the face of advice and caution and good counsel he decided to reduce it to the absurd and marry Cicely Glanville. Success crowned him, as even those who warned him know now, but it was a desperate risk.

Far back in the days which it were heresy to doubt were as good as they were old, when Alan was just the stolid small son of Captain Raymond and Cicely was but the angel-faced little daughter of Captain Raymond's first lieutenant, Marlitt, the boy and girl had made fond of one another. They had made mud pies and hunted the first wild flowers of the plains, and had ridden burros and bronchos together. They had wintered and summered in each other's company, the mountains and prairies of the southwest, while the land was yet given over to the never-ending disturbances of the hostiles. They had learned what it was to have only one another for playmates for months at a time. And because of the hardships of long marches and the joys of a half-savage freedom shared together, they came to think themselves inseparable. And then they were separated. Cicely was to be civilized. She was sent east and abroad to school. Alan Raymond went through West Point and got his commission. Thereupon fate—which at times does what might be expected of her—sent him to the same post where the Marlitts were stationed, and he saw Cicely again. He looked into the placid depths of her long, gray eyes and remembered the past. He looked at the curving red lips and the thick brown hair and guessed the future. She had changed for the worse and for the better. She had been civilized and was less frank; she had learned to attain her ends by indirect means, yet, as women go, she was honest. But the saintly face was more beautiful and the child was grown to one of those women whom to love is to worship. And in due time Raymond loved her.

There are men who take their love as simply as they do the breath of their life. It is necessary to them, but they do not go mad with the ecstasy of its possession. When Raymond had told Cicely that he loved her, and when she had laid her head upon his shoulder and had put her slender, clinging hands in his, and, turning up the beautiful, deep eyes to his face, had said, "I love you," he was satisfied. His fault, if such it were, was that he was undemonstrative, and Cicely's—though some count it a virtue in woman—that she was jealous. Of all vices, jealousy carried with it its own swiftest punishment. It realizes its unreason, but



DO YOU LOVE ME STILL?

is powerless—like a dreamer who suffers and cannot awake, though he knows, the while, that he is dreaming. She knew in her heart that her lover's word was worth more than most men's vows; she knew that his purpose was direct and honest, and yet she doubted. The tiny stone of suspicion began to roll. A question which Cicely was too proud to ask would have checked it, but it rushed on and became an avalanche that buried and crushed their happiness under its mass. Raymond looked on dazed. He could not understand.

When it was too late it was made plain. Cicely sat before her own fire, in the dusk, and looked quietly at the blazing logs. The light shone on her fair face and on her gleaming hair. Raymond stood and looked down at her, resting his arm on the mantelpiece. He was an honest man. He had no intention of speaking of even the love of the past to another man's wife, but beside the blank reality rose up in front of him the might-have-been of his life, and he cried out from the depths:

"Cicely, why did you do it?" She started back and looked up at him. For one long minute the deep eyes gazed into his eyes and saw there the futility of an irretrievable mistake. The curved lips grew white, and parted and closed again. She turned and hid her face in her tight-clasped hands, and bowed her head against the back of the chair. There is tragedy of the fiercest sort that enters, once, at least, into most lives—tragedy which seems to rend the veil of one's universe in twain and to open up the graves where one's hopes and sorrows have lain sleeping. Yet we jeer at melodrama when we are shown bits from the play of existence that are as nothing to the truth. We say it is overacted. It is because it has been mercifully given to us to forget. In the past, Raymond, first of all, would have scoffed; in the

future, he would come to doubt the horror of the present moment. But it caught him and held him then with a mighty strength. The primitive creature comes out when it is lashed with the whip of real pain; all the bars of custom and convention cannot restrain it. He forgot the honor of his sane moments. He snatched away the hands and dragged her to him, and turned her face up again to his.

"Why did you do it, Cicely?" he repeated.

She clinched her teeth and steadied her voice, and then she told him.

"But you were utterly wrong," he said. He was dazed to have been so misunderstood, and he offered no explanation. But she did not need one now. She had seen the full measure of her folly.

"I know," she answered, "I was wrong, and—I am punished." She threw her arms about his neck and sobbed, and he held her close. It was only for a little time. Then she drew away and her arms fell at her sides. "It cannot be helped," she said, and she turned and went away.

There was no change in Raymond, either then or as the years went on. He was a good officer and a good man and unembittered. But Cicely Glanville changed. The world loves nothing better than to find an explanation for what has mystified it. It does not trouble to verify its belief. "It is plain," it said now, "why Cicely Marlitt married Glanville. Raymond was not the man to have allowed her to indulge her propensities."

The propensities were toward flirtations that scandalized that conservative and respectable institution, the army. Even the men of the regiment resented that it should be given fame through Mrs. Glanville. And the women feared and hated her, but they also admired. Popular superstition to the contrary notwithstanding, most women see the charms of a rival. Envy is as keen-sighted as love is blind. And the clever ones admit them.

Being isolated from the small circle of feminine wit, Mrs. Glanville added to her attractions much masculine clear-sightedness and wide range of interests. She was as good to talk to as to look upon. She spoke with the tongue of a wisdom that was more—not less—than womanly, and she sang with the voice of a siren, and men fell down before her and worshiped her, and, throwing the cloak of their infatuation over the clay feet of their idol, came finally to forget them and believe it all spotless alabaster. They held her up to wives and daughters and sisters whom they would have disowned for following in her path. And they ruined the peace of their lives and of their homes for her—all, too, without the hope of even a capricious fancy for reward. She brought them low and laughed at them, but they still had faith, as had her husband, though the heavens should fall. She was known to the borders of the service, and beyond, as a creature of no heart who had caused disaster and even death and had shown neither remorse nor pity.

Yet when she was free once more, Raymond went to her. His old faith was unshaken. It was a better sort of faith than any other she had inspired. Years had gone since she had seen him. She sat once again before the fire—this time in her father's home. And Raymond stood looking down at her. The face, above the black dress of her mourning, was as saintlike as of old, and seemed as young and unscarred. The long, gray eyes were as placid, but more deep. He did not ask now why she had done these things. Perhaps he knew. But he said to her, as though the time had never been:

"Cicely, do you love me still?"

And the sweet lips parted to say the words that they had never framed save for him: "I love you still."

He reached out his hand and took hers. She tried to draw it away.

"But you do not want me—now?" she said.

He held her fast and answered: "I want you now." There was no doubt in his firm voice.

"You do not know," she tried to tell him.

"Yes, I know," he said; "and yet—and yet I want the Cicely who was my honest little playmate years ago; who was my trusted love in the past; who will be my faithful wife in the time to come. For old sake's sake, I want her, dear."

She laid her tired head upon his shoulder and closed her tear-filled eyes. "And for old sake's sake," she said, "you shall have her."—Gwendolen Overton, in the Argonaut.

His Opinion Unchanged.

Two citizens of Nebraska were caught in one of those violent funnel shaped clouds, and, as they scooted along in the midst of ruins of buildings and flying trees, one of them remarked: "This is the worst cyclone I ever saw." "Ignorant man," cried the other in tones of scorn that were almost drowned by the rush of the storm, "can you distinguish a cyclone from a tornado? Are the teachings of science altogether lost upon you? This is a tornado, and, as described by Professor Loveland and Meteorologist Gee, it is—!" Just then a church steeple transfixed the speaker and he perished in great agony, while the other man drifted along for ten miles or so and was dumped softly into a sandbank. As he brushed the sand out of his teeth and ears he remarked: "Well, that was the worst cyclone I ever saw."—Nebraska State Journal.

Not to Be Believed.

"I suppose you think I can't tell time?" exclaimed the man whose chronology had been questioned. "No," was the reply; "I don't say you couldn't tell time, but time would be a fool to believe you, whatever you told him."—Boston Transcript.

NEW YORK SMART SET

HOW THE "FOUR HUNDRED" ENJOY THEMSELVES.

Dames and Damsels in Their Boulevard Turnouts—How Girls Are Taught to Ride—A Glimpse at Eastern Manners and Customs.

Principal among the amusements of the smart set at this time of year is driving or riding, says a writer in the New York Press. The cross-country runs began some time ago, and the hunting colony has gone in for its favorite sport with the usual enthusiasm, but there are still a lot of fashionable folk in town, so there must needs be riding and driving going on here in the city. Horseback exercise seems to have received a new impetus this season, and there are many more equestrians to be seen every afternoon than there were a year ago. The riding academies have been well patronized, and it has been deemed necessary for all the young girls to be carefully instructed as to how they shall hold the reins, sit their horse, etc., and one of the prettiest sights in Central Park is when a class of these young girls is taken out for the afternoon ride. One or two instructors are all that are needed for eight or ten girls, but these instructors have their hands full keeping the class in order. One girl will insist upon dashing ahead, in a mad gallop, just when the others have declared themselves too tired for anything but a walk. Smart and absolutely satisfactory are the turnouts that are to be seen at the correct hour, and quite correct they are in every appointment. One horse in the road wagon, a runabout, with the newest of harness, everything in spick and span order, from the dashboard to the whip, and

PENMAN'S WONDERFUL FEAT.

Australian Gives London Wrapper Writers a Lesson in Speed.

From the London Telegraph: Wrapper writing is, it would seem, a popular way of earning a livelihood with the inmates of Rowton House, a six-penny hotel. Here is an amusing story of the perfection to which it may be brought by practice and a strong will. "There is a tradition lingering among the elder brethren of the wrapper writing profession to the effect that once upon a time when the work was better paid than now, a young man from Australia turned up and ventured as a last resource into their sphere of labor. He spent his all and found himself stranded until funds should arrive from the antipodes. So on the suggestion of an acquaintance he applied for a job at the world-famed firm of Schmidt & Co. On being duly installed and supplied with 500 envelopes and some pages from a directory, he looked round and asked for a pen. "But you have one already," said the young man in authority. "I want two," answered the Australian, and an interested and obliging fellow scribe supplied his need. The scene which thereupon ensued baffles all description, for the colonial, separating the pile of envelopes into two equal lots, began copying the addresses by writing simultaneously with both hands. So runs the legend at least, and, furthermore, it is averred that his rapidity was such as to put the 'sloggers' to shame. Fifty pens dropped from the nerveless grasp of those who but a minute before had been writing against time and as if for dear life. A hundred eyes were fixed in astonishment on the unknown one. Presently the young overseer who superintended the labors of many old enough to be his grandfather rose and timidly said he would consult 'the governor.' The latter arrived, and the situation being explained the Austral-

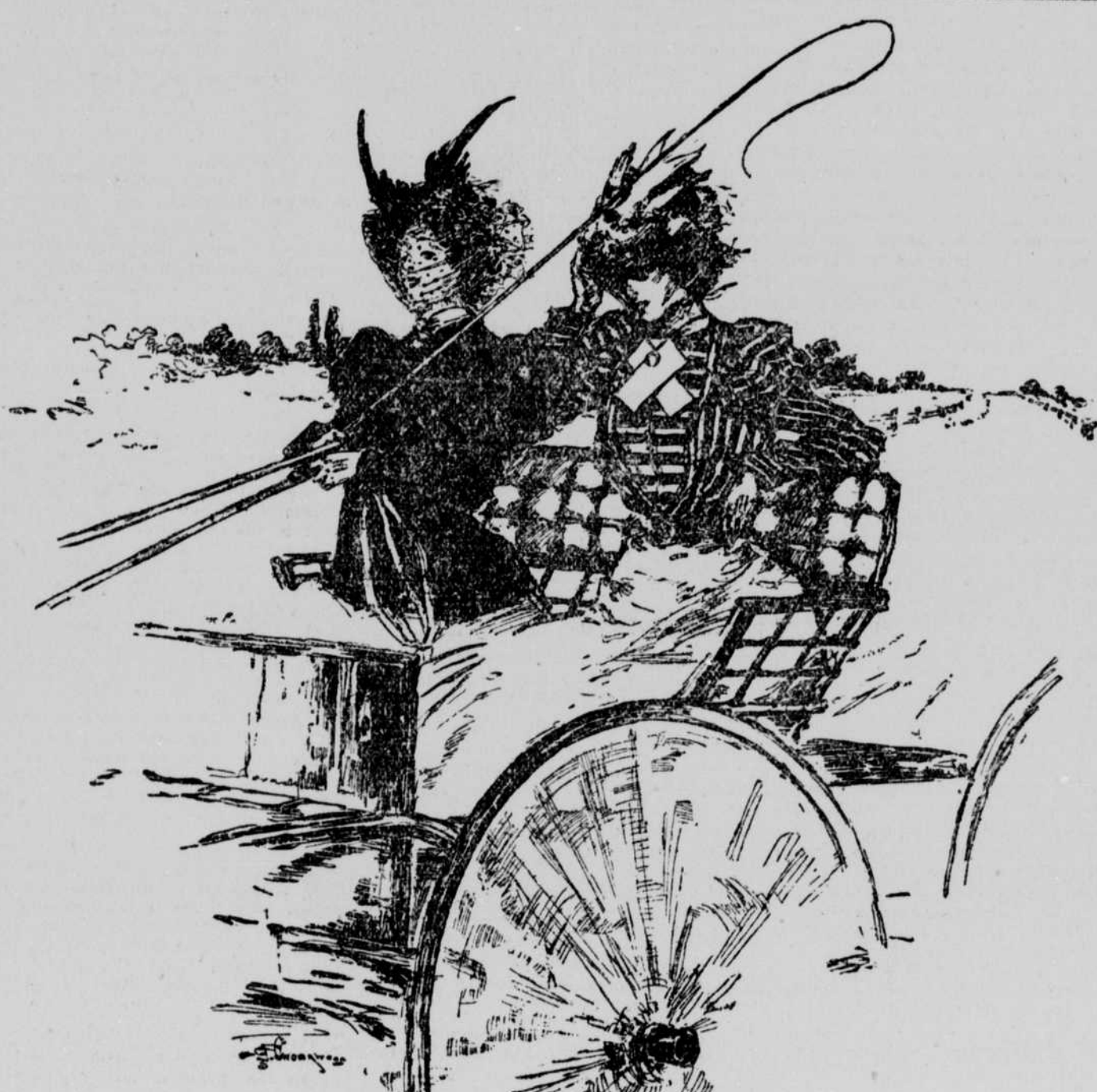
MISSION OF "DON QUIXOTE."

Written to Ridicule Absurd Stories of Chivalry.

From the London Mail: The object of Cervantes in writing "Don Quixote" was, as he himself declared, to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in the books of chivalry. The fanaticism caused by these romances was so great in Spain during the sixteenth century that the burning of all extant copies was earnestly requested by the cortes (or legislature of the realm). To destroy a passion that had taken such deep root among all classes, to break up the only reading which at that time was fashionable and popular, was a bold undertaking, yet one in which Cervantes succeeded. No books of chivalry were written after the appearance of "Don Quixote," and from that time those in existence have been steadily disappearing, until now they are among the rarest of literary curiosities. This romance, which Cervantes threw so carelessly from his pen, and which he only regarded as an effort to break up the absurd fancies about chivalry, has now therefore become the oldest specimen of romantic fiction and one of the most remarkable monuments to genius. Ten years after its appearance its author published the second part of "Don Quixote," which is even better than the first. It was written in his old age, when in prison and finished when he felt the hand of death pressing cold and heavy upon him.

Ingenious Sounding Apparatus.

Savannah News: Rapid-test soundings were required on some work on a railway line between Paris and Havre, where the cast-iron viaduct of Bezons was replaced by an arch bridge alongside. The old foundations for six channels were removed to the bottom of the river. It was required that the river bed should be carefully leveled.



IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK—DRAWN FROM LIFE.

the girl driving the trap in such irreproachable tailor-made gowns. It is in bad taste to wear a gown at all elaborate. A plain cheviot skirt, with covert cloth, heavy gloves and the trimmest and smartest of headgear suffices.

This same style of trap is, of course, used in the summer in the country, and only appears in the city in the spring; it is not an expensive turnout, and is one that is particularly useful. The spider phaetons are also to be seen in the morning and women drive the pair of horses necessary, but there is always a coachman perched in the small seat at the back. The style of dress for the phaeton is much more elaborate than that worn in the road wagon. Much ruffled and trimmed costumes with gay parasols and big hats are the rule. The woman who drives may perchance wear a jacket instead of a wrap and a hat with a veil. Mlady's brougham is too well known an institution to be classed with the new fashions, but this season it has been more elaborately gotten up than ever. It is one of the most expensive traps, for it calls for such perfection in every detail and must always be in perfect order. Two men, or a man and boy, must be on the box, and the liveries are no small item; but then it is one of the signs of wealth, and so every fashionable woman owns her brougham and finds opportunity to exercise her own taste in the furnishing of it. Driving four-in-hand for women is now considered one of the accomplishments necessary. As yet only a few women have started a coach, but the time is not far off when a woman's coaching club will be in existence. Altogether, the coming woman is to be a rare horse-

man was turned into a loose box all by himself and fed with another thousand or so envelopes. At this rate he earned enough in two or three weeks to enable him to last out comfortably till his remittances arrived; then he went home and Schmidt's knew him no more. We asked the old gentleman who told us this yarn to fill his pipe and have another cup of tea, for we thought he deserved both."

How China Treats Defaulters.

A recent number of the Pekin Gazette, the oldest paper in the world, and for 3,000 years the official organ of the Chinese government, contains the following edict of the emperor, Tsai-Tien: "We have received a memorial from Shih Nien-tsu, governor of Kiangsi, denouncing the conduct of Pien Yung-ch'un, ex-magistrate of Hsinganhsien, Kiangsi province, who, having retired from his post, was discovered to be considerably in arrears in the payment of the taxes collected by him. When applied to for the repayment of the said taxes by the provincial treasury officials, the ex-magistrate paid no heed to their demands, showing a contempt for the law which should be punished. We hereby command that the said ex-magistrate be cashiered and arrested and placed in prison until he refunds the whole of his indebtedness to the government. We further command the governor of Yunnan, the native province of the accused, to investigate and confiscate any properties that may stand in the accused's official name in his native or other towns in Yunnan. Let not the provincial treasury suffer through the dishonesty of the officials."

Doing Better.

First Boy—"My pa is making his mark in the world." Second Boy—"That's nothing; mine can write."—Truth.

After it had been dredged the bottom was explored by means of a horizontal bar of iron about twenty feet long, which was suspended from each end from a framework uniting two flat boats in catamaran fashion. This beam was lowered close to the bottom and the boats were gradually moved along in a direction transverse to the length of the bar. When the scraper encountered no irregularity the suspending chains hung vertically, but as soon as either end was deflected by contact with any obstruction an electric circuit was closed, which caused an alarm to be rung. The boat was stopped and the obstruction located by means of sounding poles. In this way small stones down to a diameter of four inches were easily located and the bed of the river was leveled to within that amount of irregularity. This method proved rapid and successful.

To Get Thin.

Eat a great deal of choped meat without any potato in it. Drink little fluid of any kind except strong tea. Exercise a great deal without drinking, and do not eat bread, butter or candy. Lemonade, acid drinks of all kinds, and saline mineral waters are excellent. Drink a glass of clear water before breakfast.

As She Understood It.

He—"I don't believe in a higher education for girls. The one I marry will know nothing of Latin and such nonsense." She—"Perhaps not, I can readily understand that the girl who marries you must be very ignorant indeed."—Chicago News.

Modern Way of Mending Socks.

Stockings and socks can be easily repaired by means of toe and heel caps, which are being made for the purpose, and are adapted to fit over the worn parts and be sewed in position.

Good Blood Makes Health

And Hood's Sarsaparilla makes good blood. That is why it cures so many diseases and makes so many people feel better than ever before. If you don't feel well, are half sick, tired, worn out, you may be made well by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

FIVE MILLIONS IN DIVIDENDS.

Enormous Profits of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company.

The board of directors of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, at the general office at Wilmerding, have declared a stock dividend of 100 per cent, amounting to \$5,000,000, and transferred to the treasury the sum of \$1,000,000 in stock to be issued by the directors from time to time for the purchase of property or other uses as may be deemed best by the board. This enormous dividend is in addition to a cash dividend of 50 per cent, or \$2,500,000, declared within the past year. America is full of rich men, rich corporations and companies that make tremendous profits, but no corporation or firm in the world has ever made the enormous profit that has this association of men during the past twelve months. At the meeting, \$2,994 shares of stock out of 100,000 were presented. The meeting was a brief one and it took the board but a few minutes to make the distribution of the \$5,000,000 in stock. It was done by virtue of the following resolution, which was presented and passed:

"Resolved, That of the 120,000 shares (\$6,000,000) of new capital stock authorized by this meeting the stockholders recommend that the board of directors should distribute 100,000 shares, that is, \$5,000,000, at par, to the stockholders as a stock dividend out of the surplus earnings of the company not heretofore divided among the stockholders, and that the remaining 20,000 shares (\$1,000,000) remain in the treasury and be issued by the board of directors from time to time for the purchase of property upon such terms and in such manner as they shall deem for the best interest of the company." The net earnings of the company for the past ten years are stated to be \$17,500,000, of which the cash dividends have been \$14,596,000. The stock dividend will be distributed as soon as the necessary certificates can be prepared.

Don't loaf in front of a bank just because there is money in it.



THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.



Smoothest track in the West—

the Burlington Route from Omaha to Denver. Not a jolt or a jar from the time you leave Omaha until you are landed ON TIME at your journey's end. Two trains a day. Afternoon train—Denver Limited—Leaves Omaha..... 4:35 p. m. Arrives Denver..... 7:20 a. m. Night train—Denver Special—Leaves Omaha..... 11:55 p. m. Arrives Denver..... 1:30 p. m.

Tickets and full information on application to any ticket agent or by addressing

J. Francis, General Passenger Agent Omaha, Neb.