

High Church Dignitary Had Name to Sign to Check.

A comical story is told of the archbishop of York, who is an ardent fisherman. Not long ago he betook himself for a few days to a little Yorkshire village, which boasted a good trout stream, and put up at a clean but modest hotel.

His grace on his arrival informed the landlord who he was, and on leaving wrote a check for his bill and handed it to his host.

The landlord closely scanned the signature and asked: "What name is this?"

"W. Ebor," answered his grace.

"Ah," said the landlord, as he pocketed the check, "I thought you were telling me a falsehood when you told me you were the archbishop of York."

The man evidently did not know that an archbishop has a name like an ordinary person.

LEAP YEAR, AGAIN.



Heavy Lady—Algy, for four years I have waited for this chance. Be mine, and have all the comforts of a home.

Overdoing a Fad.

Mrs. Graham is an estimable lady whose hobby is house decoration. One day the lady was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her. The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what had happened, dryly remarked to her: "Mrs. Graham, there's such a thing as pushing this rage for decorating interiors too far."

Omaha Directory

**Courtney's**  
Wholesale and retail dealers in everything for a Gentleman's table, including Fine Imported Table Delicacies. If there is any little item you are unable to obtain in your home town, write us for prices on same, as we will be sure to have it. Mail orders carefully filled. IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PURE FOOD PRODUCTS AND TABLE DELICACIES. 1704 FARNAM ST. COURTNEY & CO., Omaha, Nebr.

PRIVATE WIRE  
**J. E. von Dorn Commission Co.**  
Member Chicago Board of Trade and Omaha Grain Exchange.

Grain, Provisions and Stocks Bought and Sold

for immediate or future delivery. GRAIN BOUGHT AND SOLD in Car Lots. Track bids made on any railroad. Consignments Solicited.

700-701-776 Brandeis Bldg., Omaha  
Telephone: Bell Douglas 1022 and 1234, Auto. 52221.

**PROF. POLE**  
French Suggestive Therapist, graduate of six colleges. Treats all chronic diseases without medicine by six different methods. Office hours: 10 to 12 a. m. and 4 to 6 p. m. Room 308, Old Boston Store Bldg., 120 S. 16th St., Omaha, Nebraska.

**OMAHA THE BRIGHTEST**  
**MADE SPOT ON THE MAP**  
A GOOD PLACE to invest your money where you can get from 6% to 10% on Improved Properties. Write Us How Much You Have to Invest. HASTINGS and HYDEN 1704 Farnam St. Omaha, Nebr.

**O'Brien's**  
MONTE CRISTO Chocolates  
Better than the Best!  
We will deliver them to your door. D. J. O'BRIEN CO., Makers, 1201 Howard Street, Omaha, Nebr.

**OMAHA TENT & AWNING CO.**  
Tents, Awnings, etc. Largest west of Chicago. Write for prices and estimates before buying. Cor. 11th and Harney Sts.

**Do You Drink Coffee?**  
Why put the cheap, rank, bitter-flavored coffee in your stomach when pure GARDNER-AMERICAN COFFEE costs no more? Insist on having it. Your grocer sells it or can get it.

**DENTISTS**  
Drs. Bailey & Mach, The 3d floor, Park on Block, cor. 15th and Farnam Sts., Omaha, Nebr. Best equipped dental office in the Middle West. Latest appliances. High grade dentistry. Reasonable prices.

**AUTOMOBILES**  
The best High Wheel Auto Runabout in the World. Send for catalogue. Central Importation Co., 1115-17 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

**CREAM WANTED**  
We are in a position to pay fancy prices for hand separator cream at our station in your town or ship direct to us at Omaha. THE FAIRBANKS CREAMERY CO.

**RUBBER GOODS**  
by mail at cut prices. Send for free catalogue. MYERS-DILLON DRUG CO., OMAHA, NEBR.

**OMAHA WOOL & STORAGE CO.**  
SHIP YOUR WOOL to the Omaha market to get better prices and quick returns. Ref. any bank in Omaha.

**VELIE WROUGHT IRON VEHICLES**  
ASK YOUR DEALER OR JOHN DEERE FLOW CO.

**TALES OF LAKE AND LONG SHORE**  
BEING THE CHRONICLES OF SOME FRESH-WATER SALTS

BY GEORGE TICKELL

**THE DUPING ..... OF POLLY**



"Is He Sick?"

monia which had carried off the victim in record time.

Miss Polly Antrim listened with an odd gleam in her intelligent eyes.

"Wasn't there—that is—didn't he leave a message or anything of that kind for me?" she demanded, when the mate had finished his melancholy recital.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Prout hurriedly. "The poor chap sent you his love, an'—an' hoped you'd meet him in heaven—' he concluded in a burst of inspiration.

Polly Antrim glanced at the mate with tightened lips. "Very nice of him," she commented coolly. "Who did you say took his place?"

"Capt. Chester," returned Prout. "Nothing like poor Brundage, though, he ain't."

"I should like to see him," said

serted the captain. "It beats all the shine so many of these girls take to me. Can't understand why they do it."

"Neither can I," agreed the mate, savagely. "It ain't your beauty, I'll swear. Mebbe it's the lies you tell 'em. Some women go daffy over a slack-mouthed liar."

"That's not the point," returned Brundage, sourly. "There's only one way to square it. We don't carry passengers as a rule, and she'll likely be the only one aboard. What you've got to do now is pass the word to the crew to keep their mouths shut, and I'll keep up this deaf and dumb racket. She'll never know me in this rig 'specially if I only show up after dark."

"And who's to stand your watches?" demanded the mate. "Think I'm a



"That Done—"

when we make port an' she goes huntin' for your grave."

"That's so," agreed Brundage, dejectedly. "We got to think that over, Bill."

"Think it over yourself," retorted the aggrieved Mr. Prout; "but don't come any nonsense over me, for I won't stand it."

The Arklam was nearing Chicago when Capt. Brundage, sitting alone in his cabin and figuring desperately on some means of escape from the net fate had thrown around him, looked up in surprise as Miss Polly entered and closed the door behind her with an emphatic slam. That done, she sat down and surveyed her quondam suitor with malicious eyes. Brundage stared back with a sickly smile, wondering inwardly what her visit might portend. He was not left long in doubt.

She suddenly stretched forth a slim, white hand, and tore the black beard from his face. Then she set her little foot upon it and spoke with much unctious.

"What an awful silly you are, Jim Brundage, to think that you could pull the wool over my eyes."

The captain wagged his head dismally.

"All right, Polly," he said, "you've got me beat. What do you reckon to do?"

"If I was a man," said the girl, scornfully, "I'd thrash you well, but I suppose I must get satisfaction another way. What hurts me most isn't your falseness, but the idea that you considered me such a fool. I've found out all about you, and unless you want your wife to know everything, you'll do as I say."

"When you passed yourself off as a single man you showed me your bankbook and calculated that \$500 would start us nicely in housekeeping. Now, when we reach Chicago, Jimmy dear, you'll go straight to the bank, draw \$250, and hand it over to me. Then I'll say good-by and you can thank your stars for getting off so easily."

The unmasked conspirator swore bitterly and protested fervently, but Miss Polly was adamant and he finally agreed to her terms. His disclosure to Mr. Prout of the conditions upon which he had surrendered was received by that unfeeling seaman with a hoarse laugh, which was distinctly aggravating to his commander's troubled mind.

The Arklam lay at the Clark street dock with Miss Antrim seated in the captain's cabin placidly awaiting his return from the bank. Beside her lay the Mr. William Prout, smoking the pipe of peace. Brundage entered with a look of intense gloom overshadowing his countenance, and signaled the mate to retire. Miss Polly waved her hand in dissent.

"Stay where you are," she said, generally. "Count out the money, Jim, and hurry up."

The mate grinned broadly as his skipper lugged out the well-known pocketbook, and, sighing deeply, handed \$250 in United States currency to his female Nemesis. Polly beamed graciously upon the uncheerful giver.

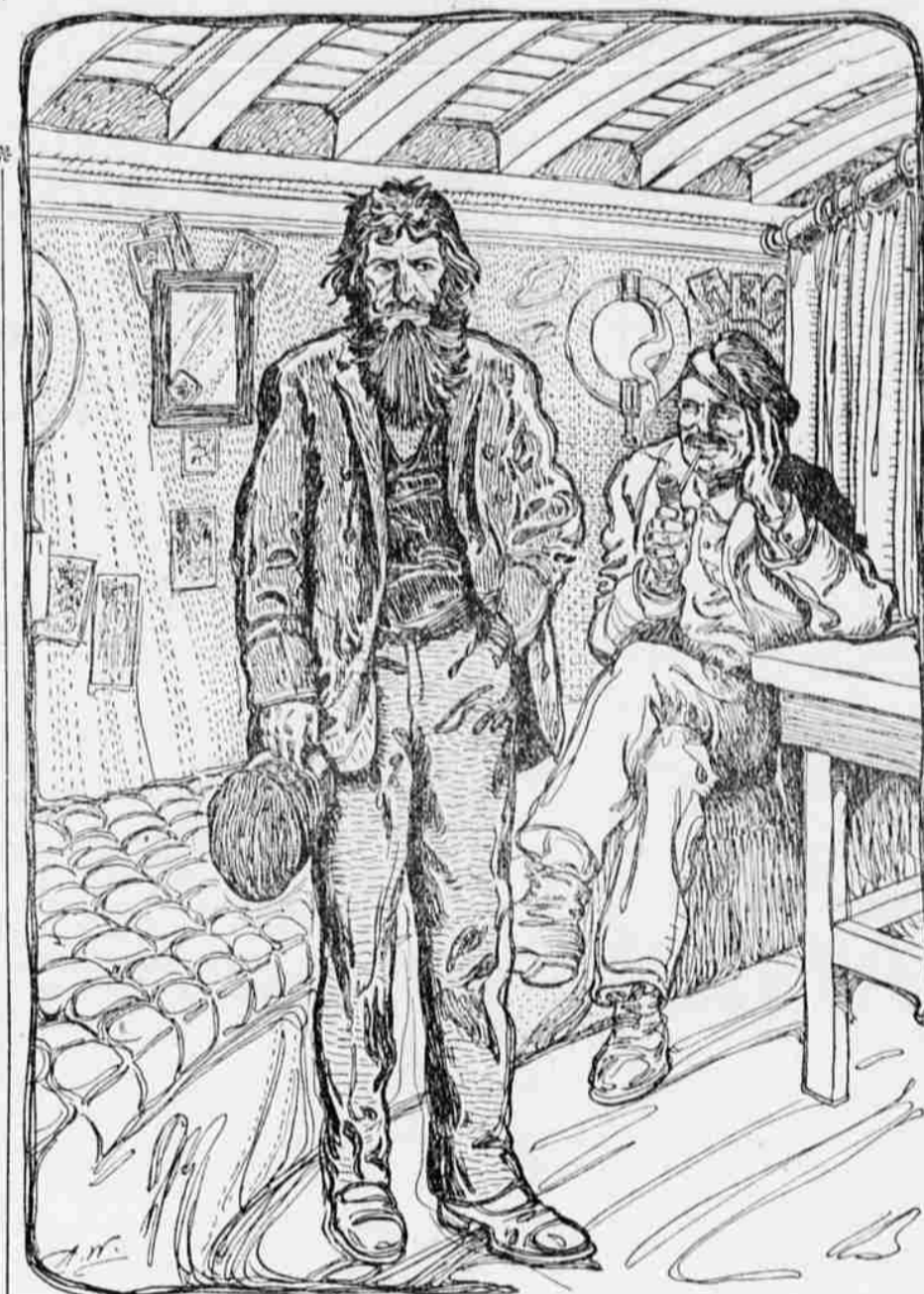
"That's a good boy, Jim," she said, sweetly, "and now we'll go ashore happily. By the way, it may interest you to know that Mr. Prout and I mean to set up housekeeping on the strength of your kind gift."

The captain's emotion was too deep for mere words to express. He rose to his feet, still staring helplessly, as Miss Antrim, leaning on the arm of the gruff mate, tripped merrily along the gang plank to the wharf.

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Editor, Delineator, New York.

Gen. James Evelyn Pilscher, editor of the Military Surgeon, is the new director-general of the National Volunteer Emergency corps. The corps was organized in 1900, to render aid in time of national calamity or in the event of war. The corps is now being reorganized on the lines of the medical corps of the United States army.



"She'll Never Know Me in This Rig."

Miss Antrim. "Perhaps he could tell me something more about Jim."

"Not him," responded the mate, hastily. "He didn't know Jim Brundage, an' anyways," he added as an afterthought, "his here Chester's deaf an' dumb; can't speak a word."

A look of intense surprise deepened on his hearer's countenance.

"Deaf and dumb?" she repeated. "Why, good gracious! how can a deaf mute be captain of a steamer?"

The mate's face flushed. "It's this way," he explained. "His uncle's the main guy of the Sherlock Navigation Company, an' he gave Chester the job. He ain't much of a sailor, an' all the work falls on me."

The girl eyed him steadily. "All the same," she remarked calmly, "I'm bound to see him, for I've made up my mind to go to Chicago on the Arklam."

Mr. Prout uttered a horrified exclamation.

"Back on the Arklam!" he repeated. "What for?"

"To visit Jim's grave," responded the artless Miss Antrim.

"It's the least I can do under the circumstances. And it'll be a sort of consolation to sail on the boat he used to command, poor fellow."

"Well, Capt. Chester's ashore just now," declared the mate, desperately.

"That doesn't matter, I'll see him later," she said, airily. "I'm going home now to pack my things and get ready."

Much aghast at this unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, Mr. Prout sought the presence of his chief, who had prudently remained in seclusion during Miss Antrim's visit. Capt. Brundage, resentful in a false beard and wig of lady blackness, assumed to deceive his inky lackey's penetrating optics in case she insisted upon a personal interview, received his officer's tidings with a violent explosion of highly ornamental profanity.

"You've bungled the whole business, you nigger-headed swab!" he said, heatedly. "What the blue blazes are we to do now? If that girl ever lands in Chicago and finds out I'm alive and have a wife and four kids, there'll be the devil to pay."

"Tain't my fault," protested the mate, sullenly. "What business had you to make love to her? Might have known there'd be trouble."

"I wasn't all to blame, Bill," as-

That Will Interest All Suffering Women.

Mrs. Della Meanes, 328 E. Front St., Maysville, Ky., says: "Seven years ago I began to notice sharp pain in the kidneys and a bearing down sensation through the hips, dull headache and dizzy spells. Dropsy appeared, and my feet and ankles swelled so I could not get my shoes on. I was in misery, and had hopes of ever getting cured when I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills. One box helped me so much that I kept on until entirely cured."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

KNOW WHAT THE JOB MEANT.

Angry Citizen Put Ordeal Up to Street Car Company.

Not long ago there entered the office of the superintendent of a trolley line in Detroit an angry citizen, demanding "justice" in no uncertain terms.

In response to the official's gentle inquiry touching the cause of the demand, the angry citizen explained that on the day previous as his wife was boarding one of the company's cars, the conductor thereof had stepped on his spouse's dress, tearing from it more than a yard of material.

"I can't see that we are to blame for that," protested the superintendent. "What do you expect us to do, get her a new dress?"

"No, sir, I do not," rejoined the angry citizen, brandishing a piece of cloth. "What I propose is that you people shall match this material."—Harper's Weekly.

IS IT POSSIBLE?



"And who were the people who first thought of music, auntie?"

"Why, child, they are considered to be prehistoric."

"Oh, auntie, how well you do remember!"

Dispenser of Kisses.

A Frenchman, who apparently has been amusing himself by reckoning up the number of kisses he has given his wife during the first 20 years of his married life.

He finds that in the first year he dispensed about 100 kisses a day, or, say, allowing for birthdays and legal and church holidays, about 36,700 in the year.

In the second year this number was reduced by half, and in the third year to ten a day, while in the fifth year his better half had to be content with two a day, one in the morning and one in the evening.

What happened after the fifth year is "wrapped in mystery," but at the same rate of "progression" he probably arrived eventually at one kiss on the first of January every leap year.—Chicago American.

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water.

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young, the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee-mill, as a substitute for coffee.

"But it did not taste right and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work, I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong it was fine. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever tasted.

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

There's a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.