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 mod-

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

"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.

"Is He Sick?"

anxiously.

25 bucks."

the kind of man I am."

satisfied smirk.

disdainfully.

mented, "I'd be glad to help out a

pal, even if I didn't get a cent. That's

"An' that's the kind I ain't," re-

joined the mate tartly. "So mebbe

you'll stow this here moralisin' busi-

ness an' hand over the coin, so as

everything 'll be accordin' to agree-

The skipper of the steamer Arklam

muttered something uncomplimentary

under his breath, but producing a

bulky pocketbook extracted several

bills therefrom and passed them to

the mate, who thrust them into his

pocket and faced his superior with a

"Now that's settled, let's run over

"When we get to Buffalo you fix

yourself up with a phony beard an'

wig, an' if Miss Antrim comes askin'

for you I'm to tell her Capt. Brundage

"Don't forget as I'm supposed to

be deaf and dumb," warned the cap-

tain. "If she once heard my voice it

"Oh, aw right," responded the mate.

Only she must be a bigger fat-head

than she looks if she swallows that.

utes, and the news of my death 'ill

upset her so that she won't stop to

"It wouldn't upset me," retorted the

joyful to hear it, if she's got any

Shortly after the Arklam tied up at

the Buffalo docks she was boarded

by a buxom young damsel with a de-

termined chin and a pair of snappy

black eyes. The watchful mate

greeted her at the gang plank, and

"Good morning, Mr. Prout," she

The mate twisted his features into

"I'm sorry to say that I've got bad

news for you, Miss Antrim," was the

response. He hesitated and shook his

"What's the trouble?" inquired the

sight of the mate's dolorous visage.

the mate in a hoarse whisper. "He's

werry bad-that is, I mean he ain't

The girl drew a sharp breath.

'What!" she gasped, "you don't mean

"That he's dead, miss; yes, that's

Miss Antrim dabbed a handkerchief

hastily across her eyes. "How did it happen?" she asked. "Why, he-

he was all right when he left here on

"Step into the cabin," requested the

willy Mr. Prout, "an' I'll tell you all

The girl followed him, and seating

In accordance with the instructions

of his chief, Mr. William Prout gave

den demise, due, as he declared, to

ft, an' sorry I am to tell you."

He's gone, miss, gone for-

said. "Is Capt. Brundage around?"

a becoming semblance of grief.

your jaw and do as you're told."

a gracious smile.

to say-

his last voyage."

mate's doleful narrative.

about it."

"Seems like she oughter be

figure out them little details."

died werry sudden in Chicago, an

there's a new skipper in charge."

'ud queer the whole game."

big steam freighter?"

mate.

your scheme again, so as I can get my right bearin's," he said pleas-

IEN you'll do it, Bill, for

the sake of old times?'

queried Capt. Brundage

"Yes," said the mate,

"for old times' sake and

the 25 bucks you prom-

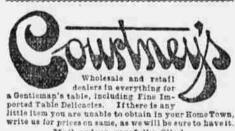
ised. Partikerly for the

The captain eyed him

"If 'twas me," he com-

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."

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THE DUPINGOF POLLY

monia which had carried off the vic- | serted the captain. "It beats all the tim in record time.

odd gleam in her intelligent eyes. "Wasn't there-that is-didn't he

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Prout hur-"The poor chap sent you his Brundage, sourly.

of inspiration. Polly Antrim glanced at the mate with tightened lips. "Very nice of to the crew to keep their mouths shut.

'Nothing like poor Brundage, though, dark.'

shine so many of these girls take to Miss Polly Antrim listened with an me. Can't understand why they

"Neither can I," agreed the mate, leave a message or anything of that savagely. "It ain't your beauty, I'il kind for me?" she demanded, when swear. Mebbe it's the lies you tell the mate had finished his melancholy 'em. Some women go daffy over a slack-mouthed liar."

"That's not the point," returned "There's only love, an'-an' hoped you'd meet him one way to square it. We don't in heaven-" he concluded in a burst | 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 him," she commented coolly. "Who and I'll keep up this deaf and dumb did you say took his place?" racket. She'll never know me in this "Capt. Chester," returned Prout. rige 'specially if I only show up after

"And who's to stand your watches?"



"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,

"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 "What an awful silly you are, Jim

Brundage, to think that you could pull the wool over my eyes.' The captain wagged his head dis-

"All right, Polly," he said, "you've

got me beat. What do you reckon

"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 gument prevailed, and he hastened to thank your stars for getting off so

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

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 laughed Mr. William Prout, smoking Mr. Prout fell the agreeable task of the pipe of peace. Brundage entered entertaining the fair passenger, who 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, ge nially. "Count out the money, Jim,

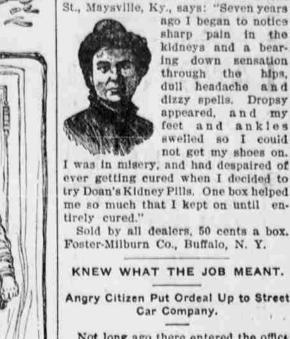
The mate grinned broadly as his skipper lugged out the well-known pocketbook, and, sighing deeply, handed \$250 in United States currency to his female Nemesis. Polly beamed

"That's a good boy, Jim," she said. sweetly, "and now we'll go ashore mean to set up housekeeping on the

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 gratified mate, tripped merrity along the gang plank to the wharf. (Copyright, by W. G. Chapman).

Editor Appointed Director General.

Gen. James Evelyn Pilcher, 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 "An' how about yourself?" queried of national calamity or in the event of the mate. "You're a fine honest war. The corps is now being rehearted innocent to preach about art- organized on the lines of the medical



me so much that I kept on until entirely cured." Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box.

A KENTUCKY CASE.

That Will Interest All Suffering

Women.

Mrs. Della Meanes, 328 E. Front

ago I began to notice

sharp pain in the

kidneys and a bear-

ing 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.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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

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?"

cars, the conductor thereof had stepped on his spouse's dress, tearing

"No, sir, I do not," rejoined the angry citizen, brandishing a piece of "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 re-

member!"

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

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 or 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 drink.

"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



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

me something more about Jim." Who'd ever believe as a company 'ud hire a deaf dummy for captain of a "Not him," responded the mate, hastily. "He didn't know Jim Brundage, an', anyways," he added as an after-"She's got to believe it," returned thought, "this here Chester's deaf an' the captain. "Anyway, if she sees me at all, it'll be only for a few min-

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 "That'll be all from you," growled Brundage in high dudgeon. "Just hold 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."

she acknowledged the salutation with Mr. Prout uttered a herrified 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

"Well, Capt. Chester's ashore just girl, her face a shade paler at the now," declared the mate, desperately. "That doesn't matter, I'll see him later," she said, airily. "I'm going "Worse than that, miss," returned home now to pack my things and get

used to command, poor fellow."

ready. had prudently remained in seclusion during Miss Antrim's visit. Capt. Brundage, resplendent in a false beard and wig of inky blackness, assumed to deceive his lady love's penetrating optics in case she insisted upon a personal interview, received his officer's tidings with a violent explosion of highly ornamental pro-

"You've bungled the whole business, you nigger-headed swah!" he said, heatedly. "What the blue blazes are we to do now? If that girl ever herself, prepared to listen to the 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 a very affecting sketch of the inci- mate, sullenly. "What business had dents relative to the former's sud you to make love to her? Might have known there'd be trouble."

a chill followed by an attack of pneu- "I wasn't all to blame, Bill," as-

Miss Antrim. "Perhaps he could tell | blasted horse to be doing the work of two men? Anyhow, she'll be put wise when she reaches Chicago."

"Well, it'll give me time to think the matter over," said Brundage, hopefully. "You can stand the day watches and I'll come on at night." Mr. Prout entered a vigorous pro-

test, but in the end his superior's argive the necessary instructions to the easily." members of the crew. True to her word, Miss Polly Antrim installed herself as sole passenger on the Arklam, and the mate proceeded to map out a for what promised to be a memorable voyage.

Capt. Brundage, in the role of the silent Chester, passed muster before the girl's eyes in highly creditable fashion. She made no sign of recognition, and he reflected that the stage must have lost a shining light through his failing to perceive that nature had clearly intended him for an actor. To exhibited a liveliness of spirit not wholly in keeping with the sorrow of a maiden whom death had deprived of a lover. In fact, the mate, being a single man in the -srly thirties, found himself yielding to the witchery of her black eyes, and inwardly congratulated himself upon the happy chance which had thrown them together,

On the second day Capt, Brundage saw fit to take the amorous Mr. Prout Much aghast at this unexpected aside and expostulate with him on the turn of fortune's wheel, Mr. Prout too evident partiality he displayed for sought the presence of his chief, who Miss Polly's society. The mate listened to his remonstrances and then happy. By the way, it may interest indulged in a fine burst of longshore you to know that Mr. Prout and I rhetoric, liberally flavored with harsh expletives. "A nice party you are," he con-

cluded, "to come givin' me advice.

Wot is it to you if the girl's took a

fancy to me? Reg'lar dog in the man-

ger, that's wot you are. Don't want her yourself an' can't bear to see anyone else get her. For two pins I'd blow the whole game, an' then where'd you be?"' "I was speakin' for your good, Bill,"

fulness. Anyway the jig 'ill be up corps of the United States army.

pleaded the crestfallen captain. "You don't know wot an artful dame she is."

long and difficult course of deception to Mr. Prout of the conditions upon

bled mind.

and hurry up."

graciously upon the uncheerful giver.

strength of your kind gift."