

Breath of Scandal

By ELIAS LISLE

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Young Mrs. Verrill leaned on the rail of the yacht and looked with disappointed surprise at the approaching dingey.

"There are only Hugh and your cousin in the boat," she announced to her guest. "Mr. Cuthbert isn't there. I'm so sorry."

Her intonation implied that the sorrow was sympathetic rather than personal. Sibyl Beach resented it.

"You needn't be. Helen," she said, the curve of her lips straightening firmly.

"Why, I invited him to come, particularly on your account."

"And I wanted him not to, particularly on my account," said the girl.

"Why, Sibyl, dear, I thought you were such great friends or even more."

"So did I. There was a suspicion of tears in the bright eyes the girl turned to her friend. "So did I until—"

"until he disgraced himself. Oh, you'll know all about it soon enough anyway. I may as well show you now."

She held out a clipping from a weekly publication which makes a business of purveying social sewage to its readers.

"It came to me in the mail—anonymously, of course," she said.

Mrs. Verrill took it with an expression of distaste.

"You wouldn't believe anything that wretched paper says, I hope," she observed. "Whenever I read it I feel as if I needed a bath to get clean again."

"The Era had a little notice, too, saying that Sid—Mr. Cuthbert—was there, and that is reliable enough. I only wish it weren't."

With pressed lips and frowning brow Mrs. Verrill ran over the clippings. It was a comment, less veiled than is common with that paper, upon the presence of Sidney Cuthbert at the funeral of a woman who had once been well known in that dim border of the theatrical profession where people of a more dubious world claim habitation.

"It will strengthen Mr. Cuthbert's reputation for generosity among his club and society friends," commented the paragraph, "that he should have borne the expense of the funeral from his own pocket. The woman who was once known as Viola Trevannon was buried beside her son, whose death two years ago was also the occasion of a burst of mortuary generosity on the part of young Cuthbert."

"Isn't that a nice thing to read about a man you had thought you could—could at least respect?" said the girl bitterly.

"I don't believe it about Mr. Cuthbert," began the other indignantly when the two men came over the rail.

After Verrill and young Dr. Dent had greeted the two women the latter turned to his cousin and said:

"Did I hear you speaking about Sidney Cuthbert, Beauty?"

"You may have if you were listening," said the girl. "And I do wish, Harvey, that you would drop that childish nickname. I've outgrown it." "Well, I don't know about your outgrowing it," said Dent, looking at her flushed cheeks and shining eyes, "but you certainly haven't outgrown your childish—beg pardon—your childhood temper. But of course I'll drop it, Sib, if you don't like it," he added good naturedly. "But I was interested in Sidney Cuthbert because I used to know him when he was Typh 7 and I was house in Sawguns."

"What's Sawguns?" asked Verrill lazily from his deck chair. "Lunatic asylum? And was Cuthbert one of the numbered patients and you another? I understood you to say you were a house. Singular delusion."

"Sawguns is short for St. Augustine's hospital, where I dispensed myself as house physician when Cuthbert became typhoid case No. 7," explained the young physician. "As all the private rooms were full he had to go into the public ward and live at \$1 per day between a profane and asthmatic car driver and a charity convalescent."

"Very good lesson in economy," observed Verrill virtuously.

"He couldn't give many dinner parties and send the kind of flowers he used to favor Sibyl with on that basis, Helen, if my feet are in your way I'll have 'em moved," he concluded, blissfully unconscious of his wife's savage glances. "Did Cuthbert like it, Dent?"

"Seemed to enjoy it tolerably after he got convalescent. He got up quite a friendship with another patient known as Tommy the Cod, presumably because he lived in an empty fish box down Fulton market way."

"Don't remember having heard Cuthbert speak of the gentleman," murmured Verrill. "Did he ever bring him to call, Sibyl? Helen, if you kick the only husband you're ever likely to have on the shins he'll rise up and desert you."

"The Cod's real name, as near as he could tell, was Hannigan," continued the physician. "Cuthbert's previous acquaintance with him was purely a business one. Tommy used to sell Cuthbert evening papers on Wall street until one day a truck ran over his ankle, and when we got him here we found he had a very interesting case of heart disease, so we kept him. Well, the Cod used to give Cuthbert all the news about the street that he got from his friends who used to visit him. It meant a good deal to Cuthbert, for he was keeping his illness a secret for fear it would bring his mother back from Newport and consequent-

ly didn't have any callers of his own. Tommy generously loaned him his visitors, and one day the superintendent, a pious old party, came in unannounced and caught them shooting craps on Cuthbert's cot. They had made dice out of lump sugar, and Cuthbert had won 8 cents, when old Barber raided the game. After that the two pals were more cautious. One other visitor the Cod had was a woman who said she was his cousin, but Tommy had other ideas. Certain acquaintances of hers had told Tommy that she was his mother. At any rate, she had treated him white," as he informed me, on several occasions and had 'staked' him to a much needed dollar more than once when he was 'up ag'in it."

"In those days we had a night orderly in our ward whom I always meant to poison, but somehow I never got time. He wound up a career of blunders one night by dropping a night lamp into a screen, and two minutes later he dropped the job of fighting the fire and hustled to save our cases. Just as we were congratulating ourselves that all were safely out Tommy the Cod seized the night nurse by the neck and yelled: "Where's my pal? Where's Typh 7?"

"In the inner passage," said the nurse, turning white. "They must have taken him out the other way."

"The first I heard of it was when the nurse came crying to me."

"I tried to stop him, sirs, the little heart case No. 15, but he broke away from me and ran back into the ward. He thinks Typh 7 is in there."

"I thought so, too, and ran for the entrance, and as I reached it a wall of black smoke rolled out upon me, somewhere back of which rose the voice of Tommy the Cod, who was exhorting his pal, and the rattle of a wheeled chair."

"Keep yer head down, buddy. Air's fresher near de floor. Dere's de door ahead! Blast de chair! It's stuck!"

"Never mind me, old man," I heard Cuthbert say. "Make a run for it. You can send back after me."

"Not on yer life," began Tommy, but the brave words ended in a pitiful, strangling cough.

"Groping blindly, I stumbled upon the chair and with a rush brought my two patients out into the hall. Tommy keeled over, and we got him to open air unconscious. When he came to, his first words were: "Did yer get my pal?"

"I'm right here, Tommy," said Cuthbert, catching the boy's hand in his own."

"Dat's all right, den," said the Cod contentedly. "But I guess I'm done. Dey always told me 'Inhalln' wasn't good fer kids," he added, with a faint grin.

"Cuthbert looked up at me appealingly, but I had to shake my head. Tommy's diagnosis was correct. Cuthbert climbed out of his chair—against my orders—and bent over Tommy."

"Little pal," he said, "you saved my life."

"Tommy waved the matter away airily. "Dat's all right. It was up to me. Between pals, yer know, yer'd have done de same trick fer me."

"God knows, I'd have tried. And now there's nothing I can do," said Cuthbert, his voice breaking. "Isn't there anything, Tommy? Haven't you got any relations or friends I could help? I'm rich, you know."

"G'wan!" said Tommy faintly. "Is dat right? I tought yer was a charity patient." He pondered for a moment.

"There's dat fluffy haired loidy dat came to see me last week. She was pretty white to me. You might kinder look out fer her a bit. Dey said she was me old woman, but I dunno. Wot's de difference?" said Tommy the Cod wearily. "She was white to me anyway." And Tommy said no more.

"Cuthbert buried Tommy in style. I went to the funeral—professional interest, you know. Well, Cuthbert has been paying his debt to Tommy ever since, looking after the 'fluffy haired loidy,' as Tommy called her. She called herself Trevannon, I believe, on the stage."

"Trevannon," interrupted Sibyl Beach—"Viola Trevannon?"

"Why, do you know her?" asked her cousin in surprise.

"Yes—no; never mind," said Sibyl tremulously. "Harvey, I want you to go ashore and telegraph Mr. Cuthbert that we—that I am expecting him and sign my name. You needn't stare so," she added indignantly. Then she turned and hurried below.

"Well, upon my soul!" mused Dent as he went over the side to send the message. "I must have done that uncommonly well."

Roquefort and Its Cheese.

Cheese, which has been the fortune of Roquefort, has destroyed its picturesqueness. It has brought speculators there who have raised great, ugly, square buildings of dazzling whiteness in harsh contrast with the character and somber tone of the old houses. Although the place is so small that it consists of only one street and a few alleys, the more ancient dwellings are remarkable for their height. It is surprising to see in a village lost among the sterile hills houses three stories high. The fact that there is only a ledge on which to build must be the explanation. What is most curious in the place is the cellars.

Before the cheese became an important article of commerce these were natural caverns, such as are everywhere to be found in this calcareous formation, but now they are really cellars that have been excavated to such a depth in the rock that they are to be seen in as many as five stages, where long rows of cheeses are stacked one over the other. The virtue of these cellars from the cheesemaking point of view is their dryness and their scarcely varying temperature of about 8 degrees centigrade summer and winter.—Temple Bar.

DUMAS AS A COOK.

He Was Particularly Good in the Preparation of Turkeys.

Dumas pere was in producing the slave of his pen and never studied in his life. No author ever owed less to education or book learning and more to a perpetually fresh and unsophisticated mind and to sociable intercourse with the bright spirits of his day, the upper Bohemia, the best artists, dramatic authors and lions of various kinds of his time. His one accomplishment was his neat, flowing, clerical handwriting, but he knew nothing of science, of any kind of serious literature, and as he had never thought of punctuation before he burst on the world as an author left it always to the proofreader. Like Rossini, if Dumas had not been the author of "Monte-Christo" and other novels that brought him each a fortune (which he spent as soon as he made), he might have been a great cook.

I partook of a lunch he cooked two years before his death at the house of Gudin, the painter. He came to cook it in this way: Gudin, meeting him on a Friday on the boulevard, said: "A friend has just sent me three splendid turkeys from Devonshire. What shall I do with them?" "You should let me cook them," said Dumas. "All right." "But I must go tomorrow to prepare them for the spit." Dumas arrived next morning with a hamper of truffles for the turkeys and, not to allow any to go to waste, brought calves' sweetbreads and other delicacies which are the better for truffle accompaniments. He prepared his "plats" carefully and suggested that if Gudin wished to invite friends to a particularly well cooked lunch then was his time. "Perhaps," he added, "you had better call on Alboni and ask her to come. She will crown the feast by singing a brindisi." So said, so done. Dumas acted as chef in the kitchen until it was almost time to serve the lunch.

A most brilliant company had been invited to judge of "le grand Alexandre's" culinary talents. They declared he deserved the name of "Alexandre le Grand" and expressed their sorrow that his literary genius had deprived the world of the greatest chef of the nineteenth century. Dumas used also to cook the grand dinners which Mme. Rattazzi gave at Florence when her husband was prime minister of Italy.—London News.

ONE MAN'S FINE CONCEIT.

Missing of Men, He Says, Means Strength of Women, Bonnets.

"It's an odd thing about women," remarked Jones to his wife as he settled himself for a special effort. "We admire you intensely in the individual. We adore you when taken singly, but it's a strange, sad fact that when a few hundred of you get together you lose distinction. A multitude of rare women brought together in one building for a common cause are far from venerable. Look at Sorosis. The club is undoubtedly made up of ideal mothers and wives, but one resolutely refuses to find it anything else than a convocation of bonnets. Earnest, intense women recruit the ranks of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, but its mass meetings only amuse the rest of the world. An exclusively feminine tea was never an object of envy to those who pass it by."

"And what of you men?" suggested Mrs. Jones. "Are you all so much finer in a crowd?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Jones. "It isn't open to dispute that a 'gang' of men is at all times convincing. If it is only a mob with a rope looking up a criminal, the sight does not lack impressiveness. The imagination plays about a 'smoker' and speculates as to the quality of the cigars and the stories. And a good share of the world's work has been done by men in mass for a purpose. Union to us is strength, and the novelist has always remained behind when the door of the banquet hall was opened for the fling out of the ladies."—New York Tribune.

JEALOUSY AND PRIDE.

Through One Writer's Spectacles These Two Appear as Virtues.

There is a little jealousy in all persons and especially in all women. It springs from deep love, which always desires to be first in the affection of the one beloved. A lover, whether man or maid, who is not susceptible to occasional twinges of jealousy is not truly in love.

While jealousy, considered with reference to its origin, is not an ignoble emotion, it is frequently absurd in its outbreaks. A father is sometimes upset with jealousy because he imagines that his wife loves the children more than she loves him. Mothers are frequently jealous of the husbands or wives of their daughters or sons. Wives become jealous of the sisters or mothers of their husbands. No one is immune against the little green bacilli of jealousy.

Generally the tears or frowns of jealousy are swept away with a few kind words and a caress, but there are some unhappy persons whose jealousy is chronic and who make themselves ridiculous and annoying by their fits and storms of jealous passion. The jealousy of such persons is beyond reason. Indeed, it is a form of dementia which begets every sort of violence.

Pride is the strongest controller of jealousy. The theologians reckon pride among the seven deadly sins, but as a matter of fact pride is at the bottom of much of the virtuous action in the world. Pride is the root of most bravery, fortitude, courtesy, magnanimity, humility and industry. Pride is the essential spirit of thorough breeding, and in spite of being enumerated among the deadly sins pride is not connected with turpitude.—San Francisco Bulletin.

OLD FASHIONED.

What has become of the old fashioned man who dressed up to serve on the jury?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who thought going to a circus was sinful?

Speaking of old fashioned things, what has become of the child who minded its mother?

What has become of the little old schoolgirl whose braids were so short and stumpy they were called pigtails?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who used to say to her children, "You'll drive me distracted?"

What has become of the old fashioned man who, according to the neighbors, could lie as fast as a horse could trot?

What has become of the old fashioned man who came to town wearing a soldier overcoat, with a buffalo lap robe in his wagon?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who used to say that a little bird came and told her when asked where she heard a piece of gossip?—Atchison Globe.

Small Things That Count.

It is said that Cæsar chose his generals according to the length of their forefingers in comparison with that of their second fingers. No man whose forefinger was over one-eighth of an inch shorter than his middle finger had a ghost of a show. Men with very short forefingers are supposed to be effeminate. I believe it is so. Napoleon's generals were selected by their noses. Cromwell believed that bowlegged men made the best soldiers. Washington preferred men with high cheek bones. Receding foreheads were the rule among his generals. Alexander the Great judged men by their teeth, those having very large canines being preferred as commanders.—New York Press.

Life In New York.

Nobody living outside New York knows how difficult it has become in that city for people of moderate means to bring up their children in the love of genuine things. It is still done by many, but with increasing effort and only by dint of a strong will and an inheritance of the truest graces of life—simplicity, the domestic affections and the love of nature and one's kind. It is to the cultivation of these graces that we must look for a rescue from the artificiality and the vulgarity of the pitiable circle in every American city known as "the smart set."—Century.

Tannoforn.

Tannoforn is an insoluble powder of pinkish color. It is without odor and flavor and is practically nonpoisonous. When applied to the skin, it stops sweating and destroys the odor of sweat already secreted. Hence its utility in case of offensive secretion (bro-midrosis). For allied reasons it is useful when the feet become tender by overheating. Pedestrians and others will find it useful.

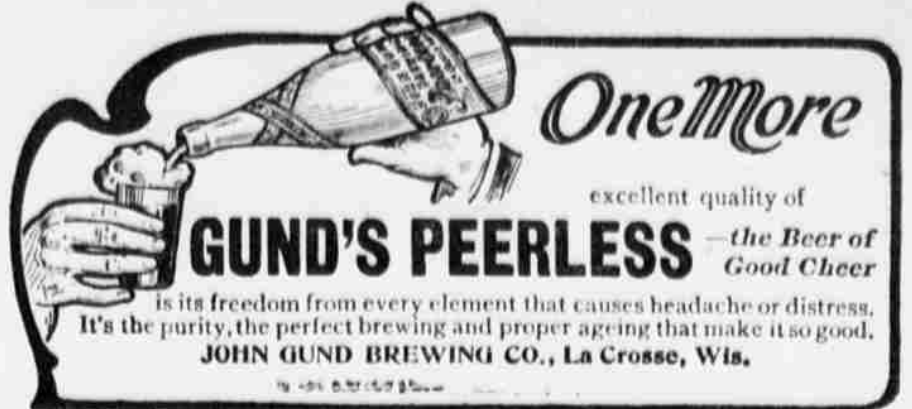
Worse For the Politicians.

"Do you think that sugar is unwholesome for children?" asked the anxious parent.

"Well," answered the physician, "my observation is that it isn't likely to do children nearly as much harm as it does politicians."—Washington Star.

Aply Termed.

A farmer in a flood district, watching his mortgaged house and barn fall over and float down the river, remarked, "That represents my floating indebtedness."



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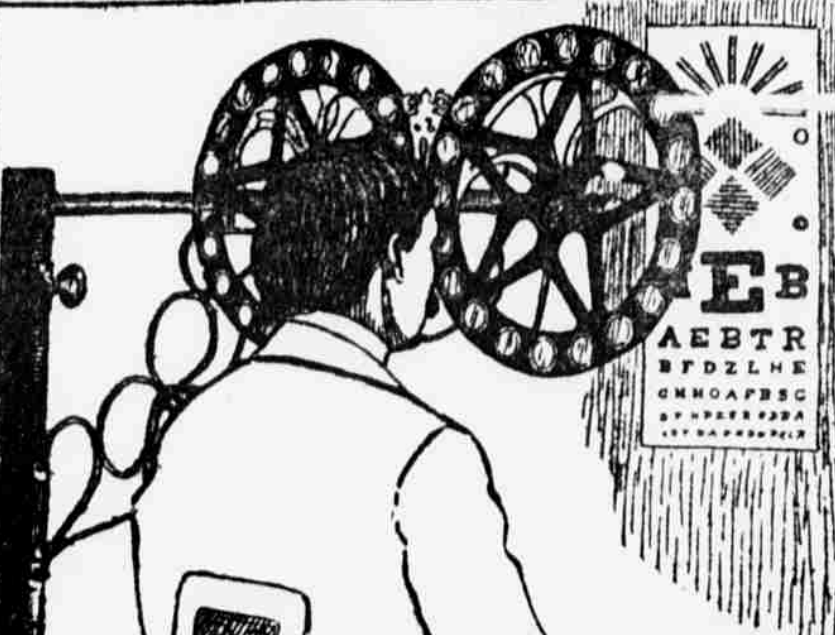
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