

VIOLETS AND SOLITAIRES

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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He had made up his mind when the first sure news of the crash flashed over the wires. His first act as a poor man would be to set Evelyn free. It would save her the embarrassment of breaking the engagement herself and also do away with any possibility of a stormy, emotional interview between them.

He had heard her say once that she disliked violently expressed emotion. It was on his yacht one August day off Pine cliff. She was dressed all in white, some simple, costly affair that suited her clear white face and the dark brown eyes that seemed so much at variance with her bright blond hair.



HE BOUGHT A QUARTER'S WORTH; HE WAS A POOR MAN NOW.

So cool and sweet and proud she was that, looking at her, he had wondered whether she ever was like other girls, if she ever cried, the real old fashioned cry that comes from a helpless heart-ache.

And now he was glad that she was the other kind. At least she would not suffer over his trouble. Of course she had loved him in a way. He set his teeth and faced the cool, fresh spring wind that blew across City Hall park. They had both been young and wealthy and proud of each other. The engagement had occurred as a matter of course after his father had admitted him to the firm as a partner.

And now it had all gone up in smoke. He hardly realized how as yet, but he knew enough of the fate of others to see ahead only ruin and wreckage and insolvency for the old firm.

A flower seller stepped in his way, with a smile of good fellowship.

"Violets—five a bunch!" Shirley frowned and then paused. She loved violets. He had sent some to her every day for months at 75 cents a bunch, great, purple, single petaled beauties heavy with fragrance and hothouse loveliness. These were double and small and a deep blue. He smiled grimly and bought a quarter's worth. He was a poor man now.

Miss Whitworth was at home. He was ushered into the smaller reception room, the one in old rose and gold that Evelyn liked best. He used to imagine her there in the brocades and powdered hair of the sun king's reign. All that sort of thing seemed to suit her.

She had not heard yet. Of that he was sure when she entered and greeted him. There was the same cool, sweet grace in her manner, the easy, well bred content in her eyes, as she smiled at him, her betrothed husband.

He did not give her the flowers, but held them, the poor little scanty clusters, with a bit of cheap silver foil wrapped around their stems. They seemed so out of place here in her environment.

"It is like spring, is it not?" she said. "Don't you want to drive through the park with me? I have just ordered the carriage."

He raised his head to make some careless, conventional answer when suddenly the longing swept over him to end it all and get away, away from her clear, dark eyes and the delicious charm of her presence. She had never seemed so beautiful and dear to him as now.

"I can't go," he burst out in a reckless, boyish fashion. "Evelyn, the old firm has gone up in the Yates crash. The governor's nearly ready for the suicide act, and I—why, we haven't got enough left sold to keep you in flowers and theater boxes for a year. And I came to say goodbye."

She sat very quietly and looked at the violets.

"Aren't they pretty?" He laid them on the table and flushed.

"They seemed a fitting symbol of the state of affairs. I got them in City Hall park. They were 5 cents a bunch."

She rose and crossed to the table, her back half turned to him as she raised the violets to her face.

"I am glad you thought of them. They are a symbol of remembrance."

The solitaire on her left hand sparkled brightly among the violets, and Shirley's face hardened as he wondered who would place the next one there. He rose, feeling dull and helpless.

"That is all, I think," he said. "I only wanted to tell you first so that you might be spared any scene or emotionalism."

Still she was silent. He looked at her with eyes full of pain and pride. Another solitaire was sparkling on the petals of the violets, and while he gazed it was joined by many. He stared at them awkwardly as he realized that she was actually crying. But why?

"Don't, dear; don't do that, please. I said you were free."

He had not meant to, but some way just for the last time he was holding her hands close to his lips and looking down into her brown eyes—eyes that seemed strangely soft and tender through their mist of tears.

"But don't you know—how could you think?"—Her voice was low and broken. "I don't want to be free."

His hands tightened over hers, but he could not speak. Of course she did not understand what he had told her. He must be strong and save her from danger.

"Why do you make me say it all, Jack?" She hesitated, waiting, then went on: "I don't care about the firm or—anything except you. It only means a fresh start, and you are young, and—won't it be easier to start together, Jack?"

He released her hands.

"You're awfully good to me," he said. "But you don't understand what it all means, dear; you can't. It will take years to build up again, and you can't be married to a poor man."

She was laughing up at him through her tears.

"You foolish, foolish boy! Don't you see? It wasn't the money. Did you think that was all that mattered? Don't you know that night on the yacht? I was steering, and you put your arm around me and kissed me and called me your pilot, and I promised to be your pilot for life? Don't you remember? And nothing has changed, only a little money. I am still your pilot, am I not?"

She held out her hands pleadingly to him. But he closed his eyes and stood with lifted head and clinched fists praying for strength for her sake until suddenly he felt her arms around his neck and her hair brushed his cheek.

"I won't be given up," she said. "I won't, I won't. You ought not to even suggest it now when you need me most, and—I love you."

There was a tap on the door a few moments later.

"The carriage, Miss Whitworth."

"Presently," Miss Whitworth's voice was happy and smothered somewhat. She drew away from his arms and gathered up the scattered violets.

"The darlings," she said. "I love them best of all!"

Cheated the Youngsters.

In certain parts of New Guinea wallaby, a species of kangaroo, are very plentiful, and the traveler in search of sport finds the pursuit of them an exciting occupation. Wallaby steak is a refreshing change from canned meats, and the natives are only too glad to have the remnants of the carcass. A writer in the Badminton tells an amusing incident connected with the animal.

He had been ashore in one of the sparsely populated regions of the coast and secured four wallaby, an ample supply for the whole party, native guides and servants included. But he found that although wallaby is regarded as such a delicacy that no trouble is considered too great to obtain it none of the native boys in the party would touch it.

This was a mystery until one of them explained that they had been trained in childhood in the belief that if they ate wallaby before reaching a certain age it would stop their growth.

These boys all belonged to the part of the country where wallaby are few, and one can imagine the crafty old folks seated round the festive pot and winking at one another as the young people declined the succulent dainty.

Those who see an unwarrantable deception in the fostering of such a belief on the part of the young people must ask themselves if they have never told a child that "two pieces of pie will make little folks sick."

Falstaff's Blunder.

When Falstaff boasted that he was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men, he thought of himself more highly than he ought to have thought. The very fact that he was witty prevented him from the highest efficiency in stimulating others in that direction. The atmospheric currents of merriment move irresistibly toward a vacuum. Create a character altogether destitute of humor and the most sluggish intelligence is stirred in the effort to fill the void.

When we seek one who is the cause of wit in other men we pass by the jovial Falstaff and come to the preternaturally serious Don Quixote. Here we have not the chance outcropping of "the lighter vein," but the mother lode which the humorist finds inexhaustible. Don Quixote, with a lofty gravity which never for an instant relaxes, sets forth upon his mission. His is a soul impenetrable to mirth, but as he rides he enlivens the whole countryside. Everywhere merry eyes are watching him, boisterous laughter comes from the stables of village inns, from castle windows highborn ladies smile upon him, the peasants in the fields stand gaping and holding their sides, the countenances of the priests relax and even the robbers salute the knight with mock courtesy. The dullest La Mancha is refreshed and feels that he belongs to a choice coterie of wits.—S. M. Crothers in Atlantic.

Simply Useful, That's All. "Yes," said Mrs. Wordsworth, "the family is most interesting. John dances divinely. Tom sings like an angel. David is a famous footballer. Susan paints with great taste." "And Henry?" "Oh, Henry! Well, he's a rather dull sort of a fellow, you know. He only works and supports the others."—Chicago Journal.

Classified. "Here's an account of a big land slide," said the newspaper. "Under what head shall I put it?" "Put it with the real estate transfers," said the city editor, as he wrote "Continued on the forty-fourth page" in the middle of a four line paragraph.

Not So Quiet. Mrs. Muggins—Your husband dresses rather quietly, doesn't he? Mrs. Buggins—Humph! You ought to hear him sometimes when he can't find his collar button!—Philadelphia Record.

True Love. Milly—I'm writing to Dolly. Have you any message for her? Tilly—What! Writing to that horrid creature? Well, give her my love.

Some persons do first, think afterward and repent forever.—Secker

Catarrh Cannot be Cured with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack 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 tonics 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 catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, price 75c. Hall's family pills are the best.

For a Bad Cold. If you have a bad cold you need a good reliable medicine like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to loosen and relieve it, and to allay the irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs. For sale by Klesau Drug Co.

A Remarkable Case. One of the most remarkable cases of a cold, deep-seated on the lungs, causing pneumonia, is that of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fenner, Marion, Ind., who was entirely cured by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. She says: "The coughing and straining so weakened me that I ran down in weight from 148 to 92 pounds. I tried a number of remedies to no avail until I used One Minute Cough Cure. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me entirely of the cough, strengthened my lungs and restored me to my normal weight, health and strength." Sold by Klesau Drug Co.

Brings red blood back to your faded cheeks, restores the fire and vim of youth. That's what Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35 cents in tea or tablet form. The Klesau Drug Co.

Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds; reliable, tried and tested, safe and sure. Klesau Drug Co.

A Good Name. From personal experience I testify that DeWitt's Little Early Risers are unequalled as a liver pill. They are rightly named because they give strength and energy and do their work with ease.—W. T. Easton, Boerne, Tex. Thousands of people are using these tiny little pills in preference to all others because they are so pleasant and effectual. They cure biliousness, torpid liver, jaundice, sick headache, constipation, etc. They do not purge and weaken, but cleanse and strengthen. Sold by Klesau Drug Co.

Nasal Catarrh quickly yields to treatment by Ely's Cream Balm, which is agreeably aromatic. It is received through the nostrils, cleanses and heals the whole surface over which it diffuses itself. Druggists sell the 50c. size; Trial size by mail, 10 cents. Test it and you are sure to continue the treatment.

Announcement. To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for catarrhal troubles, the proprietors prepare Cream Balm in liquid form, which will be known as Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid form embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation.

Disastrous Wrecks. Carelessness is responsible for many a railroad wreck and the same causes are making human wrecks of sufferers from throat and lung troubles. But since the advent of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, even the worst cases can be cured, and hopeless resignation is no longer a necessity. Mrs. Lois Cragg of Dorchester, Mass., is one of many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This great remedy is guaranteed for all throat and lung diseases by Asa K. Leonard, druggist. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Cured of Piles After 40 Years. Mr. C. Haney, of Geneva, O., had the piles for 40 years. Doctors and dollars could do him no lasting good. DeWitt's Witch Hazel salve cured him permanently. Invaluable for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, lacerations, eczema, tetter, salt rheum and all other skin diseases. Look for the name DeWitt on the package—all others are cheap, worthless counterfeits. Sold by Klesau Drug Co.

A Policeman's Testimony. J. N. Patterson, night policeman of

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Tell Him Your Troubles

The Suit Club is now going Successfully.

Nashua, Iowa, writes, "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at least a half dozen advertised cough medicines and had no relief from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two thirds of a bottle cured me. It is the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world." Klesau Drug Co.

Miss Annie Endand, Little Falls, Minn.—"I like Rocky Mountain Tea very much, will not be without it." Greatest remedy on earth for suffering women. 35 cents. The Klesau Drug Co.

A Scientific Discovery. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does for the stomach that which it is unable to do for itself, even when but slightly disordered or over-loaded. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure supplies the natural juices of digestion and does the work of the stomach, relaxing the nervous tension, while the inflamed muscles of that organ are allowed to rest and heal. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and enables the stomach and digestive organs to transform all food into rich, red blood. Sold by Klesau Drug Co.

Foley's Honey and Tar always stops the cough and heals the lungs. Refuse substitutes. Klesau Drug Co.

W. A. Herren of Finch, Ark., writes, "I wish to report that Foley's Kidney Cure has cured a terrible case of kidney and bladder trouble that two doctors had given up." Klesau Drug Co.

Doesn't Respect Old Age. It's shameful when youth fails to show proper respect for old age, but just the contrary in the case of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They cut off maladies no matter how severe and irrespective of old age. Dyspepsia, jaundice, fever, constipation all yield to this perfect pill. 25c at Asa K. Leonard's drug store.

There is no cough medicine so popular as Foley's Honey and Tar. It contains no opiates or poisons and never fails to cure. Klesau Drug Co.

Physicians Prescribe it. Many broad minded physicians prescribe Foley's Honey and Tar, as they have never found so safe and reliable a remedy for throat and lung troubles as this great medicine. Klesau Drug Co.

Anxious Moments. Some of the most anxious hours of a mother's life are those when the little ones of the household have the croup. There is no other medicine so effective in this terrible malady as Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a household favorite for throat and lung troubles, and as it contains no opiates or other poison it can be safely given. Klesau Drug Co.

A Runaway Bicycle. Terminated with an ugly cut on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer, unyielding to doctors and remedies for four years: Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured. It's just as good for burns, scalds, skin eruptions and piles. 25c at Asa K. Leonard's drug store.

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Easy and pleasant to use. Contains no injurious drugs. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. It Opens and Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles. PRICE 50c. and \$1.00.

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C. H. KRAHN, Merchant Tailor.

He Could Hardly Get Up. P. H. Duffy of Ashley, Ill., writes: "This is to certify that I have taken two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure and it has helped me more than any other medicine. I tried many advertised remedies, but none of them gave me any relief. My druggist recommended Foley's Kidney Cure and it has cured me. Before commencing its use I was in such a shape that I could hardly get up when down." Klesau Drug Co.

Do you feel mean, tired, fagged out, all run down, no life? Why not take Rocky Mountain Tea? Makes you well and keeps you well. The Klesau Drug Co.

Rheumatism "THE PAIN KING."

Those who have ever felt its keen, cutting pains, or witnessed the intense suffering of others, know that Rheumatism is torture, and that it is rightly called "The King of Pain."

All do not suffer alike. Some are suddenly seized with the most excruciating pains, and it seems every muscle and joint in the body was being torn asunder. Others feel only occasional slight pains for weeks or months, when a sudden change in the weather or exposure to damp, chilly winds or night air brings on a fierce attack, lasting for days perhaps, and leaving the patient with a weakened constitution or crippled and deformed for all time.

An acid, polluted condition of the blood is the cause of every form and variety of Rheumatism, Muscular, Articular, Acute, Chronic, Inflammatory and Sciatic, and the blood must be purged and purified before there is an end to your aches and pains. External applications, the use of liniments and plasters, do much toward temporary relief, but such treatment does not reach the real cause or cleanse the diseased blood; but S. S. S., the greatest of all blood purifiers and tonics, does cure Rheumatism by antidoting and neutralizing the poisonous acids and building up the weak and sluggish blood. It is safe and reliable in all forms of Rheumatism. It makes the old acid blood rich, and the shatter nerves are made strong, and the entire system is invigorated and toned up by the use of this great vegetable remedy.

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