

EVE'S EPIGRAMS.

The pinnacle of fame—but would it be comfortable? Success too often digs the grave of genius.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A misty truth is the worst of all lies. The average woman is a good actress of the stage.

A CLEVER WOMAN.

A writer gives the following definition of a clever woman: A clever woman is one who always makes the best of any situation.

BY THE WAY.

It is lucky to do right. Justice doesn't drop stitches in her knitting.

WITH THE SAGES.

Nothing can atone for want of truth. Ruskia. Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.—Milton.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day.

The Comparison. Towne—Yes, my wife is able to dress on comparatively little money.

Omaha Directory

Courtney's Wholesale and Retail Dealers in everything for a household's table, including fine imported Table Delicacies.

RUBBER GOODS

THE OMAHA WATCH REPAIRING, ENGRAVING AND JEWELRY BUSINESS

TAFT'S DENTAL ROOMS

OMAHA WOOL & STORAGE CO.

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BLIND-FOLDED

By EADLE ASHLEY WILCOIT

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

The four men within the room saluted him gravely and with Mother Borton's direction in mind I had no hesitation in calling each by his name.

All was apparently as I had left it, except that a letter lay on the table. "I must get a new lock," was my comment, as I broke the seal.

The letter was from my unknown employer, and read: "Richmond has paid the men. Be ready for a move at any moment.

And now came three or four days of rest and quiet after the merry life I had been leading since my arrival in San Francisco.

"I have been out of town," he said shortly. "What have you done?" "Nothing."

"I reckon it wouldn't have been a very profitable speculation," he replied. Then he leaned back in his chair and looked meditatively at the wall.

"What other deal is he in?" asked the King of the Street. "I don't know."

"I'm off to Virginia City," he replied after considering for a little. "I'm not sure about Omega, after all—and there's another one I want to look into. You needn't mention my going.

"I understand," Mrs. Knapp, sitting with hands clasped in her lap, gave me a quick look. "But there was something else. You were telling me about your adventures, you remember. You told me two or three weeks ago about the way you tricked Darby Meeker and sent him to 'Serria City.'"

"Oh, yes," I said, with a laugh that sounded distressingly hollow to my ears. "That was a capital joke on Meeker."

"Welcome once more, Mr. Wilton," said Mrs. Doddridge Knapp, holding out her hand. "Were you going to neglect us again?"

"Well, he laid a trap for me at Borton's, put Terrill in as advance guard and raised blue murder about the place." And then I went on to give a carefully amended account of my first night's row at Borton's, and with an occasional question Mrs. Knapp had soon extorted from me a fairly full account of my doings.

"But it is dreadful to court death so. Yet," she mused, "if I were a man I could envy you your work. There is romance and life in it, as well as danger. You are doing in the nineteenth century and in the midst of civilization what your forefathers may have done in the days of chivalry."

"It is a fine life," I said dryly. "But it has its drawbacks." "But while you live no one can harm the child," she said. There was inquiry in her tone, I thought.

"Thank you," I said modestly. "Another life than yours depends on your skill and courage. That must give you strength," she said softly.

"It does indeed," I replied. "I was thinking of Doddridge Knapp's life." "But here come Luella and Mrs. Bower," said Mrs. Knapp. "I see I shall lose your company."

"Really," she said, "I believe I shall begin to like you, yet." "That's very kind of you; but turn about is fair play."

"I meant it," I said defiantly. "Then you ought to know better than to say it," she retorted.

"Do, by all means." The young woman sank back in her chair, clasped her hands in her lap as her mother had done, and glanced hastily about. Then in a low voice she said: "Be yourself."

"The sudden heart-sickness at the remainder of my mission with which these words overwhelmed me, tied my tongue and mastered my spirits. It was this girl's father that I was pursuing. Oh, why was this burden laid upon me? Why was I to be torn on the rack between inclination and duty?"

Luella watched my face narrowly through the conflict in my mind, and I felt as though her spirit struggled with mine to win me to the course of open, honest dealing. But it was impossible. She must be the last of all to know.

"There's Aunt Julia waiting for you," she said with a gleam of malicious pleasure. "Come along. I deliver you over a prisoner of war."

"No," she said, imperiously motioning me. "Come along." And with a sigh I was given, a helpless, and silently protesting, captive, to the mercies of Mrs. Bower.

That eloquent lady received me with flutter of feathers, if I may borrow the expression, to indicate her pleasure. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

JUST AS GOOD AS MONEY.

Amos Budd's Little Contribution to the Church. Stories have been told of buttons, tacks and various extraneous substances found in contribution boxes, but it is seldom that a church-member strikes a blow so severe as was that delivered by Amos Budd of Porterville on one occasion.

"I should tell you anything of my own, but of course, another's—" "I understand," Mrs. Knapp, sitting with hands clasped in her lap, gave me a quick look.

"How did it turn out?" asked Mrs. Knapp with lively interest. "Did he get back?" "I decided promptly on a judicious amount of truth."

"So your daughter is going to marry a title," said the old acquaintance. "No," answered Mr. Cumrox; "it's worse than that. She's got to take a fellow that I don't like along with it."



This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Just Suppose. "Just suppose," said Brother Dickey, "heaven was one big watermelon patch, and it was de Fother July de year round!"

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Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

You can't flatter an honest man by telling him that he is honest. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

It isn't a secret if a woman hesitates in the telling of it.

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SICK HEADACHE. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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