THE DAILY BEE --- FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1885.

6

Fr

Hervey scowled, "Will you try and turn

me out?" he said.

"Certainly not," said Frank, pleasantly

"You stand higher than I do; you must weigh two stone heavier; you look in perfect

condition. Oh, no, I shall merely send round

to the stables and have the dogs loosed, or I

may even send as far as the village and fetch

the constable. I shall not interfere further

Hervey muttered what Frank knew was

an oath. He turned away as if about to take

"Does Mr. Talbert know his niece's ad-

than that,"

mind and came back.

he said, approvingly.

probrious epithet."

either, Whittaker."

great surprise.

it.

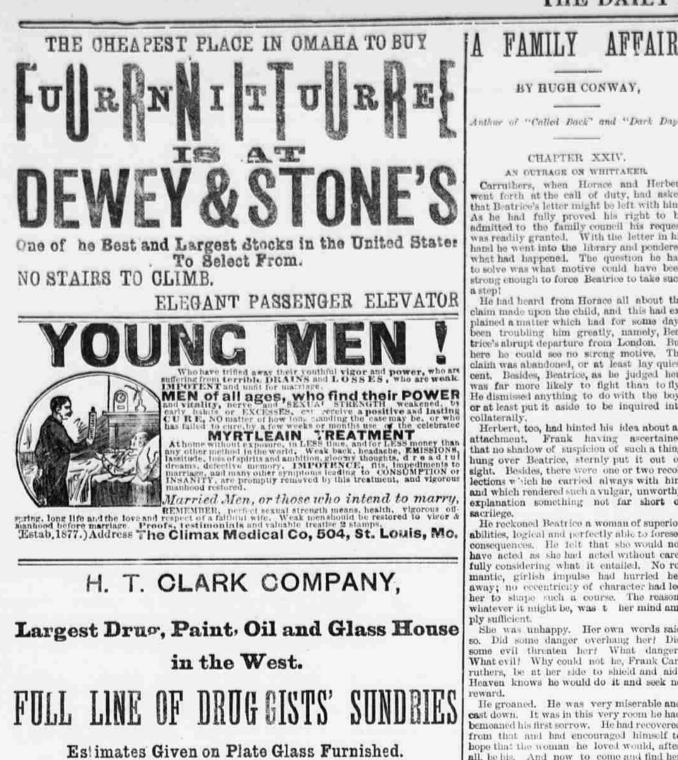
not mention the affair to your masters,"

dress?' he asked.

"I'll wait and see him."

me out?' he said, defiantly.

you will not wait here.



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AFFAIR. FAMILY BY HUGH CONWAY,

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN OUTRAGE ON WHITTAKER. Carruthers, when Horace and Herbert went forth at the call of duty, had asked that Beatrice's letter might be left with him. As he had fully proved his right to be admitted to the family connell his request was readily granted. With the letter in his hand he went into the litrary and pondered what had happened. The question he had to solve was what motive could have been trong enough to force Beatrice to take such He had heard from Horace all about the

laim made upon the child, and this had exlained a matter which had for some days een troubling him greatly, namely, Benrice's abrupt departure from London. But here he could see no strong motive. The claim was abandoned, or at least lay quiescent. Besides, Bentrice, as he judged her, was far more likely to fight than to fly. He dismissed anything to do with the boy, or at least put it aside to be inquired into ollaterally Herbert, too, had hinted his idea about an

attachment. Frank having ascertained that no shadow of suspicion of such a thing hung over Beatrice, sternly put it out of sight. Besides, there were one or two recol-lections which he carried always with him and which rendered such a vulgar, unworthy explanation something not far short of sacrilege.

He reckoned Beatrice a woman of superior abilities, logical and perfectly able to foresee consequences. He felt that she would not have acted as she had acted without carefully considering what it entailed. No ro-mantic, girlish impulse had hurrled her away; no eccentricity of character had led her to shape such a course. The reason, whatever it might be, was t her mind amply sufficient. She was unhappy. Her own words said

so, Did some danger overhang her! Did some evil threaten her? What danger? What evil! Why could not he, Frank Carruthers, be at her side to shield and aid? Heaven knows he would do it and seek no reward.

He groaned. He was very miserable and cast down. It was in this very room he had bemoaned his first sorrow. He had recovered from that and had encouraged himself to hope that the woman he loved would, after all, be his. And now to come and find her gone-gone without a word-gone no one knew whither-no one knew why! To feel

that she was flying from some menacing evil and yet not know what. He was very un-He had come down with such news for her -news which even as a triend she would have been glad to hear. He had breathed no word of it to her in London; had resolved to say nothing about it until all was settled,

At last he saw his way to giving up the drudgery of teaching what he bitterly called fools. He had for years been a thrifty man, and the money he had saved was not a small sum. For years he had dreamed of literature as a profession, and now he saw his way to a realization of that dream. His political articles had attracted attention. He had

been offered an important journalistic post. A manuscript from which he expected great things was in the printer's hands. He saw a certain amount of renown if not fortune forgot. waiting for him. All this he had come down to tell Beatrice before he went back to Oxford, wound up his affairs, and bade the dered him. lussic town farewell.

It seemed as if, whenever he counted on aining the cup of joy, it was struck from is lips! He must find Beatrice. Sacred as her wish

ot to be traced might be to Horace and g in detective aid, but the utmost he could solve the mystery should be done

"No doubt. But I presume he will want ; looking the picture of utter misery and selfto know your reasons for asking." reproach, The change in the man positively startled Carruthers.

"It's been on my mind ever since," said "I don't think you will. Of course I have no power to prevent your calling again, but Mordle, dejectedly. "What's been on your mind? For mercy's

Hervey secwled. "Will you try and turn sake speak out if you have any clue to give. "I have been very wrong. I ought never to have yielded. But I did. I couldn't

efuse. "Did what? Full yourself together and tell me what you mean.'

Mordle did so, and gave Frank the whole history of the expedition to Blacktown, Frank, who a few hours before had heard all about the Rawlings claim, tried to relieve Mordle's mind, and to a certain extent suc-ceeded. However, the curate still retained the impression that the visit to the "Cat

and Compasses" was in some way responsible for the girl's flight. Frank had some trouble while.' to get him to promise to withhold his con-fession from the Talberts.

He resolved to find this woman whom Beatrice had visited, and to learn what occurred at the interview. He felt half inclined to ceer round to Horace's original theory, that Beatrice had fied to insure her pet's safety. Perhaps the man with whom Whittaker had struggled wasa lawyer's emissary. Beatrice might have paid her mysterious visit in order to delay proceedings. If so, her strange act was but an act of folly, and all would come right in the end.

He tried very hard to take this view of the case, but he could not. No, there was more, much more, in the background, and he felt that the man he had seen held the key of the puzzle. He cursed his own unreadiness of resource in having let him go so easily.

CHAPTER XXV.

ANOTHER PAINFUL TASK.

The dinner that night at Hazlewood House was a dreary affair. Frank did not see his hosts until the gong sounded. Their calls had kept them so long that they were obliged street till they exactly resembled the to dress in undue hasts to avoid unpunctual. ity in their own persons, a thing which would I might cut the pilot hitching on my Frank's warning. Suddenly he changed his

For a second Frank felt almost sick. Hi interrogator had tried to ask the question as ing how Beatrice would have received the if it bore no hidden meaning, but he had news, his communication was made with none of his usual vivacity. Horace and Her-bert were mildly astonished. They trustedfailed. As by inspiration Frank know that this man, whoever he might be, was aware that Beatrice had fled. "No," he said, lookbert were mildly astonished. They trusted— in that way which implies doubt—that it l'd take the biggest gage single ing him straight in the face, "Mr. Talbert does not know it." would be for the best. To give up a certainty wire there and hitch two small wires for an uncertainty seemed a pity; but of course Frank knew his own business best. A remark with which Mr. Carruthers mentally Without a word Hervey turned and strode away. Frank, with his head in a ferment, walked across to the library. Dimly he agreed.

guessed at something-not the truth, but It seemed quite in order with the misfor something which from its vague terrors was worse than the truth. And in consequence tunes of the house that the bottle of 1858

the dark. He paused at the door, and called to Whittaker. Whittaker came. "You set Not Nothing, or next to nothing, was said durthat fellow down properly, Mr. Carruthers,"

ing dessert about the recent painful event. Frank sat n oody and silent. He was work-"Did If If I were you, Whittaker, I should ing out problems; connecting Beatrice's flight with the man of the afternoon and the visit to the inn. For Beatrice's sake he was now "Sir," said Whittaker, with emotion, "I to the inn. For Beatrice's sake he was now should be ashamed to breathe a word about fighting for his own hand. Herace and Her-Both Mr. Horace and Mr. Herbert bert he eliminated from the inquiry. would be so mortified at the thought of a

His moodiness affected his hosts, and upon servant of theirs being called such an op- his refusal to take more wine they suggested an adjournment to the drawing-room. Frank "I should not mention it to the maids agreed readily. At any rate he could sit there and gaze at Beatrice's portrait. exclaimed Whittaker, in a tone of "Do you mean to take any further steps?"

he asked. "I think not," said Horace. "Herbert and "Ab, I forgot to whom I was speaking,

I have talked the matter over and feel there beg your pardon, Whittaker-1 quite is no more to be done. We saw a great many people this afternoon, and I am sure have leit a general impression that Beatrice "'Yer, there are thousands of them-"Yes, sir, you did," said Whittaker, with true dignity; but, nevertheless, if only in has gone to visit friends." order to show there was no ill-feeling, tak-

"It was a most painful duty," said Hering the two half-crowns which Frank tenbert, "but one we felt must be performed, dered him. Who was this man so anxious to ascertain Beatrice's whereabouts? Leaving out of the Beatrice's whereabouts? Leaving out of the "I am sure Frank quite understands the hands on a dozen men any one of whom

you can take blindfolded on any roof situation," said Horace. and he'll tell you the name, number, A satirical smile curled round Frank's ips. "It must have been most painful," he owner, use, destination and origin, and

Whittaker, instinct told Carruthers that he was not of the class from which Beatrice drew her friends. Spurious metal; no eighlips. in, He would not of course stoop to call-big in detective aid, but the utmost he could here and Herbert would look gentlemen, boys with a joint fox under their clothes." sge of every wire in the biggest rack you esn find. Its kind of a natural knowlwhether dressed in the pink of fashion or

tion, and training.

edga-you either know or you don't

TRICKS OF LINEMEN. How the Wires Are Illegally Strung -"Tapping " Wires for Information.

Chicago Tribune On the roof of a lofty building in the usiness district two brawny linemen were at work among the network of wires fastened to a high series of cross-arms. One bent his ear close to a tiny telegraph

instrument connected with a wire, while the other, under his direction, busily twisted two wires together. "Hold on," said the man listening at the instrument. "They want to measure resistance. We will have to wait a

The two descended and behind a huge

and Chicago. chimney lit their pipes. Asked a young The on to take for Des Moines, Marshall worn, Cedar Rapids, Clinton, Dixis, Chicago, Mil wankee and all points east. To the people of Ne brasks, Colorado, Wyeming, Utah, Idaho, Nevata oregon, Washington and California it offere superior advantages not possible by any other line. Among a few of the numerous points of superior-ity solored by the patrone of this road botween omaha and Chicago, are its two traines day of DAY COACHES which are the finest that human art and ingenuity can oresate; Its PALACE SLEEPING CARS which are models of comfort and elegance; Its PAR LOB DRAWING ROOM CARS, unsurpassed by any nd its widely celebrated PALATIAL DINING CARS he equal of which cannot be found elsewhere. At Council Burlis the trains of the Union Pacific By, connect in Union Depot with those of all eastern inter. At Detroit, Colombra Indicasoila Bastorn Inter. man who had been watching them with Interest: "Suppose you wanted to string a wire from this to that building opposit, how would you do it?"

"That's against the law, young'fellow,' responded the taller of the two linemen. "Telegraph companies never break the

"But suppose you wanted to." "Young fellow, if I wanted to carry i

wire across the street from here I'd let you go down on the aldewalk and watch, and while you were watching I'd get the wire over and you'd never know it. How? Well, that's a business secret, lines. For Detroit, Columbus, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Niagara Fails, Buffalo, Filtsburg, Toronto, Montreal Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash-ington and all polute in the East, ask the ticket agent for tickets via the -NORTH-WESTERN, ' Ines. but I don't mind telling you that I've known men to perform the fest several ways. If I wanted to do it I might take that pilot wire, for instance, that is com posed of two or three strands. I might If you wish the best accommodations. All tick agents sell lickets via this line. twist a bunch of wires to go across the

M. HUGHITT. The conversation whilst Whitaker was in the room was naturally forced. Frank could indeed toll them of the contemplated change in his life, but as all the while he was think-ing how Beatrice would have received the



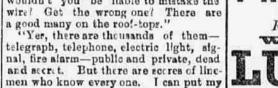
General Manager.

Gen

TWO TRAINS DAILY BETWEEN OMAHA AND in the blg wire, the other would be mine. If I were driven to it and had to get a Chicago, St. Paul, rope across the street, I'd work either of that half-formed guess he turned traiter at once and began to fight on Beatrice's side, ready to aid hor and to keep her uncles in have been as thick as pea soup for all Frank few policemen around and those either took Island, Elgin. ssleep or chumps that wouldn't know

what I was doing. I knew one man on Dearborn street who had one wire in his office and had to have another. An enemy swore he shouldn't and hired a of the street and the sky to see that no wire was strong. While they were looking the wire went over. It was a little two-strand cable, just the size of the sin-

gle wire, and after it was fastened to the latter and the joint nicely soldered it took an hour to pull it slowly over." "If you were to undertake such a job wouldn't you be liable to mistake the



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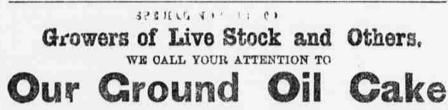
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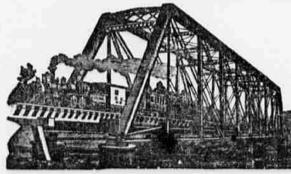
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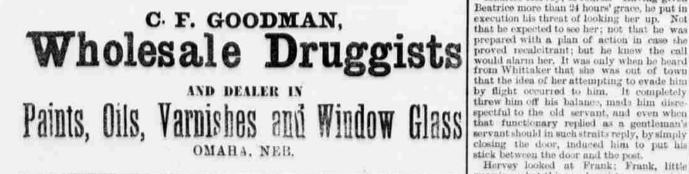


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nore serious light than it did to ker uncles. He must go and look at her portrait. There was a fine one in the drawing room. He that she was the fairest woman on earth, strange sight.

was the end, about six inches, of a stout walking stick—a contemptible object, yet, as it was held, powerful enough to foil the old he wanted he found some one else—Sylvanus

such abnormal difficulties. "What's the matter?" he said, going to the

door. "It's a man, Mr. Carruthers," puffed out BRIDGES Whittaker. "What does he want?"

"He asked for Miss Clauson, sir; I told Turn Tables, Draw Spans. Roc Tausses, Piers and Subhim she was away from home." "Well, what then?" Frank grew inter-

ested. The parties outside and inside relinaley, Shire Tulock mained in the deadlock. "He asked for her address, sir; I told him I did not know." "Well, what then?"

"He called me a damned liar, Mr. Carruthers," said Whittaker, with supreme now ashamed he was of the occurrence-"a damned liar, sir." The repetition sounded

almost tearful. "Open the door and let me have a look at him. said Frank.

"I wouldn't, Mr. Carruthers, if I were you, sir. I believe he meditates making an attack of personal violence." "Never mind; open the door, He won't personal violence me, and you can stand behind me." This, as he was a head and shoulders taller

than Frank, Whittaker felt to be sarcasm. However, being accustomed to obey, he opened the door, and Frank found himself face to face with a man about his own age. A strong looking, muscular fellow, dressed in the very height of fashion-too far up, in

fact, to look a gentleman. Maurice Hervey, of course. Having given Beatrice more than 24 hours' grace, he put in execution his threat of looking her up. Not that he expected to see her; not that he was prepared with a plan of action in case she proved recalcitrant; but he knew the call would alarm her. It was only when he heard from Whittaker that she was out of town that the idea of her attempting to evade him by flight occurred to him. It completely threw him off his balance, made him disre closing the door, induced him to put hi stick between the door and the post. Hervey looked at Frank; Frank, little

guessing what this man's existence meant to him and Beatrice, looked at Hervey. "Well" he said, coldiy. "I wish to repeat a few inquiries which T

made of the servant when he so uncivilly shut the door in my face," said Herveyt "I beg to repeat the servant's answers which you so uncivilly received," said Frank. "You do not know her address?" "If you are speaking of Miss Clauson, I

Hervey hesitated. "You are not Mr. Talbert?" he said. "I am not," said Frank, coldly, "Mr. Talbert can no doubt give me the information

lounging about in rags-not that they ever Frank, Beatrice's flight appeared in a far did the latter-so, although he was too modest to add his own name, would Frank Carruthers, But this fellow!

Suddenly Carruthers started from his un went there, stood before it for a long time, and to the representation of herself vowed go? Why not have forced him to say for what purpose he wanted the address? He well worthy for a man to live or die for. took his hat and ran quickly down the drive Then he began to retrace his steps to the library. As he crossed the hall he saw a the man. He ran right down to the village, but saw nothing of him. Hervey had

Whittaker, the irreproschable, the digni- caught a passing cab, and was now well on fied, with indignation written in every line his way back to Blacktown, and carrying of his black-coated limbs, was stauding at the front door against which he leaned his ner of getting out of her difficulty had put full weight, whilst with his right hand he him into a cleft stick. He began to wish he was struggling with some object which pre-vented him from quite shutting the door, Closer examination showed Frank that this

servant's efforts. Whittaker was puffing and Mordle. Sylvanus and his tricycle formed blowing, not so much from his exertions as the centre of a sympathetic group of vilfrom anger. His face was as red as a turkey from anger. His face was as red as a turkey face as something impressed frank more strongly with the feeling that unusual things were happening at Hazlewood House than the sight of this respectable old retainer in man, was examining wheels, spokes, cranks and chains. Various desires Varians wheels, spokes, cranks

and chains. Various suggestions, some prompted by rustic wit, were hazarded by lookers on: "Got the staggers;" "want's a feed, poor thing;" "light a fire under him, sir," etc., etc. Sylvanus took the jokes of his flock in good part, but, presently looking up, saw Cacruthers among the spectators. He left his helpless machine, and the two

friends shook hands warmly. "Here," said Mordle, turning to his flock, "bring that affair to my house, rome of you. Now, old fellow," to Frank, "come and have

a chat. Heard you were to be down this Come to my lodgings." He took week. Frank's arm and swept him away, "Can't give you more than a cup of tea," emotion, and in a voice so low that it showed he continued, "tobacco and tea-that's th worst of being in the church. Can't dare to offer a friend whisky until after 10 o'clock

at night. An enemy might go by unawares." He ratified on merrily, and appeared to be in the highest spirits. This, of course, was

because he felt certain that Frank's second visit to Oakbury would not have been paid had Beatrice remained an unattainable prize. Frank only came again because he felt sure that a second attempt would mean success. "Lots to say to you-lots," jerked out Sylvanus as they entered his rooms. "Fanshawe writes me that you are going to give up coaching. Want to hear all about it ? but wait till the tea's made. Ever see me make ten?"

"Wonderful thing tea is," he continued "Cheap tea helps Christianity tremendously. Great blessing." He put the already steam-ing kettle fully on the fire, and opened a "I-I, Sylvanus Mordle, found canister. out the error of modern ica-making. People make it as they made it twenty years ago when it cost neven and six a pound-spoon ful each head, one for the pot. I go on a sliding scale, according to price." He abso-

lutely shoveled in the tea, and dashed the boiling water on it. "Now two minutes and then pour. The aroma, the soul of th tea, is caught. Taste!" Frank thought that even an aroma must be cunning and subtle if it managed to es-

ten was certainly good. "Now," said Mordle, stretching out his

ulars as to Beatrice's everyday life during the last few months. So ha told Sylvanus the news-the whole news.

And having told it, Frank Carruthers say what few, very few in this world have even seen; that was the Rev. Sylvanus Mordle

Horace, "but its great strength never struck me until now." write, but he can break open a thirty-two Portland Cament, Iowa and Michigan Plas-strand cable and plok out the wire he ter, Hair, Etc. Etc. Carruthers gave a short, quick laugh; he wants.

a brick wail while they broke open the

linen-covered line, fastened their tiny

copper threads to it, and ran them down

holes bored in the insulator into a

chimney. In another case they tapped

every wire of a certain company and

rigged up a battery of their own, thus making themselves independent, and bade

defiance to that company for four weeks,

till they dropped on the taps in their own office. In another case they went on a certain roof—the owner of which swore

he would shoot any man found there-

stringing more wire, and kept a guard to do it; and while the guard was on hand

tapped the wire they wanted. Of course we didn't think of looking there and

didn't go up there, fearing we'd be thrown

Editor Snears (looking warily about)-

The Street Car Nuisance.

eyes sgainst halls from the street, is be

ing at this hour in the mornine!

off, till we had to."

I know a man who can't read or

could not help it. The brothers looked sur-"It is always a fellow who knows the prised. They could see no reason for any wire geography of the rocfs," he con-tinued, "that makes the taps. Are there many tape? You don't hear of a fraction approach to merriment. A biting sarcasm came to the young man's lips, but he restrained it, and in a moment was glad he of them. It is natural sometimes people had done so. It would have wounded these two kind, mild-looking men, who, no doubt, would try to catch the secrets worth were as unable to realize the anxiety raised thousands of dollars that go over telein his breast by Beatrico's flight, as he was graph wires ain't it? I was after a tap unable to comprehend the importance of the the other day and found it in our office consequences which they were making such tower. It reminded me of another in sacrifices to avert. Seeing things in the the days of the hottest war against the same light is a matter of constitution, educabucket-shops. A certain shop was getting ouotations. We made a dozen tests Just then Whittaker brought in tea, and

and tours, and found nothing. Finally whilst he handed it round Frank had leisure by accident I discovered the operator in a to rejoice, insomuch as he had kept his tongue cirtain hotel had his instrument near a in command. But misfortune had not yet done with Hazlewood House. Frank, in telephone and shouted quotations out too moving his arm, knocked down a cup, and loudly. I looked at that telephone and

sent its sending contents over one of the several delicious little Chippendule tables, the pride of the Talberts' hearts and the envy was apparently with the ear piece hang of their lady friends. ing in it. That was a good dodge, but

The simile of the Spartan boy and the fox the tappers made it a beautiful one by nust have seemed even more appropriate to taking that telephone wire all over town Horace and Herbert as they smillingly assured and actually breaking open a telephone Frank it was of no consequence, none whatcable, running it through that apiece. ever. They did not even ring for aid. This, then into another cable, and finally taking however, was because Whittaker, who had it through a central tower, all to disarm witnessed the catastrophe, was already on his way to the scene with an armful of soft suspicion. We located its other end in a b nk office in a high building on Clark cloths. He mopped and dabbed and wiped the table as tenderly as a mother might pert cet and there sat a telegraph operator, form the ablutions of an infant who suffered the 'phone to his car, catching the shootrom some irritation of the skin. Horney ing quotations of the other operator and

and Herbert watched him for a while, and telegraphing them over a secret wire to hen, no doubt thinking their apparent carelessness hid cased Frank's mind, joined in the bucket shop. In another case they the rubbing and wiping. They twisted up left a blind lead for us in the shape of a wire half concealed running into a hole in



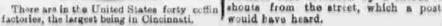
the sociable last night I stated that up Horace and Herber joined in the wiping. the ladies were the comliest lot of women corners of their glass cloths, and poked then ever saw assembled together. This into every little corner and interstice exactly morning the paper had "homeliest" for "comellest." I'm going up into the as a cleanly nurse would have explored th ears and eyes of her infant charge. Frank was compelled to stand by all the time and feel what a clumsy rottlan he had been. He North Woods for a month's vacation. cape this bustling, energetic parson. The sighed his relief as Whittaker at last gath-

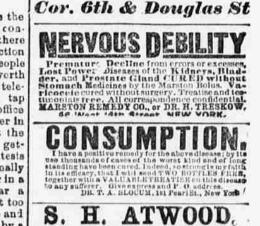
ered up the dusters and departed.

Conversation languished. The misfor long legs, "tell me the news." During the process of tea making Frank had been reflecting. He saw that he wanted nothing like a second grief for driving out aid—more add than Horace and Herbert, whose one idea was to conceal Beatrice's bert were still thinking of that ill-use flight from the neighboring gossips, could the first. Frank felt that Horace and Herbert were still thinking of that ill-used give him. He knew that Sylvanus was true as steel, and would keep the secret. He hoped to guther from him some useful partic-polish and a piece of flamel. Gravely and polish and a piece of flaunel. Gravely and deliberately he began polishing his slenderlegged Chippendale treasure.

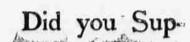
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