

JACOBS OIL
FOR BESSIE'S SAKE.

How it stormed that day! The rain was perpendicular at one moment, horizontal the next at the mercy of the wind. The streets were swift rivers. In some places the water poured up and out of the shallow gutters and completely submerged the sidewalks. From the roadways of the great bridge sheer torrents came rushing down and the crowd that had taken refuge in the bridge entrance could hardly see the city hall or park. It stormed steadily for an hour, then, in a slight abatement, I came out in the elevated railway staircase where I had been waiting, slipped up my umbrella and walked briskly southward. At one of the east doors of the post-office, I suddenly ran against Gertrude Haskell. Her appearance was so striking that I exclaimed aloud, "What in the world!"

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN
Cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Footaches, Trico, Bury Oint. At Druggists and Dealers.

THE CHARLES A. VOELGER CO., Sole Proprietors.

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Cures Cough, Spitting Blood, Weakness, Night Sweats, etc.

James Medical Institute
Cures all diseases of the Lungs, Throat, and Chest, and all other diseases of the respiratory system.

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DR. JAMES N. 204 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

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Scrofula of Lungs.

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A medicinal wine of the most delicate and palatable character, and of the most powerful medicinal properties.

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Cure Diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, Poultry.

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Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, etc.

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617 N. Charles St., St. Louis, Mo.

Specialty in the treatment of Chronic Catarrhs, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, etc.

MARRIAGE GUIDE
A complete and reliable guide to the selection of a suitable partner.

Published by the Author, New York.

THE MIRROR
Is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

is dozing. She is very much prostrated." She sat down close by me and touched my hand occasionally; her own I felt to be cold as ice. Her face was flushed and her eyes shone feverishly. She was terribly excited.

"I want to tell you," she continued, "that he is coming here this morning. I have been on his track ever since; I have traced him to this city. He is a traveling man, and naturally enough has come to this city. He does not dream that she is here—that I am her sister. She was known to me as Bessie Drown. Aunt Hester insisted on it. I have drawn him to my guard. And now he will come face to face with her and—"

"And then?" I asked.

"He shall make reparation," said Gertrude, "and I will have a wonderful effect on her. I will have her now and then, Bessie knows nothing. I have kept all from her."

"We climbed the many steps of stairs to the top of the post-office, and I told one of those handsome affairs that the city pushes out day by day towards the north. We went in softly, Bessie by the front windows on a sofa, one little hand under the prettily worn face with the frame of soft brown curls. Our entrance aroused her. She opened her eyes and smiled faintly.

"There was no evil in that smile. My heart went out to her. They had two rooms, a little parlor and a still smaller connecting bedroom. We were hardly seated when a knock at the door arrested me. I went to see who it was, and I found a young man in a blue coat and a white shirt, who I recognized as the man who had been in the room with me the night before. He was looking at me with a look of surprise and interest.

"I had known Gertrude some seven years, and no formality was necessary. I was not a stranger to her. I had known her for two months and over so that I was by no means informed as to her present circumstances. "Where do you live now?" I asked.

"No, not there—up in Harlem. I can't go back now." I thought she spoke wildly. "I will let my own affairs rest, but I will not let you go. I won't take long. I'm still in the square."

"I turned her along back to the elevated railway staircase, whence I had so lately emerged, dragged her up the steep steps and through the station to the train. I remember the gateman looked curiously at us. Gertrude had such a white, drenched appearance. Her eyes were staring, and she had reached my home at the wayward of my own chamber. Fortunately, I had a little wine, which I forced her to drink.

"Now," I said, "tell me all about it. Gertrude was now less pale, the wine had given her temporary strength. She sighed heavily. "Nothing can be done," she said in a tone of despair. "It is about Bessie."

"Go on," I said to encourage her. I had never seen Bessie; the girl had all the more of an air in the west. But I had heard her name, and I had seen the picture of a pretty, plump face set in brown, soft curls.

"I loved her—I think you know this. It was the object of my life to work hard and save my money to establish a little home for her. I had a little money, but I did not believe she was lumpy out there. Aunt Hester was often harsh. She let the child have no pleasure, no young society, nothing but hard work. I thought she was a good girl, but she was so full of nature. If she grew so it was all Aunt Hester's fault and she should suffer for it."

"Gertrude had begun to tremble. "Harm has come to Bessie?" I asked reluctantly. "She is not dead?" "I might be better if she were, but I cannot wish she were," and Gertrude broke into sobs, unrestrained sobs. "Still your sister," I said softly, when her grief had somewhat expended its force.

"Yes, always my sister," she repeated. "And I must go to her at once and bring her back with me. I must to help her begin again."

"I shall find her," I said. "She rose then from her seat. "I have a good deal to attend to," she said, "before I leave to-night." "I might," I ventured, "in all the storm?" "Storm?" said Gertrude ironically. "What else will my life be until her wrongs are righted?"

"On the sixth day I sat writing by my window in the sunlight, we were having fair weather once again, clear, delicious atmosphere for August days. The door of my room was open, and as I sat writing there some one pushed it wide open and came through. Glancing around, I gave an exclamation of pleased surprise. She had an excited, almost wild expression. "I am back," she said, "and I have brought her."

"What was that one with the chorus?" "It was that one with the chorus," said Gertrude, "and I will have a wonderful effect on her. I will have her now and then, Bessie knows nothing. I have kept all from her."

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One of the Best and Largest Stocks in the U. S. to Select from.

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