"Do you know, sister, that this trip to Lourdes that I only undertook to help a friend out is going to be one of the rarest pleasures of my life?"

She did not understand and asked naively.

"How in that? "Because I have met you again, because I am here with you and able to assist you a little in your good works. If you knew how grateful I am to you, how I love and esteem

She raised her head to look directly in his face, and began to joke without any feeling of embarrassment. She was too delicious, with her fily like skin, her small gay mouth. lovely blue eyes, that were always smil-. One felt that she was so superfine, so supple, with her girlish figure, so innocent

Do you love me as much as that? Why

do you?"
"Why do I love you" You are the best, the most comfortable, the most companionable person I know. Until now you have been the most solemn memory of my life, the one I call up when I feel the need of aid and encouragement. Do you not remember the month we passed together in my poor little room when I was III and you cared so af-

"Yes, yes: I do. But I never had such a good patient as you were. Everything I gave you you took, and when I moved you in your bed or changed your linen you did not struggle more than a child."

She will looked at him with her ingenuous

She still looked at him with her ingenpous smile. He was very handsome, strong, with rather a large nose, superb eyes, red lips, under black mustrohes, in the very height of his virile manhood. She seemed simply happy to see him thus before her, touched even to "Ah, sister, I should have died without

you. It is you alone who cured me."

As they stood looking at one another in this tender mood the memorable month came buck to their minds. They no longer heard Mme. Vetu breathing, nor saw the ward crowded with beds, looking, in its disorder, like an improvised ambulance after some public catastrophe. They were once more at the top of a dark, grimy house in a misora-ble garret, in the old part of Paris, where light and air came in only by means of a tiny window that opened on an ocean of roofs. And what a charm to be thus alone—he laid low by his fever, she fallen there like some good angel, come quietly from her convent like a comrade that doubted nothing. She took care of women, children or men in the same way for the happiness of doing good, perfectly content if she but relieved or comforted some suffer-ing one, with no idea, whatever, of her own sex. Nor did he ever seem aware that she was a woman, unless it might be that her hands were gentle, her voice sweet, her manner tender. Yet he felt that a mother's love emanated from her as well as that of a sister. For three weeks, she had said, she cared for him as though he had been a child, taking him up and down, giving him every in-timate care without repugnance or embarrassment, both allke guarded by the saintly purity of suffering and charity. It seems too much for this life. Then when the convalescence came what july times and laugh-ter as of old friends! If she still sat up with him he would scald her, giving her little taps on the arm when he insisted on remaining out of bed. He used to look at her washing out his things in a basin, a shirt or so, to spare him the 3 sous of the washing bill. No one ever came up stairs.

They were as alone as if a thousand miles away from the world, delighted with their solltude that was so fraternally passed.

"Do you remember, sister, the morning when I walked for the first time? You had taken me up and held me while I stumbled

my legs. How we did laugh."

"Yes, yes; you were all right. I was very glad. And the day you brought me the cherries—I can see you now; I sitting up on the pillows, you on the edge of the bed, with the cherries but was now; I sitting up on the pillows, you on the edge of the bed,

They laughed aloud-these memories were too pleasant. But a sad sigh from Mme. Vetu called them back to the present. He leaned forward, looking at the invalid, who had not moved. The maid was still quiet, the peaceful silence* broken only by the voice of Mme. Desagneaux counting Choking with emotion, he said in a lower voice:

h, eister, I may live for a hun-years, I may know every and every tenderness, but 1 shall never love another woman as I love Sister Hyacinthe then hung her head, but

without any feeling of confusion, and began to sew again. An imperceptible blush had

tinted her Hly white skin.
"And I, too, Monsieur Ferrand, I love you, too. But you must not make me vain. -1 only did for you what I should do for any others. It is my profession, you know. And in it all there is only this one good thing—that God gave you a rapid recovery."

Once more they were interrupted La Grivotte and Elise Roquet had returned from the grotte before the others. La Grivotte at once crouched down on her mattress at the foot of Mme. Vetu's bed, and, taking a piece of bread from her pocket, began devouring it. Ferrand had been interested in this consumptive ever since the previous day. when she passed into the agitating period that created such an exaggerated appetite. a feverish desire to be on the go. But just at this moment the case of Elise Roquet struck him even more forcibly, for it was now certainly apparent that the malady whose sore was eating into her flesh was mending. She had kept up the bathing at the miraculous fountain and had just come from the bureau of verification, where Dr Bonamy had triumphed. Surprised, Ferrand already somewhat dried up-much less red. yet the slow commencement of healing was at work. The case seemed so curious that he thought he would take some notes about it for an old friend at the schools, who was devoting himself to the study of the nervous origin of certain skin diseases that are produced by some trouble of nutrition.

"Did you feel any smarting?" he asked.

"No. sir; I bathe it and say my beads with

all my soul. That is all La Grivotte, vain and jealous, who had her triumph in the crowds ever since the day before, now called to the doctor:

But I am cured-cured, sir; completely He smiled and made a friendly gesture, though he did not examine her.

"I know it, my good girl. There is nothing the matter with you." Sister Hyacinthe now called him. She had dropped her sewing, as she noticed that Mme. Vetu was retching in a fearful nausea. In

spite of her haste, she was too late with the basin. The patient had thrown up a flood of black stuff like soot, and this time blood was mingled with it—long strings and pe-culiar purple blood. It was the hemorrhage, the approaching end dreaded by Ferrand. "Go and tell the directress." he said in a low tone, taking his place to remain himself beside the bed.

Sister Hyacinthe ran to fetch Mme. de The linen was counted, and she found her in close conversation with her daughter. Raymonde, somewhat spart. while Mina. Desagneaux was washing her

Raymonde had escaped from the refectory where she was helping, to come up stairs for a few moments. To her it was a rough duty, the long, narrow room, with its two rows of greasy tables, the horrible sinell of rags and misery turned her heart sick. She had run up quickly to make the most of the half hour that remained before the invalids returned. Breathless and very red, her eyes shining, she threw herself on her mother's neck.

"Oh, mamma, what happiness! It is care of the ward, Mme. de Jonquiere did not understand.

"What is done, my child?"

Raymonde then lowered her voice, and blushing a little, said: "My marriage."

It was then the mother's turn to rejuice. A great satisfaction spread itself over her broad face, that of a comely middle-aged soman, still handsome and agreeable. She hesiantly saw their time dwelling in the Ruc Venezu, where, since her husband's death, she and her daughter had lived so spar-ingly with only the few thousand france he

the heated air of the courtyard. The aun former fine position in society reassured. was on the wane and only a narrow ray of "Oh, my child! How happy I am." But suddenly a trouble came ever her. He stood in front of her, leaning against God was her witness that for three years she came to Lourdes with the need for charity, for the great joy alone of caring for her beloved invalids. Perhaps, in her devotion, if she had examined science carefully, she might also have found that her authoritative nature to be gratified, for it was very sweet for her to tive orders, and the hope that she might swarms of young men of good birth who surrounded the grotto, was the last wish of aff. She certainly thought so, even if it were a thing about which she selden But this happiness drew a confes

> "Ab, my child your success does not as-tonish me. I asked for it this morning from the Holy Virgin."
>
> Wishing to be quite sure she asked for the Jetaffa. Raymonde had not yet told her all about her long walk of the previous day, on Gerard's arm, having wanted to tell only about all these things when quite sure, quite triumphant of having gained a husband. That was done, as she explained so merrily that very morning she had seen the young man again at the grotto, who had become

engaged in a more formal manner. Without doubt M. Berthaud would make the request for his cousin before they left Lourdes. 'Then," declared Mme. de Jonquis had overcome her scruple, smiling, delighted in her own heart, "I hope you will be happy, since you are so reasonable and have no need of me to conduct your affairs. Kiss

It was just then that Sister Hyacinthe Mme. Vetu. Raymonde had aiready ran away, and Mme. Desagneaux, while drying her hands, was complaining of the auxiliary lady assistants, who had all disappeared on precisely the morning when there was a need

"For instance, Mms. Volmar, I should really like to know where she has gone She has not been seen for a single hour since we arrived here." "Let Mme. Volmar alone," answered Mme.

de Jonquiere, with some impatience. tell you she has been ill." So they both ran quickly to Mme. Vetu. Ferrand was standing, waiting, and Sister Hyacinthe had asked if there was anything to do, to which he had replied, no, by a shake of his head. The dying woman, relieved by the first vomiting, remained motionless, her eyes shut. But the fearful nauses returned a second time, and again the flood of black stuff, mixed with bloody strings, was spected. Then, as she had a quiet moment, ejected. Then, as she had a quiet moment, she opened her eyes and saw La Grivotte, who was munching her bread on her mattress on the floor. Feeling that she was dying she murmured

"She is cured, is she not?"

La Grivotte heard her, and called out:
"Oh, yes, madame, cured, cured, quite cured."

For a moment Mme. Vetu seemed a prey or a moment same vetu seemed a prey or some terrible samess, the rebellion of a creature who does not wish to end, when others contine to live. But she was soon resigned, overcome, carried away. She added, very softly:

"The young ought to remain. The Holy

Virgin is right."

Her eyes, now no longer closed, looked all round as though to bid farewell to these people, whom she was surprised to find about her. She tried to smile as she encountered the keen look of curiosity that little Sophie Couteau fixed upon her; the dear little child had come to her bed that very morning to kiss her. As for Elise Rouquet, she thought of no one having taken her mirror; she was quite absorbed in the contemplation of her own face, that she fancied she could see becoming more beautiful under her very gaze as the sore grew more dry. But the sight of Marie, so charming in her state of bliss, that seemed to please the dying woman. She looked at her for a long time, coming back to her as to a vision of light and joy. Ferchance she fancied she already perceived one of the snints in paradise, in all the glory of the sunlight.

Suddenly the vomiting began again, and on the pillows, you on the edge of the bed, with the cherries between us in a great white paper. I would not touch them if you did not eat some, too. Then, each in turn, we took one, and the paper was emptied, and very good they were."

"Yes, very good, indeed. And then it was the same with the currant syrip. You would only take some when I also drank my share."

Suddenly the vomiting began again, and from that on there was only blood, the dissended of a veinous hue. The flow was great that the sheet was spotted, the whole bed soaked. In vain did Mme, de Jonquiere and Mme. Desagnesus bring tow-els, both very pale, with shaking lip. Ferrand in his impotence had gone back to the window, to the place where he had so lately given in the p experienced a tender emotion; while Sister Hyacinthe, with an unconscious movement, more of instinct than inclination, she too, had come back to that happy spot, as if to be nearer to him.

"My God!" she repeated, "can you to nothing?" "No, pothing. She will go like this-like lamp that burns itself out."

Quite exhausted, with a thin red stream that still flowed from her mouth, Mme. Vetu looked steadily at Mme. de Jonquiere and moved her lips. The directress leaned over her. to listen to the slow sentences, half finished, half uttered and half broken words. "It is my husband, madame. The shop is in the Rue Mouffetard, a little street, not far from the Gobelins. He is a watchmaker and could not come with me, naturally on ac-count of his customers, and he will be greatly embarrassed when he finds I do not return. I cleaned the jewelry

and ran the errands."

Her voice weakened, and the words became mere rattles in her throat: "So madame, I beseech you to write to him, because I have not been able to do so. Say it is over. Tell him my body is at Lourdes; it would cost too much; and tell him to marry again; it is best for the business. The

ousin, tell him, the cousin-"
There was only a confused murmur. Her weakness was too great, her breath ceased. Her eyes, however, remained open and still alive in her yellow waxlike face. These eyes seemed to cling despairingly to the past, to all that could never be againthe shop in the middle of a crowded quarter, the uniform and pleasant life with her workman husband, who was always busy over his watches; the Sunday recreations on the forti-fications of Paris, which was to see kites fly. Then the eyes got larger, looking in vain through the growing gloom and dark-ness. Seeing her lips move, Mine. de Jon-quiere bent over her once more. It was scarcely more than a ripple in the air, a voice from the unseen world that stammered with an immense desolation:

"She did not cure me

And softly Mme. Vetu died.
As though she were only waiting for this little Sophie Coureau, quite satisfied, jumped from the bed and returned to the end of the ward to play with her doll. Neither La Grivotte, occupied with her beads, nor Elise Rouquet, entirely engressed with her mirror, were aware of the catastrophe, but in the cold shudders that passed, and by the whisperings between Mmc. de Jonquiere and Mme. Designesus, who was guite unac-customed to death. Marie seemed to rouse and come out of her condition of blissful waiting into which the continual state of prayer from her whole being seemed to hold her speechless with closed lips. When she comprehended a pitying fellow feeling of sorrow caused her to weep in spite of her

ertainty of being cured.
"Oh! the poor woman, dead so far away, so alone, just when she was to live again."
Ferrand, who was also deeply touched,
mad come forward to verify the woman's
death, and at a sign from bim Sister Hyncinthe drew over the sheet, covering the face of the dead, for it would not be possi-ble to take the body away at that time. The invalids were just returning from the grotto in bands, and the calm, silent ward, so bathed in sunlight, was once more filled with the tumust of suffering and misery, hollow coughs, useless limbs, faint smells, the entire establishment of all human in

firmities (To be Continued Next Sunday.)

A Wonderful Pigmy Engine D. A. Buck, a resident of Waterbury,

Conn., once made a perfect steam engine that was so small that the engine, boiler, governors and pumps all stood on a spuce only one-fourth of an inch in diameter and less than seven-sixteenths of an inch high. The engine had 148 distinct parts, held to-gether by fifty-two acrews. The diameter of the cylinder was but one twenty-sixth of an inch, and the whole affair, not including the base plate, weighed but three grains.

"You seem to be troubled, my dear."
"I am, dear wife, I am," responded the poular preacher. "I can't make up my popular preacher. "I can't make up my mind whether I can gain more mention by

with only the few thousand france he it them. This marriage meant a new left salons opened once more, the cence, agreeable bouset, delicious flavor."

THE SPECIALIST TO THE FORE

Medical Ecience Steadily Dividing Into Innumerable Branches.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DOCTORS' CONGRESS

A Plea for the General Practitioner-The Common Sense Definition of Health-The Reserve Power-Effect of the Pernicious Cigarette.

"One of the best illustrations possible of the tendency of the present times to specialiration has been seen here this week," said Dr. Robert T. Hillest Washington, to a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat. "We have the Congress of American Physiclans and Surgeons holding a third triennial neeting in Washington. The congress is divided into fourteen sections, each with a complete organizataion and with its regular ndependent sessions."

The point is well taken. While the Ameri-

can Pediatric society was congratulating Itself on the remarkable success attending the ripening of premature babies by the ncubator process, the American Laryngological association in an adjoining parlor discussed a case of gold coin in the throat Across the street the American Neurological association was absorbed with knee jerks, hallucinations, various kinds of fits. a suicide's brain with two bistol-ball wounds, and an anti-fat cure. The Dermatologists dieted, mentally, on a great variety of skin disease, and quite appropriately gave some consideration to 'eruptions caused by drugs.' The work of the American Gynecological somety was of absorbing interest to the mem bers, but unfit for the daily papers. The Otological society papers related to some marvelous operations upon the head and the various organs of the senses, save only the vision, which constituted the special province of the Ophthalmological society. The sur-geons flocked by themselves and told of bloody deeds. The physicians talked of things with names hard to prenounce and harder to cure. Then there was the Association of Genito-Urinary Surgeons, which began sensions right after breakfast every morning and held on until after a late lunch, having battles royal over the best way to take out kidneys and to perform other deli-cate operations. The physiologists found a field for themselves in speculating how much slower information travels over the human telephone, otherwise known as the nerves when a person is tired. There is such a thing as producing chloroform effects by simple pressure on the b rain, and the physi-ologists thought about that with other subjects. Club feet, crooked spines, dislocated and all manner of deformities engaged the Orthopedic association. The anatomists agreed that there was something left to talk about in their line. They discussed various parts of man, and branched off into the distinctive features of the orang. The list is not exhausted. Among the largest of theseassocia lons was the climatological, the dis-cussions of which were chock full of inter-Great things the climatologists are doing to ameliorate the most fatal of Ameri-

an diseases—consumption. With all of these fourteen vigorous and industrious organizations, there are investigators who feel that the domesta for specialization is not entirely preempted. To the executive council, made up of representatives of the fourteen associations and soci-eties, came a body of men banded together to pursue the study of the medicinal prop-erties of electricity. The congress was asked to recognize the American Electro-Ther-

THE GROWTH OF SPECIALISTS.

Dr. A. Jacobi, professor of the New York Medical college, and the well known medical writer, has some very positive views. He expressed himself upon the subject of specialists very freely, and said: "During the last quarter of a century there have been many changes in the practice of medicine as well as in all other things. While the of practitioners has increased, speaking rela-tively, it has decreased. Look in the large cities, and you will find that the general practitioners are few and far between cialists are the men of the hour. an unusual thing for people afflicted with this or that disease to consult their physician. not so much for the purpose of obtaining his advice as to treatment, but to have him recmmend a specialist. The specialist is legit: mate—both science and practice demands him. However, care is necessary. The tendency of the times is mercenary, the medical man is human, and many a young man hopes to gain a great reputation, not say an easy living, out of very little mental capital. and some dexterity, to the neglect of medicine in general. The young man should rec-ognize the fact that the great specialistic work is performed only by men of deep knowledge and extended practical training. A young medical man who runs off into a specialty, honestly believing that a human ergan can be studied and treated separately. like a watch wheel, has not intelligence enough to be a physician, and ought to have been discouraged from entering the ranks. He who undertakes it from mercenary motives ought to be frowned down, and told to go into the maket places where goods are ought and sold, and be a business man, and not attempt a sacred vocation. and not attempt a scause he knows no bet-ter and has not been told. If the great professors of specialties fall in their duty of teaching the morals as well as the science of medicine, it is from them the harm will come. The practitioners by favoring, as they in their modesty are very apt to do, in every possible case the specialist, have tempted the public into thinking less of medicine and medical men, and more of mere handicraft. This is why the physician has gradually lost his dignified position in has gradually lost his dighthese position in large communities. It is in the country where he still is in his own person the sole representative of his science and his calling ing, that he is esteemed at his full value. I regret that our members have caused harm We want to do good, and sometimes through our anxiety to do so, we jump at conclusions our anxiety to do so, we jump at concidations and accept new fads. We promise to cure cholera and extinguish tuberculosis. We fail and then comes ridicule. Many errors have been committed with the modern products of chemistry. These lead to the reproach that the doctor is killing his patient. From random files a recipe they take.

And many deaths with one prescription make.

THE HEALTH RESERVE.

Dr. John P. Bryson of St. Louis and Dr. John A. Fordyce of New York were telling about the success their branch of the profession has achieved in the taking out of human kidneys. "I believe I have taken out five kidneys,"

remarked Dr. Bryson.
"No two out of the same person?" asked

Dr. Fordyce, a little maliciously.
"No," replied the St. Louis surgeon.
"removing a kidney is not se unusual an eration as it was a few years ago. I have removed two within a few weeks. When one kidney is taken out the other does the work. And here comes in what seems to me to be the true definition of health. Nature has given us an excess of machinery in the human body. Every organ is equipped to do more than the ordinary requirement. So long as a man possesses this reserve power in his system he cannot be said to have lost his health. It is upon this reserve that we doctors have to depend in treatment. When the reserve power has been used up then our causes are desperate. And let me say that steady, hard drinking exhausts that reserve more surely than any other drain upon it. When I have to take the case of a man who has been a steady drinker for years I know I have unusual difficulties on my hands. When a man has reached the condition that calls for a cocktall in the morning before he can est anything I don't have much hope of pulling him through

VIVISECTION AND TOBACCO.

"Vivisection is a fake," said Dr. J. U. sars of Philadelphin. "It is like all other Mears of Philadelphin. "It is like all other new bacteriological fads, such as Koch's lymph, etc. There is always a great deal claimed for such things, but when the time far below their estimated worth and the claims set up by their founders. It is im-possible to make a success of any incomplets and impractical medical theory."
"Two-thirds of the pervous diseases of mon come from the use of tobacco, and ecially from the use of cigarettes," said George Chismore of San Francisco, Cal "Tobacco makes the brain heavy, Inactive and dull, and does more to degenerate the system generally than alcohol. I see from system generally than alcohol. I are from daily observations young men of worth and promise going to waste from the use of this weed. It has been one of the prime factors of insanity since the date of the introduction of tobacco in England by Sir Walter Raleigh. Up to that time a case of insanity was a rarity. Since that time the increase of nervous diseases and insanity has kept pace with the consumption of tobacco. Not only in England is this the case, but all over the world where tobacco is consumed. over the world where tobacco is consumed. If there was a smaller consumption you would find the majority of the male sex in a healthier state."

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

The specialists are mit quite ready to in-sure the men of America against Bright's disease, but they are bow prepared to les-seen the mortality and to remove much of the terror that insident enemy has caused. They have discovered methods of treatment which are effective, if this the disease has not made too great progress. Because the not made too great progress. Because the analysis shows albumbh, it no longer follows that the man is in the high road to sure and speedy death. In fact, the experts in genito-urinary softmos have achieved some wonderful result, with cases where Bright's disease had become well developed. But it is nevertheless regarded by them as of the utmost importance to discover the fact as soon as possible after the kidneys have gone wrong.

The great prevalence of kidney disease.

The great prevalence of kidney disease among the men of this country has suggested to a specialist, who is the examining physician for one of the largest life in surance companies, a novel scheme. The doctor is fitting up a laboratory with every-thing available for the most thorough texts. He proposes to enroll on his list all men who want to avail themselves of the opportunity to learn when their kidneys become affected. A moderate annual charge will be made. At stated intervals this specialist will notify his clients to come around for ex-amination. The periods will be short enough to make tolerably certain the discovery of kidney disease in its incipiency. Each person who avails himself of the plan will re-ceive a report on the condition of his kidneys after each examination. When there is any thing out of the way he will be informed in detail what is the matter. He can then go to his regular physician, or take such other steps as be chooses, to correct the ab-normal condition. This specialist simply proposes to make it his business to furnish men with regular and reliable information of the condition of their kidneys. How important this knowledge is, only

the medical profession and those who have had some experience with the insidiousness of the worst forms of kidney disease have any appreciation. Many a man discovers for the first time that his kidneys are not working properly when he applies for life insurance, only to be rejected because there is albumen or acid or something else shown by the chemical analysis.

SEWER GAS

Bacteriology is upsetting some precon-eived notions. For instance, Dr. Alexande Abbott has recently conducted a series of experiments with sewer gas. The theory has been that the air blowing over sewage or any decomposing material is loaded with disease germs. Dr. Abbott's experiments show directly the contrary. Bacteria seems to dislike bud smells as much as persons with sensitive olfactories do. Dr. Abbott found fewer bacteris in the air of the sewer than in the supposedly purer air outside.
"Where a current of air." he said, "blows along a flowing stream, the bacteria de-crease. It is unreasonable to suppose that

sewer gas can bring bacteria into the It by no means follows, however, that the becteriologists advise sewer gas as a steady

diet fer the throat.
"I don't believe that sewer gas brings the disease into the house," said Dr. Abbott, "but I do believe the breathing of it reduces the ability of a person to resist disease germs which may be present."

"Well people can carry diphtheria to "Well people can carry diphtheria to others and never have it themselves," said Dr. Beverly Robinson of Believue Medical college. "The present house physician of Willard Parker hospital in Boston has never been able to find in the air the bacilius of diphtheria. Children have walked around the wards of that hospital with the bacilli in their throats, but have never taken the distheir throats, but have never taken the dis ease. If an individual has a weakened throat and other favorable conditions, he may take diphtheria. If a person has the bacillus in the throat the breathing of sewer gas may develop it. But it is a fact that there is more diphtheria in the country, where there are no sewers, than there is in the city."

"The worse the odor the less the danger of

diphtheria from sewer gas," said Dr. Abra-ham Jacobl of New York. At the same time Dr. Jacobi des not advise the breathing of sewer gas as a preventive for diphtheria. He simply holds it has been established that sewer gas is not the primary cause of diph-theria, as the profession thought it was a

few years ago. Bacteriology plays an important part in the treatment of this disease. The bacilius of diphtheria is well known to the specialist. One of the best aids to the treatment of this disease is furnished free by the New York Board of Health. When a doctor in that city has a case that is suspicious, but has not developed sufficiently to make him certain that t is diphtheria, he takes a tube and gets rom the patient "a culture." The Board of Health, on notice, sends for this, and has an examination made for the bacteria. By the next morning's mail the doctor learns whether he really has a case of diphtheria or only ordinary sore throat on his hands.

CONSUMPTION. Can consumption be cured? The specialists do not give an unqualified affirmative. but they tell of some marvelous results. Be fore the disease has made much progress i is possible to save or greatly prolong life. In Philadelphia there is a society for the prevention of tuberculusis. Its operations consist mainly in the spread of information about the treatment of those in whom the disease has just appeared. It is claimed that this work has resulted in a decrease of the death rate from consumption in that city. Dr. E. O. Otis of Boston has seen some highly encouraging results from the application of physical exercise to persons with in cipient consumption. He has the prescrib-ing of exercise for 500 young men. They are examined carefully with the lungs in repose and with the lungs in the act of respiration. Then they are turned over to an expert, who companies them in their exercise. Six onths later they are examined and the lung development and improvement is very

But, in applying exercise to the consump tive," said Dr. Otis, "the doctor must study effects as closely as he would those of drugs. I have seen patients who have had a large rise of temperature in the afternoon playing tenpins. Modern gymnastics is now established on a basis as scientific as any drugs. We have graduates of normal schools of gymnastics. It is possible to prescribe excrete to fit the individual case of consumption, and to have an expert teacher to see that the instructions are carried out exactly For some patients, I insist on a walk of a certain number of miles every day. I think that gives one of the best results. In somcases I require patients to breathe has been thoroughly sterilized by being passed through a compartment filled with cakum saturated with creesote. This kind of air I require them to inhale deeply. quently have patients get an apparatus and use this kind of air daily."

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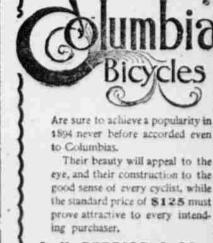
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