moments, during which he continued to stroke his mustache and gaze at the note in his hand, she said: "What in the world are you reading. Phil?" "Mrs. Duane accepts with pleasure Mrs. Raymond's kind lady who came very often—had bought them.

leaned back with a decidedly troubled look on her pretty face. Phil was a subject of much anxiety to her at times. To be sure, she was considerably his junior and he had petted her all his life. She had searcely been out a year when she became engaged to Jack Raymond, and, although he continued the petting process as begun by her brother and parents, Mrs. Raymond, while keeping all the sweetness and dainthoses of her girlhood, had developed into a very knowing, moreover, the desirable reputation of being exclusive. Phil often declared that they had changed places and that she was at least ten years his senior in the greatness of her wisdom. Her chief care was her brother. She plainly saw that he was an extremely elligible party, and worried hereafthe with more many. As for Phil, he showed the untout marry. As for Phil, he showed should not marry. As for Phil, he showed the untout middle lineary as a funded liven reparts. He had a comfortable income, some little talent for painting, a decided literary taste, was a fine lawyer, when he chose to practice, and a good all 'round fellow. He had made studied law at home, that is to say, in New York city, and art in Paris for a couple of years, where he had learned little, but enjoyed himself immensely; written several joyed himself saw tractice, with an excellent partner. Society adored him, and, in a needlent partner. Society adored him, and, in a needlent way, he liked society. He was courteous and attentive to all the fair sex, but it was as did that he had never paid to any woman serious attention, barriang several flirtations and tatentive to all the fair sex, but it was add that he had never paid to any woman serious attention, barriang several flirtations and tatentive to all the fair sex, but it was add that he had never poid to any woman serious attention, barriang several flirtations and tentile to all the fair sex, but it was add that h

course, desperate at the time.

Just at present he was enjoying his holiday with his sister in a pretty continental city, where a large number of English and Americans were settled. He had been here a week, but, try as she might, his sister had not been able to draw him any nearer the social whirl than a daily drive with her in the afternoon. Meantime she had sent out

the afternoon. Meantime she had sent out cards for a small reception, hoping to interest her brother in one of the American girls who were at C——. She had not invited Beatrice Duane because she wanted to, but because she had to. She was not at all the woman for Phil, and here he was interested in her before he had met her, and such a thing with him meant more than it would have meant with most men. All over a simple note. "What could he have found in that note to arouse his interest so?" In fact, so deeply did it annoy her that had fact, so deeply did it annoy her that had there been any way of decently doing so she would have put off her reception. But, then, as the wise little woman reflected, it would only put off the evil day and whet his contestive.

tears. "It was too annoying, Jack. He paid her more attention that I have ever seen him pay to any one woman in my life." him pay to any one woman in my life."

And Jack, who at first had been inclined to laugh at his wife's fears, stroked his fair

stache and looked thoughtful. During the following weeks matters did not improve. Chance favored Phil, for wherhe went, and he went out a great deal, he met the charming widow. Meanwhile Beatrice Duane, who, in addi-

tion to her undeniable beauty, possessed a thorough knowledge of men, made, what Mrs. Raymond considered Phil's downward path, an easy one, and he fell or rathe walked, straight into the snares spread for him. He was not as wildly devoted as th-young subalterns who followed in her train, but he permitted himself to be whirled along in her victoria occasionally, and al-ways danced and talked with her whirever he met her. It seemed to please him better however, to stand in some inconspicuous place, where he had a good view of her face and watched her closely. And whenever he watched her in this way his sister, who watched him quite as closely, noticed that his expression was one of deep study and light perpickity rather than deep admira-ion or wild jealousy.

Mrs. Duane lived in an artistic little villa

on the outskirts of the town, and her 5 o'clock ten table was usually thronged with her young admirers. It was a pet trick of hers to suggest to some favored individual that he should come early, and then to be at home to no one else. Now, these little tete-a-tetes were dangerous to more hardened men than the gay subalterns, for Beatrice Duane, in a perfect tea gown, lying back in a deep chair, covered with white fur, was a beautiful picture of luxury, and her manne of conversing on such occasions was undoubt-edly fascinating. Philip had found himself party to these tete-a-tetes on several occasions, but had not yet been brought to the point of sending her flowers, books or verses, or paying her any of those pronounced atten with which the young officers over-

Lent was approaching rapidly, and the whirl of festivity, like a whiripool, became faster and faster as it neared the vortex down which it must plunge.

It was Ash Wednesday morning, and Phil

Reddington lounged against the mantel of his sister's boudoir, in the most attractive attitude. "How handsome he looks; not a day older than when he graduated." His sister was standing before him, drawing on her gloves, and as she looked at him there was a mile of remains approved in her again. was a smile of genuine approval in her eyes. She had not looked at him with that smile for some time. He smiled back almost shyly, and then said slowly: "Minchen, I am not a school girl, and therefore I do not pretend to read character by handwriting. yet, there is something about that not of Mrs. Duane's that interests me strangely, and I should like to see the writer."

"It seems to me that you have been de-dening a considerable amount of time to leing the person who wrote it." She drew herself up and spoke with some asperity.

Phil surveyed her with evident amusement. "I don't like you in that attitude, it's not becoming, and, besides"—more gravely—"I am convinced that Mrs. Duane didn't write "Then may I ask"-the jectionable pose was more intense than fore—"why, if you are not interested, you cultivate her society to such an extent? "That note came from her, and if she did not write it herself, and I am sure she didn't, she knows who did. I've tried several times make her write a few lines, and suc-ded; but she always wrote with a foun-

talu pen, and all the people who use those things write alike. Yes, I am quite certain that a woman of her caliber would not write like this, and I am anxious to see if this fanciful theory of mine works out." fanciful theory of mine works out. The unbecoming pose was laid aside and frs. Raymond's face brightened visibly. he read the note over her brother's shoul-The letters were long and slender firm and delicate, and gave the impression that they had been formed quickly and easily. "It's a very pretty hand, but I can't imagine

"It's a very-pretty hand, but I can't imagine
who wrote it unless she did, and it's scented
with that peculiar oriental perfume she aiways uses, and Phil, dear, she's a very dangerous woman, so do be carefu!"

One morning during the second week in
Lent Phil accompanied his sister to market.
His artistic nature was greatly gratified by
the quaint pictures he found, and he was
making a sketch of an old dower woman

MRS. DUANE'S SECRETARY.

H. H. Havemyer in Washington Star.

"What is Phil reading?"

Mrs. Raymond tipped her head and locked intently at her brother. But evidently her look was not satisfactory, for, after a few moments, during which he continued to a continued to the satisfactory.

Mrs. Raymond tipped her head and locked intently at her brother. But evidently her look was not satisfactory, for, after a few moments, during which he continued to the satisfactory of the continued to the satisfactory.

At juncheon Mrs. Raymond announced that

cepts with pleasure Mrs. Raymond's kind invitation for the evening of the 21st." Mrs. Raymond was more perplexed than ever. What did her brother find so interesting in a perfectly proper and formal note of acceptance. She continued her china painting, with just the shadow of a line between her pretty eyebrows. Presently he came over and sat down on the divan, near her table. "I should like to know the writer of that note, Minchen. It's an acceptance, so I'll see her tomorrow night."

A few moments later he sauntered out of the room, whistling softly. When the portier fell behind his tall figure Mildred Raymond put down the cup she had been painting and leaned back with a decidedly troubled look on her pretty face. Phil was a subject of much anxiety to her at times. To be sure, she was considerably his junior and he had petted her all his life. She had scarcely been out a year when she became engaged to Jack Raymond, and, although he continued the petting process as begun by her brother breast was a great cluster of mountain primbress.

enough for all.

All this time there was a handsome young man on the other side of the street in the shadow of a projecting doorway, who seemed to be making a sketch of old Maria. For the next few weeks this picture was repeated, except that the young artist had made friends with the old pensant woman and gained her permission to sketch has

made friends with the old peasant woman and gained her permission to sketch her from a nearer point.

It was Easter morning. The little English chapel was filled to its greatest capacity, for many of the congregation who had drifted into the foreign mode of keeping the Sabbath and rarely came to the II o'clock service turned out on Easter. Some came from mere fashing a sale, some from came from mere fishion's sake; some from strength of association, and some came with a true appreciation of the day's commemoration. The last class was large enough to spread throughout the church a reverential atmosphere. The white robed choristers filed in singing a tritaphant hymn; the solemn confessional was said, and then the In that note to arouse his interest so?" In fact, so deeply did it annoy ber that had fact, so deeply did it annoy and fact had fact then that selection was not head and had then the clear boys' volces burst forth again, 'Christ, then won't had an over the house does not his always were. Her rooms had been full, but not crowded; there had been a goodly sprink had gone smoothly. Yet, as as she tree, clear, pure, calm and triumphant. Christs it risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept. That you had a say the set of the print of the clear boys' volces burst forth again, 'Christ, during the house had not be come a single volce soars up, as a bird set free, clear, pure, calm and triumphant. Christs its risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept. That you had a substant had

natroduce her and to whet the public curl-nsity. By the end of the week the rumor employed as Mrs. Duane's secretary. It was positively asserted that she would no longer sing in the choir.

lady that she would no longer be permitted said in the haughty tone that her secretary to sing at church, but would hold herself in knew so well: readiness and prepare suitable songs to sing in the drawing room whenever she should be called upon to do so. The girl listened in take you there. You will not, of course, called upon to do so. The girl listened in silence, but a faint flush spread over her This was worse than she had expected. Although Mrs. Duane had always inspired her with an intense aversion, as long as their relations had been purely business ones this had been tolerable. "To come under her control in a social way, to be made to associate with that throng of young officers and dilletante—" The flush on her cheek died, leaving her deadly pale. The next sentence came as a relief. "Of course, next sentence came as a relief. "Of course, you understand that you do not come into leave the room after you have finished."
A fortnight had passed since Margaret-had made her debut at Mrs. Duane's "after-

as." She was a great success. Arrayed perfectly plain black dress, white and noons." thin, she came and sang song after song until dismissed by a haughty gesture from her mistress. The world applauded the song, but paid little attention to the singer. To be sure, at her first appehrance, Phil Redding-ton has asked about her, and his hostess had replied that she was a poor girl of common extraction who filled the place of an upper servant. In general, however, her personality was a matter of indifference to her audience. On this particular afternoon she was paler than ever, for her additional duties were telling on her strength. The score of a new song was before her. The maid had brought it to her room with the message that she was to learn it as soon as possible, and Marie added the information that one of the foreign gentlemen had brought it. Her accom-panist played the prelude, and as she sang

the opening lines: promise me that some day you and I "Oh, promise me that some day you and I stronger, but was not fully conscious yet. Will bear our love together to some sky"— He tried to think the matter out clearly She raised her eyes, and encountered at the far end of the room a pair of dark blue eyes fixed intently upon her's. A thrill his present state of mind. Of two things he passed through her. Those eyes were was certain; that the full measure of his strangely familiar.

Where we may be alone and faith re-And find those bowers where those flowers

Those first sweet violets of early spring"-Again some compelling force made her raise her eyes. A shudder passed through frame; she trembled violently ner whole er lips refused to move; the paper fell from her hands. She left the room quickly and the accompanist followed her. Mrs. Duane rang the bell and directed the footman to send her maid to Miss Halford. For a moment there was an uncomfortable silence, then an apology on the part of the hostess. "A chill that would soon pass off." "The She regretted the accident and then the usual flow of con-

Lent Phil accompanied his sister to market. His artistic nature was greatly gratified by the quaint pictures he found, and he was pacing the floor making a sketch of an old flower woman making a sketch of an old flower woman when his sister cried out, "O, Phil, do look! There are those levely mountain primroses; the first I've seen this year." Phil looked, but he saw something besides the great blunch of pale yellow flowers—a slender, black clad figure and a pale, delicate face. Meast persons would not have called her a striking girl, but he stoud looking at her seen that the same painting the did flower woman at the market.

Meanwhile Margaret was pacing the floor of her eleft that evening he had epenly declared to first the was peculiarly intersisted in her secretary. She had faily represented in her secretary. She had faily represented in her secretary. She had faily represented in her secretary. She had looked up then and he was looking sirl, but he stoud looking at her secretary and burning by turns. What was this that was leaping of her room, shuddering and burning by turns. What was this that was leaping of her room, shuddering and burning by turns. What was this that was leaping of her room, shuddering and burning by turns. What was this that was leaping of her room, shuddering and burning by turns. What was leaping the declared to first a creation. When the event her room, shuddering and burning by turns. What was this that was leaping for sale by druggists. For sale by druggists.

There was a deep, sepulchral silence for each stream of the veins? Why, when she going on the stream of the veins? Why, when she going on the stream of the veins of the was peculiarly intersity and all deep-seatedwand muscular pains. For sale by druggists.

There was a deep, sepulchral silence for extreme irritation. It was quite late when he left the villa and went to see the rector on some imperative business. Here he had leaved to introduce him. for one had looked in the veins? Why, when she going over the class of the ch versation.

If you have bought your Winter Overcoat we are sorry for you-for we are going to sell Overcoats tomorrow-We are going to sell Overcoats at such prices as you nor dealers outside of our corner have ever heard of-We will save you enough money on some of them to buy a suit of clothes with-But don't miss this Overcoat sale tomorrow of all things you ds.

three grades-go in this sale at.........\$5.00

Men's Overcoats--B'ue and black, plain beavers, cut medium long; these garments are dressy and need no guaranty as to their wearing qualities, staple as \$7.50 sugar, worth \$15.00-sale price.....

Fine Beaver Overcoats, in single or double breasted, blues, blacks or browns, tans and oxfords — your \$10.00 choice at this sale......

Overcoats, just the thing for short and stout people, in beavers, kerseys and chinchillas, sizes 37 to 46, go in this sale at

Extra size Overcoats, from 44 to 50--two shades, blues and blacks, in kerseys, chinchillas and worsteds, go in this sale at.....

Fine kersey and beaver Overcoats, the best made in these fabrics, wool lining, silk yoke, 50 inches long in loose or tight fitting, single or double breasted, in blues and blacks, sizes 34 to 42, at this sale anly

The pick of over 350 suits from some of the finest all wool cheviot sacks made will be in one lot tomorrow to stir up the business at less than half former price



The M. H. Cook Clothing Co.,

Successors to Columbia Clothing Co.,

13th and Farnam Streets.

It was quite late when Marie knocked at had fully materialized. The singer was a "La panore enfant" she murmured, laying It the first touch the girl opened her eyes.

no Mrs. Duane had sent for her. She arose The reason for this was not difficult to was with a feeling of calmness and strength and. Hitherto Mrs. Raymond had gathered that she entered the boulder. "You sent for that she entered the boulder." The reason for this was not difficult to and the find. Hitherto Mrs. Raymond had gathered that she entered the boudoir. "You sent for musicians that the little town afforded. This gave a distinctive air to her receptions that the state of the soul and strewn his note book with the state of the soul and strewn heavily reclining on the state of the soul and strewn heavily reclining on the state of the soul and strewn heavily reclining on the state of the soul and strewn heavily reclining on the state of the soul and strewn heavily reclining on the state of the Heatrics Duane vainly envied. Now at last she had the upper hand. The wonderful a divan against a background of pale yellow, heard only in her drawing room. soprano was in her possession and should be heard only in her drawing room.

Margaret Halford's place as Mrs. Duane's secretary had not been any easy one. At the time of her engagement she had been told that she would be expected to do whatever was required of her, and so it happened that she had grown accustomed to earn her small salary by the performance of manifold and miscellaneous duties and to be surprised at nothing. She had her books, however, and, thanks to the friendship of be surprised at nothing. She had her books, however, and, thanks to the friendship of the English minister's wife, a few rare opportunities to practice her beloved music in a congenial atmosphere. The morning of Easter Monday she had been summoned to the congenial atmosphere and informed by that the control of the congenial atmosphere and informed by that the control of the congenial atmosphere and informed by that the control of the congenial atmosphere and informed by that the control of the congenial atmosphere and informed by that the control of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The morning of the congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. The congenial atmosphere are congenial atmosphere. Mrs. Duane's boudeir and informed by that spint, Beatrice pointed to the table and

this disgraceful performance expect to receive the part of your salary due you. You will leave the house immediately." Back to Dusseldorf! As well there as

anywhere else, for she had no friends, but it was here that her mother had died, and here that she met the English clergy-man and his wife who had become her fast friends, and who, when her little store of money was exhausted, had procured for her you understand that you do not come into you understand that you do not come into two were the drawing room in any social capacity whatever. You will come when you are sent for, take your place at the plane and with trembling hands she packed her measure the room after you have finished."

With trembling hands she packed her measure the room after you have finished." a position as Mrs. Duane's secretary. These two were the only friends she had. She could go to them for tonight, at least, and long, dark cloak around her and left the

> gone many steps the rain began to fall in orrents. But a wild fear had taken possession of the girl, and she ran on with throb bing brain and trembling limbs. Past the lawns and villas; down into the more thickly settled part of the town, until she reached the quiet street on which the English rec tory stood. The cathedral clock was chim-ing 12, but the light in the minister's study was still burning. She struggled up the steps, but her strength was exhausted. She reached out for the knocker, but the door was opened from within, and she fell uncon-When Philip woke next morning and began to review the events of the preceding day he began to think that he had been dreaming. But no, it was all real, for here was the note that the minister's wife had promised to send him, saying that Margaret seemed

> tion, but gave it up as a hopeless task in wrath and indignation was kindled against Beatrice Ouane, and that Margaret Halford had taken possession of his heart. He found himself saying over and over again saying over and over again hat he would never give her up, never His sister was in the pretty room, waiting to pour his coffee for him, and to her he made his confession. How he had felt strongly a tached to the girl the first time he had seen her in the market place; how the sketch he had made of old place; how the sketch he had made of of Maria had been only an excuse to see he Each time he saw her at market or in Mrs. Duane's drawing room she had seemed more and more lovely. He had asked his hostess for an introduction and had been re-fused, almost brusquely. Then he had heard some one sing "Promise Me." and had longed to hear her sing it, and so had brought it to Mrs. Duane. When he heard her voice he

and little daughter to care for other companionship; the husband, proud and re-ticent. One day, when his daughter was

19 years old, the musician was brought ome dead, killed by a runaway team. finally, persuaded by her daughter, who hoped that she would revive in her native air, went to a little town in the south of Sweden. Here she died. It was shortly after her death that Mr. and Mrs. Stanly net Margaret, and later had obtained for tier a position as secretary to Mrs. Duane.

The idea of her serving Mrs. Duane was bearable, and before he had left the rectory Phil had made Mrs. Stanly promise that he should be introduced to Miss Halford as soon as possible, but this, she added, would be difficult to manage, as she was kept hard at work and rarely had any leisure. He had sat with the rector and his wife talking of Margaret until the bell rang 12. When he had opened the street door a great gus of rain had rushed in, and Margaret her self had fallen insensible at his feet, her long hair locsened and drenched by the rain, her face pale and haggard. Here Phil her face pale and haggard. stopped, and there was a set, determined

expression on his face.

Mrs. Raymond had heard his story with mingled consternation and sympathy, and now, wise little woman that she was, she advised her brother to possess his soul in patience, and she herself stepped into her carriage and drove up to the English rectory. From Mrs. Stanly Phil's sister heard Margaret's history again. It lost nothing in the telling, for the rector's young wife was enthusiastic in her admiration of Margaret stood in her eyes as she told the story of the girl's sad life.

When Mrs. Raymond had met her brother on her return home it was with outstretched hands, smiling lips and tearful eyes
The Raymonds spent the summer in Sweden and the Stanlys were their guests. There was snother member of the household, in the person of Mrs. Raymond's secretary, and it was whispered about that she was the same person who had served in a like capacity for Mrs. Duane. But those who had seen her in both places found it hard to believe this report, for during the summer. amid the congenial surroundings of the Raymonds' home, the girl's starved nature had grown and expanded until her whole being seemed changed. The pale cheeks rounded and flushed with a delicate her slender figure had filled out to ne proportions, her sad eyes were sad no onger, but retained just enough of their former expression to give her an unworldly and uplifted aspect. Her voice was as pure and clear as ever, but deeper and richer in volume. She had laid aside her plain black dress for lighter and more artistic gowns. People began to say that she was a beauty. People began to say that she was a beauty.

And if the girl were not the same, her
life was entirely different. Mrs. Raymond
she was entirely different, and could she have had her own way would not have given Margaret a stroke of work to do, but deli-Margaret a stroke of work to do, but deli-cacy forbade her to wound the girl's pride and so she turned over to her the formal correspondence of the household. For the

early autumn Phil sailed for New York, but in the early spring he returned gists. On Easter Monday the English church was the scene of a quiet wedding to which a select few were bidden. The newspaper published in behalf of the foreign residents evoted considerable space to describing it. One of the prettiest features of the casion being the touch of color introduced ghosts ever-ever frequent apple trees?

her position was that of an elder

Mrs. S. A. Kell of Pomona, Cal., had the bad luck to sprain her amkle. "I tried sev-eral liniments," she says, "but was not cured until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. That remedy cured me and I take pleasure in recmmending it and testifying to its efficacy. This medicine is also of great value for rheu-matism, lame back, pains in the chest, pleu-

were used to commemorate a romantic in-ident connected with the engagement of

he happy couple."

The girl looked up in surprise. "Do you mean the woman in bloomers?"
"Yes; but in the old country, ye know, we call 'em knickerbockers." Miss America hardly knew how to answer his know-it-all manner. She felt it would ome dead, killed by a runaway team.

The widow drooped from that day, and abruptly, so she simply said: "By the way, do you call a pair of knickerbeckers singular

The Englishman glanced after the re-treating bicyclers. "Plural," he said, "as applied to men; but in the case of women ingular.

Oregon Kidney Tea cures all kidney trouoles. Trial size, 25 cents. All druggists, A PETRIFIED EGG.

Puzzle for Scientists Found on a Tennessee

Farm. Quite a curiosity is on exhibition at the igar stand of Dawson & Burch, says the

Nashville American. If the curiosity is not a petrified egg, then nature can give the fowl creation cards and spades in the art of egg manufacture. The freak is of perfect oval shape, with both ends very smoothly clipped ff. A farmer living on Paradise Ridge icked it up in a field one day and started to throw it, when its unusual weight at racted his attention. Stooping, he picked up a rock and struck the peculiar object sharp blow near its middle. The exterior shell cracked and three pieces shelled off, reealing about baif of a perfectly rounded object nestled away in the remaining pertion of the shell. This under sphere is of a pinkish hue, and is very granular in its com osition, something like sandstone. The first thing a person would think of on beholding it would be the yellow of an egg, and the more he looked the more thoroughly he would become convinced that that was what it was. The concave portion of the broken shell fits back perfectly about the interior The shell's exterior is also granular, though perfectly uniform. It is about one-quarter of an inch thick, and immediately beneath the granular exterior is of a drab color, reembling very much in composition lava or phosphate rock. A close inspection of the broken edges of the shell shows a very thin exterior shell of about the thickness

In fact, the entire effect produced is the ame as that obtained by taking a hard boiled hen egg and cracking the shell, part a section of it, with the white adhering to it, from the yellow, leaving the sphere nestled the remaining portion of the shell.

The petrified egg—for that is undoubtedly what the freak is-weighs about half a pound and is about the size of a large goose egg.

est and wonderment among those who see it "While down in the southwestern part of the state some time ago," says Mr. W. Chal-mers, editor of the Chico (Cal.) Enterprise, I had an attack of dysentery. Having heard of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diar-rhoea Remedy I bought a bottle. A couple of doses of it completely cured me. Now I am a champion of that remedy for all stomach

perhaps larger. It is causing no little inter-

And the Hammock Broke Down. Chicago Tribune: "Hear the wind moan ng through the orchard!" exclaimed the Artless Girl. "It sounds like some unhappy spirit. Do you suppose, Mr. Hankinson, that by masses of mountain primases among the floral decorations and the bouquet carried by the bride. It is said that these flowers were used to commemorate a romantic incident connected with the connected w through the tree tops like a lost soul wailing

and bowel complaints." For sale by drug-

No foreign substance enters into Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne. It's the pure juice of the grapes naturally fermented No Doubt About It.

Chicago Tribune: Hearing a faint rustle the darkened ballway below, the elder

GET OUT OF THE RUT.



Many old sowaers will recognize the above as a picture of a tried and true triend, one who was never found wanting in his heur of trial. His presence in battle was a guarantee of success. Ar army of afflicted humanity are already recognizing a true friend in Logan's sarsaparilla and Celery. A remedy that is guaranteed to cure and never fails. Its presence in the home is a guarantee of the health of the family.

It is compounded on strictly business principles. Was not discovered by the ancients but is an up to diste remedy and always cures.

The only remedy that purifies the blood and acts directly upon the nerves at one and the same time.

me time.

Testimonials—the strongest kind—more than verifies our statement.

We simply ask you to try Legan's Sarsaparille and Celery—follow directions closely.

d if it does not do for you just what it is represented it will do, you will get your money back its is fair, is it not? What more can you ask? See recommendations and our guarantee.

\$1,00 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.00. If your druggist cannot supply you, write

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