THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1894.

Dundas is with the party, too. I don't know what to do now." "Walt a moment," exclaimed Miles, coming

"Walt a moment." exclaimed Miles, coming to a sudden and imprudent resolve. "It won't do for you to stay here. The sentry may drop along, you knew." He vanished in the direction of the house, and was back in less than five minutes with a key in his hand. He uclocked the gate and opened it far enough to admit Jack. Then he closed it softly. "Now was can talk." he sold. "Decked "Now we can talk," he said. "Pershad Jung is in charge of affairs while father and

Golonel Teversham are away, and if you want to see him-" "'No, not him," quickly spoke Jack: "any-body but him. See here, Myls, it's just this. I'm awfully worried about Pink Tris-cott. You know what happened last night, of course?" Ho! get away, you bullock-man, you've 'eard the bugle blowed, There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Truck road. There's a regiment a comin' down the Grand Trunk road.
In ringing tones Myles Chesney shouted out the stirring couplet from his favorite "Barrack Room Bailads." Then he made an imaginary slash at little Paltu, who dodged nimbly aside.
"Me no ballock-man, Chesney sahib." he grunted.
"Don't you wish you were?" cried Myles, laughing, "That's better than a syce any day. But come on, or we'll miss the show."
"But he's a port of a black sheep-alware of course?" "Yes," replied Myles. "I could hardly be lieve it."

"And you would believe it still less if you knew Pink as well as I do. Why, he's the very soul of bonor. He never deserted, Myles, never. I'll tell you one thing, though, He hasn't been like himself since the rajah He hasn't been like himself since the rajah sent for him four or five days ago. He seemed worried over something, and he wouldn't say a word about his visit. There's been foul play, Myles, and that's as sure as you and I stand here." "Foul play!" exclaimed Myles, incredu-lously. "You don't mean to say-" "I mcan that the rajah has got a finger in Plnk's disappearance," exploded Jack, lowering his voice to a whisper. There, it's out now. That's what I wanted to see Colonel Teversham about. When I spoke

Colonel Teversham about. When I spoke to some of the officers they only laughed at me. You see Pink and I were awfully good

friends, and I can't bear to think thatthat-A sound that was suspiciously like a sob nded the sentence, and Jack turned his heal

away.

away. Myles gave a long, low whistle, and tapped his friend on the shoulder. "Say, old fellow," he began. Then he stopped, for a bell near by had suddenly started to clang in 'deep, dismal tones. Another joined in, and then another, until all the bells in the city seemed to have gone mad. Bang! went the alarm gun at the fortress and its choose woke up a sam-

me, he said, hastily. "I must congratulate his highness." He touched up his horse and trotted for-ward through the yielding throng. About this time Myles and Paltu chanced to rub elbows with the object of the resi-dent's inquiries, and they promptly scraped sequaintance on the spot. "Wasn't that a brave thing to do?" sold. the fortress, and its echoes woke up a pan-demonium of shouts and yells and scurry-"Fire, sahibs," yelled Paltu, pointing to a red glare that was visible through the gate in the direction of the English church. "It's the palace," cried Myles, jerking open the gate. "Come on."

Pink Triscott was forgotten, and a mo-ment later the gate was locked, the key was in Myles' pocket, and the three lads were outside the grounds, racing at break-neck speed toward the rajah's palace.

IMAGIN ATION.

By Anthony Hope,

(Copyrighted 1834 by the Author.)

"Wasn't that a brave thing to do?" said Myles, in a tone of great enthusiasm. "Well, I should say it was," replied the young stranger. "It's like Pink Triscott. He's an awfully good fellow. He ought to be a lieutenant." "Or a captain," said Myles, going one better. "I'll bet the rajah will load him

"Pink won't take them," was the slightly scornful reply. "He hates to be made much of. Say, what's your name? Mine is Jack Wynyard."

'And mine is Myles Chesney, That is There were real tears in her eyes. shall I do? My husband's out in a boat,

Colonel Teversham lifted his hand to his forehead in friendly acknowledgement. He was an aristocratic-looking old soldier, with keen eyes and the carriage of a rigid marti-net. His cheeks were florid, and black hairs were as plentful as gray in his close-cropped mustache and chin beard. But there were wrinkles on his brow and under his eyes— the Indelible stamp of the tragedy in his life. The story was well beam. ever so far away, and the wind's rising, and the boatman says it's awfully dangerous I tilted my hat forward and scratched my

"I don't see what you can do," said I, com passionately. I had sat next her three nights at table d'hote and liked her extremely.

"Look at those trees! Oh, how it blows Bahadur rode back to the palace on a steed borrowed from one of his retainers. The spectators scattered in different directions. The story was well known, but who be built over owed from one of his retainers. The had perished in their burning bungalow dur-ing the outbreak at Meerut in 1857. It was now the month of January, 1893. Thirty-six long years since the great mutiny! Yet the coloned had not forgotten. He had meeture the month of January the had "The wind is certainly getting up," I admitted, sitting on a garden seat. "Oh, Mr. Vansittart, suppose he should be drowned!" "Suppose he

now the month of January, 1886. Thirty-six long years since the great mutiny! Yet the coloned had not forgotten. He had merely learned to hide the suffering that atill gnawed keenly at his heart. The service-worn troops filed on toward the cantonments. Outside the ranks of the Fifth company, and proudly holding step with it, marched a lad of 17, with black hair and sun-bronzed checks. In spile of his semi-military dress he was evidently not attached to the regiment. He seemed to be on friendity terms with the private at his aide, a tall, well-built fellow of 25 or there-abouts, with sandy hair and mustache, a freckled face, and big gray eyes that twin-kled with jolly good humor. When opposite the residency gates the young stranger and Myles Chesney exchanged glances of mutual attraction. Each saw in the other a possible future acquaintance. Suddenly Colonel Teversham spied the lad. was a new one to me. I turned it over in my mind. "Well, suppose he should?" I said at last in an inquiring tone. "And we've only been married a year!" "Yes, yes," said I, thoughtfully. "Your love is still fresh?" "As fresh as the day when-" "Your romance has not worn off, the day of disillusion has not come. Your husband's

memory would be the sweetest of consola-tions to you." "But, Mr. Vansit—"

would wear off." times of the great mutiny. So Colonel Tever-sham is little to be blamed if he regarded his post as somewhat of a sinecure. There was an air of bachelor's hall about the residency, in spite of its luxurious fittings and large corps of servants. Colonel Teversham had never married a second time, and Captain Chesney's wife had been be that another would come who--dead twelve years. Myles remembered his mother but dimly, and equally vague ware his recollections of his English home. His studies under a tutor had ended a few weeks sittart." ago, and he was shortly to enter the mili tary school at Nainee Tal, up in the Himalayas. Paltu lived at the residency in the capac ity of syce or stable lad. His mother was one of the house servants, and his father Mates Mal, belonged to the rajah's native body guard. The little Hindoo was devotedly attached to Myles. During the week following the arrival the Twenty-first light infantry at Mysore several things occurred that must needs be chronicled. In the first were place Myles and Jack Wynyard sought each other out and speedily became close chums. They played cricket and took horse back rides in the cool of the evening and indulged in other Anglo-Indian sports. About the middle of the week Captain Thesney was threatened with an attack of "Fancy!" fever and the doctor ordered a change of air , with some officers from the cantonment, went to the Neilgherry Hills on a two weeks' shooting expedition, leaving Myle behind as a sort of a substitute. Three days later Colonel Teversham wa summoned by telegrain to Madras to confer with the viceroy, who happened to be there on an official tour. The colonel had to go, and as there was no getting at Captain Chesney he did what had been done before under similar circumstances, he left the affairs of his office in charge of Pershad

"im, mum. He's just rounding the point, and he'll be ashere in two minutes' time." "But Dobbs said it was very dangerous,"

"Thank you-thank you, so much" said Mrs. Lewrence. The ciderly man stood looking at me in

such a manner that I took sixpence out of my pocket and gave it to him. To be frank, I have soldon applied by the frank,

my pocket and gave it to him. To be frank, I have soldom grudged a sixpence more. Then the olderly man passed on. There was a long slience. Mrs. Lawrence had made quite a little pit in the gravel walk. Once she tooked at me, and, finding me regarding her (rather gloomily, I be-lieve), hastily turned away again with a blush. At last the silvence became intoler-able-almost improper. In fact. "What were we talking about when that man interrupted us?" asked Mrs. Lawrence, with a desperate assumption of ease. It is a rule of minf to give a plain answer to a plain question. "We were talking," asid I, "of what

"We were talking," said I, "of what would have happened if Dobbs had known everything." And, having thus said, I suddenly began to laugh. Women are strange creatures. Mrs. Law-

Women are strange creatures. Mrs. Law-renes leapt up from her seat and stood over me. Her eyes flashed with indignation, and she positively brandfished her parasol at me. "You herrid, horrid bby!" she cried. "My dear Mrs. Lawrence-" I protested. "You've made me talk as if I--" "It was a mere hypothesis." I pleaded. "As if I--oh! Anyhow, if my husband was drowned a thousand times over, I'd never speak to you." "So you say row." said I, composedly. "But you know you were quite taken with the prospect a little while ago." "Mr. Vansittart, you're wieked! How can

"Mr. Vansittari, you're wieked! How can go and tell my poor dear Robert?" "I don't insist on your telling him," said

I, in a conciliatory tone. "Perhaps you think I don't care for him?"

abe cried, defiantly. "The hypothesis was that you did," said L "That's what made it so interesting." "I shall sit somewhere else at dinner to-night." Mrs. Lawrence announced, haughtily. "If you go on like this." I observed, warn-

"You can be just what you like." "You can be just what you like." "By being glad," I concluded. "Glad! Glad of what?" "Glad." said I, "that I see your husband walking toward us in perfect health." As I snoke be came within a such in di

As I spoke be, came within speaking dis ance

"Hullo, Georgie!" he cried to his wife. "Here I am-had a bit of a blow, though." Mrs. Lawrence ran a few steps toward him

took the liberty of following. 'Vansittart been looking after you?" asked Lawrence, with a smile. "Oh, my darling Robbie," cried Mrs. Law-

ance, "I've been imagining all sorts of things about you.

"Foolish child!" said he, fondly, "Did you think I was going to be drowned?" I met her on the shores of the lake "Oh, Mr. Vansittart," she cried. "What "We didn't exactly think it." I broke in. "We assumed it by way of--"

"Please, Robbie, will you take me into the house?" said Mrs. Lawrence, hastly. Mrs. Lawrence did sit elsewhere at dinner, but Lawrence said to me, as we played billiards afterwards:

"Tell you what, old chap. If a fellow wants his wife to be extra pleasant to him he can't do better than risk his life on this beastly ake," and he smiled most contentedly. It was merely penitence, of course. But I let him alone.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAM

He is Hard to Rope and a Great Deal of Trouble to Bring Down.

On the first of last week Frank Chatfield succeeded in roping a Rocky Mountain ram -?" I paused. The idea succeeded in roping a Rocky Mountain ram, on the footbills of the Sunlight mountains, about fifty miles from this city, says the Red Lodge (Mont.) Picket. To catch and hold a full-grown animal of this species is a feat that has heretofore probably never been accomplished. Mr. Chatfield is a strong and hardy mountaineer, having passed most and hardy mountaineer, having passed most of his life in the wild receases of the Rocky of his life in the wild recesses of the Rocky mountains, and has been combining trapping. prospecting and stockraising for a number of years past in the Sunlight valley, through which winds a rugged stream that empties into the Clark's Fork river in the Box canyon, making its final appearance over a grand fall of seventy-five feet in height. During this particular hunt Mr. Chaffield saw a fine specimen of the Ovis Montary on

"There would be no alloy in your recol-lections. You are young, your life would not be spoilt, but it would be, as it were, hal-lowed by sweet and not too poignant regrets. In the course of time the violence of grief saw a fine specimen of the Ovis Montana on common lariat determined to make an effort She sat down on the bench beside me, and dug the end of her parasol into the common lariat determined to make an effort to catch the animal. Crawling up a dry guich he kept out of night of the ram and reached a reef of rock about thirty feet above it. Looking over the edge of this he saw the monarch of the mountains, and the animal also saw Mr. Chaffeld. It immediately jumped over the ledge and with a couple of bounds landed on another ledge about thirty-five feet below. The dow was east of ree the path. "You would feel," I pursued, "that sacred as these memories were-precious as they were-you would not be justified in giving your whole life to them. And at last, it may "Oh, I can hardly imagine that, Mr. Vanfive feet below. The dog was sent after the sheep and brought if to a standstill about 200 feet away. Chatfield followed and again got a few feet above the ram and threw his rope. It landed around one of the ram's "Try," said I, encouragingly. "One who, though not perhaps the equal in all respects of him you had lost, could yet shelter you from the world—" horns, and a hard tussle for the mastery took place. First the sheep would have the best of the struggle "I should want some one, shouldn't I?" "And give you an honest, enduring, unhave and then the man. Being on a narrow ledge of rock it was a very dangerous position and "It wouldn't be the same thing," said Mr. Chatfield was liable to fall over with 'Depend upon it," I returned earnestly, disastrous results. Finally the man suc-ceeded in getting down to a comparatively safe descent and with the assistance of the dog got the sheep started down the mountain As neither party could go exactly as they wished, they soon got tangled in the rope and both sheep and man started in a bundle, "Serious, and yet able to enter into your lighter moods-always good-tempered-" rolling down to the bottom of the hill, where they landed decidedly the worse for their rough scramble over the rocks. His sheep-





QUEER PEOPLE

- - - ENTITLED - - -

____ BY ____

PALMER COX.

. . AUTHOR OF . . "The Brownies," AND



19

Widely Famous AS

His face paled and he uttered an unguarded exclamation. For a moment his hands exclamation. For a moment and back, trembled. Then his self-control came back, and only the hungry look in his eyes as they turned to follow the ranks of the Fifth company betrayed his secret agitation. Myles intercepted part of the glance, and

THE LOST OPAL OF MY

TAP OF DRUMS.

Myles Chesney's keen cars. The reg.ment was coming-not down the Grand Trunk road, but along one of the principal thorough-

form of Mysore, the capital city of the native state of that name, in southwestern India. Nearer and nearer marched the gallant fellows, keeping step to the roll of the drums and the fanfare of bugles. First the band, then the mounted colonel and his officers,

then the mounted colonel and his officers, then columns of bronzed faces and dusty uniforms and flashing riles. Myles drew himself up to the full stature of his 16 years, and his face glowed. "They're marching from the Madras rail-way station to the barracks, Paltu," he ex-claimed. "It's the Twenty-first light in-fantry, the Bedfordshire regiment that was ordered here from Burms." The soldiers bore plan evidence of recent campaigning with the cruei dacoits. Here

campaigning with the cruel dacoits. Here and there were scarred faces, faces stamped with the mark of illness and exhausting wounds. The muster roll, too, could have told a sad story.

From out the passing ranks more than one

pair of eyes glanced with interest at the two boys before the residency gates-the hand-

some English lad with his ruddy cheeks and curly brown hair; the thin, dusky-faced little Hindoo in white waist-clout and jacket. Half the regiment had marched by when

Half the regiment had marched by when three horsemen cantered out of the residencey grounds, and brought up within a few feet of the moving columns. They were Colonel Toversham, the British resident; Captain Chesney, his private secretary and the father of Myles, and an orderly. They were wait-ing until the street was clear to start on their evening ride.

The story was well known, but none ever

Or--- The Secret of the Ghants.

By William Murray Graydon.

| dered dress the rajah was uninjured.

"A sort of protect of mine," answered the captain. "There's the making of a fine sol-dier in him. The poor boy is an orphan. He came out from England a year ago to join his father, who was Captain Wynyard of ours?"

"I've heard of him." Interrupted Colonel Teversham. "He was killed by dacoits up in Burma."

"Yes, only a week before the boy arrived. It was very sad."

"What's his name?" "Jack," replied Captain Dundas, "same as

The resident gave a little start. "Excuse ne," he said, hastily. "I must congratulate be bicheres"

(Copyright 1894 by the Author.)

"Don't you wish you were?" cried Myles, laughing. "That's better than a syce any day. But come on, or we'll miss the show." Side by side the two oddly contrasting companions ran across the lawn of the British residency. They passed through the gates, indifferent to the heimeted soldier standing guard, and halted on the edge of the street. That distant bugle blast had not deceived Myles Chesney's keen cars. The regiment

OUPS.

his father.

with presents."

instinctively divined its meaning. The sad story had often been told him by his

"That chap must remind the colonel of his own son," he thought. "I've seen him look the same way at other boys more than his own son," he thought.

The dusty columns marched on, bringing closer the rear guard of baggage carts and ambulance wagons.

Suddenly there was a commotion in front -hoarse cries, the clatter of hoofs, and a body guard. The hubbub came from a cross thoroughfa that led to the rajah's palace and skirled one side of the residency grounds.

In a trice Myles and Paltu were racing toward the corner of the two streets, surrounded by a motley throng of natives who seemed to have sprung out of the very earth.

The lads reached the spot just in time to behold the thrilling sight. Down the cross street came a huge runaway elephant, most gorgeously caparisoned. The mahout, perched on the beast's neck, was vainly shouting an prodding with his steel-tipped goad.

To the sides of the magnificent howdah, which gittered with gold and tinsel, clung his royal highness Cham Bahadur, the rajah of Mysore. He looked far from regal now. for terror was stamped on his youthful, coffee colored face, and his jewel-studied turban was sadly awry.

At the heels of the elephant clattered mounted troop of the rajah's native retainers. enlisted from various quarters of Asia. Here were Afghans, Persians, Sikhs, Rohillas, a perfect arsenal of jeweled weapons bristling in their multi-colored kummerbunds.

The rajah's evening ride bade fair to have a sorry ending, and so it proved. The center of the regiment chanced to be passing the cross street just then, and at sight of the lumbering quadruped, trumpeting with rage the soldiers, who had unflinchingly faced the perils of Burmese jungles, broke in confusion no one. and fled right and left.

ad fled right and left. Bither from fright at the jingle and flash straightway branded a deserter. City and Either from fright at the jingle and many of the men's equipments, or out of sheer perversity, the elephant swerved suddenly to perversity and fall on his knees. Suburbs were searched in vain, placarus were posted in public places, and a description of the fugitive was telegraphed to Madras

one side and fell on his knees. The shock broke one of the straps of the fugitive was telegra howdah, which instantly lurched forward was believed to be England. with a jerk. Out flew its royal occupant turning a him on his back in the street.

A great cry of horror burst from the spec-tators. The rajah lay right in the path of the wild horsemen, whose flery steeds were but ten feet distant. Escape seemed impossible. A moment more and he would be trampled to a bleeding mass. But that brief instant proved a hero's right

to his death. He stooped like a flash and as quickly he was erect again with the slim form of the rajah clasped under his left arm. Up shot his right hand just in time to analch the bridle of the steed that was about to strike him down-a powerful black animal straddled by a bearded Afghan.

The brave follow hung on like a Hercules, now gaining a brief foothold, now dangling How he escaped the flying hoofs

In air. How he escaped the hying hoots was miraculous. He was dragged full a dozen feet and then he actually brought the plunging steed to a standstill just as the rest of the troop, who had managed to swerve a little to right and left, parsed clear of him.

left, passed clear of him. The air rang with acclamations and there was a rush forward from all sides. By this time the elephant had risen to his feet and atood sullenly swinging his trunk. He was under the full control of his mahout, who had secaped sharing the rajah's peril by aticking to the overturned howdah. The horsemen were reining up that

The horachen were reining up their stoads one by one and wheeling around. The resident and his escort spurred im-patiently through the crowd, in the thick of which were Myles and Paltu. The broken ranks of the now stationary regiment booked on wavering batty and during the on, wavering between duty and desire. Their officers were riding back from the front, Bayond a few bruises and a sadly disor-

Jung, the rajah's prime minister. A few hours after Colonei Treversham's departure, and shortly before midnight, Pink Triscott disappeared from one of the side approaches to the cantonments, where he had been stationed on guard duty

Rigid investigation shed no light on the aystery. The neighboring sentries, posted forever." fifty yards away, had heard nothing and seen no one. The indications pointed to pre-

and other scaports, for his objective point

An hour after sunset on the day following complete somersault that landed Pink Triscott's desertion Myles and Paltu were strolling about in the garden among the shrubs and fireflies.

shrubs and fireflies. The residency and guards occupied a whole block, and were enclosed by a ten foot wall sittart." of masonry. The principal entrance was constantly guarded, and at intervals during of masonry. the night a sentry paced around the square. The house fronted the main street, and on to the name. The private whom Myles had seen marching beside the lad made a dash to the spot. None doubted that he was going

row thorough fare, across which was the English church, standing among trees and shrubbery, and enclosed by a low stone

place Myles happened to know. On the aforementioned evening the two lads, being in the rear of the grounds, heard

"I thought it was you talking," he ex-claimed gladly, "The guard at the main gate wouldn't let me in. He said it was too late. I knew the resident was away, but 1 wanted to see your father." of us.

"Ho's away, too," interrupted Miles. "Gone to the Neilgherry hills." "By Jove, that's bad," said Jack, in a

tone of keen disappointment. "And Captain

"it would be in some ways better. For he-your second husband-might well be one who could appreciate the serious when you 'Instead of always making jokes? Ye-es, Mr. Vansittart.

"He would be a worderful husband, then!" "Generous, nay, lavish, in giving you what-

You wished for; unsparing in his efforts please you-What, after marriage?"

"Devoted absolutely to you. Why, it's a lovely picture."

"Yes, it does sound nice," she conceded, digging with the parasol. "Could not such a one," I continued, lean-ing towards her, "by his affectionate and constant efforts, in the course of time heal "I don't know. Yes-I suppose so-well perhaps in time, Mr. Yansittart, he might."

"He would," said I, positively. "I can

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Vansittart?" "I say, I can imagine myself making it the work-the whole preoccupation-the worthy task-of my life thus to restore happiness to one from whom it seemed to have departed "It would be a splendid thing for a man to

do, wouldn't it 7 There was a pause. Then she said: "But, Mr. Vansittart, would you-who are so young and so-and so-and so-I mean, who are so young-be content with a heart that had spent its first love on another, in

but urgent tones, "that affection of that kind is nobler, higher, better than the rash im-pulsiveness of an ignorant girl. It would be sympathetic communion of minds, of souls,

"My sympathy for you," I pursued, "would soften and inspire my nature. I should be elevated to your level. And perhaps, at last, when long years had obliterated..."

"Well, had blurred, Mr. Vansittart." "Yes, had blurred the pain of memory, we might come to see-to understand-how what

once seemed so distressing was really, in of its sadness, the necessary condition for the perfect development of two human

lives." For a few moments we sat in thought. Then Mrs. Lawrence observed: "Good so Then Mrs. Lawrence observed: "Good so often comes out of suffering, doesn't it?" "It indeed seems to be the way of the world.

"A woman placed as you describe, Mr. "A woman placed as you describe, Mr. Vansittart, would feel. I'm sure, so deep, so strong a gratitude for the man who had nobly dedicated his life to her, that, as time wore

on, she would give to him an affection, differ-ent in kind, perhaps, but not inferior in in-tensity, to that which she had feit for the

man who first won her heart." "That would be the only reward I should hope for," said I. "So that, in the end, I should feel-it would be borne in upon me that this man was

At this point for what the man was abruptly, for a shadow fell between us, and, on looking up, we saw a stout, elderly man, wearing a blue jersey, standing just in front

"Beg pardon, mum," said he, "but are you the lady what asked Jim Dobbs about the

gentleman what's out in the beat?" "About the-what? Oh, yes, I suppose-oh, yes, I am." "Well, you've no cause to be put out about ship was roped around both hind feet and afterwards the rope was arranged around both horns, in which condition he was taken to the Chatfield ranch, where he is now securely confined. The specimen is a mag-

nificent one and will very likely be sent to some large zoological garden. Its horns ome large zoological garden.

measure seventeen inches in circumference and have a two-foot spread. Some time previous to catching this sheep Mr. Chatfield caught three ewes in the same manner, but as they were not so large and unmanageable they did not cause so much trouble.

A Legislator in a Dilemma.

"Once in the Kentucky legislature," says Asher Carruth in Kate Field's Washing-tons "there was a man elected because of tony "there was a man elected because of his high personal character, who was fully determined to live up to the standard claimed for him during the campaign. A friend of his wanted him to favor a bill that was being pushed through, and the ne member, having become convinced that was a just measure, readily consented to do so. The day before the bill was to come up, however, he received a present of a barrel of very fine whisky with his friend's card attached, and instantly his conscience became aroused and he wondered whether he could support a measure that was in need of such influences to secure adoption. his dilemma he consulted the speaker, who was an old war horse in the legislature.

"'He sent you a barrel of whisky to in-fluence your vote, did he?' asked the old man.

"Yes,' was the answer. "'Well, what are you going to do about it?" was the next question "'I don't see what I can do except send back the whisky with a note that I cannot

be influenced in that way. "The speaker thought a moment

"'No, that would never do,' he said. 'But I'll tell you the way you can show him how you sland. Just drink up his whisky and vote against his bill." "

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LOVE

often depends on beauty. The loss of one means the loss of the other, Gray hair is seldom heau-tiful. Ruined hair, stresked and patchy from

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