

Pink. "We're pretty safe now. You see the troopers won't dare to cross while they

stream to look for another ford."

think we're 'ere.

THE LOST OPAL OF MYSO E, OR THE | thirty or forty feet across the river Pink poked away 'ere." patting his head, "and Lye got SECRET OF THE GHANTS.

By William Murray Graydon. (Copyright, 1854, by William Murray Graydon.)

CHAPTER V. "THE VILLAGE IN THE FOREST." There was no mistaking the identity of

the approaching horsemen. Beyond doubt a troop of the rajah's fierce soldiery were in hot chase of the fugitives,

And to be overtaken meant sure death | Pink checked their ander by a few judicious by tulwar or builets. Little marvel that words. Myles and Jack turned pale, or that Paltu whimpered with fear.

Even Pick Triscott hesitated a moment

Even Pick Triscott hesitated a moment while he peered right and left into the dense, inviting shelter of the jungle. Then a light broke suddenly on his perplexed mind. "We must part, lads," he exclaimed hastly. "I'll go it alone. I did wrong to drag you into such a mess. Walk your "orses back into the road we just left, and then." then"-

"No you don't," interrupted Jack. "I go the way you go."

"So do I," cried Myles, and Paltu stoutly expressed a similar intention.

Pink made a vehement but futile protest. "Well, you are a bull-headed lot," he mut-tered, half in anger, half in admiration. " 'Ere goes for a race, then. The rajah's cut-throats are just past the village, and that's a mile

are just part the village, and that a a mile behind. Don't spare your 'orses. We must gain, and I believe we can do it." He jerked the gray mare around, and apurred madly into the left-hand fork of the road. The boys galloped after him, and the

chance of safety they had refused was gone beyond recall. , They rode on and on through the silvery

night, while mile after mile of jungle and grain field fell behind them. The clatter Myles. "Hardly, lad. We'll walk the 'orses for of their steeds drowned every other sound, but once, on a bit of turf-covered read, they caught the distant pounding of hoofs. "Do you 'ear that?" said Pink. "We're 'olding our own, iaos. But they 'ang on like blandboards." a bit, so the enemy don't know we're on the move. Then we'll cut away like a

Pink's wise plan was carried out. The horses were ied slowly along the road for bloodhour.ds.'

And every whit as keen on the scent the nearly a quarter of a mile. Then, all being rajah's human hounds proved themselves quiet in the rear, the little party mounted



PINK POKED HIS RIFLE THROUGH THE BUSHES.

through the remaining hours of that mo- and rode on, Paltu climbing up behind mentous night. Myles.

mentous night. As often as the ominous ring of hoofs was heard in the rear the fugilives urged their horses to greater speed. Toward morning the country grew more rugged and lonely, and the road was frequently cut by brawling streams. The first glimmer of dawn in the eastern

They'll likely ride up "But we're not going to stay here?" asked shut till I make you open them." His companions were too sleepy to protest

against this unequal division of guard duty. They spread their blankets in the middle of the path, and were almost instantly in deep

the horses as he paced up and down with his rifle over his shoulder.

gathering fuel he now had his hands full. likely. But I'd stake a lakh of rupees that

moment. He half turned to waken the boys, but changed his mind and went on with the vigil An hour slipped by. The savage beasts of

the forests were new out of their lairs and prowling about in search of food. But the ruddy fires warned them off from the vicinity the camp. In the far distance Pink heard weird cries and dull, crashing noises. Once a tiger roared

and a herd of elephants trumpeted a shrill lefinnce.

proaching hoofs. And at last it actually came-a faint, muffied clatter, that rose and fell on the night air. There was a burning wrath in Pink's heart as he roused the soundly sleeping lads and hastily told them of the danger. While they untied the horses he choise a resinous brand from one of the fires, and then extin-guished the fiames with water.

The boys were naturally alarmed by the discovery, but Pink reassured them. "I'm going to keep watch." he declared, "and no tiger will catch me napping. I'll take my share of sleep another time. Turn in now, lads, or you won't 'ave your peepers shut till I make you open them." His commenders and on the 25th of this month. MR. THIMBLEFINGER AND HIS QUEER

COUNTRY.

The Chlidren's Second Visit. (Copyright, 1994, by Joel Chandler Harris.) Pink kept a watchful eye upon them and PART I.-BUSTER JOHN ALARMS MR.

RABBIT.

The brief Indian twilight fell, and cre it was succeeded by the blackness of night he built a blazing fire on each side of the little camp. Between watching and listening and "The troopers may 'ave taken another id," he solloquized, "though that's 'ardly ely. But I'd stake a lakh of runser of the another they had seen and heard, but one day when they ain't within five miles. And unless they 'ave eyes like bats they won't ride a steeplehase by night through such a bit of country. made next door to the world. So she be-"Ullo, how about torches?" The reflection put him in a quandary for D lis, and about Mr. Thimble Singer, and all

about her journey under the spring. Her mother paid no attention at first, but after a

while she became interested and listened in-tently to everything her little daughter said. Sometimes she looked serious, sometim smilled and sometimes she laughed. eat Susan couldn't remember everything, but she told on ugh to astonish her mother. "Darling, when did you dream such non-sense as that?" the lady asked.

"Oh, it wasn't a dream, mamma," cried Sweetest Susan. "I thought it was a dream

defiance. He rejoiced that it was no worse. What he most dreaded to hear was the ring of ap-proaching hoofs. Sweetest Susan. I thought it was a dream at first, but it turned out to be no dream at all. Now, please don't ask brother about it, and please don't ask Drusilia, for we romised one abother to say pothing about it. didn't intend to tell you, but I forgot and

began to tell you before I thought." A little while afterwards Sweetest Susan's

A minute sufficed for the fugitives to gether over their teacups and said that it mount. Guided by the light of Pink's torch was a sign that Sweetest Susan was too they crossed the stream and spurred up the rugged hillside. The boys felt stronger after their brief sleep and tried to face the siu-ation bravely, but they doubted if their hopses could hold out in a long race.

them, stood Mr. Thimblefinger with his hat in hand, howing and smiling as politely as were satisfied, evidently not appreciating the you please. "I hope you are well," he said. Then he significance. They shook hands all round

could held out in a long race. And the peril was even closer than they believed. When they reached the top of the hill and looked back they saw lights flashing on the opposite ridge. Then the guickened clatter of hoofs told that the troopers had seen Pink's torch. Craft and caution were needless now. Went the day they inter to the the troopers had seen "We wuz off gettin' plums, I speck," re-plied Drusilla. "Well, 'm, ef 'twant plums hit must 'a' been hick'y nuts," explained Drusilla. "Hickory nuts were not ripe, stupid." "Maybe dey wasn't," said Drusilla, stolidly. to the spring, but it's no joke to me. I have had a very hard time to get here, but I just had to come. Mrs. Meadows thinks head." but dat don't hinder we chillung from Johr huntin' 'em.' "You know you didn't go after hickory uts, Drusilla." the lady insisted. "Now, nuts, Drusilla." the lady insisted. "Now, Mr. Thimblefinger. "It is hollow from top I want you to tell me where you and the children went. I'll not be angry if you tell me, but if you don't ---- " children Drusilla could infer a good deal from the I put up the bars and shut them out. I had and believe it is going to do great things. one of the lady's voice, but she shook her head. "Well'm," she said, "we went down dar y de spring branch an' all roun' down dar. forgotten you. I dropped an apple in the Ef we warn't huntin' plums ner hick'y nuts done fergot what we wuz huntin"." Drusilla seemed so much in carnest that

<page-header><section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

Sweetent Susan. "No," said Buster John. "I put an apple in the stretched toward the gloomy prisoners, he and then with one braceletted arm out-stretched toward the gloomy prisoners, he said: "These are my prople, but we do not some attention now." Suddenly, before anybody else could say anything, Drusilla screamed and rolled off the stump. Buster John and Sweatest Susan the well attention to but the stepped back and Susan the well attention to but the stepped back and Judge Maxwell passed scneance upon the pris-Susan the stepped has a surprise to all. They

the stump. Buster John and Sweitest Judge Maxwell passed sentence upon the pris-Susan thought a bee had stung her. But it oners. But it was a surprise to all. They was not a bee. She had no sooner rolled were to be banished to the penitentiary for from the stump than she sprang to her feet life. This was a strategic stroke of the

hens, I am reminded of a trick played by a small boy on some stately cld hens, who stepped haughtly around his father's yard, as if they merely allowed the family to live there for their convenience. He scaked some bread crumbs in whisky and scattered them liberally in the chicken yard. Now, I never knew a hen who would refuse anything that was thrown to her, from cold roast to a dia-mond ing. So yary soon the bread crimbs mond ring. So very soon the bread crumbs had vanished, and in a short time the jolliest party of old hens who ever got a jag on were clucking and cawk-ing around, tanglefooted beyond the wildest experience of unfeathered bipeds. For, being by nature a fittle cross-eyed in their toes, they stepped on their own feet, and got in their own way, and all the while cackled and jeered at each other for being drunk. One old rooster in particular was a sight for gods and men. He leaned with limp tail and uncertain head, in a suggestively familiar fashion, against the gate post, blinking his stupid little eyes, and trying in a maudlin way to crow, with but indifferent

I'll wager the whole lot got up with a headache next morning, and went right off to sign a pledge.

Locomotor Ataxia, Epilepsy . . . AND ALL DISEASES OF THE SPINAL CORD FIND READY AMELIGRATION FROM THE USE OF MEDULLINE,

THE EXTRACT OF THE SPINAL CORD OF THE OK PREPARED UNDER THE FORMULA OF

Dr. WM. A. HAMMOND, IN HIS LABORATORY AT WASHINGTON, D.C. Dose, 5 drops. Price, two drachms, \$2.50.



segan to laugh as he turned to Buster John. then like so many shadows filed away ou

devoured.

skies found Pink and his party more than sideration of a rupee The rice, eggs and chupatties (coarse cakes) looked far from palatable; but thirty miles from Mysore and galloping furiously through a forest of gigantic trees. Steeds and riders were sorely in want of rest cakes) hunger made a keen relish and they were

and food, yet there was but a scant prospect of obtaining either.

In spite of all that pluck and courage could do, the grim hand of death was almost upon them. The relentless chase was nearing its end. Only half a mile behind rode a dozen savage troops, armed to the testh, and mounted on the pick of the raigh's stables. when the nature of the road Occasionally. permitted, the fugitives could see the dusky horsemen spurring madly onward in the gray light of early morn. Every minute the

'We'll soon have to stop and fight." cried Jack, whose pale face was stamped with terror.

"No use," replied Pink. "They're four to one, and we'd be shot down double quick." "Sahibs let horses go and hide in forest," suggested Paltu.

"Yes, that's our last chance," assented Pink. "I 'ate to try it, because it means goodbye to the opal. Come, lads, one more apurt. Something may turn up."

Five minutes longer the race continued, Pursuers and pursued urging their horses to the very limit of speed, and neither party made any visible gain.

Then the narrow road suddenly curved and a few yards ahead it ended on the bank of a swirling torrent-a rapid and apparently deep stream, nearly 400 yards broad. The fugitives checked their panting steeds

at the verge of the shore. "This is a branch of the Cauvery river."

cried Myles. "It is fordable in the dry "But not now," muttered Pink, "It is

still high from the rainstorms in the ghauts. We've got to cross, though. It's sure death to stay 'ere. And once we reach the shelter of the other bank I've got a little scheme to try on. 'Ere goes, lads.'

The gray mare gallantly led the way and the others followed. Rapidly the horses splashed deeper and deeper into the flood. Soon it reached their bellies, and when it role still higher they quaffed the water in gulps as they struggled on. Near midchannel the bottom shelved down-

ward and instantly the horses were out of their depth. The noble brutes swam desperately across the current, all the while drifting down stream. It was a perilous and critical moment. As yet the enemy was not in sight, but the clattering of hoofs could be heard.

We'll make it," cheerfully shouted Pink. "Keep your weapons and ammunition dry." A few seconds later the gray mare and the two black chargers struck bottom and waded higher and higher through the fast strength and went drifting away on the

Paltu tried vainly to urgo him to further Then he slipped off the animal's back and swam lustily for shore, holding his rifle overhead with one hand. He arrived safely at the same time as his companions, and ran nimbly up the sandy beach at the heels of the horses.

Just as they entered the continuation of he road the Hindco troopers appeared on he opposite bank. They unslung their the illes and opened fire. But their aim was poor, and the fugitives rifles

quickly got out of range by penetrating a grove of date pains for some yards. Here Pink made his companions dismount.

'We've gained one advantage," he said. "and now I'm going to show you 'ow to gain another." He led them back to a dense fringe of

rocks and bushes near the water's edge, from which they could command a good view of the river without being seen themselves. They paid but scant attention to the

pony, whose head was still visible Afghar some fifty yards down midstream. A far more interesting sight was the bunch of bloodthirsty troopers, now riding eagerly out ficked steeds, on their bristling array of rifles, tulwars and spears, on the flashing

metal

The natives gathered curiously about the travelers and watched them depart in sullen silence. "Those fellows looked mighty anxious to Inda: cut our throats," said Pink, as the village faded from sight. "No doubt they're ex-pecting the revolt against British rule."

"They'l expect in vain if we get hold of the opal," replied Myles. Pink laughed and then immediately looked grave. "We musn't be overconfident." he said. "Those 'eathen troopers will be on our track again before the day ends."

"And what of it?" exclaimed Jack. "We ought to show them clean heels. Our horses have been rested and fed, and we've got full

stomachs ourselves." we only had an hour or two of sleep,' added Myles, wistfully,

"You may get a few winks before sunreplied Pink, "though it's too soon For my part I don't need yet to promise. it, but you lads are not accustomed to rough campaigning."

"I am," indignantly cried Jack. "If rowing ain't campaigning I'd like to know what

Pink did not answer. He had relapsed into sober thought and would not be roused. He was probably pondering over that mysterious barrier of Tippoo Sahib's, the nature of which was yet unknown to the

So the morning wore on while the three sturdy horses put many a mile behind them. With every hour that failed to bring the clatter of pursuing hoofs the fugitives waxed more confident.

About noon they were compelled to leave the trunk road, which here turned west-ward toward Mercara, the chief town of

the mountainous little state of Coorg. Instead they followed a rude jungle path where their jaded horses had to move with much less speed. country was now impressively wild

and lovely-perhaps more so than any other part of India.

The great triangle forming the southern part of the empire-and of which the state of Mysore is a very small fraction-is known as the Deccan. Along one coast line run the eastern ghauts, and along the other the western ghauts. The name implies terraces, or steps, and just so do the mountains rise up to meet the vast tableland which the Deccan virtually is.

With two exceptions all the rivers of the Deccan rise in the western ghauts and empty into the bay of Bengal on the east coast. shallowing waters. But the little Afghan Toward these western ghauts Pink Tris-pony, being still out of its depth, lost cott was now leading his companiors in their desperate race against the rajah's troopers for the magic opal.

The nearness of the mountains was clearly shown by the succession of ravines, through which brawled raging but shallow torrents, and by the vast primeral forests of teak, ebony, sandalwood and mahogany that al-must hid the sky by their matted foliage.

It was not pleasant for the travelers to

But they feared human tigers even more and through the long, sultry hours of the afternoon they urged their jaded horses for-ward, themselves hardly able to sit erect. Within an hour of sunset they paused on the coast of a ridge which a hurricane had partly denuded of timber. In front, at a distance of ten miles, the countless peaks of the ghauts majestically pierced the sky. To the rear a landscape of jungle and forest stretched seventy miles to Mysore.

The air was very still. There was scarcely a sound except bird notes or the frequent cry of some prowling beast. No distant thud of hoofs alarmed the fugitives.

"I've always wanted to see those bloodthirsty troopers, now riding eagerly out from the opposite bank. The first rays of the sun shone on their grim faces and foam-flerked steeds, on their bristling array of

There was nothing for it but a mad dash. Down the slope galloped the fugitives, reck-

less of all obstructions, and at the bottom they found a level stretch of dense timber through which the road crept sinuously "Don't spare the spurs," oried Pink. "Our or es ought to be the better. We must beat,

On and on they pounded past the black coverts of the forest. Pink's toroh threw light ahead, and as often as the flames faded he stirred them to fresh life by violent way-

At intervals, when the way was ruffled by turf or moss, the ominous clatter of the pursuing troopers could be heard in the rear. It was some consolation that the gound seemed to come no nearer. But the friendly light could not be long

depended upon, and it was certain that the horses would come to grief in the darkness at their present necessary rate of speed. When the evil moment was very close the

road came suddenly to an abrupt end before line of stone wall stretched into dense jungle. The little party checked their steeds

"A 'ostile village," muttered Pink, 'ere's a

'It may not be hostile." cried Myles, "one like the village my father visited once and told me about. It can't belong to Mysore. broke in "This no be my people's town." Paltu. "Mysore towns no have walls,

sahibs." Pink hesitated briefly. There was no safe way around through the jungle, and dat ar place what wasn't no place." yet he shrank from so doubtful a refuge. The noise of hoofs in the rear decided him. "We'll risk it, lads," he cried, striking the gate with the butt-end of a pistol. There was no response, though he hammered again and again. Then he lost patience and dealt vigorous blows with his riffe.

At length quick footsteps were heard in the scemingly dead and deserted village, and the gate swung inward, revealing to the fugitives a dim vista of the little street of uses and gardens beyond.

Yet they saw only a solitary Hindoo run. ning spryly toward the nearest hut. As he dived into the doorway he wheeled about and yelled ahrilly "Beware, sahibs. Beware of the man-

(To be continued.)

NEW TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS.

A world of toys was opened to me yesterday. Carterers for the trade who spend months of the year devising schemes to delight the world of young folk have been busy putting their heads together to fashion mechanical toys after the things that people are oing for the holiday season.

It was not pleasant for the travelet to the ways of dressing them than in the reflect that on all sides lurked tigers, ele-phants, bison and many other species of galore, some made to look exactly like Miss In the line of dolls novelty consists more Lole Fuller, who introduced that style of

dancing. The old negro mammy is another of the favorite dolls. She has on a starched ging-ham gown made of bright-colored plaids, a white cotton kerchief folded about her throat. caught by a gaudy jeweled brazs pin, and a bandanna handkerchief tied about her woolly head. Usually there goes with her a tiny flaxen-haired haby, whose long, lace-trimmed skirts trail over the gingham one. The arms of the nurse are made to move up and down, that the infant dell may be held in any posi-

Another favored style are the little Esqui-

the lady didn't push the inquiry, but when she went into another room for a moment "Aha"' I know!" exclamed Dri the negro girl looked after her and remarked to herself:

done crossed my heart dat I wouldn't tell an' I ain't gwine ter. Ef I wuz ter tell she wouldn't b'lieve me, and so dar 'tis.'' Sweetest Susan was careful to say nothing road came suddenly to an abrupt end before an arched gate, on each side of which a line of stone wall stretched into dense of the tongue that caused her to tell her mother about their adventure in Mr. Thim

blefinger's queer country, but she didn't feel very comfortable when Drusilla told her how barely in time to avoid a collision. They she had been questioned by her mistrees. stared in alarm at the obstruction. said Drusilla, "she got some mighty quare

notions in 'er head.' Buster John, who had ideas of his own, ignored all this and said that he was going to put an apple in the spring the next day inneteen seconds after 9. Multiply nineteen end of the state of Coorg cuts away into Mysore near the ghauts, and that's where we are now. I'm sure of it, for the place is just "Well, ef vou gwine down dar any mo'," marked Drusilla, 'you can jes count me out, kase I ain't gwine 'long wid you. T'm T'm one er deze ver kind er quare folks what know pint blank when dey done got nuff.

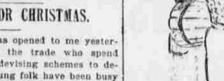
been shaky ever since we went down in going. "I will go," said Buster John. "Huh! Don't you fool yo'self, honey. You can't put no 'peu'ence in a skeered nig-

202 "If you don't go you'll wish you had," said Buzter John.

"How come?" asked Drusilla. "Wait and see," replied Buster John. The next morning bright and early Buster

John put an apple in the spring. He

eaters.'



Willia 业

h w

THE APPLE WAS SEIZED.

watched it float around for a while and then his attention was attracted by something else, and he ran away to see about it. Whatever it was, fi interested him so much that he forget all about the apple in the spring and everything class likely to remind him of Mr. Thimblefinger's queer country. Huster John went away from the spring

Rabbit has gone to bed and covered up his penitentiary. They withstood the rigid discipline of prison life but briefly. "How did you get here?" asked Buster few years consumption had claimed them all.

and Mr.

"Through the big poplar younder," said

You may think it is a great joke to come of the court room.

almost forgetten the road." The object is not to have the dog jump or "Well," said Buster John, "I covered the a man and tear him to pieces; any unedu pring so that you might know we hada't cated dog can do that. But he is trained to knock the criminal down and keep him ther day, but you paid no attention to it." "I saw the apple," remarked Mr. Thimblemotionless until the dog's assistant car

ger, "but it didn't stay in the spring long. come up with the handcuffs. 'Aha!" I know!" exclamed Drusilla. "Dat ar Minervy nigger got it. I seed her coming

ng calin' an apple, and I boun' you she de vo'y nigger what got it.' "Well, well!" said Mr. Thimblefinger. "It They are very intelligent, and when they

makes no difference now, and if you'll get ready, we'll go now pretty soon." "Why, I thought you couldn't go down through the spring until nine minutes and kindness, or an insult, or a college educa-

tine seconds after 12," suggested Buster John.

"The water gets wet or goes dry with the Mr. Thimblefinger explained. tide." "Today we shall have to go at nineteen minutes and nineteen seconds after 9. It was nine by nineteen, add the answers together, and you get nothing but nines. You see we have to go by a system." Mr. Thimblefinger was very solemn as he said this. "Now, then ome on. We haven't any time to waste When the nines get after us, we must be going. There are four of us now, but if wi were to be multiplied by nine there would be ine of us, and nine is an odd number." "How would we be nine?" asked Buster

Johr 'It's very simple," replied Mr. Thimblefinger. "Nine times four are thirty-six Three and six stand for thirty-six, and sig and three are nine."

Buster John laughed as he ran to remove the boards from the spring. In a few mo-ments they were all ready in spite of Drusilla's protests, and at nineteen minutes and nincteen seconds after 9 they walked through the spring gate into Mr. Thimble finger's queer

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BURT COUNTY INDIAN SCARE.

tion, and it is in this respect quite unlike th Twenty-seven years ago, when Decatur, Twenty-seven years ago, when Decatur, situate in the extreme northeast corner of he had forgotten more things than most peo-Burt county, this state, was a thriving fron- ple knew. tier village, and Tekamah, now the county knack, with great kindness, patience and firmness. For although they are sparing of the whip, when the dog deserves whipping. seat, but a mere trading post, the surrounding and intervening country underwent one of the greatest Indian scares in the history he gets it, after being made to understand of the state.

About this time a son of White Breast, a The first step in his training is the placing of a mannikin behind the door, and making the dog understand that this is a criminal noted Winnebago sachem, with two other braves, murdered a white settler out on the whom he is to seize. This lesson is not hard for him to learn, for a bull dog would much Eikhorn, near where the bustling little city of West Point now stands. The settler was at work hoeing in a field when the three rather jump at a man than not. Then the trainer catches the mannikin by the shoulsavages rode up on their ponies and, without warning, riddled the unsuspecting man with der and lowers it slowly to the ground, with the dog still hanging to the rags around the bullets. A few weeks afterwards the three Indians were arrested at the Winnebago agency and brought down to Tekamah for neck. When the dog begins to tear the figure, the trainer strikes him with the whip, to intimate to him that that is not what he trial. They were incarcerated in the rule jail or guard house and there closely confined is expected to do. Finally he learns that he is not to let go, but to hang on without tearfor ten weeks before the authorities were ing the victim. If anyone moves the man-nikin he has gripped, a ferocious growl warns ready to proceed with their prosecution. In some way a report got circulated among all bystanders that all such nonsense had betthe Winnebagoes that the three prisoners were ter stop at once. When he carries out his he killed by the whites, no matter what role well he is patted and caressed, for kindthe trial might produce, and they were much incensed. They would come into the settle-ments in parties of a half-dozen or more and ness plays quite as important a part as the whip in the school.

As soon as it is certain that Master Doggy has learned his leason, they let him loose buy large quantities of powder and lead, and it was but a short time until they had pur-chased every pound of powder and lead in Another favored style are the fittle Esqui-maux. These people were known widely and left the apple floating there. No sooner to Americans through their visit to the world's fair, and the doll makers of the country have copied them faithfully. Most selzed and appropriated. The result was fur on, and high cap covering the head, headows saw the signi. Buster John went away from the spring to Americans through their visit to the selzed and appropriated. The result was startling one, indeed, and the wisest of the white settlers declared that it boded them no startling one, indeed, and the wisest of the white settlers declared that it boded them no startling one, indeed that it boded them no startling one wises catters declared that it boded them no set that neither Mr. Thimbleinger nor Mrs. Buster John, thinking that the apple had headows saw the signi. tulwars and abears, on the flashing heimets and breast plates of chain en the horsemen had splashed some what I 'eard in the palace that night tucked the model pack. But you here it while here. The material is cat's fur, which makes and breast plates of chain en the horsemen had splashed some

Columbia Chemical Co., WASHINGTON, D. C. BOGS AS POLICEMEN. BEND FOR ADOK. KUHN & CO., AGENTS FOR OMAHA. How's that for a new idea? But that is find my way. The jay birds used to go down through the poplar every Friday until an idea they are developing in Germany.

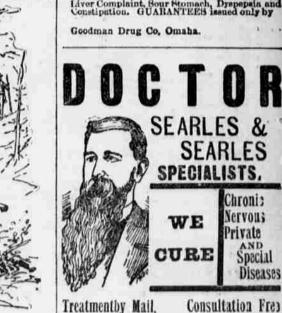
TRAINING A PATROLMAN.

The training of the dogs requires a certain

he is punished.



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT DR. E. C. WEST'S MENTS AND BRAIN TREATMENT is sold under positive written generative, by authorized sgents only, to cure Weak Memory; Loss of Brain and Nerve Power: Lost Manhood; Qaickness; Night Losses; Evil Dreams; Lack of Confidence; Nervousness; Lassitude; all Drains; Loss of Power of the Generative Organs in either sex, caused by over-exertion, Youthful Errors, or Excessive Use of Tobacco. Opium or Liquor, which leads to Missery. Consumption, Insanity and Death. By mail, Sita box; six for \$5; with written guarantee to cure or refund money. Work's Liver Fills cure Sick Headache. Biliouanes Liver Complaint, Sour Momand, Dyseppia and Constipation. GUARANTREB issued only by The breed they use are bull dogs almost exclusively, both on account of their tremendous laws and because a bull dog loves a fight as naturally as an Irishman does once seized the idea, they hold o it as they do to everything else. A bull dog



eases of Men.

Catarrh, all diseases of the nose,

Throat. Chest, Stomach, Liver, Blood

Skin and Kidney diseases, Lost

-Manhood and all Private Dis-

Dr. Searles & Searles, 1413Farnan Street

THB

Prepared from the original fo mula pre-erved in the Archives of the Holy Land, hay ag an authentic history dating back 600 years.

A POSITIVE CURE

for all Stomach, Kidney and Bowel

troubles, especially

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

Price 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

The Franciscan Remedy Co., 184 VAF BUREA ST., CHICAGO, TTL.

S 214 for Circular and Disstrated Galendar.

For sale by Kuhn &Co., 15th & Douglas

DROPS

RANCISCAN

Purely