LETTING IN THE JUNGLE.

Further Adventures of Mowgli.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

CHAPTER II. "Men must always be making traps for men, or they are not content," said Mowgli. "Last night it was Mowgli-the last night seems many rains ago. Tonight it is Messua and her man. Tomorrow and for many nights after it will be Mowgli's turn again.'

He crept along outside the wall till he came to Messua's hut, and looked through the window into the room. There lay Messua, gagged and bound hand and foot, breathing hard and groaning, and her husband was tied to the gayly painted bedinto the street was shut fast, and three or an hour."

so long as they could eat and talk and Mowgli helped Messua through the window, smoke, they would not do anything else, but as soon as they had fed they would begin jungle in the starlight looked very dark and terrible. to be dangerous. Buldeo would be coming in before long, and if his escort had done its gli whispered. duty Buldeo would have a very interesting tale to tell. So he went in through the window, and stooping over the man and the woman, cut their throngs, pulled out the gags, and looked around the hut for some

Messua was half wild with pain and fear (she had ben beaten and stoned and cuffed all the morning), and Mowgli put his hand over her mouth just in time to stop a scream. Her husband was only bewildered and angry, and sat picking dust and things out of his

"I knew-I knew he would come," Messua sobbed at last. "Now do I know that he is my son," and she hugged Mowgli to her heart. Up to that time he had been per fectly steady, but now he began to tremble all over, and that surprised him immensely What are all these thongs? Why have they tied thee?" he asked after a pause.

To be put to the death for making a sor of thee-what else?" said the man sullenly. "Look! I bleed."

Messua said nothing, but it was at her wounds that Mowgli looked, and they heard him grit his teeth when he saw the blood. "Whose work is this?" said he. "There will be a price to pay."
"The work of all the village. I was too

rich. I had too many cattle. Therefore, she and I are witches because we gave "I do not understand. Let Messua tell th

tale,"
"I gave thee milk, Nathoo; dost thou re-member?" Messua said timidly. "Because thou wast my son whom the tiger took, and be-cause I loved thee very dearly. They said that I was thy mother, the mother of a devil, and therefore worthy of death."

"And what is a devil?" said Mowgli.

"Death I have seen. The man looked up gloomily under his eye-brows, but Messua laughed. "See," she said to her husband. "I knew, I said, that he was no sorceror. He is my son—my son!"
"Son or sorcerer, what good will that do
us?" the man answered. "We are as dead

"Yonder is the road to the jungle." Mowgli pointed through the window. "And your hands and feet are free, Go now."

any one of this village—yet. But I do not think they will stay thee. In a little while I will bring such a lawsuit against the Brahmin and there was a newly-killed buck at his feet. They will have much to think of. Ah!" he min and old Buldeo and the others as shall and there was a newly-killed buck at his feet. Bagheera—watched curiously while Mowgli.

"He was sent out this morning to kill nee," Messua cried. "Didst thou meet

Yes-we-I met him. He has a tale to Think where ye would go, and tell me when I come back.

He bounded through the window and ran along again outside the wall of the village came within earshot of the crowd around the peepul tree. Buldoo was lying on the ground, coughing and groaning, and every one was asking him questions all at once. His hair had fallen about his shouldera; his hands and legs were skinned from climbing up trees, and he could hardly speak, but he felt the importance of his position keenly. From time to time he said some-thing about devils and singing devils and magic enchantment, just to give the crowd a taste of what was conling. Then he called

for water.
"Bah!" said Mowgli. "Clatter-clatter. Talk, talk. These men are brothers of the Bander-log. Now he must wash his mouth with water; now he must smoke; and when all this is done he has still his story to tell.

They are very wise people—men. They will leave no one to guard Messua till their tales are stuffed with Buldoo's tales. And—I am I do not wish one of the Man-pack to leave

becoming as lazy as they!"
He shook himself and glided back to the Just as he was at the window he felt "Mother," said he, for he knew that tongue well, "what dost thou here?" "I heard my children sing through the



"DID THEY NOT SING SWEETLY?" woods, and I followed the one I loved best Little Frog. I have a desire to see that woman who gave thee milk," said Mother Wolf, all wet with the dew.

They have bound and mean to kill her. I have cut those ties, and she goes with her

man through the jungle."
"I also will follow. I am old, but not yet toothless." Mother Wolf reared herse i upon end and looked through the window into the dark of the hut.

In a minute she dropped, notselessly, and all she said was: "I gave thee thy first milk; but Bagheera speaks true. Man goes to man at last."

said Mowgil, with a very un pleasant look on his face. "But tonight I am very far from that trait. Wait here, but do not let her see."

hou wast never afraid of me, Little," said Mother Wolf, backing into the grass, and blotting herself out, as she

knew how.

"And cow," said Mowgli, cheerfully, as he came into the hut again, "they are all sitting around Buldeo, who is saying that which did not happen. When his talk is finished, they say they will a suredly come here with the Red—with fire and burn you both. And then!"

you both. And then!"
"I have spoken to my man," said Messua.
"Kanhiwara is thirty miles from here, but
at Kanhiwara we may find the English—"
"And what pack are they?" said Mowgli.
"I do not know. They be white and it is

said they govern all the land, and do not suffer people to burn or beat each other without witnesses. If we can get thither tonight we live. Otherwise we die." "Live then. No man passes the gates to-

night. But what does he do?" Messua's husband was on his hands and knees digging up the earth in one corner of the hut.
"It is his little money," said Messua. "We can take nothing else. "Ah, yes! The stuff that passes from hand to hand and never grows warmer. Do they

need it outside this place also?"

The man stared angrily. "He is a fool, and no devil," he muttered. "With the money was tied to the gayly painted bed- I can buy a horse. We are too bruised to .The door of the but that opened walk far, and the village will follow us in

four men were sitting with their backs to it.

Mowgli knew the manners and customs of the villagers very fairly. He argued that

"Ye know the trail to Kanhiwara?" Mow-

They nodded.
"Good. Remember, now, not to be afraid.
And there is no need to go quickly. Only only there may be some small singing in the jungle behind you and before." Think you we would have risked a night in the jungle through anything less than the



fear of burning? It is better to be killed the hot gullet, and the gigantic dog-teeth stood clear to the pit of the gums till they ran together, upper and under, with the snick by beasts than by men," said Messua's husband, but Messua looked straight at Mowgli and smiled of steel-laced wards shooting home round the edges of a safe. Next minute the street "I say," Mowgli went on, just as though

he were Baloo repeating an old jungle law for the hundredth time to a foolish cub, "I say that not a tooth in the jungle is bared against you; not a foot in the jungle is lifted against you. Neither man nor beast shall stay you till ye come within earshot of Kanhiwara. There will be a watch about you." He turned quickly to Messua, saying: "He does not believe, but thou wilt believe."

"Ay, surely, my son. Man, ghost or wolf of the jungle, I believe." "He will be afraid when he hears my peo-"We do not know the jungle, my son—as Go now, and slowly, for there is no need of thou knowest," Messua began. "I do not think that I could walk far."

Go now, and slowly, for there is no need of any haste. The gates of this village are shut."

"And the men and women would be upon our backs and drag us here again," said the husband.

"H'm," said Mowgli, and he tickled the palm of his hand with the tip of his skinning knife. "I have no wish to do harm to any one of this village—yet. But I do not this there will street the palm of the skin are said."

"Shut."

Messua flung herself sobbingly at Mowgli's feet, but he lifted her very quickly, with a shiver. Then she hung about his neck and called him every name of blessing she could think of, but her husband looked enviously a dead man across a rock, and slept and across his fields and said: "If we reach across his fields and said: "If we reach the lifted her very quickly, with a shiver. Then she hung about his neck and till the day. I must go to sleep." And Mow-called him every name of blessing she could think of, but her husband looked enviously a dead man across a rock, and slept and slept the day round and the night back. Kanhiwara and I get the ear of the English. When he waked Bagheera, at what have I done?" said Bagheera, at list coming to his feet, fawning.

"What have I done?" said Bagheera, at last coming to his feet, fawning.

"Nothing but great good. Watch them now till the day. I must go to sleep." And Mow-called him every name of blessing she could the day. I must go to sleep." And Mow-called him every name of blessing she could the day. I must go to sleep." And Mow-called him every name of blessing she could the day. I must go to sleep." And Mow-called him every name of blessing she could him every name of blessing she could the day. I must come a rock and slept and dropped like.

"What have I done?" said Bagheera, at last coming to his feet, fawning.

"What have I done?" said Bagheera, at last coming to his feet, fawning. trampling outside. "So they have let Bul-doo come home at last." Bul-buffalos unfed. I will have a great justice." tice is, but-come next rains and see what is

tell. Of that I am certain; and while he is telling it there is time to do n.uch. But first I will look and see what they mean. all the jungle knows these two are safe. Give

tongue a little. I would call Bagheera."
The long, low howl rose and fell, and Mowgli saw Messua's husband flinch and turn gir saw Messua's husband finch and turn around, half minded to go back to the hut.

"Go on," he called, cheerfully. "I said there might be singing. That call will follow up to Kanhiwara. It is favor of the jungle." up to Kanhiwara. It is favor of the jungle."
Messua urged her husband forward, and the

darkness of the jungle shut down on them and Mother Wolf, as Bagheera, rose up al-most under Mowgll's feet, trembling with the delight of the night that drives the jun-"I am ashamed of thy brethren," he said, "What, did they not sing sweetly to Bul-

"Too well! Too well! They made even me forget my pride, and by the Broken Lock that freed me, I went singing through the jungle as though I were out wooing in the spring! Dids't thou not hear us?"

the gates tonight.' "What need of the four, then?" said Bag-

"What need of the four, then?" said Bag-heera, shifting from foot to foot, his eyes ablaze, and purring louded than ever. "I can hold them little brother. It is killing at last! The singing and the sight of the men climbing up the trees have made me very ready. What is man that we should care for him? The naked brown digger, the hairless and toothicss, the eater of earth. I have followed him all day—at proprint the white followed him all day—at noon—in the white sunlight. I herded him as the wolves herd buck. I am Bagheera! Bagheera! Bagheera! Look! As I dance with my shadow so I danced with those men." The great panther leaped as a kitten leaps at a dead leaf whirling overhead, struck left and right into the empty air that sung under the strokes, landed noiselessly, and leaped again and again, while the half purr, half growl gathered head as steam rumbles in a boiler. "I am Bagheera—in the jungle—in the night, and all my strength is in me. Who shall stay my stroke? Man club! With one blow of my paw I could beat thy head flat as a dead frog in the summer."

"Strike, then," said Mowgli, in the dialect of the village, not the talk of the jungle, and the human words brought Bagheera to a full stop, flung back on his haur ches that quivered under him, his eyes just on the level of Mowgli's. Once more Mowgli stared as he had stared at the rebellious cubs, full into the beryl green eyes till the red hair behind their green went out like the light of a lighthouse shut off twenty miles across the sea; till the eyes dropped and the big head with them—dropped lower and lower, and the red rasp of a tongu-grated on Mowgli's instep.

"Brother-brother-brother!" the boy whispered, stroking steadily and lightly from the neck along the heaving back. "Be still, be still. It is the fault of the night,

and no fault of thine." "It was the smells of the night." said "It was the smells of the night," said Bagheers, penitenly. "This air cries aloud to me. But how dost thou know?"

Of course the air round an Indian village is full of all kinds of smells, and to any creature who does nearly all his thinking through his nose, smells are as maddening as music and drugs are to human beings. Mowgli gentled the panther for a few minutes longer, and he lay down like a cat before a fire, his paws tucked under his breast, and

"Thou art of the jungle and not of the jungle," he said at last. "And I am only a black panther. But I love thee, little brother."

was empty. Bagheera had leaped back through the window and stood at Mowgli's side, while a yellow, screaming torrent scrambled and tumbled over one another in their panic haste to get to their huts. "They will not stir till the day comes," said Bagheera, quietly. "And now?"
The silence of the afternoon sleep seemed to have overtaken the village, but as they listened they could hear the sound of heavy grain boxes being dragged over the earthen floors and set down against doors. Bagheera was quite right; the village would not stir till daylight. Mowgli sat still and thought,

think they have caught big game! Come and sit beside me, little brother; we will give them good hunting together. "No. I have another thought in my stom-

ach. The man-pack shall not know what share I have in the sport. Make thy own-

The conference under the peepul tree had been growing noisier and noisier, at the far end of the village. It broke in wild yells

and a rush up the street of men and women waving clubs and bamboos and sickles and

witch and the wizard! Let us see if hot coins will make them confess! Burn the hut over

their heads! We will teach them to shelter

wolf devils! Nay. Beat them first, Torches!

and the light of the torches streamed into

the room, where, lying at full length on the bed, his paws crossed and lightly hung down

minute of terrible silence as the front ranks of the crowd clawed and tore their way back

from that threshold, and in that minute Bagheera raised his head and yawned-elab

orately, carefully and ostentatiously—as he would yawn when he wished to insult an equal. The fringed lips drew back and up,

the red tongue curled, the lower jaw droppe

More torches! Buldeo, heat the gun barrel! Here was some little difficulty with the catch of the door. It had been very firmly

fastened, but the crowd tore it away

Buldeo and the Brahmin were at

head of it, but the mob was at their heels and they cried: "The

I do not wish to see them

and his face grew darker and darker.
"What have I done?" said Bagheera, at

went to work with his skinning knife, ate and drank, and turned over with his chin in his hands.

"The man and the woman came safe within eyeshot of Kanhiwara," Bagheera said. "Thy mother sent the word back to Chil, the kite They found a horse before midnight of the night. They were freed and went very quickly. Is not that well?' 'That is well," said Mowgli.

"And the man-pack in the village did not stir till the sun was high this morning. Then they are their food and ran back quickly to

"It may have been. I was rolling in the dust before the gate at dawn, and I may have sung also a little song to myself. Now, little brother, there is nothing more to do. Come hunting with me and Baloo. He has new hives that he wishes to show and we all desire thee back again as of old. The man and the woman will not be put into the Red Flower, and all goes well in the jungle. Is it not true? Let us forget the man-pack." "They shall be forgotten in a little while.

Where he chooses. Who can answer for the Silent One? But why? What is there Hatbi can do which we cannot?" "Bid him and his three sons come here to

"But, indeed, and truly, little brother, it may claim to be the first save only two is not—it is not seemly to say come and go Switzers to do any mountain work (though the Jungle, and before the man-pack changed) on a modest enough scale) on snow shoes, but the Jungle, and before the man-pack changed I am certain that I will not by many a thouthe looks on thy face he taught the masterwords of the jungle.

Bhurtpore.'

'The sack of the fields of Bhurtpore," Bagheera repeated two or three times to make sure. "I go. Hathi can be very angry at the worst, and I would give a moon's hunting to hear the master-word that com-pels the silent one."

He went away, leaving Mowgli stabbing furiously with his skinning knife into the earth. Mowgli had never seen human blood in his life before till he had seen and-wha meant much more to him-smelt Messua's blood on the thongs that bound her. And Messua had been kind to him, and, as far as he knew anything of love, he loved Messua as completely as he hated the rest-or mankind. But deeply as he loathed them, their talk, their cruelty and their cowardice, not for anything the jungle had to offer could he bring himself to take a human life and have that terrible scent back again in his nos-

(To Be Continued.) HOLIDAY ATTENTIONS.

dear, you're looking very tired tonight."
(That means a Christmas cloak.) get your slippers and your

(That's business, and no toke.) You'll kill yourself if you keep working (That speech is bound to win!)
Darling, I could not live if you should go!"
(That means a diamond pin.)

"I've had the girl make just the nicest tea!" (My head has failen back!) "The kind you liked best when you married

you!"
(In m''e despair I look.)
When a nopping I'll be tired, too!"
(That me as—my pocketbook!)

Complimenting the Court. Sir Henry Wrixow of Victoria, Australia, who is now studying the labor problem "They are very long at that council under the tree." Mowgli said, without noticing the last senience. "Buldeo must have told many tales. They should come soon to drag the woman and her man out of the trap and put them in the Red Flower. They will find that trap aprung. Ho! Ho!"

"Nay, listen." said Bagnera. "The fever is out of my blood now. Let them find me there! Few would leave their houses after meeting me. It is not the first time I

AN ALPINE PASS SKI HIGH

have been in a cage, and I do not think they will bind me with cords."
"Be wise, then," said Mowgli, laughing, for he was beginning to feel as reckless as the panther who had gilded into the hut. the panther who had glided into the hut.

"Pah!" he heard Bagheera say. "This place is heavy with man, but here is just such a bed as they gave me to lie upon in the king's cages at Oedeypore. Now I am lying down." Mowgli heard the strings of the cot crack under the great brute's weight. "By the Broken Lock that freed ma, they will think the base and the same and the strings of the cot crack under the great brute's weight. Conan Doyle's Adventures in Winter Mountain Climbing.

THEIR

from Too Much Dignity-How a Pair One Up a Mountain

There is nothing peculiarly malignant in the ppearance of a pair of ski. They are two slips of elmywood, eight feet long, four inches broad, with a square heel, turned up toes and straps in the center to secure your feet. No one to look at them would guess at the possibilities which furk in them. But you put them on and you turn with a smile to see whether your friends are looking at you, and the slope brought us at 9:30 into the mouth then the next moment you are boring your of the pass, and we could see the little toy head madly into a snow bank, and kicking hotels of Arosa away down among the fir frantically with both feet and half rising only woods, thousands of feet beneath us. frantically with both feet and half rising only to butt viciously into that snow bank again, and your friends are getting more entertain over one end, black as the pit and terrible as ment than they had ever thought you capable a demon, was Bagheera. There was one half of giving.

The "ski" are the most capricious things on

a mosquito settles upon you you are gone. leavin But nothing ever happens and you reach the snow. But nothing ever happens and you reach the top in safety. Then you stop upon the level to congratulate your companion and you have just time to say "What a lovely view this is!" when you find yourself standing upon your two shoulder blades with your "ski" tied tightly round your neck. Or again you may that a long outing without any mistightly round your neck. Or again you may have had a long outing without any misfortune at all and as you shuffle back along the road you goo for an instant to tell a group in the hotel veranda how well you are getting one. Something happens—and they suddenly find that their congratulations are addressed for the soles of your "skl." Then if your mooth is not full of snew you find yourself mattering the names of a few Swiss villages to relieve your feelings. "Ragatz!" is a very handy word and may save a scandal.

soon converted ours into a very comfortable beach, from which we enjoyed the view of a whole panorama of moustains, the names of which, my readers will be relieved to hear, I have completely forgotten.

The snow was rapidly softening under the glare of the sun and without our shoes all glare of the sun and without our shoes all progress would have been impossible. We were making cur way along the steep side of a valley, with the mouth of the Furka pass fairly in front of us. The snow fell away here at an angle of from 50 to 60, degrees and as this steep incline along the face of which we were shuffling al ped away down until it ended in absolute precipice a slip might have been serious. My two more experienced companions walked below for the half mile or so of danger, but soon we found curselves upon a more reasonable slope, where one might fall with impunity. And now came the real sport of snowshoeing. Hitherto we had walked as fast as boots would do, over ground where no boots could pass. But now we had a pleasure which pass. But now we had a pleasure which boots can never give. For a third of a mile we shot along over gently dipping curves skimming down into the valley without a motion of our feet. In that great untrodden waste with snow fields bounding our vision on every side and no marks of life save the tracks of chamots and of foxes it was glorious to whizz along in this easy

Again we had a half mile or so, skimming along with our poles dragging behind us. It seemed to me that the difficulty of our jouron our "ski" and let them carry us to our of giving.

This is when you are beginning. You naturally expect trouble then, and you are not likely to be disappointed. But as you get on was little short of being sheer precipice. But little the thing becomes more irritating. still that little when there is soft snow upon it is all that is needed to bring out another possibility of these wonderful slips of wood. earth. One day you cannot go wrong with The brothers Branger agreed that the place them. On another with the same weather was too difficult to attempt with the "sk." and the same snow you cannot go-right. And upon our fest. To me it seemed as if a paraand the same snow you cannot go right. And it is when you least expect it that things begin to happen. You stand on the crown of a slope and you adjust your body for a rapid straps together and turned them into a rather slide, but your "ski" stick motionless and over you go upon your face. Or you stand upon a plateau which seems to you to be as level as a billiard table, and in an instant without I think that both of my companions came to cause or warning, away they shoot and you are left behind staring at the sky. For a man troubles were so pressing that I had no time who suffers from too much dignity a course of Norwegian snow shoes would have a fine within moderate bounds by pressing on the stick, which had the effect of turning the Whenever you brace yourself for a fall it sledge sideways so that one skidded down the never comes off. Whenever you think yourself absolutely secure it is all over with you. shot me off backwards, and in an instant my You come to a hard ice slope at an angle of two skis, tied together, flew away like an 75 degrees and you zigzag up it, digging the arow from a bow, whizzed past the two side of your "ski" into it, and feeling that if Brangers and vanished over the next slope, leaving their owner squatting in the deep

is a very handy word and may save a scandal. over our journey. The residents at Arosa But all this is in the early stage of ski- who knew that we were coming had calculated ing. You have to shuffle along the level, to that we could not possibly get there before 1



sigzag or move crab fashion up the hills, to and turned out to see us descend the steep slide down without losing your balance, and pass just about the time when we were finish. above all to turn with facility. The first ing a comfortable luncheon at the Seehof. I time you try to turn your friends think it is would not grudge them any innocent amusepart of your fun. The great ski flapping in ment, but still I was just as glad that my the air has the queerest appearance, like an own little performance was over before they exaggerated nigger dance. But this sudden assembled with their opera glasses. One can whish round is really the most necessary of do very well without a gallery when one is accomplishments for only so can one turn upon the mountain side without slipping down. It must be done without ever present ing one's heels to the slope, and this is the

only way. But granted that a man has perseverance and a month to spare in which to conquer all these early difficulties, he will then find that which is, I think, unique. This is not appreciated yet, but I am convinced that the time will come when hundreds of Englishmen will come to Switzerland for the ski-ing season in March and April. I believe that

sand be the last. The fact is that it is easier to climb ar "This is all one. I have a master-word for him now. Bid him come to Mowgli, the frog, and if he does not hear at first, bid him come because of the sack of the fields of have to climb down as well as to climb up, and the one is as tiring as the other. ter your trouble is halved, as most of your descent is a mere slide. If the snow is tolerably firm it is much easier also to zigzag up it on "ski" than to clamber over boulders under a hot summer sun. The temperature, oo, is more favorable for exertion in winter crisp, pure air on the mountains, though glasses are of course necessary to protect the eyes from the snow glars. eyes from the snow glare.

Our project was to make our way from Davos to Arosa over the Furka pass, which is over 9,000 feet high. The distance is not of the time or with some of the girls more than from twelve to fourteen miles as the time, but I object to your flirting the crow flies, but it has only once been done all the girls all of the time. Here is your in winter. Last year the two brothers Bran- ring." ger made their way across on 'ski." They were my companions on the present expedi They

long spell of my German did not appear to exhaust them, we were up before 4 in the morning and had started 46 half past for the village of Frauenkirch, where we were to commence our ascent. A geat pale moon was shining in a violet sky, with such stars as can only be seen in the tropics or the higher Alps. At 5:15 we turned from the road and began to plod up the fiftides over alternate banks of last year's grass and slopes of snow. We carried our "ski" over our shoulders and our ski boots slung around our necks, for it we carried the sale of the sale of the sale of the was good walking where the snow was bard, and it was sure 12 be hard wherever the sun had struck h during the day. Here and there in a hollow we floundered into and out of a set of during the sale of the walking was case, wing and as much (My head has fallen back!)

"The kind you liked best when you married (Mercy! a fur-trimmed sacque!)

"Poor, tired dear! I'll rub your head for woods and shortly afterward passed a wooden cow house, which was the last sign of man which we were to see until we reached

Arosa.

The snow being still hard enough upon the slopes to give us a good grip for our feet we pushed rapidly on over rolling snow fields with a general upward tendency. About 7:30 the sun cleared the peaks behind in this country, paid the following tribute us and the glare upon the great expanse of to the United States supreme court the other day: "We recognize the supreme court of the United States as one of the greatest judicial institutions of the world. Its deas powder and so deep that we could touch no bottom with our poles. Here, then, we took to our snewshoes and zig-zagged up over the long white haunch of the mountain, pausing at the top for a rest. They are useful things the "aki," for finding that the

do very well without a gallery when one is trying a new experiment on "ski."

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AND

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2 AND 7:30

EACH DAY.

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CONNURIALITIES.

Married women in Japan shave off their eyebrows and blacken their teeth. "Why did you run away from your first "Because she poisoned my very ex-"If your first wife poisoned your very existence, why did you get married a second time?" "Well, you see, I took the second one as a sort of an antidote." Husband of Her-Do you expect me to marry the whole family? Father of Her

and Seven Others-Well, you are young, you know. Heiress-Now, if I promise to marry

can I depend on you? Suitor—Good gra-cious! I expect to depend on you. The response of a certain Frenchman to a handsome woman who complained that she had discovered three gray hairs in her head was paradoxical but pretty. He said: "Madam, so long as they can be counted they

don't count." Mrs. Blackwood, the Indiana woman whose matrimonial versatility has been a subject of public comment from time to time, is about to marry her twelfth husband. She lives in Marshall county, in that state, and in a matrimonial state that breaks the record.

asked George fiercely. "Yes, George, it is over," replied Laura. "I wouldn't have minded you flirting with all the girls some of the time or with some of the girls all of

The leading bachelors of Detroit have or ganized the "Bachelors' Mutual Benefit tion and more trustworthy ones no novice could hope to have with him. They are both men of considerable endurance and even a long spell of my German did not appear to month. The scheme is an attractive one, but what if there should be an epidemic of would fail to get his \$2 back.

> Co:k's Imperial. World's fair "highest award, excellent champagne; good efferves-cence, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor."

> Brooklyn clothing cutters say as much clothing was made in Sing Sing pris n last year as in all New York City.

IMPERIAL

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EDUCATIONAL.

Miss Lillie J. Martin, who has entered the University of Gottingen, is the first woman who has obtained admission to that

President Taylor of Vassar finds the odations of the college too limited for its necessities, and has asked the alumnae for \$200,000 to cover the cost of a new lec-ture hall and dormitory.

President Schurman of Cornell university s arranging a series of lectures for Cornel students on the subject of national finance, money, banking, etc., to be given by promi inent writers and public men.

Rev. David H. Greer of New York has been appointed the Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale Theological seminary, in place of Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who was orig-inally chosen, but who finds himself unable to serve on account of Illness.

Considerable comment has been created by the action of the school board at Reading, Pa., recommending that all the janitors of school buildings be given police powers. As a large proportion of those who perform futy are women, this will be one of the first instances on record of women beer It is proposed to have them ap-

fund in cities having a population exceeding ton dealer, whose hot of the Lenox library setting apart for that fund all money deducted from a teacher for absence from duty

I per cent of salaries to be deducted from said salaries; all meneys received from donstions, bequests or otherwise, and all other oneys that may be legally devised for the crease of the fund.

The electrical museum of Cornell university has received a valuable souvenir from Stephen Vail, whose father, Alfred Vail, was associa-ted with Samuel F. B. Morse in the invention and development of the electric telegraph. Vail invented the semaphore or sounder and the alphabetical code based on the divisions of time and space, which are often attributed to Morse. The first telegraph line was oneconstructed by Vail in his father's iron works at Morristown, N. J., and consisted of three miles of wire stretched around the four sides of a large room. The transmission of the message, "A patient waiter is no loser," over this line by Alfred Vail is the first historic instance of a message sent by telegraph, and led to the appropriation by congress for the construction of the line between Baltimore and Washington, with which Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell university, was prominently identified

Last week at a Boston auction a little primer brought \$825. The primer which licemen. It is proposed to have them appointed by the mayor under an act of assembly relating to special and private policemen, so as to better enable them to preserve order around the buildings and protect the school property.

The teachers and school employes of Chicago have prepared a bill to be presented to the legislature entitled "An act to provide for the formation and disbursement of a public school teachers' and public school employes' pension and retirement fund in cities having a population exceeding 100,000 inhabitants." It provides for the setting appropriate to the Lenox library in New York, where is brought this almost fabulous sum consisted of the Lenox library in New York, where is the only other copy known to exist, with

Three eminent men, all celebrated physicians, declare that consumption can be cured if the proper remedy is used. Sir James Clark says, "That consumption adm its of cure is no longer a matter of doubt,"

Dr. Carswell says, "There was never more conclusive" evidence of the curability of any diease than that of consump-

Dr. Sweet says, "From the recoveries I have witnessed I will never despair of the life of a patient with consumption.',

These are the statements of men eminent in their profes-

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