

for them, and they were signalling to each other to gather for the feast. Fred and Monteith were not specially

frightened on their own account, for, if the worst should come, they could take to the trees and wait for help. They might make a sturdy fight, and perhaps with anything

like a show could get away from them without taking to such a refuge. But it was the presence of Jennie that

caused the most misgiving. True, she was as swift and skilfull a skater as either, but

wish I had brought my pistol," said

fortune for that; have you any

"I have mine," observed Monteith,

good Smith & Wesson, and each of the five

"Not one."
"Your pistol may be the means of saving

"I am sorry you are with us, sister. My

alarm is on your account."
"I do not see why I am not as safe as either of you; neither can skate faster

than I."
"If we are to escape by that means, your but those

chances are as good as ours, but those creatures have a fearful advantage over us, because we must run the gauntlet."

"We are not so certain of that. If we hasten we may pass the danger point be-

For the first time since leaving home the three did their best. Separated from each

other by just enough space to give play to their limbs, they sped down the icy river with the fleetness of the hurricane, their

movements almost the perfect counterpart

of each other.
First on the right foot, they shot well to-

on that limb, the impetus being imparted

to the body without any apparent effort after the manner of a master of the skator-

For a few minutes these were the only noises that broke the impressive stillness

The three had begun to hope that the omin-ous sounds would be heard no more and that the wolves were too far from the river to

detect them until beyond reach.

If they could once place themselves below

the animals they need not fear, for they could readily distance them. Should the speed of the pursuers become dangerous, a sharp turn or change in the course would throw them off and give the fugitives an

ward. True, in that case they could turn about and flee up stream, but the risk of en-

It was she who uttered the exclamation which sent a thrill through both. They

along the ice near the left shore, but no others were visible.

"Keep in the middle while I take a turn

that way," said Monteith sheering in the di-

Brother and sister did not read the mean-

ing of this course, nor could they detect its wisdom. But they obeyed without question.

Young Sterry hoped by making what might look like an attack upon the famishing pests, to scare them off for a few minutes, dur-

ing which the three, and especially Jennie could reach a point below them. With the

brutes thus thrown in the rear, it migh

be said the danger would be virtually over. Now, as every one knows, the wolf is a

sneak and generally will run from a child if it presents a bold front; but it becomes

exceedingly dangerous when pressed by hunger.

Monteith Sterry's reception was altogether different from what he an i.i. ated. When the

Accidentally he nipped the wolf, which emitted a yelping bark, leaped several feet in the air and then limped into the woods, as

though he had learned enough of the interest-

Forgetful of his own danger, Monteith

"Look out! Why don't you change your

countering others attracted by the

ward.

floor as the water flowed beneath.

utes before.

chambers is loaded."

fore they discover us."

extra cartridges?'

CHAPTER II.

A Warning from the Woods. (Copyrighted, 1895, by Edward S. Ellis.) Monteith Sterry began drawing the mitten from his right hand with the intention of using his revolver on the bear, when he checked himself, with the thought:

"Better to walt until sure I need it; the most of this excursion is still before us." The lumbering brute came to a stop, with The lumbering brute can be his huge head turned, and surveyed the approaching skaters. Had they attempted to flee or had they come to a halt, probably he would have started after them. As it was he swung half way around, so that his side was exposed. He offered a fine target for Sterry's weapon, but the young man still refrained from using it.

"It isn't well to go too near him," re-marked Fred Whitney, seizing the arm of his sister and drawing her toward the shore

that of itself was not likely to save her. But she was the coolest of the three, now on the left,
"I don't mean to," replied the brightwitted girl, "but if we turn away from him
too soon he will be able to head us off; he
mustn't suspect what we intend to do." that the danger assumed a reality. The lightness and gaiety that had marked the three from the moment of leaving home was gone. They were thoughtful, the very opposite in their mood to that of a few min-

"There's sense in that," remarked Sterry, but don't wait too long." The three were skating close together,

The three were skating close together, with their eyes on the big creature, who was watching them sharply.

"Now!" called Fred in a low, quick voice. He had not loosened his grasp of his sister's arm, so that, when he made the turn, she was forced to follow him. The moment was well chosen, and the three swung to one side, as if all were controlled by the single impulse.

single impulse.

Bruin must have been astonished; for, while waiting for his supper to drop into his arms, he saw it leaving him. With an angry growl he began moving toward the laughing traffy.

"Your pistol may be the means of saving us."

"Your pistol may be the means of saving us."

"Your pistol may be the means of saving us."

"Your pistol may be the means of saving us."

"Your pistol may be the means of saving us."

"Your pistol may be the means of saving us."

"Your pistol may be the means of saving us."

"Your pistol may be the means of saving us."

felt lasted but a moment. He saw that they could skate faster than the bear could travel; and had it been otherwise, no cause for fear would have existed, for, with the power to turn like a flash, it would have been the easiest thing in the world to elude the most desperate efforts of the animal to

They expected pursuit, and it looked for a minute as if they were not to be disappointed. The animal headed in their direction with no inconsiderable speed, but with more intelligence than his kind generally display, he abruptly stopped, turned aside and disappeared in the wood, before it could be said the results. be said the race had really begun.

Jennie was the most disappointed of the

three, for she had counted upon an adven-ture worth the telling, and here it was nipped in the bud. She expressed her keen re-

gret. "There's no helping it," said Monteith; "for I can think of no inducement that will bring him back; but we have a good many miles before us and it isn't likely that he's the only bear in this part of Maine." "There's some consolation in that," she

replied ruefully, leading the way back toward the middle of the course; "if we see another don't be so abrupt with him." The stream now broadened to nearly three times its ordinary extent, so that it looked as if they were gliding over the bosom of some lake lagoon, instead of a small river. At the widest portion and from the furthest point on the right, twinkled a second light,

so far back among the trees, that the struc-ture whence it came was out of sight. They gave it little attention and kept on. Sterry took out his watch. The moon-light was so strong that he saw the figures plainly. It lacked a few minutes of 9.

"And yonder is the mouth of Wild Man's creek," said Fred; "we have made pretty

good speed."
"Nothing to boast of," replied Jennie; "if good speed."
"Nothing to boast of," replied Jennie; "if were not for fear of distressing mother, I thus shutting off their line of flight homeinsist that we go ten or fifteen miles

further before turning back.' ce plenty of time was at command, they continued their easy pace, passing over several long and comparatively straight stretches of frozen water, around sharp bends, beyond another expansion of the stream, in front another expansion of the stream, in front distant and probably beyond reach. they rounded to in front of a mass of gray many dismal signals, the wolves should be-towering rocks, on the right bank of the come suddenly quiescent.

towering rocks, on the right bank of the stream, and skating close into shore, sat down on a boulder, which obtruded several feet above the ice.

They were at the extremity of their excursion. These collective rocks bore the name of Wolf Glen, the legend being that at some time in the past a horde of wolves made their headquarters there, and when the winters were unusually severe, held the surrounding country in what might be called a reign of terror. They had not yet wholly disappeared, but little fear was felt of them. The friends could not be called tired, though, after skating fifteen miles, the rest on the stone was quite grateful.

come suddenly quiescent.

No one spoke, but as they glided swiftly forward, peered along the gleaming surface in search of that which they dreaded to see.

They approached one of these long sweep-ling bends to which allusion has been made. Jennie had already proven that neither of her companions could outspeed her. They were doing their utmost, but she easily held her own, with less effort than they showed. In truth, she was slightly in advance, as they glided swiftly forward, peered along the gleaming surface in search of that which they dreaded to see.

They approached one of these long sweep-ling bends to which allusion has been made. Jennie had already proven that neither of her companions could outspeed her. They were doing their utmost, but she easily held her own, with less effort than they showed. In truth, she was slightly in advance, as they began following the curve of the river, ward to see whither they were going. "They are there!"

n the stone was quite grateful. They sat for half an hour chatting, laughing and as merry as when they started from home. The sky was still unclouded, but the moon had passed beyond the zenith. A wall of shadow was thrown out from one of the banks, except for occasional short distances, where the course of the stream was directly

which sent a time through both. They want a later they were at her side, she slightly slackening her pace.

The sight while alarming was not all that Fred and Monteith anticipated.

Three or four gaunt animals were trotting toward or from the orb.

When Sterry again glanced at his watch, it was a few minutes past 10. They had rested longer than any one suspected.

"Mother won't look for us before midnight," remarked Fred, "and we can easily make it in that time."

"She was so anxious," said the sister, who despite her light-heartedness was more

despite her light-heartedness was more thoughtful than her brother, "that I would like to please her by getting back sooner than she expects.'

"We have only to keep up this pace to do it," said Monteith, "for we have been resting fully a half hour-He paused abrup

paused abruptly. From some point in the wintry wilderness, came a dismal, re-sounding wail, apparently a mile distant. "What is that?" asked Monteith, less ac-customed to the Maine woods than his com-

"It is the cry of a wolf," replied Fred; "I have heard it many times when hunting alone or with father."

"It isn't the most cheerful voice of the night," commented the young Bostonian, who as yet never dreamed of connecting it with any peril to themselves.

And then he sang:

Yes, the war whoop of the Indian may produce a pleasant thrill.

When mellowed by the distance that one feels increasing still:

And the shrilling of the whistle from the engine's brazen snout,

May have minor tones of music, though I never found it out.

The verse was hardly finished, when the howl was repeated.

different from what he an i'. ated. When the half dozen wolves saw him speeding toward them they stopped their trotting, and, like the bear, looked around, as though out understanding what it meant. Instead of fleeing, they continued standing, as if they had decided to stay where they were until the stranger came up and introduced himself.

"Confound them! why don't they take to the woods!" he muttered. He had removed the wilt n from his right hand, which grasped his revolver; "that isn't according to Hoyle."

He shied a little to the right with a view of preventing a collision with the creatures, and the moment he was close enough let fly with one chamber at the nearest.

Accidentally he nipped the wolf, which

"It is hard to tell from what point it comes," observed Fred, "but I think it is on the right shore as we go back."

"Think not, but I may be mistaken."
"I think not, but I may be mistaken."
"I am quite sure Fred is right," said his slater, "and, more than that, that particular gray wolf isn't a great way off. I wonder whether he has scented our trail."

Before any comment could be made on this remark, as second, third, fourth, and fully half a dozen additional howls rang through the forest arches. They came from the left shore, and apparently were about as far off as the cry first heard.

though he had learned enough of the interesting stranger.

Without paying any attention to Sterry, their course such as to place them either in advance of Fred and Jennie Whitney or to bring them together.

Greatly alarmed for them, Monteith did an unnecessary thing by shouting (for the couple could not fail to see their danger), and fired two more barrels of his pistol. Neither shot took effect, ner did the welves give them any heed, but they and the skaters converged with perilous swiftness.

Forgetful of his own danger, Monteith

"They are answers," said Fred in a low shouted again: in which his companions detected a

slight tremor. It was at this moment that the first fear thrilled all three. The cries might mean nothing, but more likely they meant a good deal. The welf is one of the fiercest of American wild animals when suffering from American wild animals when suffering from

American wild animals when suffering from hunger, though a coward at other times and a horde of them are capable of attacking the most formidable denizen of the woods.

The fact that they were between the friends and home, and at no great distance from the course they must follow to reach there, was a collision appeared inevitable. At the monature of the same way the keen scented creatures had in some way the keen scented creatures had learned there was game afoot that night aright angles to the left—that is in exactly

Having observed the wolves as soon as the trees, and then he'd waik back and forth with his hands behind him and look down at the trees, and then he'd waik back and forth with his hands behind him and look down at the ground.

"I says to him, says I: "I hope you are not sick, Brother Fox."

"Says he: 'Oh, no, Brother Rabbit; I never felt better' in my life."

"I says to him, says I: "I hope money matters are not troubling you."

"Says he: 'Oh, no, Brother Rabbit, money was in exactly in exactly in the trees, and then he'd waik back and forth with his hands behind him and look down at the ground.

"I says to him, says I: "I hope money matters are not troubling you."

"Says he: 'Oh, no, Brother Rabbit, money in the trees, and then he'd waik back and forth with his hands behind him and look down at the ground.

"I says to him, says I: "I hope money matters are not troubling you."

opposite direction from the course the wolves—and in a second they were fifty feet nearer the shore than the brutes. Then followed another quick turn and they were speeding with arrowy speed straight down the stream; they had simply passed around the animals, who detecting the trick, made their limbs rigid and all over their with their limbs rigid and slid over the ice, with their claws scratching it, until able to check their speed to allow them to turn and resume the pursuit.

Sterry was on the point of uttering a

shout of exultance and admiration at the shout of exuitance and sumiration at the clever maneuver, when Jennie cried out, and well might she do so, for fifty yards beyond, and directly in their path, the ice seemed suddenly to have become alive with the frightful creatures, who poured from the woods on both sides, ravenous, fierce and irrestrainable, in their eagerness to share in the expected feast, (To Be Continued.)

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER AND HIS QUEER COUNTRY.

The Children's Second Visit.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. (Copyright, 1895, by Joel Chandler Harris.)

SYNOPSIS When Buster John, Sweetest Susan and Drusilla returned home after the first visit to Mr. Thimblefinger's queer country, they told some of the wonderful things they had seen and heard. When the neighbors got hold of it some of the old ladies put their heads together and said it was a sign that they were too smart to stay in this world. Buster John, who had ideas of his own, ignored all this, and bright and early one morning he put an apple in the spring. No sooner had the apple begun to float and bob about in the water than Drusilla and Sweetest Susan came running to see what would happen. Suddenly, before anybody could say a word, Drusilla screamed, rolled off the stump, and sprang to her feet, crying, "Dar he is! Look at 'im."

Buster John and Sweetest Susan turned to look, and there upon the stump beside them stood Mr. Thimblefinger, his hat in his hand, bowing and smiling as politely as you please. "I hope you are well," he said. "I've come to invite you all back to my queer

country. Mrs. Meadows and Mr. Rabbit have a fine set of new stories they are waiting to tell as soon as we all return."

The children looked at each other, nodded their heads, and at nineteen minutes and nineteen seconds after nine the whole party walked through the spring gate. There was

Tickle-My-Toes, Chickamey, Crany Crow, Mr. Rabbit and Mrs. Meadows waiting to welward the shore on that side, then bending gracefully to the left, the weight was thrown ome them. "Now, my dears," said Mrs. Meadows, "we must do something to amuse you right away. Tell us what shall it be?"

Sweetest Susan said she wanted to know after the manner of a master of the skator-lal art. These sweeping forward were many rods in length, the polished steel frequently giving out a metallic ring as it struck the flinty ice. Now and then, too, a resounding creak sped past and might have alarmed them had they not understood its nature. It indicated no weakness of the frozen surface, but was caused by the settling of the crystal floor as the water flowed hepeath. what stories Mr. Thimblefinger had told while they were away, and everybody listened while Mrs. Meadows repeated the beautiful fairy tales of "The Magic Ring" and "The Cow with the Golden Horns."

BROTHER WOLF'S TWO BIG DINNERS.

CHAPTER VIII. The children said they were very much pleased with the story about the cow with the golden horns. Buster John even went so far as to say that it was as good as some of the stories in the books.

But Mr. Thimblefinger shook his head.

He said he was very glad they were the same motions that made me laugh in the deased with it, but he knew Mr. Rabbit morning-running down one road and licking was right. The story couldn't be a very good story, because it had no moral. "But I think it had a very good moral,"

remarked Mrs. Meadows. "What was it?" inquired Mr. Rabbit with

was never easier wan me than it is this season.

"I says to him, shy I: 'I hope I'll have the pleasure of your company to the barbecue tomorrow."

"Says he, I can't tell, Brother Rabbit; I can't tell. I haven't wade up my mind. I may go to the one of I may go to the other; but which it will be I gan't tell you to save my life.

"As the next day was Saturday, I was up bright and early. I dug my goobers and spread 'em out to dry in the sun, and then 10 o'clock as near as I could judge, I started for the fence where the dug was, and says on ar both sides.

The family alweys knew when a squad of solders was passing the house by hearing and the darkeys declared that "he 'ticular 'spised de Yankees, an' dey sutin shuah would shoot him one ob dese days." So whenever the size of the envelope, and from this cut spread 'em out to dry in the sun, and then 10 o'clock as near as I could judge, I started the border, near Antietam, the two armies were samile things have a habit of doing. The proper way is a very simple one. Cut with the border, near Antietam, the two armies were continually driving each other back and forth, through it and around it, and the dog's soul was as constantly stirred within him.

The family alweys knew when a squad of soldiers was passing the house by hearing 'Ross' break into a perfect fury of barking.

"Ross' break into a perfect fury of barking.

The family alweys knew when a squad of soldiers was passing the house by hearing occurring village where money orders and postal notes are unknown, and for some reason it becomes necessary to send change in a letter. Cut a piece of light cardboard the size of the envelope, and from this cut special case.

Perhaps you have been in a special case. Perhaps you have been in a special case of light cardboard in a letter. Cut a piece of light cardboard the size of the envelope,

out to the barbecue. Brother Wolf lived near the river and Brother Bear lived right on the river, a mile or two below Brother Wolf's. The big road that passed near where Brother Fox and I lived led in the direction of the river for about three miles, and then it forked, one prong going to Brother Wolf's house and the other prong going to Brother

pany. But he said, says he, that he wouldn't keep me waiting. He had just come down to the forks of the road to see if that would help him to make up his mind. I told him I was mighty sorry to miss his company and his conversation, and then I tipped my hat and took my cane from under my arm and went down the road that led to Brother Bear's house."

Here Mr. Rabbit paused, straightened him-

self up a little and looked at the children. Then he continued: "I recken you all never stood on the t.p of a hill three-quarters of a mile from the smok-ing pits and got a whill or two of the bar-

"I is! I is!" exclaimed Drusilla. "Don't talk! hit make me dribble at de mouf. I wish I had some right now."

"Weli," said Mr. Rabbit, "I got a whiff of it and I was truly glad I had c'me-truly glad. It was a fine barbecue, too. There was lamb, kid and shote, all cooked to a turn and well seasoned, and then there was the hash made out of the liblets. I'll not tell rough.

well seasoned, and then there was the hash made out of the jiblets. I'll not tell you any more about the dinner, except that I'd like to have one like it every Saturday in the year. If I happened to be too sick to eat it I culd sit up and look at it. Anyhow, we ail had enough and to spare.

"After we had finished with the barbecue and were sitting on Brother Bear's front porch snoking our pipes and talking politics.

porch smoking our pipes and talking politic I happened to mention to Brother Bear something about Brother Woll's barbecue. I said, says I, that I thought I'd go by Brother Wolf's house as I went home, though i was a right smart step out of the way, just to see how the land lay.

"Says Brother Bear, says he: 'If you'll wait till my company take their leave, I don't mind trotting over to Brother Wolf's with you. The walk will help to settle my dinner. "So, about two hours by sun, we started out out and went to Brother Wolf's house. Brother Bear knew a short cut through the big cane-brake, and it didn't take us more than half an hour to get there. Brother Wolf was just telling his company go dby, and when they had all gone he would have us to go in and taste his mutton stew; and then he declared he'd think right hard of us if we didn't drink

a mug or two of his persimmon beer. a mug or two of his persimmon beer.

"I said, says I, Brother Wolf, have you seen Brother Fox today?"

"Brother Wolf said, says he, 'I declare I haven't seen hair mor hide of Brother Fox. I don't see why he didn't come. He's always keen to go where there's fresh meat a-frying."

ways keen to go where there's fresh meat a-frying.'

"I said, says I, "The reason I asked was because I left Brother, Fox at the forks of the road trying to make up his mind whether he'd eat at your house or at Brother Bear's.'

"Well, I'm mighty sorry,' says Brother Wolf, says he; 'Brother Fox never missed a finer chance to pick a bone than he's had today. Please tell him so for me.'

"I said I would, and then I told Brother Wolf and Brother Bear goodby and set out for home. Brother Wolf's persimmon beer had a little age on It, and it made

beer had a little age on it, and it made me light-headed and nimble-footed. I went in a gallop, as you may say, and came to the forks of the road before the sun went "You may not believe it, but when I got

his chops, and then running down the other and licking his chops.

"Says I: 'I hope you had a good dinner at Brother Wolf's today, Brother Fox.'

"Says he: 'I've had no dinner.' "Says I: 'That's mighty funny. Brother Bear had a famous barbecue, and I thought "Why, if the little girl had been too Brother Wolf was going to have one, too."



stingy to give the old beggar a piece of her cake she would never have come to be princess," replied Mrs. Meadows.

"Why, certainly she did," Mr. Thimblefinger answered. 'Well," remarked Mr. Rabbit, setting

"Well," remarked Mr. Rabbit, setting the setting "Well," remarked Mr. Rabbit, setting the "Can't you tell us a story with a moral?"

suggested Mr. Meadows.
"I can," replied Mr. Rabbit. "I can for a fact, and the piece of cake you mentioned puts me in mind of it." nose and then began:

"Once upon time, when Brother Fox and myself were living on pretty good terms with each other, we received an invitation to attend a barbecue that Brother Wolf was going to give on the following Saturday. The next day we received an invitation to a barbecue that Brother Bear was going to

give on the same Saturday.
"I made up my mind at once to go to Brother Bear's barbecue, because I knew he would have fresh roasting ears, and if there's anything I like better than another it's fresh roasting ears. I asked Brother Fox whether he was going to Brother Bear's barbecue or to Brother Wolf's, but he shook his head. He said he hadn't made up his mind. I just asked him out of idle curi-osity, for I didn't care whether he went or

"I went about my work as usual. Cold 'He who wants too much is more than likely with his hands behind him and look down at claimed Mr. Thimblefinger.

"Says Brother Fox: 'Is dinner over? Is have come to be it too late to go?'
leadows. "Says I: 'Why, Brother Fox, the sun's "Did she give the beggar a piece of cake?" nearly down. By the time you get to asked Mr. Rabbit.

"Brother Bear's house he'll be gone to bed, and by the time you go across the swamp to Brother Wolf's house the chickens will be

"And that was the fact," continued Mr.

Rabbit, "The poor creature had been all day trying to make up his mind which road he'd take. Now, then, what is the moral?" Sweetest Susan looked at Mrs. Meadows, but Mrs. Meadows merely smiled. Buster John rattled the marbles in his pocket.

"Once upon time when Brother Fox and "I know," said, Drusilia. "What?" inquired Mr. Rabbit.

"Go down one road an' git one dinner, den cut cross an', git some mo' dinner, an' den go back home down de youther road." Mr. Rabbitt shook his head. "Tar Baby, you! are wrong," he said.

"If you want anything go and get it," suggested Buster John. Mr. Rabbit shook his head and looked at Sweetest Susan, whereupon she said: "If you can't make up your mind you'll have to go hungry." Mr. Rabbit shook his head.

"Eat a good breakfast," said Mrs. Meadows, "and you won't be worried about your "All wrong!" exclaimed Mr. Rabbit, with a triumphant chuckle.

"I went about my work as usual. Cold weather was coming on and I wanted to get my crops in before the big freeze came. But I noticed that Brother Fox was rather restless in his mind. He didn't do a stroke of work. He'd sit down, and then he'd get up; he'd stand still and look up at the tops of the trees, and then he'd walk back and forth with his hands behind the stand still. "The motion is seconded and carried," ex-"The motion is seconded and carried," ex

> (To Be Continued.) A lady living in Hagerstown, Md., during the war, had a handsome Newfoundland dog whose wise head recognized that something

very unusual was "up," and that all these

fly to the fence where the dog was, stand, a stately turbaned figure, imploring with a voice trembling with fright: "Oh, please, Masta Yankee, scuse de dawg, he doan mean no harm; he ain't no secesh.

flow to Mail a Postage Stamp. How many people know how to mail a house and the other prong going to Brother Wolf's house and the other prong going to Brother Bear's house.

"Well, when I came to the forks of the road, who should I see there but old Brother Fox. I stopped before he saw me and watched him. He went a little way down one road and licked his chops, then he came back and went a little way down the other road and licked his chops.

"Not choosing to be late, I showed myself and passed the time of day with Brother Fox. I said, says I, that if he was going to Brother Bear's barbeque I'd be glad to have his company. But he said, says he, that he wouldn't

unseen and vanish, as these totally depraved small things have a habit of doing. The proper way is a very simple one. Cut with a sharp penknife two parallel slits at the top of your letter and slip in your stamps, which will thus travel as safely as if in a special case. Perhaps you have been in a country village where money orders and postal notes are unknown, and for some reason it becomes necessary to send change in a letter. Cut a piece of light cardboard the size of the envelope, and from this cut circular pieces the size of your coins. Insert the coins and paste a slip of paper across one or both sides.

A Puzzling Letter. A few days ago Postmaster Dayton of New

York received a letter from a man in Iowa asking for the address of some "furm" dealing in "Dools for Vanquillees." Postmaster Dayton was unable to solve the enigma and the letter was passed to First Assistant Postmaster Gaylor. The letter was as much of a puzzle to him as it was to the postmaster. and after each clerk in the office had been called upon in vain to solve it the request was sent to the inquiry department. After much puzzling it was concluded that the Iowan wanted some "dolls for ventrilo-quists," and the letter was forwarded to a "furm" dealing in those goods.



THE season of Influenza is here. The headache, backache, sneezing, short breath and disordered stomach are symptoms which indicate the presence of the disease. Many people suppose these slight disorders are the results of a simple cold. So they are, and for that reason should not be neglected.

Ozomulsion

is the safeguard against this common complaint. It is a scientific preparation of Ozone, Guaiacol and Cod Liver Oil. It contains in a concentrated form the stimulative, tonic and nutritive elements so necessary in cases of influenza. It produces a feeling of buoyancy and removes depression and melancholy. Take it when the first symptoms appear. It will prevent the more severe and complicated troubles which are sure to follow. A neglected cold, especially at this season of the year, means influenza and, perhaps, pneumonia.

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Young Man!

Would you like to get married? Do you imagine that it requires a deal of wealth to go to Housekeeping? Come in and see what we can do for you for \$100. or \$150, or \$200; and then we don't want the money, either. Marry that girl you have set your heart on and settle down. You can settle up with us for your outfit gradually as your earnings come in.

Bargains This Week

We Submit a Few Rattling Bargains to Reduce and Clean Out Stock.

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