So, as I say, this day she set to the baking early, and it west to my heart when I saw she was making the wheaten cakes, raised with sour buttermilk, that were my father's

She had not been at it long before in came

Jock o' the Garpel, hot-foot from the hill.
"Maister Alexander!" he cried, panting
and broken-winded with haste, "Maister Al-

and broken-winded with haste, "Maister Alexander is comin' ower the Brae!"
There was silence in the wide kitchen for a moment, only the sound of my mother's roller being heard, "dunt-dunting" on the

"Is he by his lane?" asked my mother,

without raising her head from the bakeboard.
"Ay," said Jock o' the Garpel, "a' by his lane. No a man rides abint him."

And again there was stillness in the wide ouse of Earlstoun.

My mother went to the girdle to turn the

wheaten cakes that were my father's fa-vorites, and as she bent over the fire there

was a sound as if rain drops were falling and birsling upon the hot girdle. But it was only the water running down my moth-er's cheeks, for the love of her youth, for

now her last hope was fairly gone.

In the middle of her turning she drew the

girdle off the fire, not hastily, but with care

ome ower the hill his lane!"
And I caught my mother in my arms.
(To be Continued.)

"I'll bake nae mair," she cried. "Sandy's

WHY DOES IT RAIN?

The question, "What makes it rain?"

especially after long continuous drouth, is

very interesting. The atmosphere is largely saturated with water in the form of vapor.

This may be proven on a hot, dry day, such as we had last July, when it was so hot and

dry that it burned up standing corn through-out Iowa, Nebraska and other western states.

If on such a day you fill a glass with ice water you will soon find the outside covered with globules of water which the glass has

Water is found in four states, solid as

ce; liquid as in water; vapor as in steam,

brought into contact with fire becomes steam;

team superheated by an intenser is trans-

formed into a fixed gas. To prove this, take a vessel full of air, send an electro current through it and it is transformed into drops

of water. Experiment shows that a fixed gas, or the atmosphere, may be changed into

water by an electric shock; steam or vapor is changed into water by a cool temperature,

and water is changed into ice by a very cold

Let me now collect and place in order

hese phenomena: The air we breathe is full

of water in the form of vapor and it holds the water tenaciously. Under certain conditions the air gets too full of vapor and when it cannot hold any more one little globule will

oin another, still more unite until a drop has

been formed, which falls down just as if some one had squeezed a sponge. But some-

which I have been trying to explain. An

which I have been trying to explain. An electro shock, apparently unbidden, files hundreds of miles athwart the sky in a

second of time, lighting up the heavens, rending the air and shaking the earth, as we

o gladly and thankfully witnessed on Satur-

The philosophy of it all is this: The intense heat of the sun at the equator had converted the vapor of the atmosphere into a fixed gas, and to restore the equilibrum an electric shock was necessary to reconvert

the fixed gases into water. We all notice im-mediately after an intensely vivid flash of lightning a reverberation followed by a heavy

SUSPENSE.

Globe-Democrat

asked her if I might write to her Of trifling things and news, erhaps my city notes might touch Her fancy and amuse.

wrote her all the news about The latest fads and things, Occasionally I would drop A hint of wedding rings.

was the most devoted scribe

A woman ever met; as for her skill I cannot say. She hasn't answered yet.

he simply smiled and said that I Might write just as I pleased; not then she dropped her head and blushed, And I-I knew she teased.

No foreign substance enters into Cook's

Extra Dry Imperial Champagne. It's the pure juice of the grapes naturally fermented.

HENRY COKER.

lay night.

shower of large drops.

endensed from the air.



"William!" she called, and again, "Wil-

in the early summer, till I could have wept

But in a moment she flung me from her.

"Oh! It's you," she said bitterly, and went

within without another word, her harshness

But I understood, for my mother was al-

So it was ever with my mother. She was

by father's sweetheart to her latest hour. But when I went in I found her sitting.

sheet-white and trembling, on the settle.
"What's ta'en ye, mither?" I said to her,
putting a shawl about her.

"O, my man, my bonny man," she said. "there's nane to steek your e'en the nicht!

jangling on my heart.

GAY GARLAND COMES SADDLE EMPTY. The night of the 22d of June, 1679, shall pever be forgotten among us while Earlstoun house stands. It was the eve of the day whereon befel the weary leaguer of Bothwell when the enemy beset the Brig, and the good Blue Banner gat fyled and reddened with other dystuff than the brown mosswater. I mind it well, for I had grown to be man-muckle since the day on the Tinkler's Loup. After a day of heat there fell a night like pitch. A soughing wind went round the house and round the house, whispering and groping. like a feriorn ghost trying to find his way within.

If there was a shut eye in the great house of Earlstoun that night, it was neither mine | heart. nor my mother's. We lay and thought of them that were over the hill, striving for the Other King and the good cause. And our thoughts were prayers, though there was none to take the book in Earlstoun that night, for I was never gifted that way. So we bedded, without sound of singing or voice of prayer, though I think Jean Hamilton had

done it for the asking.

I lay in my naked bed and listened all the night with unshut eye. I could hear in my mother's room the boards creak as she sose every quarter hour and looked out into the rayless dark. Maisie Lennox of the Duchrae, old An'on's daughter, now a well grown lass; lay with her; and Sandy's young wife, Jean Hamilton, with her suckling bairn, was in the little angled chamber that opens off the turret stair near by. It befel at the back of 1, or mayhap be-

twist that and 2, that there came a sound at the neither door that frightened us all. "Rise William! Haste ye," cried my mother, with great eagerness in her voice

coming to my door in the dark. "Your father is at the neither door, new lichted doon from Gay Garland. Rise an' let him in!" And as I sat up on my elbow and hearkened I heard as clearly as now I hear the clock strike, the knocking of my father's riding boots on the step of the outer door. For it was ever his wont, when he came that way to knap his toes on the edge of the step, that the room floorings might not be defiled with the black peat soil which is commonest about the Earlstoun. I have heard my father tell It a thousand times in his pleasantry, how it was when my mother was a bride but newly come home and notionate, that she learned him these tricks. For otherwise his ways were not dainty, but rather carcless-and it may be, even rough.

as I listened. I heard very clear out side of the house the knocking of my father's feet, and the little hoast he always gave before he tirled at the pin to be let in when he rode home late from Kirkeudbright. Hear ing which we were greatly rejoiced, and I hasted to draw on my knee breeks, crying: 'Bide a wee, faither, an' briskly I'll be wi

ye to let ye in!"

For I was a little lame, halting on one though I think not to any noticeable extent. mother at the door of her chambe "Haste ye, William, or I maun rin

For my father had made her promise that she would not go out of her chamber to meet him at the return, being easily touched in her breast with the night air. So I hasted and ran down as I was, with my points all untied and set wide open the

"Faither!" I cried, as I undid the bolt and set the leaves of the door abroad. "Faither, ye are welcome hame!" And I could hear my mother listening above for his foot over the threshold. Yet he came not within, which was a wonder to me. So I went out upon the step of the nether door, but my father was not there. Only the same strange chill wind went round the house, sighing and moaning blindly as before, and a smoor of white fog blew like muirburn past the door.

Then my hair rose upon my head and the
skin of my brow pricked, because I knew

that strange portents were abroad that night. What for does your faither no come ben the house to me?" cried my mother from the stair head. I could hear her clasping and unclasping her hands, for my ears were quick at taking sounds.

"I think he must be gone to the station with Gay Garland, to stall him beside Philiphaugh," I answered, for so my father's old white horse was named, because in his young days my father had been at that place on the day when Montrose and his Highlandmen got their settling. This is what I said to my mother, but, indeed, my thought was far

other.

I lifted the leaded pistol that lay in the aumrie by the door check, and went off in the direction of the stable. The door was shut, but I undid the pin and went within.

My father was not there. The horses were
moving restlessly and lifting their feet uneasily, as they do on ice, or other kittle
footing. Then of a truth I knew there was something more than canny abroad about Earlstoun that night, and that we should hear iff news on the morning. And when a bundle of reins slipped from the shelf and fell on my shoulders, like a man's hand



ON THE STEP OF THE NETHER DOOR

frightened hen, and dropped almost to the ground. Yet, though I am delicate and not overly well grown in my body, I do not count myself a coward, even though my brother Sanday's courage be not mine. "Blind eye, hard head" was ever his sort, but I love to take my danger open-eyed and standing up—and as little of it as possable.

without doubt Sandy was bringing father "Gay Garland was aye a reesty beast!" I said. "Doubtless he started when my father had his foot in the stirrup and has come

come. I was at the door watching for them coming before ever a grouse cock stirred among the short, brown beather on Ardoch

'Anither beast micht," said my mother, looking wistfully from the little window on the stair, from which she did not stir, "but never Gay Garland!"

And right well I knew she spake truth. Gay Garland had carried my father over long to reest with him at the hinderend. "Can ye no see them?" cried my mother again from the room where ordinarily she

Even Jean Hamilton, that was but three years a wife, was not as restless that fair morning of midsummer as my mother, for she had her babe at her breast. In which she was happier, because when he cried at least she had something to think about.

Three weeks before, in the mid of the sunny days in that noble June, my father.

William Gordon of Airds and Earlstoun, and

my elder brother, Alexander, had ridden away to fight against King Charles. It took a long arm in those days to strive with the Stuarts, and as I saw them ride over the brae, with thirty Glenkens blue bonnets at their tail, I knew that I was looking upon the beginning of the ruin of our house. Yet I went and hid my face and raged, for that I was not permitted to ride along with them and to carry the banner of blue, which my mother, the lady of Earlstoun, and Jean Hamilton, Sandy's wife, had broidered for them, with words that stirred the heart lettered fair upon it in threads of gold, and a Now, though that is my name, I knew full well that it was not for me, her son, that she called. For that is a voice a woman only uses to him who has been her man, and with her has drunk of the fountain of the joy of youth. Once I shot an eagle in

My mother would have added an open Millyea, and his mate came and called him even thus, with a voice which was as soft as that of a cushie dove in the tall trees bible on the division beneath, but my father "A sword gin ye like, but no bible!" he

Inen as I went in I came upon my mother a step or two from the open door, groping with her arms wide open in the darkness. "O," she cried, "William, William, the Lord be thankit!" and she clasped me to her heart. and my mother said that she had more trou-ble at the rearing of me than with all her cleckin'. By which she meant, as one might say, her brood of chickens.

To me my father cried out as he rode out of the yard: "Abide, William, and look to your mother ways greatly set on my father, and once when in jest we teased her to try her, tell-ing her the story of the pious Eneas, and -and see that the beasts get their fodder, for you are the master of Earlstoun till I

asking her to prophesy to us which one of us she would lift, if so it was that the house "An' ye can help Jean to sew her bairn of Earlstoup were in a lowe, "Faith," said my mother, "I wad tak' your clouts!" cried my brother Sandy, whom we called the Bull, in that great voice of his. and as a fixed gas, which I will explain. I first observe that the power we know as heat applied to ice produces water; water faither on my back, gin a' the lave o' ye had to bide and burn!" which could cry from Ardoch to Lochinvar over leagues of heather. And I, who heard him with the water stand-

ing in my eyes, because they were going out in their war gear while I had to bide at home, could have clouted him with a stone as he sat his horse, smiling, and shaving the back of his hand with his Andrea Ferrara to try its edge. - Oh, well ken I that he was a great fighter

"MAISTER ALEXANDER IS COMIN' OVER THE BRAE!"

"Hoot, mither," I said, "speak not so, my faither will come his ways hame i' the mornin' nae doot, wi' a' the lads o' the Kenside clatterin' ahint him. Sandy is wi' him, ye

"Na," she said, calmly enough, but as one who has other infomations, "Sandy is no wi' him. Sandy gaed through them wi' his held doon and his sword rinnin' reed. I see them a' broken—a' the pride o' the west, an' the dragoons are riding here an' there amang them an' hangin' them doon. But your faither I canna see—I canna see my man—'' "Mither," I said, mostly, I think, for some-thing to say, "mind the Guid Cause!" She flung her hands abroad with a fine gesture as of scorn. "What cause is guid that twines a woman frae her ain man—an' we

had been they'ther three-an'-thirty year!"
In a little while I got her to lie down, but the
most simple may understand how much more sleep there was in Earlstoun that night. Yet, though we listened with all our ears, we heard no other sound than just that blind and urkindly wind reestling and soughing about the house, groping at the doors and trying the lattices. Not a footstep went across the courtyard, not the cry of a bird came over the moors, till behind the ridges of the east

Then, when in the gray and growing light I went down and again opened the door, there, with his nose against the latchet hasp, was Gay Garland, my father's war horse. He stood and trembled in every limb. He was covered with ine lair of the moss hags wherein he had suns to the girths. But on his saddle leather, toward the left side there was a bread splash of blood, which had run down to the stirrup iron, and in the holster on that side, where the great pistol ought to have been, a thing yet fore fear-some—a man's bloody forelinger, taken off above the second joint, with a clean drawing

My mother came down the turret stair, fully dressed, and with her company gown upon her. When she saw Gay Garland standing there at the door with his head between his knees, she did not seem to be astonished or afraid, as she had been during he night. She came near to him and laid hand on his neck.

a hand on his neck.
"Puir beast," she said, "ye have had sore
travel. Take him to the stable for water and
corn, and bid Jock o' the Garpel rise." The dark shades of the night were flown away, and my mother spoke quietly and firmly, as was her wont. Much in times bygone had we spoken about sufferings in the house of Earlstoun, and, lo! now they

were come home to our own door, CHAPTER III. SANDY COMES OVER THE HILL ALONE. The House of Earlstoun sits bonny above the waterside, and there are few fairer waters in this land than the Ken water. Also it looks its bonniest in the early morning when the dew is on all sides and a still-ness like the peace of God lies on the place. I do not expect the kingdom of heaven very much to surpass Earlstoun on a Sabbath

things than I, an ill-grown crowl, can ever lay my name to. But, nevertheless, such was the hatred I felt at the time toward him, be-

ng my brother, and thus flouting me.
But with us, as I have said, there abode ur cousin, Maisie Lennox, from the Duchrae. grown now into a douce and sonsy lass, with hair that was like spun gold when the sun shone upon it. For the rest, her face rather wanted color, not having in it—by reason of her anxiety for her father, and it may be also by the nature of her complexion—so much of the red as the faces of Jean Hamilton and other of our country lasses. But because she was my comrade, I saw naught awanting, nor thought of red or pale; since she was Maisie Lennox and my friend and gossip of these many years, she could not be other than she was, and indeed I wished it not.

Also in some sort she was a companion for my mother, for she had a sedate and dependa-ble way with her, sedate and wise beyond her 'She is not like a filchy young body about t hoose," said my mother. But in this I differed, yet said nothing. For one could have been to me what Maisie o

the Duchrae was. After Sandy and my father had ridden away and I that was left to keep the house went about with a hanging head for that I had not ridden also, Maiste Lennox grew more than ordinarily kind. Never had a feckless lad like me such a friend like Maisie of the Duchrae. It was far beyond that which the love maids chatter about, and run out to the stackyard in the gloaming to find-oft to their sorrow, poor, silly hempies.

Yet we greeted in the morning without ob-servance, but rather as brothers whom night had not parted. In the day we spoke but seldom, save to ask what might be needed, as the day's darg and duty drifted us to-gether. At even we watched the light fade from the hills of the west and gather behind those of the east. And I knew that without speech her heart was trying to comfort mine. because that I had not been judged worthy to ride for the Covenants with her father and mine, and in especial because Sandy had flouted me before her. This was very pre-cious to me and kept up my manhood in mine

yes—a service far above rubies.
Thus they rode away and left the house o the Earlstoun as empty and unfriendly as a barn in hay harvest. From that day forward we spent as much time looking out over the moore from the house as we did at our ap-pointed tasks. I have already told of the happenings of the night of the 22d of June and of my mother's strange behavior—which, indeed, was very far from her wont, for she seldom showed her heart to my father, but rather faulted him and kept him at a stick's end,

especially when he came heedlessly into her clean-swept rooms with his great moss-splashed riding boots.

Of that night I have one thing more to tell. It was between the hours of 10 and 11 of the day following this strange night that my mother, having set all her house maldens to their tasks with her ordinary care and discretion, took down the bakeboard and hung the girdle on a clear red fire of peat. Someand standing up—and as little of it as possible.

As I went back, which I did instantly,
leaving the stable door swinging open—I
heard my mother's voice again. She was
saling aloud, and the sound of her vr'saling aloud, aloud the saling aloud, aloud the saling aloud the saling aloud the saling aloud the saling aloud the

in Dumfries, where he had a house. He was, indeed, mortally fund of her girdlecakes, and THE MOON A BASE DECEIVER

had wheaten flour ground at a distant mill for the purpose of making them. "Mary Hope," he used to say to her, in his daffing way, "your scones are better than your father's law, I wonder wha learned ye to bake about Craigleha, tho, I grant, mony's the puir man the father o' ye has Science Knocks the Props from Under Its Pretensions. keepit braw and het on a girdle while he stirred him aboot wi' his tongue."

This he said because my mother was a daughter of my Lord Hope of Craigiehall, who had been president of the Court of Sessions in his time, and a very great man in the state.

NO INFLUENCE OVER THE WEATHER

Facts Disclosed by Extensive Observations Throughout the World-Dry and Wet Moons a Childish Fiction-Signs that Fail.

(Copyright, 1995.) From time immemorial an almost univer-

sal belief has prevailed that the state of the weather is in some way or other controlled by the moon. Rules have been formulated for the purpose of predicting changes in the weather, both from the moon's phases and the date at which they take place. Even so distinguished an astronomer as the late Sir William Herschell is said to have prepared a series of such rules or precepts which are now known as Herschell's weather tables. And out of this comes the study of supposed lunar influence by farmers and gardeners in most of the acts of their craft.

Inasmuch as the moon is known to assist in producing the tides, it has been inferred that it must likewise cause tides in the atmosphere and in this way make changes in the weather. The only evidence of an aerial tide is afforded by the in-creased pressure or weight of the air as shown by the barometer, and observations made in various localities and extending over more than half a century, show that if an aerial tide exists at all, it is exceedingly slight, the change in the height of the mercurial column of the barometer being less han one thousandth of an inch. An aerial tidal wave due to the moon's attraction has therefore practically no existence.

Meteorological observations have been made for more than a third of a century in Europe and elsewhere white the express purpose of ascertaining the number of rainy days in the waxing and waning moon, and the results in every i stance have been unsatisfactory and contradictory. Thus in southern Ger-many it was found that during a period of twenty-fire years the number of rainy days in the waxing moon (from new to full moon) was to the number in the waning moon very nearly as six to five, while in the south of France the ratio was as nine to eleven; and nearly opposite results were secured at Paris. There has been the same experience in America and the observations have proved nothing. Where nearly the same results were obtained in two or more different localities they only indicated coincidences, not consequences. It may thence be safely concluded that changes of the moon have no influence

producing rain. Equally worthless is the tradition that the crescent of the new moon when nearly hori-zontal foretells a wet month and when nearly vertical a dry month. These positions of the moon's crescent must occur every nineteen years and are a necessary consequence of the moon's having the orbit it has, the

other being very slow and gradual.

Those who are willing to accept these as signs do so from the coincidences they may have happened to observe, carefully noting the instances which have proved the sign and neglecting those that do not

They are in fact convinced because they desire to be convinced of what really pos-sesses no foundation whatever. Observations made with the view of de-termining whether or not the moon produces any other changes in the weather have given contradictory results. Thus 100 new moons

were followed by fifty-cight changes of weather; 100 full moons by sixty-three changes and 100 quarterings by sixty-four changes. This might seem to show that the new moon is followed by the fewest changes and this is contrary to what is commonly believed. In short, all scientific no influence whatever over the weather.
Practical meteorology can hardly be said to have attained to the rank of a science, however. We know very little about the causes which bring about changes in the weather. Until our knowledge of electricity magnetism is vastly extended, our for casts of the weather must be in the majority of cases, mere guesses. We understand the cause of the trade winds; but we cannot explain the whirlwind in our streets, much less can we say a day or even an hour in advance when and where the next cyclone will strike. Wind and rain storms follow no known law; they are variable and capricious,

deserts, large lakes, extensive forests, etc., to which may be added temperature, moisture and electrical conditions. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but thou can'st not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." J. MORRISON, M. D. Ph. D.

being influenced by numerous local causes,

such as oceanic currents, mountain chains

An Upright Death. Indianapolis Journal: "I had a sort of thirty-second cousin who came west some years ago," said the tourist gentleman. "I understand he went by the name of Gunshy Joe. I fear that Joseph did not lead a very upright life."

"Right you air," assented Rubberneck Bill.
"Still, I kin say that he died an upright d ath,
bein' in a vertical attitude at the time."





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