

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONCLUDED. In Edinburgh they cast me into an inner den of the prison, where in irons were ten men already. Then, when my name was made known, through the darkness and the fearsome stench of the place, where no air had come for years, what was my joy to hear the voice of Anton Lennox bidding me be of good cheer, for that our Lord was a strong Lord, and would see me win through with credit from off the stage of life.

At this I took heart of grace at the kennel voice and face, and we fell to discoursing all about Maisie Lennox and how she did. He told me that for the honor of the king's service the soldiers had treated him kindly, and had given him the repute of being an honorable man above most. Nevertheless, the wararnt for his execution was daily expected from London. He told me also that my brother, Sandy, was in Blackness, but that it was reported again that he was soon to be examined by torture. Indeed, there was a talk among the guard that I was to share this with him, which made them the more careful of me, as one that the council

But it was not long before this matter was brought to a probation. About three of the clock on the following day there came officers to the Tolbooth Port and cried my name. to which I answered with a quaking heart, not for death, but for torture. So they took me out and delivered me to the guard, who took me by back ways and closes to a little door let into the side of a great hulk of

Along stone passages very many, all dripping with damp like a cellar, they dragged me, till at three doors hung with red cloth they stopped, and, instead of swearing and jesting as they had done before, the officers talked in whispers.

A door swung open very silently to admit

me, and I set my feet upon a soft carpet. Then, also without noise, the door swung to again. I found myself alone in a cage, barricred like the cage of a wild beast. It was at one end of a great room, with black oaken ceiling, carven and paneled. Before me there was a strong breastwork of oak, and an iron bar across chin high. Beside me and on either hand were ranged strange looking en-gines, some of which I knew to be the "boots" for the torture of the legs, and the pirlickins for the bruising of the thumbs. Also there stood at each side a man habited in black and with a black mask over his face. These men stood with their arms folded, and looked across the narrow space at one another as though they had been statues.

The rest of the great room was occupied by a great table, and at the table there sat a large and dignified company. Then I un-derstood that I stood in the presence of the Privy Council of Scotland, which for twentyyears had bent the land to the king's
At the head sat cruel Queensbury, with a dark face louring with hate and guile, or so it seemed, seen through the bars of oak and underneath gauds of iron.

When I was brought in they were talking over some slight matter concerning a laird who had been complaining that certain ill-se persons were carrying away sea tangle from



hen he would take accesses of howling

his foreshore. And I was not pleased that they should have other thoughts in their minds when I was before them in peril of At last Sir George Mackenzie turned him

The officer of the court made answer very shortly and formally: "Willam Gordon, son of umqualle William Gordon of Earlstoun, in Galloway, and brother of the aforementioned Alexander Gordon, condemned traitor from the prison of Blackness, presently to be

examined."
"Ah," said Mackenzie, picking up his pen again, "the messau! We'll wait for the hound and take the lowsy tykes together!" But Queensbury, as was his custom at Council, ran counter to the advocate in his desire, and desired presently to interrogate

The duke asked me first if I had been a the wounding of the Duke Wellwood.

I answered him plainly that I had, but that it was a fair fight, and that the duke and his men had made the first onslaught.
"You have proof for that at your hand, no foubt." said he, and passed on as though that had been a thing of little import—as, indeed, in the light of my succeeding ad-

mission, it was, You were at Sanquhar town on the day of the Declaration?" he said, looking sharply Now it seemed to me that I must so cer-

Now it seemed to me that I must so certainly die that I cared not if I did it with some credit, for the whiner got even less mercy from these men than he that defied and outfaced them.

"I was at Sanquhar, and with this hand I raised the Banner of Blue." I said.

"I note that, Advocate," said Tarbat, smiling foxily. "The king hath a special ifferest in all that took his name in vain at Sanguhar."

Mackenzie looked with a black side-cocking look of interest on the hand I held up, as if to say, "I shall know it again when I see it on the wether bow!"

"You were at Airsmoss, and won clear?" old Anton, Gib, though a big, etr was the next interrogatory.
"I was one of two that broke through both tines of the troops when we came to the He was ordered leg irons, but his

charge!" I said, with perhaps more of the braggard than I now care to think on. Then all the council looked up, and there

was a stir of interest.

"Blood of St. Crispin!" said Queensbury,
"but ye do not look like it; yet I suppose it
must be so."
"It is so," said Sir George the Advocate
shortly, flicking a parchment with the
feather of his quill pen. He had the record
before him.

"Is there anything more that ye were in

Being as good as headed already, a little more will not matter. It will be to your credit when the saints come to put up your tomb, and scribe your testimony on it."
"I am no saint," said I, "though I love not Charles Stuart; neither, saving your honnot Charles Stuart; neither, saving your honorable presences, the way that this realm is
guided. But if it please you to ken, I have
been in all that has chanced since Bothwell.
I was at Enterkin the day we reft the prisoners from you. I was in the ranks of the
Seven Thousand when, at the Coventicle at
Shalloch-on-Minnoch, the hillmen made Lag
and Strahan draw off. I was taken at the
Tollooth of Wigtown trying to deliver a
prisoner, whom he had reprieved. And had
there been anything else I should have been
in it."

I must speedily do. How I came to know it
is no matter now, but shall without doubt
afterward appear.

While Anton Lennox and I lay in the Tolbooth, those that loved us were not idle. Wat
moved Kate and Kate moved Roger McGhie
of Balmaghie, so that he set off to London to
see the king to get remission for me, and if
need be to pay my fine, because there was
nothing he would not do to pleasure his
daughter. But, though his intercession did

n it." The Council leaned back in their chairs almost to a man, and smilingly looked at one another.

"Ye are a brisk lad and ill to content, but your sheet is well filled; so that I think ye deserve heading instead of hanging, which is certainly a great remission. I shall even take the liberty of shaking hands with you and wishing you a speedy passage. Officer, the prisoner is in your care till his warrant

comes from London."
And to my astonishment Queensbury turned round and very ceremonicusty held out his hand to me, which I took through the bars.

"I shall never deny again that Gordon blood is good blood," he said.

Then they brought in Sandy, homing up like a tower between the warders. He had a strange dazed look about him, and his hair had grown till he peered out of the hassock like an owl out of an ivy bush, as he proverb says.

They asked a few questions of him, to which he but mumbled replies. If he saw me he never showed it. But I knew him of

old, and a sly tod was Sandy.

Then Sir George Mackenzie rose, and turning to him, read the king's mandate, that in spite of his underlying sentence of death he was to be tortured, to make him declare the truth in the matter of Fergusson, the pletter, and the treason snent the king's

Then, the black wrath of him suddenly boiling over, Sandy took hold on the great iron bars before him and bent his strength to it, which, when he was roused, was like the strength of Samson. With one rive he tore it from its fastenings, roaring all the while with that terrible voice of his which used to set the cattle wild with fear when they heard it, and even frightened men grown and bearded. The two men in masks sprang upon him, but he seized them one in each hand and cuffed and buffeted them against the wall till I thought he had splattered their brains on the wall. Indeed, I looked to see. But though there was blood enough, there were no brains.

of oak and underneath gauds of iron.

Still more black and forbidding was the face of the "Bluidy Advocate," Sir George Mackenzie, who sat at the table foot, and wrote incessantly in his books. I knew none other there, save the fox face of Tarbet, called the Timeserver.

When I was blood Then some of the council rose to their feet to call the guard, but the door had been locked during the meeting, and none for a moment could open. It was fearsome to see Sandy. His form seemed to tower to the ceiling. A yellow foam like sea snume dropped from his iles, he reared at the coun-cil with open mouth, and twirled the bar over his head. With one great leap he sprang over the barrier, and at this all the councillors drew their gowns about them and rushed pell mell for the door, with Sandy thundering at their heels with his iron bar. It was wonderfully fine to see. For Sandy, with more sense than might have been expected of him, being so raise!, lundered, them about the broadest of their gowns with the bar, till the building was filled with the cries of the mighty Privy Council of Scotland. I laughed heartly, though under sen-tence of death, and felt that well as I thought had borne myself. Sandy the Bull had done thousand times better. Then from several doors the soldiery came

rashing in, and immediately Sandy, after levelling a file with his gaud, was overpowered by numbers. Nevertheless, he continued to struggle till they twined him helpless in coils of rope. In spite of all it took the best part of a company to take him to the castle, whither, "for a change of air," and to relieve his madness, he was remanded, by order of the council when next they meet. Yet there was no more heard of xamining Sandy by torture.

But it was a tale in the city for many a day how that Sandy Gordon cleared the chamber of the privy council. And for the first time in my life I was proud of my brother, and would have given all the sense I had, which is no little, for the power to have done likewise.

So, waiting the arrival and the day of my doom, I continued to abide in the Tolbooth. Anton Lennox, also waiting, as he said, his Anton Lennox, also waiting, as he said, his bridegroom day of marriage and coronation, was with me. In the night alone we had some peace and quiet. For they, had turned in upon us, to our horror, that wind-filled fool, John Gib, whom for his follies Anton Lennox had lundered with a stick upon the Flowe of the Deershunk Flowe of the Deershunk.

With him was Davie Jamie, the scholar now well nigh as mad as himself. Some-

times the jailers played with them and said, "John, this is your Sunday's meal of meat!" Whereupon, so filled with moon-madness Whereupon, so filled with moon-mauness were they, that they would refuse good victual, because it had been given them upon a day with a heathen name. Or, again, the ill-set of the prisoners made their game the ill-set of they were not all of them that the lifest of the prisoners made their game of them—for they were not all of them that suffered for their faith that were with us in the Canongate Tolbooth, but many city apprentices also that had been in brawls or had broken their indentures. And, truth to tell, we were somewhat glad of the birkles, tell, we were dull of heart they made for when we were dull of heart they made sport with us, and we were numerous enough to keep them from interfering with our wor

So these wild loons would say: "Prophesy to us, John Gib, for we know that thou hast the devil at thine elbow. Let us see thy face shining as It did at the Spoul Auchentalloch when ye danced and burned

And whether it was with our looking, or whether the man really had devilry about him, certain it is that in the gloom of the corner, where in his quiet spells.he abode, there seemed to be oftimes a horr!ble face near to his own, and a light thrown upon his hair and eyes. This was seen by most in the dungeon, though, for my part, I could

see nothing.

Then he would take accesses of howling. like to a dog or a rutting hart on the mountains of heather. And sometimes, when the fear of Anton Lennex was upon him, he would try to stop his roaring, thrusting his own napkin into his mouth; but for all that the devil within him would drive out the napkin and some most fearful yells behind it, as a pellet is driven from a boy's tow

This he did mostly during worship, which was held thrice a day in the Tolbooth, and helped to pass the time. Then he became far possessed, and neither to hold or bind. So that for common they had to bring Anton Lennox to him with a quarterstaff, with which he threatened him, and at sight of old Anton, Gib, though a big, strong man, would run behind the deer and crauch there on his hunkers, howling like a deg.

"A good day to ye, Mistress Cranstoun," said Maisie boldly, and like a crekish student. "Will ye get me a drink of good caller water?"

"That," said the good wife shrewishly turning her eyes scornfully across her nose. "is not good asking at a change house. I warrant we do not live and pay our winter's bills by sellin' caller water to student birkies!"

"So, good madam," said our Maisie again.

and ink as ever they wanted, and to send him copies of all that they wrote for his entertainment. But in time of worship after this Anton Lennox ordered four of the strongert and biggest men to sit upon him, streeked out on the floor, as men sit together upon a bench in the kirk at sermon hearing. And we were glad when we fell on this plan, for this discouraged the devil more

that he wanted to tar us all with the same stick), that he had them taken off, and bade

give him and David Jamie as much paper

than anything, so that he acknowledged the power of the Gospel and quit rearing. Yet I think all this rough play kept up our hearts, and stayed us from thinking all the time of that day of our bitter, final testifying which was coming so soon. To make an end now of Muckle John Gib, I heard that he was sent by ship to the colonies, and that in America he gained much honor among the heathen for his converse with the devil. Nor did the godly men that are there ever dis-cover Anton Lennox's method of exorcism than which I ween there is none better, for

than which I went there is none better, for the devil needs breath as well as another. But for all this, there was never an hour that passed but I would wake and remember that at the sound of a trumpet the port might be opened and I summoned forth, to meet my doom. And Anton Lennox dealt with me for my soul's peace, and that very faithfully; for there were not wanting that among the prisoners those that made no scruple to call me a sword-and-buckler covenanter, because me a sword-and-buckler covenanter, because I would not follow them in their protests and remonstrances. But Anton Lennox warred with them with the weapons of speech for the both of us, and told them how that I had witnessed a good confession, and that before many witnesses. He said also that there would not be wanting one when I went my next stage to make confession of William Gordon before the angels of heaven. Which saying made them to cavil no more.

CHAPTER XXVIII. Now that which follows concerns not my-self, but Maisie Lennox and others that were at this time forth of the Tolbooth. Yet be-cause the story properly comes in here, I pray the reader to suffer it gladly, for with-

out it I cannot come to my tale's ending, as I must speedily do. How I came to know it is no matter now, but shall without doubt nothing he would not do to pleasure his daughter. But, though his intercession did

I will pay for it; aye, as if it had been claret wine of the best hin in your cellar.' At hearing of which the landlady pricked

'I will e'en gae bring it mysel'," she said in a changed voice, for such orders came not every day. "It is for a wager," she thought. "The loons are ever after some daft play." As she went to the door she had a thought.
"Mind ye," she said, "meddle not wi' the
pistols, for they are on the king's service."

father!" she said.

She was on a lonely place on the moors, with deep mosshags and holes in the turt where men had cut peat. These were now filled with black water. She stopped, took So she set out to bring the water in a wooden cogie with a handle. out the warrant for her father's execution, tore it into a thousand pleces and sunk it in the deep hag. The white horse of the king's rider meanwhile stood patiently by till she mounted again, I warrant as swiftly as she used to do in the old days at the Duckrea. As soon as she was fairly gone Maisle stole on tiptee to the door of the room from whence the snoring proceeded. She peeped circumthe snoring proceeded. She peeped circum-spectly within, and there on a rough bel, with the neck of his bull riding coat thrown open, lay the King's rider, a great, clean-shaven fellow, with a cropped head, and ear-rings in his ears. The edge of the mail bag peeped from under the pillow, and the rib-bons of seals showed beneath the flaps. Duchrae. But the tearing of the warrant would only delay and not prevent her father's death. She saw that clearly. Then there came to her the thought of the free pardon. To write a name in the blank space meant a release from prison and the chance of escape. She resolved to write it when she came to the next changehouse.

But as she rode she fell to thinking, and the content of the conte

Maisie laid her hand on her heart to still its painful beating. There was no chance of drawing the bag from under the rider's head, for his hand was twisted firmly in the strap. It was with mighty grief in her heart that Maisie Lennox stepped back. But at sight of the pistols on the table, a thought and a hope sprang up together within her. She hasted to take them up and draw the charges, leaving on a sprinkling of powder

in the pan of each.

And as she rode off she bore with her the landlady's benediction, for the good wife had never been so paid for caller spring water before.

the changehouse and settle the question.

"He is my father," she said over and over, dwelling on all that her father had been to her. "I cannot—I will not think of others before him. It is my father's name I will write in the pardon—I must, yes, I must!"

And the name of another did she not mention at all, as I have been informed. At last she came to the door of the changehouse, and throwing her reins over the hitching root at At the entrance to the wild place known as the Devil's Beef Tub, near the last wood on the upward way of the hills, Maisie waited for the king's rider. There were no doubt many thoughts in her heart, but she did not dwell upon them-save it might be upon this one, that if the rider discovered that the charges had been drawn, it would certainly go ill with her, and worse with those whom she had come out to save. What wonder, then, if her maid's hear flew faster than ever Gay Garland had done

she cried to the dame of the lnn, forgetting that she had donned her maid's clothes again, and speaking in the hectoring voice of the birkie student. She threw a silver coin on the table with a princely air that when he fied before the gypsy clan.

Then she heard afar off the clatter of a horse's feet on the road, and her courage returned to her. As the king's messenger suited indifferently with the sober air of her maiden's dress. Among the mutchkins on the ribbed and rimmed deal table she came trotting easily down an incline, she rode as quietly out of a byway into the road and let him range alongside.

With a polite toss of the reins, as was then quared herself to write in the name upon

the modish fashion, she bade him goodday.
"Ye are a bonnie birkie. Hae ye ony sis ters?" said the man, in the Lothian tongue



HE CUFFED AND BUFFETED THEM UNTIL I THOUGHT HE HAD SPATTERED THEIR BEAINS OUT.

good in delaying the warrant, yet my owning of the raising of the flag at Sanquhar was too much for the king, and in due course my warrant sped. Of which the bruit came north too of Balmaghies that role like the wings of the wind. But, indeed, I was not greatly disappointed, for I never expected any other end.

As soon as the news came to the house of Balmaghie, Maisie Lennox betook herself to the woodside to think. There she stayed for the better part of an hour, pacing up and down more like an aged man than a young maiden, and, as my informant tells me, came in again with a face wonderfully cleared. "Give me a horse and a suit of lad's clothes," she said to her who kept the drapery closets and wardrobes at the great

ouse of Balmaghie. "Preserve us, lass, for what wad ye hae lad's class?" said the ancient houskeeper, but without waiting for a reply Maisie Lennox went and got them.
"The lassie's gane mad! There's nac rea-

son in her," she cried out in amazement. Indeed, it was a time when men and women were not inclined to stand upon reasons, for each being supposed to have his neck deep in the tow, he had no doubt his own good logic for whatever he proposed.

own good logic for whatever he proposed.

So Mistress Crombie, housekeeper to the Laird of Balmaghie, without further question, fitted Maisle Lennox with a suit of lad's clothes, which, having taken off and again suitably attired herself, she strapped in a roll on her saddle bow and covered with a plaid. Then, dressed as a maid that goes to her first place and rides a borrowed horse, she took her way eastward. Now at that time, so important were the proclamations and privy council matters, that every week there rode important were the proclamations and privy cauncil matters, that every week there rode a post that carried naught but reprieves and the road. He started to run after his assail-

It had been the custom of late, ever since he numerous affrays near the border of Ber-wick, that he should ride by Carlisle and Moffat to Edinburg.

Now this young maid, contrary to the wont of women folk, had all her life said little and lone much. So when she came to the side of the little Queensberry Hill, having ridden ill the way sedately as a sober maiden ought all the way sedately as a sober maiden ought, she went into a thicket and changed her woman's appearance to that of a smart birkie who rides to college. It was about the time when the regents call these up to the beginning of their classes. So it was a most faceable like thing, and indeed there were a good many such upon the roads. But Maisie Lennox kept out of their road, for these wandering students are ever inclined to be goatish and full of impish pranks, whether as I saw them at Groningen or in Edinburg town. them at Groningen or in Edinburg town.

So she (that was for the time being he) came reeling into the town of Moffat, just when the London state messenger was ex-pected. There she entered the hostlery of the White Hart, which was kept by a decent woman named Catherine Cranstoun. As a ruffling young gallant, she strode in with her chest well out and one hand on the hilt of the rapier which she modishly thrust forward. But Malsie, when she found herself within, was a little daunted to see a great pair of pistols, a sword, and other furniture of a king's rider lie upon the table, while from within a little chamber, the door of which stood ajar, she heard the sound as of one

that sleeps and snores sonorously in his

"So, good madam," said our Mairie again He was ordered leg irons, but his ravings "but if you will get me a drink from y"

Maisie answered him no-an only bairs and riding to the college at Edinburgh. "Ye'll be a braw student, no doubt." She told him so-so.
"I'se warrant ye!" said he, for he was

jovial by nature, and warmed with Mistress Cranstoun's wine. So they rode along in friendly enough

talk till they were nearing the wood, when Maisie, knowing that the time had come, wheeled about and bade him "Stand!" At the same time she pointed a pistol at his "Deliver me your mails," she said,

I shall take your life!" ...
The man laughed, as at a pleasant jest. "Ga wa' wi' ye, birkie. Nane o' your college tricks wi' me' or ye may aiblins get

hurt. I am no a man to tak' offense, but this passes a merrymaking! But when Maisie pulled the other pistol and levelled it also at his head the rider hesitated no longer, but pulled out his own and took aim at her heart. "Your blood be on your own head, then!" cried. "I never missed yet!" and he

he cried. "I nev pulled the trigger. But the powder only flashed in the pan With an oath he pulled the other and did like wise with it, but quite as fruitlessly.

Then he leaped down and tried to grip
Maisie's horse by the bridle, for he was a
stark carle and no coward.

But her horse obeyed the guiding hand With a swing she swept out of his reach, so as to catch the bridle of the horse which carried the mails, and which, fresh from the stable, was inclined to crop the herbage. ant, but Maisie sent a bullet back, which halted him. For it struck a stone among the red dust at his feet, and went through tween his legs buzzing like a bumble bee And this is indeed a thing which would have

haited most folk.
It was with a trembling hand that Maisie Lennox, in the deepest shades of the wood, ripped open the bags. Almost the first thing she came upon was her father's death warrant. With trembling hand she turned over the papers to find if there was mine also. But there were only Privy Council letters and documents in eigher. Over and over she turned them, her heart, I doubt not, hammering loudly. But there was not an-other warrant. It must have been sent for-ward by another hand. It might even be in Edinburgh already, she thought. Almost she had returned the letters to the bag and set them at the true foot, when she noted a little bulge in the thickness of the leather near the clasp. In a moment she had her knife within, and there, in a cipher letter to the president of the council, was a free pardon, signed and sealed, wanting only the name inserted. Without doubt it was in-tended for some of the friends of Duke Queensberry. But Majsie's heart gave a still greater stound, and without a moment fo consideration she galloped off toward Edin-burgh upon the fresh horse of his majesty's post rider. When she came to the first woods over the crown of the dreary hill road she put off the lad's apparel and dressed again as the quiet maid upon her travels, whom none would suspect of bold robbery whom none would suspect of bold robbery of his majesty's dispatches upon his own

Then as she took the road to Edinburgh onsider what a turmoil and battle there was no her heart. She says that she saw not the road all the way for thinking, and I doubt it not. "My father or my lad—" she argued with herself. "Which name shall I put in? It may not serve them long, but it will save them at least this day from death."

And in the clatter of her horse's feet there was no answer to her question. Then she told over to herself all that her

what she had written with a blanched and terror-stricken countenance. No sooner was the ink dry than, bending again to the paper, she began eagerly to crape at it with her finger pail, as though she would even yet change her first thought. But as she rubbed the parchment, which was very fine and soft, part of it curled up at the edge into a tiny roll, like a shaving of bark when one cuts a birch. Instantly Maisie saw that there were two parchments

father had done for her since she remem-

bered—the afternoon when it was the Sab-bath, on the pleasant green bank at the Duchrae loaning end, the words of wise coun-

sel spoken there, the sturglle at the cave when the cruel Mardrochat was sent to his account. She did not forget one. Other things, also, she thought of. "Whatever may happen to me I must—I shall save my

But the tearing of the warrant would only

the question that surged to and fro in her heart, like the tide in a sea cave, was— which name would be found written on that

pardon when she rode to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh to deliver it into the hands of the captain of the guard?

As she thought she urged her horse the

throwing her reins over the hitching post at the gate she went in boldly. "Bring me an inkhorn and a goose quill"

She set her pen to the parchment bravely.

Then she stopped, took a long breath, and held it as though it were the dying breath of another which she had in her keeping. With sudden access of resolve, she began a

bold initial, changed it, then wrote hastily with a set face, but holding her hand over the writing, as though to shield the words from sight. Which being done, she looked at

faster, so that the sooner she might come t the changehouse and settle the question.

With a light and cunning hand she separated them carefully. They had been se-cretly attached so as to lock like one. Casting her eyes rapidly over the second parchment, her heart leaped within her to find that it was another pardon, the duplicate of the first, and, like it, duly signed and sealed. It was a moment's work to write in the other name upon this great discovery. So, throwing in her joy a gold piece upon the table beside the shilling, she mounted at the stance and rode away in the direction

of the capital.

"My word!" said the good man of the changehouse, gazing after her, "but that madam doesna want confidence. I doot she

will be after no good!"
"She doesna want siliter." quoth his wife, gathering up the money, "and that's a deal more to the point in a changehouse!"
But Maisie Lennox has never told to any not even to me that have some right to know her secrets—that name which she wrote when she had to choose her father's

life and her lover's.

She only says: "Let every maid answer in her own heart which name she would have written, being in my place, that day in the changes house." And even so may I leave it to all the maidens that may read my history to let their hearts answer which. For they also will not

(To be Continued.)

KIRK'S

GREAT SUCCESS.

RAIN WATER MAKER.

starties the People With Its Grand Work in all Laundries and is Not Out of Place in the Toilet.

RAIN WATER MAKER, the grand compound, is not superseded by anyhing on the market today. The skeptical people that were backward about using this great compound are today its best friends. This grand preparation will not only soften the hardest water, but it will prevent colors from runing in printed goods. It is also extra fine for cleaning tinware, etc. As a bath requisite it is unsurpassed.

All grocers keep Rain Water Maker; ask them for it and be convinced.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE IS HAPPY, FRUITFUL MARRIAGE."

Every Man Who Would Know the Grand Truths, the Plain Facts, the New Discoveries of Medical Science as Applied to Married Life, Who Would Atone for Past Errors and Avoid Future Pitfalls, Should Secure the Wonderful Little Book Called "Complete Manhood, and How to Attain It."

"Here at last is information from a high medical source that must work wonders with this generation of men."
The book fully describes a method by which to attain full vigor and mauly power.
A method by which to end all unnatural drains on the system.



To cure nervousness, lack of self-control, de-

To cure nervousness, lack of self-control, despondency, &c.

To exchange a jaded and worn nature for one of brightness, buoyancy and power.

To cure forever effects of excesses, overwork, worry, &c.

To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body.

Age no barrier. Fallure impossible. Two thousand references.

The book is purely medical and scientific, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it.

A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote:

"Well, I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday, and my new self was born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus:

way?"
And another thus:
"If you dumped a cart load of gold at my
feet it would not bring such gladness into my
life as your method has done."
Write to the ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY,
Buffaio, N. Y., and ask for the little book
called "COMPILETE MANHOOD." Refer to
this paper, and the company promises to send
the book. In scaled cuvelope, without any
marks, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.

Reasons Why Reasons Why

A MAN SHOULD LOCATE IN

ORCHARD HOMES.

Because There Is There-

An abundant and regular rainfall for crops, cool breezes from the gulf during the summer, a climate that will permit raising all kinds of fruit and vegetables, a very rich sell, a good dairy-farming country, the best climate, an abundance of lumber, houses built at a very low cost, free fuel, a very hospital and kindly population, good public schools. A section in which severe frost and long winters are lacking. Summer nights are always cool. Winter nights rarely cold. A thorough, invigorating, healthy and pleasant climate. The great markets are within a few hours distance of you. The temperature ranges from 30 to 90 degrees. No extremes. The water is good. The people are friendly and prosperous. Garden farming and fruit growing pay and pay you well. Common sense will tell every man to investigate this. The immigration is to the South. It is inevitable. You cannot afford to let this chance pass. It is a duty you owe yourself and your family to look over this fertile region and see what it will do for you. The tide is turned that way. Nothing will stop it. Rature aids your efforts. Success is sure to follow honest labor and no risk of failure of crop, hot winds or drouth are staring you in the face. Organize into clubs of three to five families. Select your home and you will never regret it. Come and see what the country is. Address or see us at any time. All information cheerfully given. It is time now,

GEO. W. AMES, General Agent,

1617 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

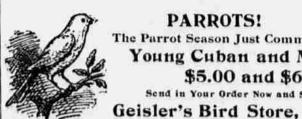
For a 4-foot Solid Oak Roll Curtain Office Desk. We have all sizes equally low in price.

Dewey & Stone Furniture Co.

1115-1117 Farnam St.

Not Sick Enough for the Doctor.

but a little out of sorts. Ripans Tabules would serve in your case. It is well to have them on hand for just such occasions.



PARROTS!

PARROTS! The Parrot Season Just Commencing. Young Cuban and Mexican Parrots \$5.00 and \$6.00 Each. Send in Your Order Now and Secure a Good Selection.

101 N 16th St., Omaka.

PERFECTO

AT THE___

LADIES' BATHAND TOILET PARLORS 109-110 Bee Building, A FULL LINE OF

MME. YALE'S COSMETICS.

RYA

MERCANTILE

XACT SIZE

THE MERCANTILE IS THE FAVORITE TEN CENT CIGAR. For sale by all First Class Dealers. Manufactured by the

> F. R. RICE MERCANTILE CICAR CO., Factory No. 304, St. Louis, Mo