OMARIA DARLY BUEL SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15: 1005

CHAPTER VI.-(Concluded.)

"Listen to me," said Key passionately. "I am thinking only of you. I want to and will save you from any blame-blame you do not understand even now. There is still time. I will go back to the convent with you at once. gate. For a moment her figure in its aus-You shall tell me anything; I will tell you

everything on the way." She had already completely resumed her austere garb and drew the vell across her face. With the putting on her coif she seemed to have extinguished all the joyous youthfulness of her spirit, and moved with the deliberateness of renunciation toward the door. They descended the staircase together without a word. These who saw them pass made way for them with formal respect.

When they were in the street she said, quietly, "Don't give me your arm-Sisters don't take it." When they had reached the street corner she turned it, saying, "This is the shortest way."

It was Key who was now restrained, awkward, and embarrassed. The fire of his spirit, the passion he had felt a moment before, had gone out of him, as if she were really the character she had assumed. He said at last desperately: "How long did you live in the hollow?"

"Only two days. My brother was bringing me here to school, but in the stage coach there was some one with whom he had quarreled, and he didn't want to meet him with me. So we got out at Skinner's and came to the hollow, where his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barker, lived."

There was no hesitation nor affectation in her voice. Again he felt that he would as soon have doubted the words of the sister she represented as her own.

"And your brother-did you live with him? "No. I was at school at Marysville until he took me away. I saw little of him for the past two years, for he had business in the mountains—very rough business, where he couldn't take me, for it kept him away from the settlements for weeks. I think it had something to do with cattle, for he was always having a new horse. I was all alone before that, too; I had no other relations; I had no friends. We had always been moving about so much, my brother and me. I never saw any one that I liked, except you, and until yesterday I had only heard you."

Her perfect naivete alternately thrilled

him with pain and doubt. In his awkwardness and uneasiness he was brutal. "Yes, but you must have met somebody-other men-even here, when you were ou

with your schoolfellows, or perhaps on an adventure like this."

Her white coif turned toward him quickly. "I never wanted to know anybody else. I never cared to see anybody else. I never would have gone out in this way but for you," she said hurriedly. After a pause she a'ded in a frightened tone: "That didn't sound like your voice then. It didn't sound like it a moment ago, either."
"But you are sure that you know my "But you are sure that you know my

voice," he said, with affected gayety. "There were two others in the hollow with me that

"I know that, too. But I know even what you said. You reproved them for throwing a lighted match in the dry grass. You were thinking of us then. I know it."
"Of us?" said Key quickly.
"Of Mrs. Barker and myself. We were along in the bouse for my brother and her

alone in the house, for my brother and her husband were both away. What you said seemed to forewarn me and I told her. So we were prepared when the fire came nearer and we both escaped on the same horse."

"They were her shoes," said the girl sickly. "I couldn't find mine in our hurry. and hers were too large for me, and dropped ack? I knew you would."
"I should have stayed then, but we got no reply when we shouted. Why was that?" he

"Oh, we were warned against speaking to any stranger, or even being seen by any one while we were alone," returned the girl

'But why?" Key persisted. "Oh, because there were so many highway-men and horse stealers in the woods. Why, they had stopped the coach only a few weeks before, and only a day or two ago when Mrs.

Barker came down. She saw them!"

Key with difficulty suppressed a groun. They walked on in silence for some moments he scarcely daring to lift his eyes to the decorous little figure hastening by his side Alternately touched by mistrust and pain, at last an infinite pity, not unmingled with a desperate resolution, took possession of him.

"I must make a confession to you, Miss Rivers," he began with the bashful haste of a very boy, "that is—" he stammered with a half bysteric laugh, "that is—a confession as if you were really a sister or a priest, you know—a sort of confidence to you—to your dress. I have seen you, or though! I saw you. before. It was that which brought me here that which made me follow Mrs. Barkermy only clew to you-to the door of that con vent. That night in the hollow I saw a pro-file at the lighted window which I thought

was vours."
"I never was near the window," said the young girl quickly. "It must have been Mrs. Barker." "I know that now," returned Key. "But

remember it was my only clew to you-I mean," he added awkwardly, "it was the means of my finding you."
"I don't see how it made you think of me, whom you never saw, to see another woman's profile," she retorted, with the faintest touch of asperity in her childlike voice. "But," she added, more gently and with a relapse into her adorable naivete, "most people's profiles look alike."

"It was not that," protested Key, still awk-

only a dream perhaps." She did not reply, and they continued on in silence. The gray wall of the convent was already in sight. Key felt he had achieved nothing. Except for information that was hopeless, he had come to no nearer underhopeless, he had come to no nearer under-standing of the beautiful girl beside him, and his future appeared as vague as before. And, above all, he was conscious of an inferiority of character and purpose to this simple crea-ture who had obeyed him so submissively. Had he acted wisely? Would it not have been better if he had followed her own frank-ness, and—
"Then it was Mrs. Barker's profile that

ness, and—
"Then it was Mrs. Barker's profile that brought you here?" resumed the voice beneath the coif. "You know she has gone back. I suppose you will follow?"
"You will not understand me," said Key desperately. "But," he added in a lower voice, "I shall remain here until you do."
He drew a little closer to her side.
"Then you must not begin by walking so close to me," she said, moving slightly away; "they may see you from the gate. And you must not go with me beyond that corner. If I have been missed already they will suspect you."

have been missed already they will suspect you."

"But how shall I know?" he said, attempting to take her hand. "Let me walk past the gate. I cannot leave you in this uncertainty."

"You will know soon enough," she mild gravely, evading his hand. "You must not go further now. Good night."

She had stopped at the corner of the wall. He again held out his hand. Her little fingers alid coldly between his.

"Good night, Miss Rivers."

"Stop!" she said suddenly, withdrawing her veil and lifting her clear eyes to his in the mosnlight. "You must not say that—it isn't the truth. I can't bear to hear it from your lips, in your voice. My name is not

a secret—you musn't tell it; but I could not bear to hear you say a lie."
"Good night, Miss Riggs," said Key sadly.
"No, nor that either," she said softly. "Say

She moved on before him. She reached the

even stoop and bend forward in the humility of age and self-renunciation, and she vanished within as into a living tomb.

Forgetting all precaution he pressed eagerly forward and stopped before the gate. There was no sound from within; there had evidently been no challenge or interruption. She

CHAPTER VII.

The reappearance of Chivers in the mill with Collinson and the brief announcement that the prisoner had consented to a satisfactory compromise was received at first with assented to by Riggs and complacently accepted by the others. Chivers offered to post him himself—not without an interchange of meaning glances with Riggs-Collinson's own gun was returned to him and the strangely

ment of it he would have liked to blurt out the infidelity of the wife before her husband, but he knew Collinson would not believe him, and he had another purpose now. His full lips twisted into a suave smile.

"While I would not give you false hopes, Mr. Collinson," he said with a bland smNe, "my interest in you compels me to say that you may be over-confident and wrong. There are a thousand things that may have prevented your wife from coming to you-uliness, possibly the result of her exposurs, poverty, misapprehension of your place of meeting, and, above all, perhaps some false report of your own death. Has it ever occurred to you that it is as possible for her to have been deceived in that way as for you?"

"Wot yer say," said Collinson, with a vague suspicion.

"What I mean. You think yourself justi-

vague suspicion.
"What I mean. You think yourself justifled in believing your wife dead because she did not seek you here; may she not feel her-self equally justified in believing the same of you, because you had not sought her else-where?"

"But it was writ that she was comin' yere and—I boarded every train that come in that fall," said Collinson, with a new irritation unlike his usual calm.

"Except one-my dear Collinson-except one," returned Chivers, holding up a fat foreone," returned Chivers, holding up a fat fore-finger, smilingly. "And that may be the clew. Now listen! There is s'ill a chance of following it if you will. The names of my friends were Mr. and Mrs. Barker. I regret," he added, with a perfunctory cough, "that poor Barker is dead. He was not such an exemplary husband as you are, my dear Col-linson, and I fear was not all that Mrs. Barker could have wished; enough that he succumbed from various excesses and did not leave me Mrs. Barker's present address. But that the prisoner had consented to a satisfactory compromise was received at first with a half contemptuous smile by the party, but for the commands of their leaders, and possibly a conviction that Collinson's fatuous co-operation with Chivers would be safer than his wrath, which might not expend itself only on Chivers, but imperil the safety of all, it is probable that they would have informed the unfortunate prisoner of his real relations to his captor. In these circumstances Chivers' half satirical suggestion that Collinson should be added to the sentries outside and guard his own property was surilly assented to by Riggs and complacently accepted by the others. Chivers offered to post keep this secret and—consider it useless to pursue you."

There was neither shame nor pity in his heart as the deceived man turned toward him assorted pair left the mill amicably together. with tremulous eagerness and grasped his But, however humanly confident Chivers hand in silent gratitude. But the old rage



HERE SHE WOULD HAVE AGAIN FALLEN, BUT COLLINSON CAUGHT HER BY THE WAIST.

"And you dropped your shoes in your flight," said Key laughingly, "and I picked them up the next day when I came to search for you. I have kept them still."

was in his companion's faithfulness, he was not without a rascal's precaution, and determined to select a position for Collinson where he could do the least damage in where he could do the least damage in the grade. aberration of trust. At the top of the grade above the mill was the only trail by which a party in force could approach it. This was off." She stopped, and with a faint return to Chivers obviously too strategic a position of her old gladness said: "Then you did come to entrust to his prisoner, and the sentry who guarded its approach, 500 yards away, was left unchanged. But there was another "blind" trail, or cut-off, to the left, through the thickest undergrowth of the woods, known only to his party. To place Collinson there was to insure him perfect immunity from the approach of an enemy, as well as from any confidential advances of his fellow sentry. This done, he drew a cigar from his pocket and handing it to Collinson lighted another for himself, and, leaning back comfortably against a large boulder, gisneed complacently

at his companion. "You may smoke until I go, Mr. Collinson, and even afterward, if you keep the bowl of your pipe behind a rock, so as to be out of your pipe behind a rock, so as to be out of sight of your fellow sentry, whose advances, by the way, if I were you, I should not encourage. Your position here, you see, is a rather peculiar one. You were saying, I think, that a lingering affection for your wife impelled you to keep this place for her, although you were convinced of her death?" Collinson's unaffected delight in Chivers' kindness had made his eyes shine in the

moonlight with a dog-like wistfulness. "I reckon I did say that, Mr. Chivers," he said apologetically, "though it ain't go's to interfere with you usin' the shanty jest now."

"I wasn't alluding to that, Collinson," returned Chivers, with a large rhetorical wave of the hand, and an equal enjoyment in his companion's evident admiration of him, "but it struck me that your remark, nevertheless, implied some doubt of your wife's death, and I don't know but that your doubts are

"Wot's that?" said Collinson, with a dull glow in his face.

Chivers blew the smoke of his cigar lazily in the still air. "Listen," he said. "Since your miraculous conversion a few moments ago I have made some friendly inquiries about you, and I find that you lost all trace of your wife in Texas in '52, where a number of her fellow immigrants died of yellow fever. Is that so?"

"Yes," said Collinson quickly.
"Well, it so happens that a friend of mine,"
continued Chivers slowly, "was in a train
which followed that one and picked up and
brought on some of the survivors."

"That was the train wot brought the news," said Collinson, relapsing into his old patience.
"That's how I knowed she hadn't come."
"Did you ever hear the names of any of its passengers?" said Chivers, with a keen glance

"Nary one! I only got to know it small train of only two wagons, and it sorter melted into Californy through a southern pass, and kinder petered out, and no one ever

neard of it agin, and that was all."
"That was not all, Collinson," said Chivers lazily. "I saw the train arrive at South Pass.

and fear returned as Collinson said gravely "You kinder put a new life inter me, Mr. Chivers, and I wish I had yer gift o' speech to tell ye so. But I've passed my word to the to tell ye so. But I've passed my word to the capting thar and to the rest o' you folks that I'd stand guard out yere, and I don't go back o' my word. I mout and I moutn't find my Sadle, but she wouldn't think the less o' me—arter these years o' waitin'—ef I stayed here another night to guard the house I keen in trust for her and the streets. I keep in trust for her and the strangers I've

"As you like, then," said Chivers, contracting his lips, "but keep your own coun-sel tonight. There may be those who would like to deter you from your search. And now I will leave you alone in this delightful moonlight. I quite envy you your unre-stricted communion with nature. Adlos, amigos, adios!"

He leaped lightly on a large rock that overhung the edge of the grade and waved

"I wouldn't do that, Mr. Chivers," said Collinson with a concerned face; "them rocks are mighty ticklish, and that one in partiklar. A tech sometimes sends 'em scooting.'
Mr. Chivers leaped quickly to the ground turned, waved his hand again and disappeared down the grade.

But Collinson was no longer alone. Hitherto

his characteristic reveries had been of the past-reminiscences in which there was only recollection, no imagination, and very little hope. Under the spell of Chivers' words his fancy seemed to expand. He seemed to think of his wife as she might be now-perhaps ill, despairing, wandering hopelessly, even ragged and footsore, or—believing him dead—relapsing into the resigned patience that had been his own. But always a new Sadle, whom he had never seen or known before. A faint dread, the lightest of misgivings—perhaps coming from his very ignorance—for the first time touched his steadfast heart and sent a chill through it. He shouldered his weapon and through it. He shouldered his weapon and walked briskly toward the edge of the thick-set woods. There were the fragrant essences of the laurel and spruce—baked in the long day sunshine that had encompassed their recesses—still coming warm to his face; there were the strange shiftings of temperature throughout the openings that alternately warmed and chilled him as he walked. It seemed so odd that he should now have to seek her instead of her coming to him; it would never be the same meeting to him away from the house that he had built for her! He strolled back and looked down upon it, nestling on the ledge. The white moonlight that lay upon it dulled the glitter of lights in its windows, but the sounds of laughter and singing came to even his unfastidious ears with a sense of vague discord. He walked back again and began to pace before the thick-set wood. Suddenly he stopped and listened.

To any other ears but those accustomed to

To any other ears but those accustomed to mountain solitude it would have seemed nothing. But, familiar as he was with all the infinite disturbances of the woodland, and even the stimulation of intrusion caused by a falling branch or lapsing pine cone, he was arrested now by a recurring sound unlike any other. It was an occasional muffled beat—interrupted at uncertain intervals, but always returning in regular rhythm when. lazily. "I saw the train arrive at South Pass. I was awaiting a friend and his wife. There was a lady with them; one of the survivors. I didn't hear her name, but I think my friend's wife called her 'Sadie.' I remember her as a trainer pretty woman—tall, fair, with a straight nose and a full chin, and small, slim feet. I saw her only a moment, for she was on her way to Los Angeles, and was, I believe, going to join her husband somewhere in the Sierras."

The rascal had been enjoying with intense satisfaction the return of the dull glow in Collinson's face, that even seemed to animate the whole length of his angular frame as it in spite of these difficulties; indicated hear.

"But how shall I know?" he said, attempting to take her hand. "Let me walk past the gate. I cannot leave you in this uncertainty."

"You will know soon enough," she said gravely, evading his hand. "You must not go further now. Good night."

She had stoped at the corner of the wall. He again held out his hand. Her little fingers alld coldly between his.

"Good night, Miss Rivers."

"Stop!" she said suddenly, withdrawing her veil and lifting her clair eyes to his in the moonlight. "You must not say that—it isn't the truth. I can't bear to hear it from the moonlight. "You must not say that—it isn't the truth. I can't bear to hear it from the glow-from his face, and the dull look of unwaried patience returned.

"Not Rivers." why?" said Key, astounded. "Oh, I don't know why," she said, half despairingly; "only my brother didn't want me to use my name is not have me to use my name is "Riggs'—there! it's over Chivers as before. In his angry resent-

OMAHA, Sept. 16-20, ,95.

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tered a frightened "No!" At her voice Col-linson started.
"Sadie!" he gasped.
"Seth!" she half whispered.
(To be Continued.)

RIDING THE RANGE.

Grace Maccowan Cooke in Leslie's Weekly. Grace Macgowan Cooke in Leslie's Weekly.
Saddle and sinch, strap slickers on,
And ride in the teeth of the bitter dawn
To hunt, in the norther's ley flaw,
For cattle thieves in some lonely draw.
Ride all dny at a cruel pace,
Your beard in icicles on your face;
Ride till the light comes on to fail,
Your cattle drifting before the gale.
Try, as the night begins to frown,
Vainly to bunch them and bed them down.
Reel in your saddle, and dream and wake—
Dear were the price of your least mistake,
For rout, and ruin, and death, and despair
Are out on their phantom steeds of air,
Riding the range.

When the prairie's smile, like the smile of Then the birds sing loud, and the winds

Then the birds sing loud, and the winds sing too.
That the earth is green and the sky is blue, Like a dome of sapphire building high—Like nothing eise but a Texas sky.
There is spring in the air and spring in your blood.
That beats through your heart in a quickened flood—
ened flood—
Till that heart. like a maverick, goes astray, Poor yearling for—let it play, let it play!
While the brocklis a sigh and the sun is a kiss.
All life was plade for a day like this,
When under the span of these matchiess skies.

ti Don Cupid, with bandaged You shall

TOLD OUT OF COURT. Incidents that Vary the Monotony of tife at the Bar.

"There are occasions," said an eminent lawyer in the Chicago Inter Ocean, "when the ruling of the jury as to the admission of evidence overrifies that of the judge. The invariable rule of court is that the judge trying a case shall decide what evidence is to go in and what shall stay out. There is, however, a provision relating to the There is, however, a provision relating to the the jury is the judge of law and the facts When Dick Prendergast was a young prac-titioner, before his election as judge, he was once defending a man charged with some before Judge Hawes, in the criminal He was very anxious to get up a diversion in the case of the commission of the crime to some other locality and to show what transpired in the latter place. The prosecution had no witnesses as to what occurred in this place, but Prendergast called witnesses to prove what took place there Harry Thompson, then prosecuting attorney, objected to the testimony. The court permitted extra arguments on the point and finally sustained the objection of the prose-cution and refused to admit the testimony,

whereupon Prendergast, with the utmost sang froid, turned to the jury and addressed them as follows: "'What say you, gentlemen of the jury shall the evidence be admitted?" "The court and everybody except the jury semed struck with amazement, and before any one had time to interfere Prendergast had secured from the jury an expression of desire in the premises, which was that the evidence be admitted. He was immediately hauled up with a round turn by the court and offered the following argument, which

seemed to appeal strongly to the judgment of the jurors, although addressed to the Whether this evidence is or is not admissible is a question of law. By law in criminal cases the jury are the judges, both of the law and the facts. Hence, they are

udges in this question." "The court became very indignant, but the more indignant the court became the more friendly to Prendergast's clients the jury seemed to be. Prendergast said that he threw the whole responsibility of the fate of his client on the jury, without offering any evidence. The jury retired and promptly brought in a verdict of acquittal, which, of course, the court had no power to set as de.

"When the legal blends with the dramatic the combination is peculiarly weird and thrill-ing," says Attorney Robert Cantwell of Chicago. "I was in Springfield when the his-trionic mania pervaded that place. Amateur theatricals were the fad, and everybody was stage struck. Even the courts of justice came under the Thespian influence. Justice Gardiner was especially susceptible. He was nicknamed Falstaff because he weighed about 400 pounds. His courtroom was a kind of antique museum, all hung around with spears and shields and coats of armor; and the justice acted up to his surroundings, giving one impressions of the middle ages in his sonorous tones and quaint expressions. He was a kind of Barry Sullivan or Henry Irving come to judgment. One day a man of his own romantic, kidney was trying a case before him—Seymour Jones, now prosecuting attorney of Toussaint county, Arizona. Sey-mour was a tall, lank personage, with a most mour was a tail, lank personage, with a most theatrical manner. Se wore a glazed Albert coat, also a large shock of greasy black hair, through which his dived his fingers at the sailent points of his argument. In the course of his legal oration. Seymour said something which offended the justice, who immediately outstretched a dramatically vibrating finger and said in a hollow tone of indignation:

"Seize the minion and bear him hence!"

"Thereupon hatiorney Jones reared himself to his full height; ran his long fingers again and again through his long oily hair until he resembled a kind of legal Paderewski, and exclaimed:

"Seize the minion and bear him hence!"

"Thereupon hatiorney Jones reared himself to his full height; ran his long fingers again and again through his long of the cases long reaction to the bowels, and few cases long reaction.

exclaimed:
"'And is this the temple of justice?"
"What, ho, guards, to the bastile with him!' thundered the justice addressing the court balliffs, who thereupon pounced upon Seymour Jones, bore him away, long hair, Albert coat, and all, and locked him up.
"It was a remarkable and impressive inci-dent and just like a chapter out of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels."

An esteemed ex-judge of Chicago relates:
"Murray McConnell, who was commissioner of the general land office under Buchanan, lived at Jacksonville, Ill., and practiced law there for some time. In the same town lived Attorney David A. Smith, whose head looked like nothing in the world except a billiard ball at Tom Cratty's. One warm afternoon McConnell and Smith were on opposite sides, trying a law suit before Judge Hodges and a jury. They were enemies. The jury box was in the northwest corner of the room, and at the west was a window, lighting up the space immediately is front of the jury box. The

whip mechanically, yet remained holding it in the air, trembling until she slipped, half struggling, half helplessly, from the saddle to the ground. Here she would have again fallen, but Collinson caught her sharply by the waist. At his touch she started and utsheriff had closed the shutters of this window to keep out the hot sunshine. McConnell was addressing the jury. Smith, tired and weary, put his head down upon the table, with the billiard ball part of it toward the window. As old 'Mac,' in his rasping tones, was haranguing the jury, the declining sun cast a little rift of light through a chink of the window shutter square upon the top of Smith's head. Drawing himself up to his full height, and raising his voice, so that he attracted all the attention possible, he pointed dramatically to Smith's shining and sunlit pate, and spoke, scripturally:

"The light shineth upon darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.'

"The laughter that followed awakened old Smith, who looked around him in ludicrous amazement. When he learned the way that

amazement. When he learned the way that McConnell had been making sport of him, he felt like Goliath when David struck him with the stone—that he never had been hit so hard before in his life."

The stories of early Australian judges are numerous and incredible. The following in-cident, which is vouched for as a fact, is of a judge who had a very lofty idea of his own legal capacity and was at the same time anxious to sustain the dignity of his court. A "shooting case" came before him. There was no direct evidence as to who was the perpetrator of the murder, but the individual arrested was well known, and indeed confessed the deed. When brought into court the judge cautioned the prisoner that he must remember his rights as a free citizen, and that, above all things, he must not in terrupt the proceedings of the court. Afte this friendly warning the judge proceeded to state that he, the prisoner, was accused of having, or such a date, shot the deceased. Upon this the prisoner broke in, "Well, an' so I did."

so I did."

The judge was annoyed at the interruption.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Haven't I told you not to commit yourself nor to interrupt me? I shall commit you for contempt of court if you do so again!" he added sternly. He then repeated the accusation, upon which the prisoner broke in:

"I have told ye afore that I killed—"
The judge's indignation was intense at this

The judge's indignation was intense at this second interruption and he demanded: "Mr Sheriff, what is your evidence?" "I have nothing but circumstantial evidence, your honor, and the prisoner's own confession. "Then," said the judge, "I discharge the prisoner on this accusation, but commit him for contempt of court."

Household Words: Parson-Well, Molly ild you like my sermon this morning? Molly-Oh, yis, your rivirence, 'twas mighty

Parson-And what part of it did you like best, Molly?
Molly—In troth, plase your rivirence, I don't remember any part exactly, but alto gether it was mighty improvin'.

Parson-Now, Molly, if you don't remember t, how could it be improving. Molly-Now, does your rivirence see that linin I have been washing and dhrying on that hedge there? Parson—Certainly, Molly, Molly—And isn't the linin all the better for

the cl'anin'?-Parson-No doubt, Molly.

Molly—But not a dhrop of the soap and wather stays in it. Well, sir, it's the same thing wid me. Not a word of the sarmint stays in me. But I am all the better and cl'aner for it, for all that, At Trinity Methodist Episcopal church in Youngstown, O., the other Sunday an evan-gelist from Cincinnati endeavored to raise \$6,000 to pay off the church debt. You know Methodists are always in debt. This is one

of their boldest characteristics. Among those who spoke up and said they would give was Mrs. Jones, wife of Asa W. Jones, the repub lican candidate for Heutenant governor. Whe Mrs. Jones gave the amount of her donation as \$100 the evangelist cried out: "God b'ess Sister Jones, and if it was not so near election time I would say the same for Brother Jones." His remark caused much merriment

ington, O., Edward R. Walton, formerly a missionary among the Indians, offered to pay 37 if the meeting would give him five min utes' time to make a speech. The meeting closed the bargain, and Walton began his dollar a minute discourse.

At the end of the five minutes paid for the

clerk called a halt. As he was in the middle of a story, Mr. Walton thought a minute, then gravely and deliberately marched to the clerk's desk and laid down \$2 more, and finished his story in seven minutes.

Said Rev. Dr. Withrow of Chicago: "It is understood in some quarters that ministers never know when to stop when they are talking, and editors always do when they are writing. They never write a long article or a dry one; they stop short whenever they

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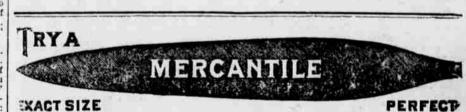


WEAK MEN (VITALITY WEAK)
plication to business or study, severe mental
strain or grief, SEXUAL EXCESSES in
middle life or from the effects of youthful
follies, all yield readily to our new treatment for loss of vital power.
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What is This?--Parrots, Mocking birds, GIVEN AWAY Byery Saturday A ticket goes with every package of "Max Geisler's Prepared Bird Seed Food." Remember that we only keep fresh imported and perfectly clean Seed that our mixture is altogether different from the common so called "Mixed Bird Seed." All our seed, etc., is warranted.

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Offers greater advantages to the intelligent settler. One-half the work you now do here will give four times the results in this wonderfully productive country. Twenty to forty acres in this land of pleny is enough to work and is sure to make you money. Do the work and the results are secured; there is no such thing as failure. The people are friendly; schools, churches, newspapers, are plenty; railroad facilities fine and a soil whose richness is unsurpassed, all invite the enterprising man who wants to better his own condition and that of his family.

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Is healthy and delightful; land and sea breezes and cool nights. The mean temperature is 42 to 65 degrees. The average rainfall is 56 inches. No extreme of heat or cold; sufficient rain for all crops.

**20 TO 40 ACRES** 

properly worked makes you more money and makes it easier than the best 160-acre farm in the west. Garden products are a wonderful yield and all bring big prices. Strawberries, peaches, plums, apricots, grapes, pears, figs, early apples, in fact all small fruits, are sure and profitable crops. NO HOT WINDS, NO DROUTHS.

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**20 TO 40 ACRES** 

GO SOUTH.

GO SOUTH

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GEO. W. AMES, General Agent

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