

It was raining-a cold, dismal, depressing rain. An unpaid board bill, a depleted wardrobe, an empty purse, and a pile of "rejected," upon which Miss Boynton had wearily turned the key of her bachelor-maid apartment.

of a Paul Pry press stood transfixed before a modiste's window, radiant with Easter importations. As the slender mackintoshed figure stood, the airy fabrications of Parisian skill vanished from her mind's eye, to be replaced by visions of the chic head dresses her deft fingers had fashloned for her own Gibsonesque head.

"I have always been told that I had a knack with ribbons and laces," Miss Boynton's color deepened at the memory of compliments that had been hers on gala occasions when she sallied forth in her caput chef d'ocuvres. Again she was belle of the far off, inland town she had deserted in the first flush of youth to make for herself a niche in the lit-erary life of the metropolis. How often the expectations of those deserted provincials had herself for the rashness of her undertaking, helped her to bridge seemingly impassable. But, at length, when the task was finished,

This morning, however, found her without the strength, the courage, to buffet longer against the unpropitious tide that had set in some months earlier. What was the cause of the sudden collapse in a career that opened so brillfantly and promised so much? Had her intellect jost its freshness, her pen its cunning, or her ability to achieve been over-

Her novitiate as a literary worker was now spent. She had suddenly awakened to a realizing sense that nothing splid, nothing substantial had been achieved. So far as her prophetic vision could penetrate, the future held only a repetition of the past, without the charm of novelty, the confidence of youth or the ignorance of inexperience. She was alone in the world. Too late to turn back; to stand still was equally imprac-ticable. She must go on, but where? How? "Perhaps," she thought as she continued to gaze at the window full of bonnets, "perhaps it's not too late to learn the milliner's

bonnet-maker, by Jove!" A gust of wind tossed aside Miss Boynton's umbrella. A notebook in which she had hastily sketched A natebook in which she had hastily sketched a hat that caught her fancy, fell to the ground. "Clever, clever, by George" The girl was now indignantly conscious of the proximity of a smiling middle-aged stranger. "A thousand pardons. No offense!" he said, handing her the book. "I cannot help admir-ing your choice." ing your choice."

"Sir, I am not a bonnet maker," remonstrated Mise Boynton, recovering from the first flush of indignant resentment. "But I can make a bonnet, and—"
"Wear it to the queen's taste," interposed the intruder. There was an unmistakable twinkle in the gray, childlike eyes that peered beneath her umbrells. Despite, her inherent adhesiveness to the conventionalities, Miss Boynton's love of adventure quickened.

"I am in a dilemma," said he. "So am I," said she.

"I believe Providence has sent you to help

He took from his pocket a letter and adjusting his glasses, deliberately read: "My Dear Paul: We have a favor to ask and as it is the first in many years, we know you will not have the heart to refuse. On Easter Sunday a new minister is to be installed with great pomp and ceremony. Angeline and I have decided to show the parish that notwithstanding the McGovern girls have apparently been asleep the past de-cade, they are still very much alive. Send us two of the smartest bonnets in New

'There, now! Isn't that a commission to make the bravest quall?"
His laugh put to flight the lachrymose

'Angeline and Tabithia," he explained "are my sisters. God bless them. They are back on the old farm-have always lived Now, my young friend, if you will kindly step into this shop and help me select the bonnets, you will fill two hearts with joy, and relieve one conscience of a bur-

Two mackintosh figures disappeared within the most fashionable shops on the avenue. Seated on a divan, they were soon absorbed in the confections brought forth from cases, ndboxes and drawers by the conventional fashion plate saleswoman. In normal con dition Miss Bornton's aesthetic soul would



"A BONNET MAKER, BY JOVE!"

asked, in this display of consummate art. But as she looked she thought aghast—"\$20 for that knot of ribbons? Thirty dollars for the bunch of flowers? Think of it. A couple at the price would pay the landlord, and I could make any one of them.'
"Don't you like it?"

Miss Boynton stood before the mirror, hise bow of spangled lace swaying jauntily on her faultlessly coffured head. Don't you like it?" he repeated. "I think

it immensely becoming. "Becoming to me, perhaps, but how about your sisters? Are they my style?" Angle's brother threw back his head and laughted: "Bless you, child, both girls are older than I. Ah, everything here is for youth and beauty."
"But tell me," pleaded the blushing girl,

"what is their style? The color of their eyes, hair, complexion, the shape of their faces? Unless I know, how can I be of serv-

sec," said Angle's brother, "an artist, if not a bonnet maker. Could you see the girls, I wouldn't be surprised if you might make something quite as smart and more to their liking than anything here."

"Do you? Oh, how I would like to try."

"Do you know," she confessed with a frankness she has never since been able to

explain. "I was thinking this morning on the avenue, that perhaps I had made a mis-take. I ought to have been a bonuel-maker.

"Well, be one," said Angle's brother,
"Hegin today. I will send you the gris'
pictures. They were taken ten years ago,
but that is at little consequence. People but that is of little consequence. People and things rarely change in Derbyville. Angir—she is the youngest—let me see—she must be 50. She is fair, blue-eyed, hair with the burnish of bronze. By the way, she wears it as you 60, and all the la mode girls." He parted, by way of illustration, the suburn locks that curied over his fine brow. "Accident a wall while Tabutha (Tabutha wall)

Mms. Francoise's door. The adventure lent buoyancy to Miss Boynton's steps. The "rejected" and every trace of literary as-pirations were stored away. When Angie and Tabitha arrived by proxy at the bachelor-maid's apartment a day or two later they were quite at home among workthe key of her bachelor-maid apartment.
kept pace with her up the avenue.

"Oh, to be a bonnet maker! How much happer I should be. The most quoted woman signs and purchased the requisite materials, her venture as a bonnet-maker began in

> To make two of the smartest bonnets in New York was a task from which the skilled might well shrink with misglying. In her own pretty fabrications effect alone was sought. Finish of detail was never considered. Well she knew that in such perfection largely lay the smartness of a New York bonnet. The indefinable, litusive delusive bow that stamps the professional from the home-bred creation was a secret that Miss Boynton flattered herself was al-ready hers. But the lining, the fin'shinghow she abhorred detail—haunted her day and night. Greater thought or care had rarely been given to a manuscript than was brought to bear upon the bonnets of these unknown spinsters. Often she reproved and her critical acumen was unable to detect a suggestion of the objec-tionable home touch, she reveiled in

his mischievous eyes peered through smoke rings into the very soul of the woman struggling bravely to adjust herself to the un-suspected revelations this visit, made against suspected revelations this visit, made aga her better judgment, had brought about. "Come, how many bonnets have you made? Are you still ambitious to open a shop?" be continued. Miss Boynton was silent. She was in the presence of a man whose genius

she had worshipped since she was old enough to appreciate the significance of art. That very morning she had tarried, as was her went, to admire one of his masterpieces in the public square. She was overawed, humbled, humiliated, and suddenly conscituat she was the victim of imposition. sentment was in the flashing eyes she turned to Angle's brother, and it trembled on her lips to be hushed by Sancho's entrance.

"Lunch is served," said t'e lutter. Angie' brother draw up his chair to the inviting repast. His guest arose, "Doesn't your wife your family, lunch with you?" she asked, visibly embarrassed. He set down the water carafe in a half-dazed, half-apologetic

"I have no wife, no family."

ble med aeval abless."

Miss Boynton listened cagorly, observing for the first time little artistic betrayals in the speech, manner and appearance of this brusque, yet unmistakable man of parts. The sky had cleared when they separated at Mme. Francoise's door. The adventure lent buoyancy to Miss Boynton. The adventure lent buoyancy to Miss Boynton. Paul McGove:n. I only thought of you a Anglo's brother.'

"And in her and Tabby's memory, no less than my good pleasure, I beg you now to sit up like the sensible young woman I take you to be and do me the honor to sip a cup of my brewing. How many lumps? You see, this is how it is: I married and death robbed me. That was years ago. Fate being eo unkind, I have never since had the cour-age to tempt her. Save Sacho, I am alone." His position defined, talk soon sped mo-rily, though Miss Boynton could not forge:

the proximity of the bonnet boxes. After lunch they sought the studio where conversation naturally turned to the plactic art.
"I presume you never feel heritancy is beginning a new wo:k?" said Miss Boynton. You must now be so sure of yourself and your power." They stood before an unfin-ished equestrian statue.

"In art as in life," said Angle's broths thoughtfully, "one is never sure of himself. I begin every new work with fear and trembling. Every new undertaking is an

'Do you-with all your fame, your experience—feel that way? How you encourage

"Ah," said Angie's brother, "you never begin the creation of a bonnet without faith in your skill to complete it satisfactorily?"
"Oh, I am not a bonnet maker," cried the girl impetuously. "It's all a mistake. If 1



HIS GUE ST ROSE

ters wending their way to church on Easter, avenue, in all probability I would neve morning. First came Angle, dainty in a tiny Tuscan straw with black lace bows, distended like raven's wings from the back knot of burnished bronze, while in the wavy part needled German field flowers. Tabithia followed, stately and serene, in a closs-fitting jet, with butterflies of duchesse point, one

warm-hearted crimson rose accentuating the When Madame Francoise's would-be rivahad feasted her eyes on these tangible dences of her skill, they were tenderly laid n boxes long treasured, boxes that bore the mpress of a famous Paris house. An item-

'Am unable to estimate the labor. It is left o your discretion." The bonnets were then dispatched to the address Angle's brother had given—a cross street in the vicinity of Central park. The mescanger returned with a check computed on the Madame Francoise basis. For days after the disappearance of the bonnets Miss Boynton went about her apartment with a sense of losa. Work basket and band boxes alone remained to recall the homely depart-ure in her struggle for maintenance. Sitting in her sunny winfow ovrlooking Washington square, her imagination often followed the bonnets to Derbyville, and somehow the breezy personality of Angle's brother would

intrude. At lougth the spell was broken. The stifled inventive faculty resumed activity. Again the tide of literary appreciation turned in her favor. The Louis XIV. escritoire as-sumed its wonted disordered utility. There came one day a letter whose delay had often piqued her curiosity as well as her vanity while reveling in the new-born hope.
"The smartest bonnets in New York,"

wrote Angle's brother, "have played havee in Derbyville. A parson red a deacon have succumbed. I have no doubt now, if I ever did have, that you will succeed as a bonnet maker. I have been thinking the matter over, and believe I see a way of helping to over, and believe I see a way of helping to establish you in the business, if you are still ambitious to compe'e with Madame Franchise. Shall be gial to talk it over with you. Am always home and at lelsure at 12 m."

Several weeks after the receipt of this letter, Miss Boynton, with the abandon of growing fame, gaily touched the knocker of an imposing brown stone that bore the name of Angelis brother. The curious entrance of Angie's brother. The curious entrance suggestive of a stable or warehouse, filled with an apprehension that was dispelled by the courtesy of the butler who ushered her through a dim, artistic entresol to a

ner through a dim, strustic entresol to a unique room. The whole might have been a Pompeitan excavation, so dimly rich, so anciently mellow were the red walls, ceiling and panels, upon whose intricate scrolls the sunlight played through a high multioned window. Classic bronze rested on richly carved bookcases and buffets—rested with the familiarity of centuries of companionship. A couch, a writing desk littered with papers and cigar stumps and a table set for one were the only suggestions of modern occu-pancy. As Miss Boynton's quick eye took in this unsuspected environment, the room echoed a sudden stifled c.y. Through a tapestried curtain that partially concealed an alcove, obtruded, 'mid homely bits of mascu-line attire—could she believe her eyes—two

familiar bonnet boxes! In the doorway stond Angle's brother.

"Ho! ho!" he c:led, extending, then withdrawing a hand grimy with clay, "I had despaired of ever seeing you. Was about to look you up. Just in time to break bread. Do you like tea? Here, Sancho, what have you today? Set another plate and get us

you today? Set another plate and get us something appetizing."

The butter disappeared, leaving the quasi bonnet-maker to confront in Angic's brother one of the foremost sculptors of the day. In his brusque, cheery manner McGovern disappeared behind the tapestried alcove, to reappear shortly, divested of his clayed overalls and picturescent in velocities to the confidence of the confiden overalls, and picturesque in velvet jacket and

"So glad to see you. Object to smoke? Good! It would be an awful deprivation. Always have a pips at noon. Well, well! the bonnets were immense. The girls were lickled to death. How is trade?"

Angle's brother folded his arms, while

have made a bonnet-with linings. She buried her face in her hands rembling half with anger, half with laughter.

"Bonnet-makeror no bonnet-maker," said McGove n, descending from the dais upon which the statue was posed, "you are a mighty cleve", tantalizing bit of femininity. ome, I will give you five minutes to make a lean breast of the bonnet business."
"And I," cried the now defiant girl, "will give you less time to explain why you did not send the bonnets to Angle."

'Bicause there is no Angie."

He shook his head, while the studio re erberated with his irresistible laughter.

'No Tabby?' "No one but you and me." His voice, his glance opened to both the "old world which is ever new." Two stools were drawn up to the bespattered stove in which smouldered a few live coals. He lit his Latin Quarter pipe and in the confidence begot of time circumstance, the quasi bonnetmaker told the story of her literary aspirations. Twilight overtook them that evening as they strolled down the avenue toward

the bachelor-maid's apartment. Easter bonnets blossomed Madame Francoise's window before the quisi milliner again crossed the sculptor's cld walls of the Hoffman ho threshold. On that occasion her brougham not many months ago they broke was at the door and her Gibsonesque head upon two
carried a veritable Francoise hat.

"Ah, Mrs. McGovern," said Angie's
brother, "the madame, I see, has found a EXPER patron in a rival.'

Courting Involves Sleeplessness. The marrying off of daughters involves a good deal of sleeplessness. If a woman has a large family, by the time the youngest girl tapped a cable on the "L" roadbed, picked is on the carpet the mother has arrived at out the wire they wanted, and splicing fine The marrying off of daughters involves a such enthusiasm she talks on this subject that by the time the young man comes to call a sidewalk vault under New street. They he is in a coa'd tien to be sensible to the countds he hears about the house, and especially in the rooms above. A young man in this valid was the rooms above. A young man in this valid side sidewalk vault under New street. They sent him a false report and gathered in all the money in his book. What added aggrather rooms above. A young man in this nervous state paid the young woman a visit the other evening. The convergation was this country. the rooms above. A young man in this fairly launched when an alarm clock went off overhead. He sprang to his feet. "Was that for me?" he asked. He was assured that the lock often did that on its own respon He sat down, and the conversation was again under way when counds of violent pounding were heard overhead. Again he sprang to his feet. "That is for me." Vainly the girl assured him that her mother was only pounding dog biscuit for her favorite pup. isitor was unnerved and took his hat. When the daughter expostulated her mother took simply remarking that it was time for the

dog to go to bed, anyway. Boston's Confusing Streets. The yarn that the down-town streets Boston were formerly cow paths and that unless one be careful in keeping bearings one is liable to walk in circles, although apparently walking straight ahead, must be true, because it has been verified. It is to the effect that a stranger, having asked a policeman to direct him to a certain place several blocks distant, followed the directions until he became bewildered. Seeins a policeman, he asked again to be directed on his way. Confused again by not finding the place, he appealed again to a policeman. "Look here!" the policeman remarked emphatically, "if you ask me that question again I'll run you in-see?" A stranger, who inserted that story into a description of his experiences in the town recently, was confused when a reputable gentleman of 85 years interrupted by saying that his experience in 1835 was similar, except that the person he asked was not a policeman. Any yarn that holds good for half a century ought to be believed.

Fleece Bookmakers and Others.

TEN-STRIKE ON ROYAL NETTIE RACE

Most Daring and Successful Job Ever Perpetrated on the Wires-Skill and Pamiliarity Reguired to Win.

Cheating bookmakers out of large sums of noney by wire tapping is a game that fascinates every expert telegraph operator who has a weak conscience. After all, they think, it s like robbing a bunco man. The scheme by which bookmakers were fleeced out of more than \$150,000 on the Royal Nettle race a few days ago, says a New York corresponder:t of the Globe-Democrat, is one of the most daring and successful swindles ever perpetrated in this country. The dexterous manner in which the wire tapping

fraud is planned and carried out is something to challenge the admiration of all who know anything about the mysteries of the telegraph. Very few outsiders have couthing more than the hazlest ideas about wire tapping. They have a vague notion that it conists of stealing from the wires the name of the wirning horse in a race and putting down a big bet on him before the bookmaker, find out who has won.

Really the operation of wire tapping is a very complex thing. The thieves who resort to it are always expert telegraphe:s. That There are not more than eight or ten wire tappers in all this country, although there are thousands of operators. The tappers are known to all the leading men in the telegraph business, but, as no one ever knows that they are up to a new swindle until after they have made their try, they are never molested except when they are actually

agaget in wire tapping. All official race track information used by okmakers is supplied to them by the West ern Union Telegraph company. When a man wants to open a book, whether it be in New York City, Hobsken, Chicago, Pittsburg or Long Iciand City, he applies to the racing oureau of the Western Union company. That ureau ruos wires to his room, supplies him with operators and jurnishes him daily with the entries, jockeys, state of the track, the track odds and all the varied official information a bookmaker needs. The moment the horses are at the post the telegraph instrument in the bookmaker's room notifies him. In the same way he learns of the progress of the race, and finally the names of the winner of the winner out second and third horses. Upon receipt Go of this last news the bookmaker pays the win-ning bets. All the news is telegraphed direct from the track to the Western Union racing | K repeated to all the bookmakers who get the E

HOW THEY GO ABOUT IT. The aim of the wire tapper is either to Neut in on the line between the race track Ti and the racing bureau or to cut n batween the bureau and the bookmaker to whom the news is sent. If the former, he cuts off the race track operator, and imitating the cut-off man's style of sending, given the bureau the name of the hirse he and his confederates have agreed to back.

of the horse he wants to win. The former plan has not been successfully used in many years. Indeed, it may be sad to have gone cut of fashien. The risk of detection is too great. In the Ryal Nettle swindle there was no wire tapping. The operators at New Grichans simply sont the name of always sound the same, no matter who makes small bets and losing with painful regularity for a wiek or more before the fatal day. The bookmakers looked on them as "good things," and they had no trouble in getting

the r money on in big lumps.

To send confederates cut in this way, 'piking' along f r days or weeks to prevent suspicion, is a regular part of the wire-tappers' plan of operations.

Then, when the time comes to make the killing the big and fraudulent bets are acepted with delight. Old-time telegraphers know that it used o be impossible to cut in on a duplex one in which two currents are constantly raveling in opposite directions-but some tter-day genius has made this once im-

possible feat easy of accomplishment. Tap-ping is a very difficult business in New York City, for the wires run in cables underground or along the elevated railroad structure. Yet, when nool recome flourished structure. Yet, when pool rooms flourished here, men were often caught tapping even these den race wires that ran along with hundreds of others in the same conduit. When the workman were tearing down the workmen house upon two wiretappers who were busy with their pliers and wires in a vault under the

EXPERT LINEMEN CUT THE WIRES. Of course none but an expert lineman could this work. Another gang was found in the top ficer of an apartment house at that time of life when she wants to go to hed copper wires to it, carried the line up to early. Sometimes this is hard on the girl, their room. The peculiar thing about wire-there is such a mother, and every time she tapping in this city is that the thieves meets a new young man her conversation are almost invariably caught before they somehow gets around to the advantage of do any business. A couple of smart rascals keeping early hours. At length and with did succeed a few years ago in tapping vation to the robbery was that Steinmetz

The great difficulty in wise tapping is to trambling as they carried out the battery imitate the style of the operator who sends jars, fearing that there was "dynamite or

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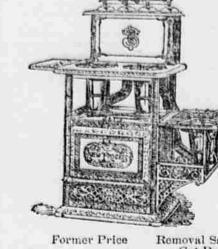
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ea Spoons, per dezen		5 c	Oil Lamp Stoves	50c	250
lgg Beaters	5c	2e	Heavy Tin Wash Bowls	20e	50
in Milk Pans	10c	3 e	Heavy Dish Pans	30c	15c
Ve. 8 Spiders	35e	15c	Tin Dippers	10e	30
Turkey Fea her Dusters	40c	20c	Pie Plates	3e	10
ake Pans		5e	Ice Picks	15c	50
No. 8 Tea Kettle, copper boftom	40c	250	G anite Sauce Pans	50e	25c
Ork Screws	15c	3c	Pint Cups	ōe	20
Strich Feather Dusters	50c	25c	The sale trial trial		~

If the latter plan is used he initiates the style of the sender in the racing bureau and gives the bookmaker's operator the name of the bookmaker's operator the name MILTON ROGERS & SONS, 14th and Farnam Sts.

at New Grieans simply sent, the name of Royal Nettle as the winner, when Plug actually won the event. The Western Union company has suspended Conway and Maguire, operators, from duty at New Orleans, but of course that wen't bring back the money of the bookmakers, who pa'd out thousands on Royal Nettle before the mistake was corrected. The thoroughness with the fraud was planned may be guarded. which the fraud was planned may be guessed imitates them must not only be a capital from the fact that the confederates of the mimic, but he must be able to send like a swindlers had put down big bets in this city, streak of lightning. A rascal whose speed Jersey City, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Pitts-burg and Chicago. Must of the wise men was not well developed, cut in on a Philadelwho make hand books in New York Cty phia wire the other day. He and his pals have a custom of not paying bets until the had put \$2,000 down on a poor old horse that day after the race, so they lost very little couldn't run fast enough to keep himself money, but all the others were hit hard. warm. When the operator in the New York There was not a bit of supple on that the Western Union racing bureau began sending bettors on Royal Nettle were up to any the report of the race the tapper repeated crocked work, for they had all been playing the stuff to the operator in the Philadelphia small bets and losing with painful regularity pool room, substituting, of course, his own well backed horse. He was rattling away a a great clip when the pool room operator

broke. "Get out of there, you ham!" he ticked "You're a wire tapper, and the worst I ever heard. I'll send a lineman after you with a

Coe of the worst disappointments that ever befell a garg of swindlers happened to some fellows in New York City a few months ago. There was a pool room in a downtown street the back windows of which looked out upon the back windows of a tenement house at the other end of the block. The tappers hired a room in the tenement and planted their confederates in the pool rcom.

The tapping operators cut off the racing burelu from the pool rcom. They "grounded" the wire, supplied it with current from their own battery, and while one took race track reports from the Western Union bureau the other relayed them to the pool room in a fine imitation of the bureau operator's style. At last came the moment for the swindle. The chief tapper waved his hand at the back window of the tenement as the signal to his waiting confederates in the pool room to play the horses they had agreed upon. Thereupon \$1,500 was bet on the impossible of whom we may call Himalaya. The tapping operator began to send a vivid account of the race. He told who got off in the lead who were one, two, three at the quarter the half, the three-quarters and in stretch. He had just begun to spell out "Himalaya wins!" when—pop! the wire opened and stayed opened. It so happened that a gang of plumbers had come into the house to repair the gas pipe to which the tappers' ground wire was connected. The as operators call it. The pool room operator was, of course, an expert, and when the wire remained open half a minute he yelled, "Look out! There's a tapper on to us!" Of course no bets were paid, and equally of course the gang of swindlers fled. The only consolation they had was when standing in the crowd around the tenement half an hour later they saw brawny policemen

something" in them.

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