

CHAPTER V .-- Continued.

don road, with two bay mares harnessed tandem fashion before it. The reins and fittings were of a light fawn color and the gentleman had a driving coal to match, with a corvant in dark livery behind. They flashed past as in a rolling cloud of dust, and I had just a in the rolling cloud of dust, and I had just a glimpse of the pale, handsome face of the master and of the dark, shriveled features of master and of the dark, shriveled features of he took charge of my affairs. I was com-the man. I should never have given them an-pelled to wear the same ruffles upon two other thought had it not chanced that when the village came into view there was the curricle again standing at the door of the inn, and

the grooms busy taking out the horses. "Jim," I cried, "I believe it is my uncle, and taking to my heels I ran for home at the top of my speed. At the door was standing the dark-faced servant. He carried a cushion upon which lay a small, fluffy lap deg.

"You will excuse me, young sir," said he In the suavest, most soothing of voices, "but am I right in supposing that this is the house of Lieutenant Stone? In that case you will, perhaps, do me the favor to hand to Mrs. Stone this note, which her brother, Sir mi Charles Tregellis, has just committed to my CATE

I was quite abashed by the man's flowery way of talking, so unlike anything which I had ever heard. He had a wizered face and sharp little dark eyes which took in me and the house and my mother's startled face at the winfow all in the instant. My parents were together, the two of them, in the sit-ting room, and my mother read the note to us

My dear Mary," it ran, "I have stopped at the inn, because I am somewhat ravaged by the dust of your Suesex roads. A lavender water bath may restore me to a condition in which I may fitly pay my compliments to a lady. Meantime I send you Fidelio as a hostage. Pray give him a half pint of warmish milk, with six drops of pure brandy in it. A better or more faithful creature never Toujours a toi. Charles.'

"Have him in! Have him in!" cried my father, heartily, running to the door. "Come in, Mr. Fidelio. Every man to his own taste, and six drops to the half pint seems a sinful watering of grog, but if you like it so you

shall have it." A smile flickered over the dark face of the servicit, but his features reset themselves it stantly into their usual mask of respectful observance.

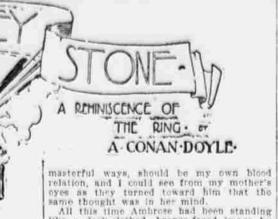
"You are laboring under a slight error, sir, If you will permit me to say so. My name is Ambrose, and I have the honor to be valet of Sir Charles Tregellis. This is Fidelio upon the cushion.

"Tut, the dog!" cried my father, in dis-st, "Heave him down by the fireside. Why should he have brandy when many a Christian has to go without." "Hush, Anson," said my mother, taking the cushon. "You will teil Sir Charles that his wishes will be carried out, and that we

shall expect him at his own convenience The man went off noiselessly and swiftly, and those twinkling eyes, it was hard to long. My mind would dwell upon the fall but was back in a few minutes with a flat know how to take him.

brown basket. "It is the refection, madam," said he

Charles is accustomed to partake of certain dishes and to drink certain wines, so that we usually bring them with us when we visit." He opened the basket, and in a minute he had the table all shining with silver and glass, and all studded with dishes. So quick and neat and silest was ho in all that he did that my father was as taken with him as I was. "You'd have made a right good foretor." "A blocker?"



like a dark-clothed, bronze-faced image by the door, with the big silver-bound box under He stopped forward now into ils arm.

He pointed as he spoke, and there was a "Shall I convey it to your bedchamber, high crimson curricle coming down the Lon-Sir Charles?" he asked.

"Ah, pardon me, sister Mary," cried my icle. "I am old-fash oned enough to have principies-an anachronism, I know, in this One of them is never to allow my lan age. through neglecting this precaution. Ambrose the justice to say that it was before onsecutive days. On the third morning my

light in his eyes danced and gleamed. de handed his own shuff hox to my father as father answered. Ambrose followed my mother out of the

"You are free of my box as being a rela-tive by marriage. You are free also, nephew, and I pray you to take a pinch. It is the most intimate sign of my good will. Outside ourselves there are four, I think, who have had access to it-the prince, of course, Mr. Pitt, Monsieur Otto, the French ambassador, and Lord Hawkeebury. I have sometimes

Hawkesbury. 'I am vastly honored, sir," said my father, looking suspiciously at his guest from under

now I can see the light upon his proud, handsome face, and see also my dear father, concerned at having touched upon so terrible a memory, shooting little anxious glances at him betwixt the puffs of his pipe. "I dare say that it has happened with

you, sir." said my uncle at last, "that you have lost some dear mesomate in battle or wreck, and that you have put him out of your mind in the routine of your daily life, until suddenly some word or some scene brings him back to your memory, and find your sorrow was raw as upon the first

'So it was with me tonight. I never formed a close friendship with a man-1 say nothing of women-save the once. That was with Lord Avon. We were of an age, he a few years, perhaps, my senior, but our tastes, our judgments and our characters were allke, save only that he had in him a touch of pride such as I had never known in any other man. Futting aside the little foibles of a rich young man of fashion les indiscre-

tions d'une jeunesse doree. I could have sworn that he was as good a man as I have ever known.

"How came he then to such a crime?" sked my father. My uncle shook his head. "Many a time have I asked myself that question, and it comes more home to me tonight than ever." All the jauntiness had gone out of his manand serious man

'Was it cortain that he did it, Charles?" asked my mother. My uncle shrugged his shoulders. "I wish could think it were not so. I have thought

"Nay, I have heard nothing of it," my

nothing against him. The oldest of us was but 24, and we gamed on, as I say, with the captain had cleared the board. We were all thought that I was premature with Lord hit, but our host far the bardest. Hawkesbury."

his shaggy cycbrows. With that grave face happens when a man has kept awake over

night see if I were to stand under that ood stained ceiling at midnight." "Uncle," said L. "I saw a figure as plainly s I see that fire and I heard the steps as learly as I hear the crackie of the faguts.

Busides, we could not both be deceived " "There is trath in that," said be, thoughtfully. "You caw no features, you say?

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1896.

"It was too dark." "But only a figure?" "The dark outline of one," "And it retreated up the states"" "Yes.

And vanished into the wall?" "Yea."

"At what part of the wall?" cried a voice

from behind us. My mother screamed, and down came my father's pipe onto the hearth rug. I had sprung round with a catch of my breath, and there was the valet Ambrose, his body in the shadow of the doorway, His dark face protruded into the light, and two burning eyes fixed upon mine. "What the devil is the meaning of this,

dr.?" cried my snele. It was strange to see the gleam and pas-

sion fide out of the man's face, and the demure mask of the valet replace it. His eyes still smouldered, but his features re-

gained their prim composure in an instant. "I beg your parden, Sir Charles," Raid he. 'I had come in to ask you if you had any orders for me, and I did not like to inner, and he had turned suddenly into a sud terrupt the young gentleman's story. I am afraid that I have been somewhat carried

away by it. "I never knew you to forget yourself be fore," said my uncle.

"You will, I'm sure, forgive me, Sir Charles, if you will call to mind the relation fellow was so affected by the sight of my condition that he burst into tears and laid out a pair which he had stolen from me." As he spoke his face was grave, but the the spoke his face was grave, but the spoke his face was grave. But the spoke his face was grave, but the spoke his face was grave. But the spoke his face was grave, but the spoke his face was grave. But the spoke his face was grave, but the spoke his face was grave. But the spoke his face was grave, but the spoke his face was grave. But the spoke his face was grave, but the spoke his face was grave. But the spoke his face was grave he had lost?" bow, he left the room. "We must make some little allowance,

anded his own snuff box to my father as imbrose followed my mother out of the oom. "You number yourself in an illustrious ompany by dipping your finger and thumb to it." sail he. "It is a very old story now, though we have not yet found an end to it. We had obtain the four of us, Lord to it." sail he. "Indeed, sir!" said my uncle, with a madden return to his jaunty manner. "When a man can brew a dish of checelate or tie a cravat as Ambrose does he may claim consideration. The fact to Lothian Hume and myself. Of the captain I knew little, save that he was not of the best repute, and was deep in the hands of the Jews. Sir Lothian has made an evil and f pray you to take a pinch. It is the onst intimate sign of my good will. Outside urselves there are four. I think, who have said my uncle, with a sudden return to his at Chalk farm-but in those days there was and the gossip of St. James."

CHAPTER VI. ON THE THRESHOLD.

My father sent me to bed early that night. though I was very eager to stay up, for every word which this man said held my bs a bitter thing for me to tell in a court of law-1 was restless and sleepless, as often

easy air of superiority, his fantastic fachion of talk, all filled me with interest and wonder. But, as I afterward learned, their conversation was to be about myself and my own prospects, so I was dispatched to my room, whence far into the night I could hear the deep growl of my father and the rich tones of my uncle, with an occasional gcatle murmur from my mother, as they talked in the room beneath.

I had dropped asleep at last, when I was awakened suddenly by something wet being prepared against my face, and by two warm arms, which were cast round me. My mother's check was against my own and I could hear the click of her sobe and feel her quiver and shake in the darkness. A faint light stole through the latticed window. and I could dimly see that she was in white, with her black hair losse upon her shoul-

"You won't forget us, Roddy? You won't forget us?"

"Why, mother, what is it "" "Your uncle, Roddy. He hagoing to take

ANDED HIS OPEN SNUFF BOX TO MY FATHER. And those twinkling eyes, it was hard to know how to take him. "A woman, sir, has her love to bestow," said my uncle, "A man has his sould box, Neither is to be lightly offered. It is a lapse of take train my bed, when suddenly a cry fell upon in my bed, when suddenly a cry fell upon in from the direction of Captain Barring, Neither is to be lightly offered. It is a lapse of take from the direction of Captain Barring, baren to loss down upon—lo lock this is were so that. For all of were, my box has been solled! Remove it! were sphere." bishop!" cried my father in wy the man mean no insult, you understand, were sphere." bishop!" cried my father in wy the minet to its were how to insult over the best with the first the cried my father in were high in one were were sphere." bishop!" cried my father in wy the state the were high in the first the were high in the first the were high in the set with the first the were high in the set were high in the set were high in one were were sphere." bishop!" cried my father line very high set were high in the set were hin

there is another small piece of business which was a man who was generally known by the I have to perform, said he. I believe that there is a fighting man named Harrison here, who at one time might have held the cham-pionship. In those days poor Avon and 1 were his principal backers. I should like to have a word with him."

(To Be Continued.)

CLOSE OF A RAINY DAY.

Nathan H. 1995. The sky was dark and gloemy; We heard the sound of rain Dripping from eaves and tosting leaves And driving against the pane.

The clouds hung low o'er the ocean, The ocean gray and wan, Where one forme sail before the gale Like a spirit was driven on.

The screaming sea-fowl hovered Above the bolling main, And flapped wide wings in harrowing rings, Scoking for rest in vain.

The sky grew wilder and darker, Durker and wilder the sea. And night with her dusky pinions Swept down in stormy glee.

Then lo! from the western heaven The vell was rent in twain, And a floed of light and glory Spread over the heaving main

It changed the wave-beat islands To Islands of the Blest, And the far-off sail like a spirit Beemed vanishing into rest.

CONNURIALITIES.

Edward Green and his wife of Shutez-bury, Mass., celebrated the sixty-fifth anni-versary of their marriage last week. Some fathers stand up with the bride at the welding, and others are content to

put up. When the debt-bowildered young king "I Servia comes to America to pick up a relionaire bride the tuft-hunters may give tim the "glad hand," but it's a 16 to 1 bet

that the heiress will give him the "marble heart. The lowa supreme court decides that when ofere marriage a woman incurs debt on her own crellt, the busband cannot be held re-

spor sible A belated remance has just come to an end in Paris. A girl of 17 wrote a love letter directed to whoever should find it, put it in a blue sails bag, and shut it in the secret drawer of a witting desk. The writing desk was bought at an auction by a colonel on the retired list, who found the letter and spent some time in hunting up the writer. He found at last that she was a Gray sister and was now over 70 years of age, but in-duced her to leave the order and marry

him. The engagement has been recently an-

nounced in New York of Miss Cornelia Za-stickle, daughter of Mr. Augustus Zabriskie, Mr. William Temple Emmet. Mr. Emmet. is a lineal descendant of Robert Emmet, the well known Irish patriot, whose monument stands in Trinity churchyard, and whose descendants have spread and increased in so many different directions that it is difficult to distinguish the collateral branches,

The barbarous custom still exists among the Brahmans, in India, of marrying young girls to old men that wander about the coungirls to old men that wander about the coun-try in order that no family shall suffer the disgrace of having unmarried daughters. While he lives the girls can marry no one else, and when he dies they are his widows.

It pleases a man's wife to have him take her photograph with him when he goes away from her on a long journey, but she isn't altogether satisfied if, when he comes home

gain, she finds that the picture doesn't show some signs of wear. Walle a Michigan judge was dictating a decree of divorce to a woman a gentleman N. Y. says that Dr. King's New Discovery was in an office a few doors off getting a is undoubtedly the best cough remely; that icense to marry her filed out, and within twenty minutes from the time the judge started in on his decrea the woman was again married. If the women of any other state can show up a record to heat this Mayor Plagree is willing to present them with a sack of while elephan potatoas

with a sack of white elephant potatoes. When a Yankee great-grandmother be-comes a bride the fact is worthy of record. Mrs. Fannie R. Allen of Athol, Mass., who

vas married Wednezday to a farmer of ighboring town, is 75 years old-five years Marriages lder than her new husband. among people who have passed the age of 70 occur every year in New England, but the number of women who at the age of 75 have great-grandchildren, as this lady is said to have, is very small.

PAIR OF PULPIT STORIES.

Concerning the celebrated Father Darcy, probably the greatest wit of that witty na-

hended, and he was firmly convinced that the custom of imprisoning the hair was responsi-Thousands Endorse His Imble for its loss. For that reason he asually wore a bat will be crown out out of it, or no bat at all. As the bishop and I were driving along he suddenly seized me by the arm, exclaiming: RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, KIDNEY TROUBLE, BLOOD DISEASES AND

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proved Homecepathic

Remedics.

ALL NERVOUS COMPLAINTS AND

THROAT AND LUNG AFFEC-TIONS POSITIVELY CLRED

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DIES.

Ask Your Druggist for Munyon's

Guide to Health, Buy a 25-Cent Remedy and Cure Yourself,

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure seldom fails

Munyon's Reheumatism Cure seidom falls to relieve in one to three hours, and cures in a few days. Price 25 cents. Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach truble. Price 25 cents. Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price 25 cents.

and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price 35 cents. Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night sweats, a lays soreness and speedily heals the lungs. Price 25 cents, Munyon's Kidney Cure sceedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins and all forms of kidney disease. Price 25 cents. Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price 25 cents. Munyon's Pile Ontment positively cures all forms of piles. Price 25 cents. Munyon's Headache Cure eradicates all im-purities of the blood. Price 25 cents. Munyon's Female Remedies are a boon to all women.

to all women. Munyon's Asthma Cure, with Herbs, \$1.00. Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never fail. The Catarrh Cure-price 25c-cradicates the disease from the system, and the Catarrh Tablets-price 25c-cleause and heal the

parts, Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost powers to weak men. Price 81.00. Munyon's Remedies at all druggists, m stly 25 cents a vial. Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa, answered with free medical advice for any disease.

ITALITY in ME

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"Stop! Hold on a minute!" "I pulled up the horse and saw Billy be-Damn turning a windlass just below the road. As usual, he had no grown on his hat,

and the hot July sun was beating down on his shiny pate in a way that threatened sunstroke at least, " My good man,' said the bishop, 'den't you know your unprotected head will bake

your brains' "You d--d fol, do you suppose if I had

any brain I'd be turning this windless?" Mrs. Jane Fish, 608 East Second street, Kansas Uity, Mo., sayr: "My first al-tack at inflammatory rheumatism come in 1857, and ever since then I have been very much of an invalid as the consequence of repeated spells of rheumatic trouble. I spent housands of dollars for doctors, but received no benefit. Finally I took Mun-yon's Rheumatism Cure. The effect was marvelous. After taking the little pellets only three days I fell better than at any time for twenty years. I contined the rem-ely until I had used four vials, and have not been troubled with rheumatism since." Mrs. A. A. Dixon, 876 Waco avenue, Wich-ita, Kan, a well known society lady, says: "I have had rheumatism and kidney trouble for several years. Munyon's Remedies have given me great relief, and I feel that I am oured."

For a pure, sweet clearctic try the latest -Sweet Moments, None better,

THE RIVER PLATTE.

Written for The Sunday Bee,

Written for the Sunary Fee. The broad old Platte, with shifting isles of sallow sand. Enwinds like a super ribbo, blotched with space of gold. Throughout the grass-paved floors of marshy prairie land.

In summer, low the grasses bend, Emerald, tinged with gold, they dip Aud fringe along the marge, and send A shadow in the depths, that makes A boundless dome, beneath the bed Through which the river's waters wend.

And in the rank tall grass that grows Along the bank, the blackbirds build Gray nests, and lay, and tender shows The pale blue egg against the gray. And where the water shall wer flows,

The bittern wades and catches frogs Found basking, where the sunlight glows. On either side the river lie On either side the river he Vast fields of emerall nodding corn. And waving seas of wheat and ryc; And in between arc willow groves And humble homes set high and dry With straw built sheds and stacks of hay And droves of cattle grazing by,

Like Jewels strewn upon the ground The wild flowers shine amidst the green; The air is ravished with the sound Of bird song. The waters lisp and kiss The banks, with murnurings profound. They pour along toward the sea Through boundless prairies reaching round.

And when the summer on her bed And when the summer on her bed of death lies down, and autumn of The wild ducks by some instinct I From realms of air drop down and In big black arrows on the spread Of waters, 'Oli the flock to right Is put by showers of flying lead. onior.

Then all the prairies change, behold! The sun with Midas' touch transforms The grass and corn, and fold on fold Gay Autumn's garments trail across The level lands. The river bold With silver, cuts its onward way Through fields of amber and of gold.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Dis-

covery in the house and his family has al-ways found the very best results follow its

use; that he would not be without it, if pro-curable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill,

is undoubtedly the best cough remely; that he has used it in his family for eight years

and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested? . Trial bottle free at & Co.'s drug store. Regular size, 50c

SCRIPTURE CAKE.

Have Any of the Globe's House-

keepers Ever Tried This Recipe?

and \$1.00.

In winter, sober gray the grass,

In winter, sober gray the grass, The bird's nests empty, leprous like The river, searred and scaled the mass Of ice, wounded here and there With bars of sand, and yet like glass In places, smooth and clear, the sun Reflecting like a shield of brass. WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

with him as I was. "You'd have made a right good foretop-man, if your heart is as stout as your fingers are quick." said he. "Did you never wish to have the honor of serving your country?" "It is my honor, sir, to werve Sir Charles "Tagsolite and to be the master" be man all drawn and in the meantime descended, him at my bedise. "Charles,' said he. "I bie, Roddy." Sold he. "I "Next morning I was awakened by finding him at my bedise. "Charles,' said he. "I bie, Roddy." You heard to high and the all drawn and distorted—so much so that my "Next morning I was awakened by finding him at my bedise. "Charles,' said he. "I bie, Roddy. You heard to high a sold to he dread-"It is my honor, sir, to serve Sir Charles Tregellis, and I desire no other master," he answered. "But I will convey his dressing case from the inn, and then all will be

He came back with a great silver mounted box under his arm, and close at his heels was the gentleman whose coming had made such a disturbance.

My first impression of my uncle as he en-tered the room was that one of his eyes was swollen to the size of an apple. It caught the breath from my lips, that monstrous, glistening eye. But the next instant I perceived that he held a round glass in front of it, which magnified it in this fashion. He looked at us each in turn, and then he bowed very gracefully to my mother and kissed her upon either check.

"You will permit me to compliment you, my dear Mary," said he in a voice which was the most mellow and beautiful that I had ever heard. "I can assure you that the country air has used you wondrous well, and that I should be proud to see my pretty sister in the Mall. I am your servant, sir." he continued, holding out his hand to my father. "It was but last week that I had the honor of dining with my friend, Lord St. Vincent, and I took occasion to mention you to him. I may tell you that your name is not forgotten at the Admiratty, sir, and I not forgotten at the Administy, sir, and i hope that I may see you soon walking the poop of a 74-gun ship of your own. So this is my nephew, is it?" He put a hand upon each of my shoulders in a tery friendly way. and looked me up and down.

'How old are you, nephew?" he asked. Seventeen, sir.

"You look older. You look 18 at least. I find him very passable, Mary-very passable indeed. He has not the bel air, the tournour uncouth English we have no word for it. But he is as healthy as a May heige

So within a minute of his entering our door he had got himself upon terms with all of us, he had got minisci alon traceful a manner that it seemed as if he had known us all for years. I had a good look at him now as he stood upon the hearth rug, with my mother on one side and my father on the other. He was a very large man, with noble shoul-ders, small waist, broad hips, well-turned legs, and the smallest of hands and feet. His face was pale and handsome, with a prominent chin, a jutting nose, and large



blue staring eyes, in which a sort of dancing mischlevous light was forever playing. He wore a deep brown coat, with a collar as high as his cars, and tails as low as his knees. His black breeches and silk stock-highly polished that they twinkled with every movement. His vest was of black vel-vet, open at the top to show an embroidered shirt front, with a high, smooth, white cravat above it, which kept his meck for-ever on the stretch. He stood easily, with one thumb in his armpit and two fingers of blue staring eyes, in which a sort of dancing

vet, open at the top to show an embroidered shirt front, with a high, smooth, white eravat above it, which kept his neck for-ever on the stretch. He stood easily, with one thumb in his armpit and two fingers of the other hand in his vest pocket. It made me proud as 1 watched him to think that such a magnificent man, with his easy,

and we all drew up to the table. "You will excuse my apparent grossness lost this money in my house. You will find Mary, in venturing to bring by own larder here upon your table.'

with me. Abernethy has me under his orders and I must eschew your rich country dain-"It was in vain that I laughed at his ties. A little white wine and a cold quailsqueamishness, telling him that I should most ! certainly have claimed my money had I won, so that it would be strange, indeed, if I it is as much as the niggardly Scotchman will allow me.' were not permitted to pay it when I lost. "'Neither I nor my brother will touch it, "We should have you on blockading service when the levanters are blowing," said my

father, "Sait junk and weevily biscuits, with a rib of a tough Barbary ox when the tenders you like about it." He would listen to no come in. You would have your spare diet there, sir." You would have your spare diet madman. But perhaps these details are Straightway my uncle began to question familiar to you, and God knows they are him about the sea service, and for the whole meal my father was telling him of the Nile painful to me to tell."

My father was sitting with staring eyes and of the Toulon blockade, and the siege of and his forgotten pipe reeking in his hand. Genoa, and all that he had seen and "Pray, let us hear the end of it, sir!" he But whenever he faltered for a word my cried. uncle always had it ready for him, and it was hard to say which knew most about "Well, then, I had finished my toilet in an

and

should be due inquiry, but when the coroner's

court brought willful murder against him the constables came for him in full cry.

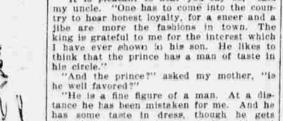
hour or so-for I was less exigent in these days than now-and I met Sir Lothian Hume the business. "No, I read little or nothing," said he at breakfast. His experience had been the when my father marveled where he got his same as my own, and he was cager to see Captain Barrington, and to ascertain why knowledge. "The fact is that I can hardly pick up a print without seeing some allusion he had directed his brother to return the to myself, 'Sir C-s T-s does this,' or 'Sir C-s T-s suys the other,' so I take them no money to us. over, when suddenly I raised my eyes to the corner of the celling, and I saw-I longer. But if a man is in my position all inowledge comes to him. The duke of York sawtells me of the army in the morning and Lord Spencer chats with me of the navy in My uncle had turned quite pale with the vividness of the memory, and he passed his the afternoon and Dundas whispers me what is going forward in the cabinet, so that ${\bf I}$ hand over his eyes. "It was crimson," said he, with a shudder, have little need of the Times or the Morning

"Crimson, with black cracks, and from every crack-but I will give you dreams, sister Mary. Suffice it that we rushed up the stair which led to the captain's room, and This set him talking of the great world of London, telling my father about the men who were his masters at the admiralty, and my there we found him lying, with the bone gleaming white through his throat. A mother about the beauties of the town and the great ladies at Almack's, but all in the hunting knife lay in the room-and the knife same light, fanciful way, so that one never knew whether to laugh or to take him gravely. I think it flattered him to see the Lord Avon's. Some papers were found charred in the grate-and the papers were

way in which we all three hung upon his words. Of some he thought highly and of some lowly, but he made no secret that the highest of all and the one against whom all others should be measured was Sir Charles Tregellis himself. "As to the king," said he, "of course, I am

l'ami de famille there, and even with you I can scarce speak freely, as my relations are confidential." "God bless him and keep him from ill!"

cried my father. "And "It is pleasant to hear you say so," said father.



has some taste in dress, though he gets slovenly if I am too long away from him. I warrant you that I find a crease in his coat tomorrow." morrow. We were all seated round the fire by this time, for the evening had turned chilly. The

lamp was lighted and so also was my father's pipe "I suppose." said he, "that this is your rst visit to Friar's Oak." first

My uncle's face turned suddenly very grave and stern. "It is my first visit for many years," said

fringed them. "I know not how things are at Cliffe Royal now," said ac, thoughtfully. "It was not a cheery house even before this shadow fell upon it. A fitter stage was never set forth for such a tragedy. But seventeen he. "I was but one and twenty years of age when last I came here. I am not likely to years have passed and perhaps even that horrible ceiling-"

him at my bedside. 'Charles,' said he, 'I ble, Roddy. You heard tonight of the dread-cannot bear to think that you should have ful things which come from it."

"I promise you, mother." "And you will be careful of wine, Roddy? You are young and unused to it."

"Yes, mother." "And play actresses also, Roddy, you will not cast your underclothing until June is in. Young Master Overton came to his death through it. Think well of your dress, Roddy, so as to do your uncle credit, for it is the thing for which he is himself will direct. You have but to do what he will direct. But if there is a time when you are not meeting grand people you can wear out your country things, for your brown coat is an good as new, and the blue one, if it were ironed and relined, would take you through the summer. I have put out your Sunday clothes, with the nankeen vest, since you are to see the price tomorrow, and you will wear your brown six stockings and buckle shoes. Be guarded in crossing th London streets, for I am told that the back ney coacles are past all imagining. your clothes when you go to bed. Roddy, and do not forget your evening prayers, for, oh. my dear boy, the days of temptation are a hand, when I will no longer be with you to help you." So with advice and guidance We were talking the matter both for this world and the next, did my mother, with her soft, warm arms around

me, prepare me for the great step which lay before me. My uncle did not appear at breakfast h

the merning, but Ambrose brewed him a dish of chocdate and took it to his room. When at last, about midday, he did descend, he was so fine, with his curled nair, his chining teeth and his quizzing glass, his mow ruffies and his laughing eyes, that I could not take my gaze from him. "Well, nephew." he cried, "what do you

think of the prospect of coming to town with me?' "I thank you, sir, for the kind interest

"I thank you, sir, for the kind interest which you take in me," said I. "But you must be a credit to me, Rodney. My nephew must be of the best if he is to be in keeping with the rest of me." "You'll find him a chip of good wood, sir," said my father.

Lord Avon's. Oh, my poor fliend, in what moment of madness did you come to do such a deed?" The light had gone out of my uncle's eyes

said my father. "We must make him a poliched chip before the extravagance from his manner His speech was clear and plain, with none of those strange London ways which had so we have done with him. Your aim, my dear nephew, must always be to be in bon ton. It amazel me. Here was a second uncle, a man of heart and a man of brains, and I liked him botter than the first. hepnew, must always of the first out the list is not a case of wealth, you understraid. Mere riches cannot do it. Golden Price has forty thousand a year, but his clothes are disatrous. I assure you that I saw him come "And what said Lord Avon?" cried my

down St. James' street the other day, and I was so shocked at his appearance that I had "He said nothing. He went about like one who walks in his sleep, with horror-stricken eyes. None dared arrest him until there step into Vernet's for a glass of orange gi dy. No, it's a question of natural taste, hraidy and of following the advice and example o those who are more experienced than yourolf.

But they found him fled. There was a rumor that he had been seen in Westminster in the next week, and then that he had escaped "I fear, Charles, that Rodly's wardrobe is

"We shall soon set that light when we get to town; we shall see what Stultz or Weston can do for him," my uncle answered. "We must keep him quiet, until he has some others to wear? for America, but nothing more is known. It will be a bright day for Sir Lothian Humo

The telling of this grim story had cast a chill upon all of us. My uncle held out his hands toward the blaze and I noticed that they were as white as the ruffles which

them short. "By the way, now that I am in Friar's Oak, .

in. Ireland, it is related by the Milwauke Journal that he once visited the palatial mansion of a perfect specmen of the nouveaux riches who lived in the neighbor hood of Dublin at the invitation of its pompous owner. He was shown all over the une, his host taking great pains, as is habitual in such cases, to keep the witty and observant priest well informed as to the cost of all the beautiful things he was shown. F nally after making the complete tour of the chatrau the library was reached, its tre-

endous shelves groaning under the weight of thousands upon thousands of volumes, re-plendent in the most magnificent bindings. Here they scated themselves and the hos said with a sigh of snobbish exultation; "Well, father, I have brought you here est because this is my favorite room. The

other rooms maybe give pleasure to my wife and my daughters, but this is my place-right here among these books, who are my friends. And these here on the desk (pointing to a score of ultra-looking volumes), are what I may call my intimate friends. Father Darcy got up and examined one of them, when a bread grin spread over his good-natured face as he said; "Well, its glad I am to see that you neve

One of the most popular men that ever lived in the state of Nevada way Bisher Whittaker of the Episcopal church, who is now in Pennsylvania, and many stories ar-teld at his expense. One of the best, re-

dent that Mike Tarpey, the politician, re-calls whenever the good bishop's name is "Although I am a Catholic," said he, "and

There was nothing that I would not do for the bieliep, so that accounts for the fact that

peculiar characters in that neighborhood

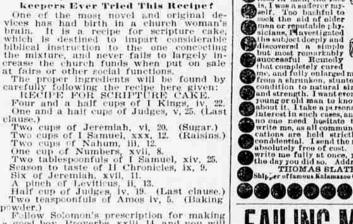


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"I fear, Charles, that Roddy's wardrobe is contry-made," said my mother.
"We shall soon set that tight when we get to town; we shall see what slutt or Weston can do for him," my uncle answered. "We must keep him quiet until he has some of the sailent of the curre of Mr. F. C. Walte. In a written statement he says. "I smoked and the case with which it can be cured by Norto-Bac have been plainly demonstrated to the sailent upon my best Sonday suit by my case was one of the worst he this quiet in noticing trifles.
"The clothes are very well for Friar's Oak, we shall see to the "as it he. "Far with produce and the transfer and the very one of the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained that they might seem roccoed to the window. I have gained to bus and the set of the second set is truly worth its weight to bus and the set of the second set is truly worth its weight to bus set the set of the second set is truly worth its weight to bus set of the second set is truly worth its weight to bus set of the window. I have to be the second set of the second set of



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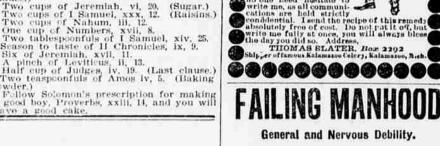
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