SPECIAL NOTICES.

Advertisements for these columns will be taken until 12:30 p. m. for the evening and until 8 p. m. for the morning and Sunday editions.

Advertisers, by requesting a numbered check, can have answers addressed to a numbered letter in care of The Bee. Answers so addressed will be delivered upon presentation of the check only. Rates, 1 1-2c a word first insertion; 1c a word thereafter. Nothing taken for less than 25c for the first insertion. These advertisements must be run consecutively.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

WANTED, POSITION OF ANY KIND; GROCERY clerk preferred; but must have work of some kind; references. Address P 16, Bee. A—M174 11*

WANTED—MALE HELP.

$75 TO $150 A MONTH AND EXPENSES PAID salesmen for cigars; experience unnecessary; standard goods; little clerk cigar machine free to each customer. Bishop & Kline, St. Louis, Mo. B—M895 J2*

ORGANIZERS WANTED. NEW PLAN. Address Equitable Mutual Accident association, Grand Island, Neb. B—M971 11*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—EXPERIENCED man to run moulding machine. Nebraska Planing Co., Lincoln, Neb. B—M108 11

WANTED, 2 EXPERIENCED NEWS AGENTS, with security. Apply to R. R. News Co., Lincoln, Neb. B—115-11

WANTED, MEN TO LEARN BARBER TRADE; only eight weeks required to be able to hold first-class situation or have shop of your own; more calls for graduates than can be supplied; wages Saturdays while learning; illustrated catalogue mailed free. Chicago Barber School, 283 So. Clark st., Chicago. B—M120 12*

WANTED, SALESMEN TO SELL GOODS ON commission as a side line for a rubber goods and belting house in Chicago to the hardware and agricultural implement trade; references required. Address N 8, care of Lord & Thomas, Chicago. B—M123 11*

HOTEL CLERK, TRAIN RUNNER, NIGHT porter hotel cooks, dining room girls. West Canadian Office, 1522 Douglas. B—M191 11*

WANTED, A BOY 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD TO work in store. 1309 Farnam street. B—M207 11

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED, EXPERIENCED GIRL TO DO second work. Good references required. Call at fourth house east of 24th St., one block north of St. Mary's Ave., Mrs. Francis C. Grable. C—838

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEwork at 1512 N. 26th street. C—M993 11

WANTED, A COMPETENT COOK. MRS. C. N. Deitz, 423 S. 38 St. C—13-11*

WANTED, A BUSINESS WOMAN BETWEEN 27 and 45, to superintend business, must be able to engage for a year. Address P 13, Bee. C—M168-12

WANTED, A LADY CASHIER AND ASSISTant bookkeeper; wages $15. per month, board & room. Address Lock Box 695, Missouri Valley, Ia. C—M163-12

WANTED, GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEwork. 2225 Dodge St. C—976-9*

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

HOUSES IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY. THE O. F. Davis Company, 1505 Farnam. D—740

HOUSES. BENAWA & CO., 108 N. 15TH ST. D—741

MODERN HOUSES, C. A. STARR, 925 N.Y.LIFE D—742

HOUSES. WALLACE, BROWN BLK. 16 & Doug. D—743

HOUSES FOR RENT, LARGE LIST, FROM $5.00 up. McCague Investment Co., 1506 Dodge. D—744

CHOICE HOUSES AND COTTAGES FOR RENT all over the city, $5 to $50. Fidelity, 1702 Farnam D—746

FOR RENT, HOUSE OF 10 ROOMS; MODERN conveniences; very handy to business. Inquire at 209 S. 16th St., D. T. Mount. D—747

FOR RENT, MODERN FLATS, LANGE BLK., 606 S. 13th St. D—M197-M11

FOR RENT, ONE OF THE MOST DESIRABLE cottage homes in the city; large grounds. J. H. Dumont, 1414 Harney St. D—M318

FOR RENT, 8 ROOM HOUSE, ALL MODERN conveniences; large rooms; hard wood finished. No. 408 N. 23rd. D—800-M66

FOR RENT, FLATS IN THE P. E. ILER block, cor. 16th and Jackson sts.; they contain seven rooms, with all conveniences, including steel range in kitchen; we furnish water, take care of garbage, and keep halls clean; summer rate, $25.00 per month. Call at 1112 Harney st. D—M907

FOR RENT, HOUSE NINE ROOMS, FURnished or unfurnished; bath, furnace, gas stove; all modern conveniences. 2312 Webster st. D—929

VERY NICE 6-ROOM, TWO STORY COTTAGE. Bath, gas, furnace, etc. No. 721 So. 37th st. D—932 J3*

6-ROOM COTTAGE; FURNISHED OR UNFURnished, 802 So. 30th st.; modern. D—M948 12*

FIVE ROOM FURNISHED COTTAGE; rent reasonable. 908 S. 28th street. D—M190 11*

6 ROOM HOUSE, 8 ROOM HOUSE, $15.00 month. Enquire 2616 Capitol Ave. D—117-15*

FOR RENT, 40 ACRES GOOD PLOW LAND, also 65 acres hay land near So. Omaha.
6 room flat modern 2119 Farnam St. $18.00 per mo
4 room house 2320 S. 29 St., $7.00 per mo.
3 room house East Omaha near car line $4.00 per mo.
Potter & George Company, 16 and Farnam St. D—M166-12

FOR RENT, VERY CHEAP; "FARMERS' Home;" near Webster street depot; hotel and boarding house; with large barn. 506 N. Y. Life building. D—176 10*

8 ROOMS; MODERN. 825 SOUTH 20TH ST. D—M612 25*

FOR RENT, 5-ROOM COTTAGE, AMES, NEAR 27th. Call at 901 Douglas. D—196

FOR RENT, EIGHT-ROOM HOUSE, ALL modern conveniences; south front and convenient to business. Inquire at 2608 Half Howard. D—40

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS.

FURNISHED ROOMS FOR LIGHT HOUSEkeeping. 1919 Dodge. E—M284

3 FURNISHED ROOMS FOR HOUSEKEEPING for man & wife. Rent taken in board, 319 N. 17. E—363

NICELY FURNISHED SOUTHEAST FRONT room. Modern conveniences. Private family. 622 S. 29th street. E—M103 11*

FURNISHED ROOMS, SINGLE OR IN SUITE. Prices reasonable. 614 S 17th avenue. E—M111 12*

COOL FRONT ROOMS, 204 SO. 25TH. E—M142-12*

FURNISHED ROOMS, HOUSEKEEPING; COOL, large lawn. 2611 St. Mary's. E—M172 12*

NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS FOR HOUSEkeeping. Inquire 1921 Douglas. E—M190 12*

FURNISHED ROOMS AND BOARD.

MARRIED COUPLE OR TWO YOUNG MEN to board in private family on Georgia avenue. P 12, Bee. Fm—156-12*

WANTED, BOARDERS, $3.50 AND $4.00 PER week; enquire 603 north 18th st. FM143-11*

ELEGANT, COOL, AIRY ROOMS, WITH board, 514 north 19th. F—M141-11*

DESIRABLE ROOMS; SINGLE AND ENSUITE; with board; references. 202 North Eighteenth. F—M177 12*

FOR RENT—STORES AND OFFICES.

FOR RENT, THE 4-STORY BRICK BUILDING at 916 Farnam St. This building has a fireproof cement basement, complete steam heating fixtures, water on all floors, gas, etc. Apply at the office of The Bee. I—910

BUSINESS HOUSE FOR RENT, NEW THREE-story and basement, brick building, 66x132 southwest corner of Howard and Fifteenth street suitable for jobbing or manufacturing purposes. Address Chas Turner, 3316 Farnam St. I—749

FIRST CLASS BRICK STORE BUILDING, 1011 Farnam, three stories and basement; will alter to suit tenant; low rent, 314 1st Nat'l B'k bldg. I—750

STORE, SITUATED IN HEART OF COMMISsion district, 421 So. 11th, corner Howard; good basement & 1st floor. 314 1st Nat'l Bank bldg. I—M699

FOR RENT, ONE HALF OF OUR STORE building, corner 14th & Farnam. Milton Rogers & Sons. I—112-11

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—AGENTS CAN MAKE $50 WEEKLY in any locality; failure utterly impossible. Will prove it or forfeit ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. Address P. O. box 5308, Boston, Mass. J—M994 11*

WANTED—TO RENT.

IF YOU WANT GOOD TENANTS FOR YOUR houses list them with Fidelity, 1702 Farnam St. K—751

WANTED, EITHER SMALL HOUSE OR about 4 rooms; modern and in good locality; no children; good references. Address P 4 Bee. K—991-11*

STORAGE.

STORAGE, FRANK EWERS, 1214 HARNEY. M—752

PACIFIC STORAGE AND WAREHOUSE CO., 908-910 Jones. General storage and forwarding. M—753

OM. VAN & STORAGE, 1415 FAR'M. TEL. 1559. M—M900 J2

WANTED—TO BUY.

BARN TO MOVE; WEST PART CITY PREferred. J. H. Parrotte, Douglas block. N—M933

WANTED—LOCATION FOR A GOOD STEAM laundry, that will support a first-class plant; or will buy one with an established trade. Address J. J. Boehm, care Hotel Watson, Nebraska City, Neb. N—M105 11*

WNATED— TO BUY BAKERY AND LUNCH room in good town of 3,000 or better. State full particulars in first letter. F. L. Yeaman, 121 West 14th street, Kansas City, Mo. N—M110 11*

WANTED TO BUY, HOUSE AND LOT, $1,000 to $1,500 cash, P 7, Bee. N—m147-11*

WANTED, LARGE SECOND-HAND TENTS. Brown's, 102 So. 14th. N—M189 12*

FOR SALE—FURNITURE.

FURNITURE OF SEVEN-ROOM FLAT; ALL first-class. Rent of four rooms more than pays entire rent. Best flats in the city. Address P 5, Bee. -M1000 13

AUCTION, 2308 DOUGLAS, TUESDAY, MAY 12, 10 a. m.; folding beds, dressers, carpets, curtains, steel range. O—M199 11*

FOR SALE—HORSES AND WAGONS.

NEW OR GOOD SECOND HAND CARRIAGES and buggies cheap, 1411 Dodge. P—947

FOR SALE, FAMILY HORSE. INQUIRE AT 1414 Harney st. P—M959

FOR SALE, SMALL IMPORTED SHETLAND pony, phaeton, cart and harness. Inquire P. Aarons, Boston Store. P—M958

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

BEST HARDWOOD HOG AND CHICKEN fence; also "all wire." C. R. Lee, 901 Douglas. Q—754

DON'T BUY A BICYCLE TILL YOU'VE SEEN the Union and National Bicycles; the two leading wheels sold in Omaha; a large line of all other makes from $30 and up; cash or easy payments. A. L. Deane & Co., 1116 Farnam. Q—M295—M14

ADVERTISING FANS—BURKLEY P'T'G. CO. Q—M650—M25

THE FURNISHINGS OF A FINE RESIDENCE; also coupe, sewing machine, and lady's saddle. Address O 54 Bee Office. Q—811-

$125 WILL BUY A "ANTISELL" NEW YORK cabinet grand upright piano in splendid condition. Omaha Mortgage Loan Co., 306 South 16th street. Q—M970

CARPETS MATTING DRAPERIES, ETC. EASY payments; lowest prices; drop postal and will call with samples. E. Hirsh, Office Drexel Hotel. Q—974-J6

FOR SALE, LARGE QUANTITY OF FINE, hard, old bricks; apply to the Associated Charities, 807 Howard street; tel. 1646. Q—M980 21

FRESH JERSEY FAMILY COW; CHEAP. 3307 Jackson. Q—M186 12*

FOR SALE, 1 NEW HIGH GRADE BICYCLE, at big discount. Address P 21, Bee office. Q—M208 11*

CLAIRVOYANTS.

MRS. DR. H. WARREN, CLAIRVOYANT, REliable business medium; 8th year at 119 N. 16th. S—756

MASSAGE, BATHS, ETC.

MME. SMITH, 1522 DOUGLAS STREET, 2ND floor, room 11, massage, steam, alcohol and sulphurine baths. T—M170 16*

MME. AMES FORMERLY OF ST. LOUIS MASsage and baths, 507 S. 13th St., 2d floor, room 10. T—986-J7*

MRS. DR. LEON, ELECTRIC MASSAGE PARlors; refreshing and curative; don't fail to call. 417 S. 11th st., upstairs. T—M202 14*

PERSONAL.

BATHS, MASSAGE, MME. POST, 319½ S. 15TH. U—757

MISS VAN VALKENBURGH DESTROYS PERmanently by electricity, superfluous hair, moles, warts, etc. Room 416 N. Y. Life bldg. U—758

RUPTURE CURED; NO PAIN; NO DETENtion from business; we refer to hundreds of patients cured. O. E. Miller Co., 307 N. Y. Life Building, Omaha, Neb. U—759

VIAVI—A HOME TREATMENT FOR UTERINE troubles. Physician in attendance. Consultation or health book free. 346 Bee bldg. L—760

NEW YORK GLOVE STORE AND MANICURing parlors, 1519½ Farnam. U—M229—M11

$25 REWARD FOR THE ARREST AND CONviction of the scoundrel who cut off the young trees on the corner of 36th and Franklin streets. Stroebel. U—M206 11*

MONEY TO LOAN—REAL ESTATE.

ANTHONY LOAN AND TRUST CO., 318 N. Y. Life. Loans at low rates for choice security in Nebraska & Iowa farms or Omaha city property. W—761

CITY LOANS. C. A. STARR, 925 N. Y. LIFE. W—762

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED OMAHA real estate. Brennan, Love Co., Paxton Blk. W—763

LOANS ON IMPROVED & UNIMPROVED CITY property. W. Farnam Smith & Co., 1320 Farnam. W—764

GEO. P. BEMIS, LOANS, PAXTON BLOCK. W—765

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED OMAHA property at 5, 5½, 6, and 6½ percent. Pusey & Thomas, room 207, First National Bank bldg. W—766

MONEY TO LOAN ON CITY PROPERTY, $500.00 up to $50,000.00. Fidelity Trust company. W—767

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES. THE O. F. Davis Co., 1505 Farnam St. W—768

6 PER CENT MONEY TO LOAN ON OMAHA real estate & Neb. farms. W. B. Melkle, Omaha. W—769

6 PER CENT MONEY TO LOAN UPON OMAHA or South Omaha improved business property. Address P. O. Box 805, Omaha. W—M178 12*

MONEY TO LOAN—CHATTELS.

MONEY TO LOAN, 30, 60, 90 DAYS; FURNIture, pianos, etc. Duff Green, room 8, Barker blk. X—770

MONEY TO LOAN ON FURNITURE, PIANOS, horses, wagons, etc., at lowest rates in city; no removal of goods; strictly confidential; you can pay the loan off at any time or in any amount.
OMAHA MORTGAGE LOAN CO.
306 S. 16th St.
X—771

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE, A CLEAN STOCK OF HARDware, stoves and tinware; about $5,000; cheap for cash. Address O 22, Bee. Y—548-M23

CRIPPLE CREEK GOLD STOCKS, SAFE AND sure; $5 and upwards invested often brings fabulous and quick returns by placing your orders with the Van Buren Investment Co., (Incorporated), bankers and brokers, 503 16th St. Denver, Colo. Y—772

FOR SALE, ABOUT 2,000 LBS. MINION TYPE, 700 lbs. agate, 600 lbs. brevier type, 150 pair two third type cases, 40 double iron stands for two third cases. This material was used on The Omaha Bee and is in fairly good condition. Will be sold cheap in bulk or in quantities to suit purchasers. Apply in person or by mail to The Bee Publishing Co., Omaha, Neb. Y—713

FOR SALE OR TRADE, STATE OF NEbraska; bona fide patent. Address A. 128 Baughn St., Council Bluffs. Y—M981 J7

FOR SALE, STOCK OF GROCERIES AND fixtures; about $500.00; fine opening for dry goods stock in connection with above stock. Cash. J. C. Martin, Craig, Burt Co., Neb. Y—M153-11*

FOR SALE, DRUG STOCK; AT A BARGAIN, if taken immediately; in eastern Nebraska; invoice $2,000. Address P 15, Bee. Y—M175 12*

WHY SPECULATE IN CHICAGO WHEN MINneapolis offers better opportunities with less risk? The only crop shortage this year will be in the northwest; buy Minneapolis wheat and make big money; send for our free book. Osborn, Crosby & Co., Flour Exchange, Minneapolis. Y—M205 11*

FOR EXCHANGE.

TO TRADE, FOR A STOCK OF DRY GOODS, clothing, or boots and shoes, first-class real estate, located in a good western Kansas town; consisting of a store building and residence; both renting well; also farm adjoining town; will pay cash difference if such is required. Address Albert Kuhn, 403 East 5th St., Sedalia, Mo. Z—M133

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

WE HAVE A LARGE NUMBER OF DESIRable residence properties for sale at about one-third their cost. Many of the houses have modern conveniences, and are in good residence localities, near car lines. Among the number are the following:
Eight-room house, with modern conveniences, barn, trees in yard; east front, and near Leavenworth st. car line; improvements cost $4,000.00; our price, $3,400.00.
Nine-room house; modern conveniences; barn; lot, 60x127 feet; price, $2,500.00.
Six-room house; barn, etc.; lot, 50x150 feet; price, $1,500.00.
Three-room house and full lot; price, $400.00.
Lot 10, block 46, South Omaha, vacant, and lot 22, block 19, Hanscom Place, vacant; price for both, $1,600.00.
Five and ten-acre tracts at from $90.00 to $150.00 per acre.
Wanted, houses and lots, vacant lots and acre property, listed with us, that can be sold cheap for cash. POTTER & GEORGE COMPANY, Corner Sixteenth and Farnam. RE—M167 17

BIDS WANTED—BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED at my office, room 28, Barker block, for the purchase of the two lots 132 feet square on the N.W. corner of 15th and Davenport sts., Omaha, until June 10, 1896. G. L. Green. RE—965-19

ABSTRACTS. THE BYRON REED COMPANY. RE—775

BARGAINS, SALE OR TRADE, IN CITY PROPerties and farms. Jno. N. Frenzer, opp. P. O. RE—773

GEO. P. BEMIS, HOUSES, LOTS, IRRIGATED farm lands, loans, 305 and 306 Paxton block. RE—774

HOUSES & LOTS, $900 to $1,200 EACH; VACANT lots, from $500 up, on 29th & 27th; Farnam & Dodge. H. D. Reed, 212 S. 14th St. RE—274

FARM LANDS. C. F. HARRISON, 912, N.Y.Life. RE—M503-M20*

FOR SALE—NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY A home in Omaha. Have you a clear lot worth from $200 to $600? I will take it as first payment on a home. A. P. Tukey, New York Life. RE—M1000 13

FOR SALE, LOT 3 IN BLOCK 173, AND LOT 1 in block 7. Apply to Wm. Henry, 1313 Jackson St. RE—M157-12*

BICYCLES.

THE RIDING SEASON HAS COMMENCED and our prices make it possible to buy a wheel at unusually low figures; terms to suit purchasers; Union National and Napoleon are acknowledged leaders; we have some $100.00 wheels, barrel hubs, large tubing, fine finish, at $50.00; second-hand wheels of all makes at all prices. A. L. Deane & Co., 1116 Farnam. M—536-M22

OMAHA BICYCLE CO., BEST PLACE TO BUY bicycles; bicycles repaired, 323 N. 16th St. 782

WE WILL CLEAN, ADJUST, REPAIR PUNCTures and keep your bicycle in good repair for $1.00 per month. Ak-Sar-Ben Cycle Co., 319 So. 15th St. 712—M27

WEST'N BICYCLE & GUN CO., 2416 CUMING. 731

BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS.

SHARES IN MUTUAL L. & B. ASS'N PAY 6, 7, 8 per cent when 1, 2, 3 years old; always redeemable. 1704 Farnam St., Nattinger, Sec. 776

HOW TO GET A HOME OR SECURE GOOD interest on savings. Apply to Omaha L. & B. Ass'n, 1704 Farnam. G. M. Nattinger, Sec. 777

TREES AND SHRUBBERY.

SHRUBBERY, FRUIT & SHADE TREES; LOWest prices, F. R. Martin 3d house w. D. & D. Inst 488—M19*

MEDICAL.

MAKES A SPECIALTY OF FEMALE AND chronic diseases; private hospital, gives vapor baths; cures cancers and tumors without a knife. Dr. P. Lieber, 1912 Leavenworth St., bet. 19 and 20th Sts., Omaha, Neb., Tel. 976. 585—M24*

LADIES WITH PAINFUL OR SUPPRESSED menstruation, irregularities from cause, sterility, cancer, tumor, find prompt relief & cure. Speciality, 25 years diseases of women. 1522 Douglas st. Room 10. M106-J-8*

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING.

A. C. VAN SANT'S SCHOOL, 513 N. Y. LIFE. 779

MUSIC, ART AND LANGUAGE.

ADOLPH MEYER, THE OLD RELIABLE music dealer, 205 South 15th street, will not be undersold by any one. Get his prices and be convinced before spending your money. Mr. Meyer is the only dealer in this section of the country who is receiving Steinway, Knabe or Vose pianos from the manufacturers. While fake advertisements may mislead the unwary, any one interested in the purchase of either of the above makes of pianos can have confirmation of the above statement by dropping a card to either of these manufacturers. A word to the wise buyers should be sufficient. M204

GEORGE F. GELLENBECK, BANJO AND guitar teacher, 1815 Chicago St. 169

MY PIANO SOUNDS THIN. PERHAPS YOU had a thin tuner, try Mr. Leonhardt, office Mrs. Benson's store; reasonable prices 999-J7

PAWNBROKERS.

H. MAROWITZ LOANS MONEY. 418 N. 16 ST. 778

DRESSMAKING.

ENGAGEMENT TO DO DRESSMAKING IN families solicited. Miss Sturdy, 4204 Burdette. M—703-M27

WANTED, DRESSMAKING IN FAMILIES; satisfaction guaranteed; prices reasonable. Address P, 1 Bee. 975-9-*

LIFE POLICIES BOUGHT.

LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES PURCHASED—loans on same. Address P. O. box, 227, Omaha. 925—J3*

STEAMSHIPS.

LOWEST RATES TO OR FROM EUROPE ALL lines. Thos. Cook & Son, vacation tours. Harry E. Moores 1415 Farnam St., Omaha. 989-JY7

HORSES PASTURED.

HORSES PASTURED FOR SUMMER; FOR particulars address M. J. Welch, Gretna, Neb. 987-J7

SEWING MACHINE AGENTS.

HAVING PURCHASED THE BUSINESS OF the White Sewing Machine Co. in Omaha, we will carry complete lines of sewing machines and supplies and solicit your patronage; all accounts due them are payable to P. E. Flodman & Co., 1514 Capitol Ave. 161—23

UPHOLSTERING FURNITURE.

FURNITURE PACKED, COUCHES MADE TO order, mattresses made and renovated, chairs caned; cheap this month. M. S. Walkin, 2111 Cuming, Tel. 1331. 781

LOST.

STRAYED—A SPAN OF MULES; FROM Leary's pastures, six miles north of water works. Both are dark bay and branded with letter H on front hoofs. They weigh about 1,000 pounds each. Finder will return to John Holden, 1112 S. 7th street. LOST—M102 11*

Notice to Contractors and Builders.

Sealed proposals will be received by L. Z. Lotspeich, secretary of the board of directors of the school district of Fairfax, Mo., up to 7:30 p. m. of May 21, 1896, for the erection of an eight-room school building in the village of Fairfax, Mo., according to the plans and specifications now on file in the office of said secretary, also at the office of William F. Schrage, architect and superintendent, room 557, Sheidley building, Kansas City, Mo.

The contractors making bids will be required to remove the old school building now on site or lot, excluding school house furniture and fixtures, and may use any suitable material in same in the construction of the new school building, all other material and rubbish from said old building to be the property of the contractor and to be removed from school house lot.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for $200, made payable to the treasurer of the school district of Fairfax, as an evidence of his good faith and intentions, and if his proposal is accepted by the school board of such district he is to enter into contract and file an acceptable bond for $10,000 for the faithful performance of the same, and if said bond is not filed within ten days after the contract has been awarded the check will be forfeited as liquidated damage to said district and the contract canceled; but if an acceptable bond is filed within ten days then this certified check shall be returned to the parties giving the same.

The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the school board.

L. Z. LOTSPEICH,
Secretary of School Board, Fairfax, Mo.
M 10 D. 3t

Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railroad company will be held at the office of the company in Omaha, Neb., on Friday, May 22, 1896, at 10 a. m., for the election of directors and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

J. B. REDFIELD, Secretary.
May 7d 16t.

My Friend the Maniac

BY HENRY WYSHAM LANIER.

New York Evening Post.

"I must say, it seems to me like tempting Providence," said Redmond.

"With a thousand dollars? And most of that in non-convertible checks?" I laughed. "You put Providence on a par with boodle aldermen."

Redmond smiled dubiously. "It's a foolish thing to do on the face of it, Morgan."

"Nonsense. I've slept with that box under my bed for five months. You ought to know by this time that a Jamaica darky wouldn't dare to steal so much. Yams and cocoanuts he'll help himself to fast enough, but not sixty or seventy pounds in silver."

"Well, I hope you're right, old fellow. It's your funeral, after all, as you say in the states. Take care of yourself," and with a wave of the hand Redmond trotted off after the rest of the party, while I settled down to the prospect of two uninterrupted weeks at the maps.

We were running a flying line across the mountains, just to choose a route for the projected railway, and often had to cover a tract of country two or three miles in width, so there was usually a stack of topographical notes on hand. The other three white members of our party and most of the men were going ahead to finish some intermediate work before we jumped ten miles to our next camp, while I, with a cook and a hostler, kept house alone.

There was no time to be lonely all day, but when I had finished dinner that evening and, after once more assuring myself as to the lack of any unread novels, had subsided with my pipe into a steamer chair, the house began to seem rather desolate. It was a much better shelter than we usually got, having a very large center apartment, which served as office, dining-room and sitting-room, and two small bedrooms on each side. The servants' quarters were in the detached kitchen, a hundred feet back of the main building.

Having nothing to do I went to bed early, noticing that there was a storm coming up—apparently a heavy one, from the watery bank of clouds off to the east. The mosquitoes evidently missed my companions as much, or even more, than myself, for they were wailing and lamenting so loudly that my little room seemed full of them, and every now and then they would make a desperate effort to appease their hunger on quarter rations, so that, between these assaults and the sultriness, sleep came reluctantly. Redmond's warning about the money would linger in my mind, somehow. I was treasurer and paymaster for the party, and the cash-box happened to be unusually well filled just then. Upon thinking the matter over, however, nervousness seemed silly enough, for we feared a money-robbery so little that we never thought of closing the outside doors at night in good weather.

I had just fallen into a dozy, stupid state, after a long vigil, when I was startled by the sound of voices in front of the house. Hastily rising, I listened again, but could hear nothing. Ordinarily the occurrence would have made little impression upon me, but Redmond's uncomfortable doubts had somewhat shaken my calm sense of security after all. It could not be the servants, for they were on the other side, and all of them slept like logs, as I had often discovered when wanting some one to take care of my horse late at night.

Standing there in perplexed uncertainty, I suddenly caught my breath as a subdued shuffling noise came from the office. I stole cautiously to the shelf in the corner, picked up the six-shooter with which I had been practicing that afternoon, and felt around for the box of cartridges. It seemed strange enough to remember afterwards that I did not begin to be really alarmed until I discovered how shaky my hands were. With every chamber loaded, I started back through

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, biliousheadache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 16c and 25c a box. Book free a your druggist's, or write B. F. Allen Co., 356Canal St., N.Y.

RAILWAY TIME CARD

Leaves Omaha	BURLINGTON & MO. RIVER. Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts.	Arrives Omaha
8:30am	Denver Express	9:25am
4:35pm	Blk Hills, Mont. & Puget Snd Ex.	4:05pm
4:35pm	Denver Express	4:05pm
7:05pm	Nebraska Local (except Sunday).	7:45pm
	Lincoln Local (except Sunday)	11:25am
2:55pm	Fast Mail (for Lincoln) daily	

Leaves Omaha	CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & Q. Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts.	Arrives Omaha
5:00pm	Chicago Vestibule	8:00am
9:48am	Chicago Express	4:15pm
7:50pm	Chicago & St. Louis Express	8:00am
11:35am	Pacific Junction Local	6:10pm
	Fast Mail	2:50pm

Leaves Omaha	CHICAGO, MIL. & ST. PAUL. Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts.	Arrives Omaha
6:30pm	Chicago Limited	8:05am
11:00am	Chicago Express (ex. Sunday)	3:25pm

Leaves Omaha	CHICAGO & NORTHWEST'N. Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts.	Arrives Omaha
10:55am	Eastern Express	3:10pm
4:45pm	Vestibuled Limited	5:45pm
6:15pm	St. Paul Express	9:30am
5:40am	St. Paul Limited	9:05pm
7:30am	Carroll & Sioux City Local	11:10pm
6:30pm	Omaha Chicago Special	8:00am
	Missouri Valley Local	9:30am

Leaves Omaha	CHICAGO, R. I. & PACIFIC. Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts.	Arrives Omaha
	EAST.	
10:40am	Atlantic Express (ex. Sunday)	5:25pm
7:00pm	Night Express	8:15am
4:50pm	Chicago Vestibuled Limited	1:35pm
4:50pm	St. Paul Vestibuled Limited	1:35pm
	WEST.	
6:45pm	Oklahoma & Texas Ex. (ex. Sun.)	10:35am
1:40pm	Colorado Limited	4:00pm

Leaves Omaha	C., ST. P., M. & O. Depot, 15th and Webster Sts.	Arrives Omaha
8:15am	Sioux City Accommodation	8:00pm
12:30pm	Sioux City Express (ex. Sun.)	11:55am
6:15pm	St. Paul Limited	9:10am

Leaves Omaha	F., E. & MO. VALLEY. Depot, 15th and Webster Sts.	Arrives Omaha
3:00pm	Fast Mail and Express	5:00pm
3:00pm	(ex. Sat.) Wyo Ex. (ex. Mon.)	5:00pm
7:50am	Norfolk Express (ex. Sunday)	10:25am
7:50am	Fremont Local (Sundays Only)	
6:15pm	St. Paul Express	9:10am

Leaves Omaha	K. C., ST. J. & C. B. Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts.	Arrives Omaha
9:05am	Kansas City Day Express	6:10pm
10:00pm	K. C. Night Ex. via U. P. Trans.	6:30am

Leaves Omaha	MISSOURI PACIFIC. Depot, 15th and Webster Sts.	Arrives Omaha
3:45pm	Nebraska & Kansas Limited	11:55am
9:30pm	Kansas City Express	6:00am
3:15pm	Nebraska Local (ex. Sun)	9:00am

Leaves Omaha	SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC. Depot, 15th and Webster Sts.	Arrives Omaha
6:15pm	St. Paul Limited	9:10am

Leaves Omaha	SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC. Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts.	Arrives Omaha
5:40am	St. Paul Passenger	11:10pm
7:35am	Sioux City Passenger	9:05pm
5:55pm	St. Paul Limited	9:20am

Leaves Omaha	UNION PACIFIC. Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts.	Arrives Omaha
9:30am	Kearney Express	4:10pm
8:20am	Overland Limited	4:45pm
3:30pm	Beat'ce & Stromsb'g Ex. (ex Sun)	4:10pm
5:45pm	Grand Island Express (ex. Sun.)	12:05pm
3:30pm	Fast Mail	8:40am

Leaves Omaha	WABASH RAILWAY. Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts.	Arrives Omaha
4:30pm	St. Louis Cannon Ball	11:55am

the adjoining bed room so as to enter the office at the far end, since the sound had seemed to come from the corner by my door. The moon was behind the clouds, leaving the room in utter darkness, and I stepped slowly along in my bare feet, fearing to run against a chair.

I had reached a point which I judged to be about the center of the room, and, having heard nothing, had almost persuaded myself that it was all fancy on my part, when there was a rustle and a movement apparently ten or twelve feet ahead. I stopped short, with the hair on my head feeling alive and the rest of me feeling dead—all but my spine, up which the cold chills were running in a most unnerving way, and my heart, which had begun to thump like a paving-rammer. I was horribly scared. If the thing had been visible, it would have been a comparatively simple matter to tackle it, man or beast, with a good pistol, but the impenetrable blackness and the diabolical possibilities conjured up by a vivid imagination were almost overpowering.

Leveling my weapon, I called out, "Who is that?" in a tone meant to be commanding. There was one awful instant of silence, and then the glare from a bull's-eye lantern flashed into my face. I hastily pulled the trigger and there was a crashing of glass as the lantern went to the floor. Another interminable moment, while I tried to decide whether or not it would be best to risk another shot, and then a great band of moonlight shot through the window to the left—there stood the motionless and indistinct figure of a man a few feet from me.

"Who the devil are you?" I cried, covering him.

He gave a start and stepped forward into the light. "Can you really see me?" he asked, as if astonished.

"I can see you plenty well enough to put a couple of holes through you if you take another step this way."

"Most peculiar," he murmured. "I thought—ah, no; how stupid of me. It was only the soul he wanted, not the body."

This remarkable speech and the fellow's utter disregard of the fact that my revolver was pointed at his head so surprised me that I involuntarily lowered my arm.

"For the third time—who are you?" I stammered. "And where in the world did you come from?"

The clouds had once more covered the moon, leaving us in darkness. "Perhaps it would be well to light a lamp first," said this strange person, calmly. "I—er—think my lantern is broken."

In silence I lit the big lamp on the drawing table and then turned to inspect my visitor, who had seated himself and was rueful̶y surveying a large hole in his cuff and sleeve, evidently made by my bullet. He was very tall, with closely cropped sandy hair and undistinguishable eyebrows. The freckles on his face were so large that they were in danger of losing their separate identity, and there was a strange light in his little gray eyes. "Decidedly crazy," I thought to myself, for he had taken no notice whatever of me since the lamp had been lit. Presently he drew a huge red bandanna handkerchief from his pocket and began to dust the sleeves of his coat. I drew back in disgust, for the peculiar look of his hands was due to the fact of his having no thumbs, not even stumps.

He glanced up quickly at my motion. "Ah, you don't like musk? I do. It makes me think of the muskmelons at my old home—and then he couldn't bear musk."

"You are an American?" I ventured.

"Yes, sir; it was my fortunate lot to be born under the shadow of the eagle's wing. I am one of that grand nation of 60,000,000 souls—at least they have souls, but I haven't."

This was becoming more than interesting. "No soul, you say? That is very singular."

"Singular!" He rose from his chair in his excitement. "Singular! Well, I should think so. Why, my dear sir, there isn't a museum manager in the states who wouldn't be glad to give me $100 a day. Think of it—'The Man Without a Soul' in huge red letters on a gilt background. And what is more, sir, here is the place where it was taken out."

His voice sank to a confidential whisper and he rapidly unbuttoned his shirt. Glancing around cautiously, he held it open, and the lamp light fell upon a ghastly, livid scar right across his breast. I was quite sure by this time that he was mad. How he had strayed to this out-of-the way place in the mountains, fifteen miles from the nearest railway station and as far from the northern coast, was a mystery, but clearly the wise plan was to humor him.

"Pray, tell me," I said, politely, "how you happened to lose it."

His eyes sparkled. "With pleasure, but may I light a cigarette first?"

I offered him a cigar, which he accepted, and I took one myself. The storm had arrived and the rain was beginning to patter down outside. My companion resumed his seat and lit his cigar, thus again showing those thumbless hands, the sight of which made me shudder. Crossing his legs, he puffed away for a moment, and began:

"You see, sir, I once had a brother. Some people are fond of their brothers—I hated mine. I never had a chance beside him. He always used to beat me at marbles, at base ball—at everything we did. Why, my earliest recollections are of the times when he would take away my bread and molasses, him two whole years younger than me, too, and then he would cry because there wasn't any more, and my mother would whip me for bullying him."

I could hardly help laughing at the tragic intensity of the speech, but the narrator went right on:

"It was the same way at college; he could ride better, row better, swim better, sing better, talk better. Everybody liked him. I was 'Billy Norris' brother,' and when he finally took a first I flunked on my exams. I couldn't stand it any longer then, so I left college for the old farm. It was just happiness to feel that he wasn't by to put me in the shade, and I grubbed along from 5 in the morning till 6 in the evening, and enjoyed it far more than any other part of my life."

Mr. Norris, for that was apparently his name, took out his red bandanna again and held it to his eyes for a moment.

"And then—and then, sir, I fell in love. She was the prettiest, sauciest girl in the whole district, and what she ever found in me I'm sure I don't know, but one day—ah! how well I remember it—I had gone down to drive our cows out of her father's corn. He always let his fences go to pieces and the cattle would stray across. And while I was shouting and yelling at the animals, I heard a rustling back of me, and I turned—and there she stood, just as pert and airy as a Jenny Wren.

"'Your old cows loose again, eh?' says she.

"'Yes,' says I; 'I'm thinking they'll always be coming here with the fences down.'

"At that she looks up at me impudent like. 'Why, you have got some sense after all,' she says.

"'And if they thought like their master, 'tis not driven out at all they'd be,' I went on, looking her straight in the eye.

"She didn't say anything to that, but blushed and turned away. I don't know how it happened, sir, but the next thing I knew I had my arm round her waist. 'Don't you think if the places was joined, Maggie, there'd be less trouble with the cattle?' And she gave a little nod, and when I finally did go home that night I was an engaged man."

He paused a moment and brushed the ash from his cigar. The rain was beating against the windows in sheets, and the splashing of the column of water from the roof-angle into the water barrel could be heard above the furious pelting on the shingles.

"About a month after that Billy came down to spend his vacation. He used to loaf around at first with his hands in his pockets, swearing it was the dullest place he ever saw, but after he'd been there a week he seemed to be always busy about something. Would go off as soon as he'd finished his breakfast, and I'd never see him again till supper-time. I thought it over day after day while I was ploughing—it's astonishing how much thinking a man will do, sir, with the lines around his wrist and the plow running smooth—and one day I had a kind of instinct to go over to Maggie's. So I left the horses right there in the furrow and ran across the fields till I came to their garden. Then I crept in behind the rose bushes and got close to the summer house—and there they were, sir, he with his arm around her waist and she resting her head on his shoulder.

"'But I'm engaged to your brother,' I heard her say.

"'That may be,' says he, 'but you're going to marry me;' and then they both laughed.

"I went back and finished my ploughing. Next day it was hot, awful hot.

"'Bill,' I says to him, 'let's go for a swim this morning.'

"'All right, old stick-in-the-mud,' he cries out, in his hearty way. 'I didn't know you dared stop ploughing for half a day, for fear you'd forget how.'

"We went to the creek and swam around for about an hour. Then he said he was going out, and turned over on his back to float, shutting his eyes on account of the sun, and I swam up beside him and hit him with all my might on the temple and held him, stunned as he was, under the water till he drowned."

I had forgotten to smoke in my attention to his story. At the last words I sprang to my feet with an exclamation of horror. Then I realized that the fellow was certainly crazy, and resumed my seat, but the glib connectedness of the story was so convincing that I could hardly believe it was not all true. The narrator went on with no sign that he had noticed my movements.

"I dragged the body to the bank and lay down beside it with one arm about its waist, like as if I had swam in trying to save him, and waited. 'Twasn't long before I heard old Silas making a terrible yelling, and presently a lot of them came down and lifted us together into a cart—for they couldn't loosen my arm—put our clothes on top of us, and threw a blanket over the whole thing. And, sir, as we jolted along, I felt the dead body move, and it turned, and twisted its head about with the water dripping from its hair, and leered at me with its dead eyes, and whispered that it was going to take my soul for its life.

"I shrieked and screamed, but nobody seemed to hear, and the Thing only grinned and reached down and took a great knife out of Bill's coat pocket, and slowly opened it with one hand, catching me by the throat with the other. I fought and cried out and tried to get away, but it wasn't any use. First it cut off my thumbs—just to remember me by, it said, for the soul would be so black it would not know that—and then, with a swift gash across my chest, it suddenly grabbed something and disappeared.

"So I came on here," he continued in a bewildered manner, "and, and—"

At this instant there was a heavy knock at the door, so sudden and unexpected that I jumped up again, upsetting my chair.

"Come in!" I cried, and with a rush a nervous little black-moustached man trotted into the room. He was drenched and spattered with mud from head to foot, and left a pool of water at each step. As he appeared my visitor's face brightened.

"Hello, Roger," he called out. "Glad to see you. Thought you'd be along soon. My, but didn't you catch it though!" he added with a laugh.

"You exasperating rascal," began the newcomer. Then he turned to me. "My dear sir—can't tell you how sorry. Shameful. Put you to such inconvenience. Now, Norris, come out with me. Leave the gentleman in peace."

The queer figure in the chair actually began to cry. "No, no, Roger," he pleaded with a whimper. "Get all wet, nasty, moist. Cold, consumption, die. And what then without a soul?"

"You mustn't think of going out on such a night," I hastened to add. "If you didn't get actually drowned, you'd drive over a bank and break your neck. As it happens, there are three vacant beds here, and you and your friend had far better spend the night with me."

"Well, I declare. Good of you," said the little man, promptly. "Since you say so—Norris, go in there; go to bed." The lanky figure rose without a word and disappeared in one of the rooms. "And now, must explain. You see, I'm doctor. Take care of him yonder—wrong in the head, you understand."

"Yes," I assented. "I gather as much from his conversation."

He shook all over in a fit of silent laughter. "Allow me—give you my card. Dr. Roger Barclay—at your service. Yes. Poor chap. Worked in a mill. Rich—devilish rich—but always eccentric. Caught in a wheel one day; both thumbs torn out; breast cut open. Never straight since; fancies his soul lost," and again he laughed noiselessly.

"Sit down and take something to keep off the fever," said I, "and then pray tell me how in the world you happened to reach this desolate place."

"Trip in the tropics. Thought would help him. Port Antonio by fruit steamer; then what does he do? Gives me the slip—nobody knows where. Tracked him. For six mortal hours been driving like Jehu—son of Nimshi—furiously."

I laughed at his odd manner. "Well, sir, let me give you a bed, and I shall be more than pleased to hear your story in the morning. Where is your horse?"

"Foot of the hill. Stabled him; in the old sugar works. Had a feed with me—he's all right. Awfully obliged; pretty tired; glad to sleep; talk all day tomorrow."

I fitted him out with a pair of pajamas, and showed him into Redmond's room, but before leaving the office he carefully locked the doors on the other side. "Quite harmless; but mustn't fool me again," he said, with one of his strange laughs. "Goodnight indebted forever."

I went to my own room feeling dazed. Indeed, I pinched my arm twice to be sure it was not all a dream. What a ridiculous pair they were, and what a wild way of chasing about! Still, Dr. Barclay, as he called himself, with all his oddities, had the indefinable stamp of the gentleman, and I flattered myself that on this point I could not be mistaken; so, striking a match and noticing that it was half-past 1, I got back to bed and soon fell asleep, quite tired out from the excitement.

When I woke the sunlight was streaming in over my face. It took a few second to get things straightened out in my mind, but presently I remembered with interest the strange narrative I was expecting. When one has been in the bush five months any sort of break in the monotony is welcome, and this adventure promised to be quite out of the ordinary. There was no noise from the next room, so I concluded that Dr. Barclay was not up yet, and I dressed quietly for fear of disturbing him. Walking out into the office I saw to my surprise that his door was open. With a sudden suspicion I stepped inside—there were the wet clothes in a pile on the floor, but the room was empty. A glance in the opposite room showed that the crazy man, too, was gone. Swiftly I ran back to my own apartment—the tin box was not there!

I was so overcome by this discovery that I weakly sat down on the bed for an instant, but a flood of rage and indignation soon moved me to action. Down the hill I tore to the old works. The soft clay held the wheel marks like wax; no need to look inside—there were the tracks leading out and down to the main road, and then turning with a sharp swing to the right. So they were bound for Kingston, and in a two-horse buggy. Back to the house I ran as fast as my legs would carry me, and, panting for breath, caught up a copy of the Gleaner. "Sailings from Kingston. From Kingston for New York, the Alicia, at 3 p. m., Wednesday." I looked at my watch; it was already half past 7, and there were forty miles and a range of mountains between me and the city.

"Murphy!" I called. "Murphy!"

"Yehs, wukmahsa, me byeh, suh."

"Saddle Brutus and start for Bog Walk with six quarts of corn. Lively about it, now. I want you to be away from here in ten minutes."

"Yehs, wukmahsa, me gone, suh."

"When you get there rub him down and feed him—two quarts. I'll be along by the time he finishes and will go on with him."

"Yessuh," and in a few minutes I saw him make his way down a steep path and start off at a canter. I took some breakfast, had my mare put to the trap, and an hour later was spinning along in the same direction.

We made the first nine miles in just an hour, which was remarkable time, considering the fearful hills, and my spirits rose. I vowed I would catch the thieves at any cost. One after another the familiar mile posts were passed at a steady trot, and at a quarter to 11 we swung around the sharp turn and across the iron bridge just outside of Bog Walk. As we clattered along the street I saw Murphy coming toward me, and it was evident from his face and attitude that something was wrong.

"Well, what is it?"

"Brutus, him cahn't go, wukmahsa. Him lose shoe way back by Harewood an' him bery lame, suh."

I went to the blacksmith shop and found that the pony could hardly put his foot to the ground, for the boy had evidently ridden him hard with the loose shoe, breaking his hoof badly.

Mrs. Gibson, who kept the only team for hire in the town, greeted me cordially. "Goin' to Kingston? Well, ain't that too bad—a couple of gentlemen came by at daybreak this morning and got my horses. Was in an awful hurry; said they'd come from Port Antonio last night."

My heart sank. The mare was not in condition to go further, for, expecting a change here, I had not spared her, and the next train on the railway did not reach the city till 5 o'clock. The station-master was sympathetic. "If you must get to town, sir, there's a goods train due in ten minutes. The conductor'll probably take you through if you show him your pass."

I hastily wrote out a telegram to Inspector Goodwin, asking him to meet me at the dock at 2 o'clock. I knew Goodwin intimately and he would do anything in the world for me. Then, having reduced Murphy to a state of utter abjectness, I raced back to the station as the goods-train came in, and informed the black conductor that I was going to honor his car by traveling in it. He looked more than doubtful, so I waved my pass at him.

"Cahn't possibly be arranged, suh. It is positively against all the r'g'lations."

This was maddening. "By jove!" I cried, "I belong to the company and I'm going on this train. If you give me any of your insolence, I'll have a talk with Mr. Harcourt about your case."

The two companies were quite separate, and I had seen Harcourt, the president of the railway, just once, but the darky did not dare to hold his ground, and in another minute we were off. The lumbering old train crawled along so slowly that I half wished I had driven after all, but at last we puffed into the Spanish Town station.

"We go no further," remarked my friend the conductor, cheerfully.

"Why, the station master said you went right through to Kingston!"

"Humph! If that fool had charge of the schedule there'd be six collisions a day."

I did not stop to argue. It was 12 o'clock and there were still fourteen miles to be traversed. Once more I started out on a run, and in fifteen minutes was bowling along behind a pair of trotters over the level highway. It is sometimes a fortunate thing to have acquaintances who keep fast horses.

As we neared Kingston I became more and more nervous. Suppose there had been some hitch. Goodwin might not have received my telegram or might have misunderstood it—in either case all my trouble would go with my money. There was certainly no time to stop and find out, so I drove straight to the dock, looking anxiously ahead as I drew near. Ah! There was my old friend in his uniform, chatting with some one on the pier. I could have cried out in delight at the thought of revenging myself on the rascals who had made such a fool of me.

"You're a queer sort of person," said Goodwin, coming forward. "What in the mischief does all this mean? I thought you were cleaning out makka way back there in the bush."

"So I was, but two of my countrymen cleaned me out last night. Tin box with a thousand dollars. I've chased them all the way. They're on board."

"How do you know they are?"

This staggered me for an instant. "They must be—they're bound to be," I cried. "They came to Kingston, and they weren't born yesterday, I can tell you. They knew their only chance was to get off before the news arrived. Come along; we haven't any too much time now."

We stepped up the gang-plank and on deck. There were fifteen or twenty passengers aft, but my friends were not among them, so we started forward.

"There they are! There they are!" I whispered excitedly, as I saw leaning against the port rail two men, one very tall, the other ridiculously short. Their backs were toward me, but I knew those figures, despite the fact that they were dressed in other clothes. We stepped briskly up.

"I arrest you in the queen's name," said Goodwin, laying his hand on the tall one's shoulder. They both wheeled like a flash, and I was dumfounded to see that they looked entirely different from my visitors. Both had beards, the large man's brushing his chest, and their faces were totally unlike the ones I remembered so well. My jaw dropped and I gazed from one to the other in stupid astonishment.

"What the devil does this mean?" said the little man, fiercely.

"See here, Morgan," began Goodwin, in a disgusted tone, observing my amazement, "you don't mean to say—"

But I had glanced at the tall man's hands. He wore gloves and the thumbs looked very stiff and woodeny. I grabbed the one near me—it was stuffed.

"It is the man, Goodwin," I cried. "Arrest them both."

By this time all the people on board were around us. As I touched the glove the wearer gave a shriek and sank down on the desk, foaming at the mouth, twitching all over, and apparently in a fit.

"This is an outrage," shouted his companion. "This gentleman is my patient, a very nervous and excitable man, and now you have brought on all the old trouble by your confounded mistake. I shall stay over merely for the pleasure of prosecuting you."

There was a murmur of sympathy from the bystanders, but I was too certain now to be humbugged any longer. "I think, Dr. Barclay," I suggested, "you would find it more comfortable if you would remove your beard and wig."

Goodwin snatched the fellow's hat off and with it came the hirsute growth which had puzzled me. The crowd howled in delight, and I turned to the steward:

"Bring up this gentleman's luggage. He says he is going to stay with us a little longer."

Barclay glared at me so viciously that I was glad the inspector had taken the precaution of handcuffing him. Presently the steward appeared with two big valises, and at sight of them the prisoner became more furious than ever. He turned with an oath to Norris, who was still wallowing about on the deck.

"Get up out of that, you long-legged gawk," he said, kicking the prostrate figure. "If I could have cut a few inches off those spindle shanks and put 'em on your old thumbs we'd have done the trick. Get up, you fool."

The fit ceased as Goodwin triumphantly drew the unopened box from one of the valises, and we all burst out laughing at the comical expression of mixed disgust and shamefacedness on the fellow's face. Finally he rose and grinned at me:

"Well, podner, you done us, but I fixed you pretty slick." Then he rolled up his eyes sanctimoniously, clasped his hands, and whined, nasally: "If my poor mamma only knew that her Willy, her dear little Willy, had taken to play actin' how shocked she would be."

Blood purified, disease cured, sickness and suffering prevented—this is the record made each year by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Poor Economy.

Economy is not always the road to wealth. A Parisian business man, desirous of giving his children the benefit of a German teacher, and not wanting to pay for a regular tutor, engaged a nurse having a good German pronunciation. The children made wonderful progress, and the gentleman was congratulating himself upon his forethought, when he was called out of town. On his return he found a very neat note in perfect German telling that the nurse had gone home and he need not go to the trouble to send her wages. Examination showed that over 6,000 francs worth of jewels, silks and valuables had been taken to Germany as souvenirs.

Most complexion powders have a vulgar glare, but Pozzoni's is a true beautifier, whose effects are lasting.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.