

to be generally known. There I saw exchange and the bank and Lloyd's c

Europe. On the other hand a touch of mad-

virtue.

ness, real or assumed, was a passport through doors which were closed to wisdom and to

The man who could enter a drawing room

a libertine, and the prince of Wales a com-bination of the two, it was hard to know

where to look for a man whose private and

wholly forgotten in the world. The long

many-pillared room, with its mirrors and chandeliers, was crowded with full-blooded.

oud-voiced men about town, all in the came vening dress of white silk stockings, cam-

ric shirt fronts and little flat chapeaux bras

nder the arm.
"The acid-faced old gentleman with th

thin legs is the marquia of Queensberry, said my uncle. "His chaise was driven nine

teen miles in an hour in a match against the Count Taafe, and he sent a message fifty

miles in thirty minutes by throwing it from hand to hand in a cricket ball. The man he

is talking to is Sir Charles Bunbury of the Jockey club, who had the prince wanted off

the Heath at Newmarket on account of the

in-and-out riding of Sam Chifney, his jockey. There's Captain Barclay going up to them

now. He knows more about training than any man slive, and he has walked ninety

alles in twenty-core hours. You have only

to look at his calves to see that nature built him for it. There's another walker there, the man with the flowered vest standing

near the fireplace. That is Buck Whalley

who walked to Jerusalem in a long blue coat

"Why did he do that, sir?" I asked in

Lord Petersham, the mist with the beaky orse. He always rises at 6 in the evening.

and he owns the finest cellar of snuff in Eu-

rope. He's talking to Lord Panmore, who can take his six bottles of claret and argue.

ith a lishop after it. Evening, Dudley."
"Evening, Tregellis." An elderly, vacant-

looking man had stopped before us, and was looking me up and down.

cet foremest some of these days if he doesn't

"You mustn't look so mortified, nepher

People used to be offended, but they take no notice of him now. It was only last week, when he was dining at Lord Eigin's, that he

apologized to the company for the shocking bad cooking. He thought he was at his own

collar of his coat, so Harewood cut his off, think my that they were going out of fashion.

ount of his that legs."
"There is Mr. Brummell, sir." said I.

"Yes, he will come to us presently. That young man has certainly a future before

him. Do you observe the way in which he looks 'round the room from under his droop-ing eyelids, as though it were a condescen-sion that he should have entered it? Small Do you observe the way in which ho

oncelts are intolerable, but when they are sushed to the uttermost they become re-

spectable. How do, George?"
"Have you heard about Vereker Merton?"
asked Brummell, strolling up with one or
two other exquisites at his heels. "He has
run away with his father's woman cook and

"He congratulated him warmly and

that you were about to marry, Tregellis?" "I think no"." answered my uncle.

would be a mistake to overwhelm one by attentions which are a pleasure to many."

"My view exactly, and very neatly ex-pressed." cried Brummeil. "Is it fair to break a dozen hearts in order to intoxicate one with rapture? I'm off to the continent

"Bailiffs?" asked one of his companions

"Too bad, Pier epont. No, no; it is pleas-

fessed that he had always underrated his intelligence. He is to live with the young couple, and make a handsome allowance on condition that the bride sticks to her old duties. By the way, there was a rumor

tually married her."
"What did Lord Merton do?"

Been out of town, Tregellis?

For a few days."

He nodded and passed on.

op boots, and buckskins."

istonishment.

house with the brown-coated,

CHAPTER IX.

My uncle's house in Jermyn street was said the city, though my uncle begged me quite a small one—five rooms and an attle. 'A man cook and a cottage," he said, "are all that a philosopher requires." On the other hand, it was furnished with the neatness merchants and the hurrying clerks, the huge and tasts which belonged to his character. hereby, and the busy draymen. and tasts which belonged to his character. so that his most luxurious friends found | something in the tiny rooms which made them discontened with their own sumptuous no place for the listless and the idle. Young mansions. Even the attle, which had been as I was I knew that it was been in the mansions. Even the attic, which had been as I was, I knew that it was here, in the converted into my bed room, was the most forest of merchant shipping, in the bales perfect little bijou attie that could possibly be imagined. Beautiful and valuable little knicknacks filled every corner of every apartment, so that the house had become a personner that the house had become a personner that the house had become a personner to the could be stones. The could be supported by the ballow which swing up to the warehous wind way in the bales which swing up to the warehous wind way. Here is the city of London was the tap-root from which empire and wealth and so many other fine leaves but the could possibly in the bales which swing up to the warehous wind way. ment, so that the house had become a perfect miniature museum, which would have delighted a virtuoso. My uncle explained the presence of all these pretty things with a shrug of his shoulders and a wave of his hands. "They are des petites cadeaux," said he, "but it would be an indiscretion for the without the clapters fall from their hinges, but the spirit of enterprise within that square mile or two of land must not change, for when lit withers all that has grown from it must wither alles.

But, now, nephew, we must send to Weston and have you fitted up. It is not for a gentleman to go to a shop, but for the phop to come to the gentleman. Until you have your clothes you must remain en retraite."

The only travelers whom they were likely to see were drawn from the class which I was now meeting.

It was no age of heroism and of folly. On the one hand sailors and statesmen of the

your clothes you must remain en retraite."

The measuring was a most solemn and serious function, though it was nothing to the trying on two days later, when my uncle stood by in an agony of apprehension as great in wars, and were soon also to be each garment was adjusted, he and Weston great in literature, for Scott and Byron arguing over every seam and lappel and were in their day the strongest force in arguing over every seam and lappel and skirt until I was dizzy with turning round in front of them. Then just as I had hoped that all was settled in came young Mr. Brummell, who promised to be an even greater exquisite than my uncle, and the whole matter had to be threshed out between them. He was a good-sized man, this Brummell, with a leng, fair face, light brown hair, and light, sandy side whickers. His manner was languid, his voice drawling, and while he eclipsed my uncle in the extravagance of his speech, he had not the same air of maniness and decision which underlay all my uncle's affectations.
"Why, George," cried my uncle, "I thought

you were with your regiment."

"I have sent in my papers," drawled the

"Yes. The Tenth was ordered to Manchester, and they could hardly expect me to go to a place like that. Besides, I found the major d—d rude." 'I thought it would come to that.' "How was that?"

"He expected me to know all about his infernal drill, Tregellis, and I had other things to think of, as you may suppose. I had no difficulty in taking my right place in parade, for there was a trooper with a red nose on a flea-bitten gray observed that my post was always immediately in front of him. This raved a great of trouble. The other day, however, when I came on parade, I galloped up one line and down the other, but the devil a glimpze could 1 get of that long nose of his Then, just as I was at my wits' end. I caught of him, all alone at one side, so I formed up in front. It seems he had been put there to keep the ground, and the major so far forgot himself as to say that I knew nothing of my duties. My uncle laughed, and Brummell looked

me up and down with his large, intolerant

eyes. "These will do very passably," said he "Buff and blue are always very gentleman But a sprigged waistcoat would have been better.

"I think not," said my uncle warmly. "My dear Tregello, you are infallible upo a cravat, but you must allow me the right of my own judgment upon vests. I like it vastly as it stands, but a touch of red sprig would give it the finish that it needs."

They argued with many examples and analogies for a good ten minutes, revolving ground me at the same time, with their heads on one side and their glasses to their eyes. It was a relief to me when they at last agreed upon a compromise.
"You must not let anything that I have

said shake your falth in Sir Charles' judge ment, Mr. Stone," said Brummell, very earn-I assured him that I should not.

"If you were my nephew I should expect to follow my taste, but you will cut a very good figure as it is. I had a young cousin who came up to town last year with a recommendation to my care. But he would take no advice. At the end of the second week I met him coming down St. James street in a snuff-colored coat cut by a construction. try tailor. He bowed to me. Of course, I knew what was due to myself. I looked all round him, and there was an end to his career in town. You are from the country

"From Sussex, oir." "Sussex? Why, that's where I send my washing to. There is an excellent cle starcher living near Haywards Heath. send my shirts two at a time, for if you send more it excites the woman and diverts her attention. I cannot abide anything but country washing. But I should be vastly sorry to have to live there. What can a man find to do?"

"You don't hunt, George?" "When I do it's a woman. But surely you don't go to hounds. Charles?"

"I was out with the Belvoir last winter."
"What amusement can there be 'o flying about among a crowd of greasy, galtoping farmers? Every man to his own taste, but Brooks' window by day and a snug corner at the macao table at Watter's by night give ms all I want for mind and boly. You heard

how I plucked Mcccague, the Sewer?" "I have been out of town."
"I had eight thousand from him a sitting. I shall drink your beer in future, Mr. Brewer, said I. Every blackguard in London does, said he. It was monstrous impolite of him, but some people cannot lose with grace. Well,

I am going d wn to Clarges street to pay Jew King a little of my interest. Are you bound that way? Well, goodby, then. I'll see you and your young friend at the club or in the Mail, no doubt," and he sauntered off upon his way.
"That young man is destined to take my

"That young man is destined to take my place," said my uncle, gravely, when Brummell had departed. "He is quite young and of no descent, but he has made his way by his cool effrontery, by his natural taste, and by his extravagance of speech. There is no man who can be impolite in so polished. a fashion. Already his opinion is quoted in the clubs as a rival to my own. Well, every man has his day, and when I am convinced that mine is past, St. James street will know me no more, for it is not in my na-ture to be second to any man. But now, nephew, in that buff and blue suit you may pass anywhere, so if you please we will step into my vis-a-vis and I will show you some-thing of the town."

How can I describe all that we saw and all that we did upon that lovely spring day? To me it was as if I had been wafted to a fairy world, and my uncle might have been some benevolent enchanter in a high-collared, Pog-tailed coat who was guiding me about in it. He showed me the west end

ure and instruction combined. Besides it % up some ale and some lipitap," whispered the candidate, if thought you would have no objection, are in those, and it there is a chance of war breaking out again it would be well to lay "Quite right," Bob! How are you all? How necessary to go to Paris for your little things, and if there is a chance of war breaking out again it would be well to lay

Quite right," said my uncle, who seemed Onte right, said my uncle, who seemed to have made up his mind to outdo Brummell in extravagance. I used to get my sulphur colored gloves from the Palais Royal. When the war broke out in '91 I was out off from them for nine years. Had it not been for a lugger, which I specially hired to smuggle them. I might have been

"The English are excellent at a flatiron or a kitchen poker," said Brunmell, Ybut anything more delicate is beyond them."
"Our tailors are good," cried my uncle,

"but our stuffs lack taste and variety. The war has made us more tococo than ever, it has cut us off from travel, and there is nothing like travel for expanding the mind. Last year, for example, I came upon some any, and it's for you to behave as such. new waistenating in the square of San Marco at Venice. It was yellow, with the prettiest little twill of pick running through if so be as I've said or done what I 'adn't i. How could I have seen it had I not trave ought to

It was a very different world this, from that which we had left in the west, a world of energy and of strength, where there was not see you at the marchioness of Dover's

'Yes, I was there, and lingered for a quarter of so hour or so. I am surprised that you did not see me. I did not go past doorway, however, for undue preference

gives rise to jealousy." "I went early," said my uncle, "for I had heard that there were to be some tolerable debutantes. It always pleases me vastly when I am able to pass a compliment to any of them. It has happened, but not often, for I keep to my own standard."

me to say more."

We found a note from Ambrose waiting for us which increased rather than explained the mystery of his disappearance.

"My dear Sir Charles Tregellis," it ran, that the force of circumstances should have compelled me to leave your service in so abrupt a fashion, but something occurred the difficulty our journey from Friar's Oak to Hrighton which left me without any possible alternative. I trust, however, that my absence may prove to be merely a temporary one. The isinglass recipe for the shirt fronts is in the possession of the house-keeper. Yours obediently, AMBROSE."

"Well, I suppose I must fill his place as best I can," said my uncle, modilly." But how on earth could something lave occurred to make him leave me at a time when we were going full trot down hill in any currieter to make him leave me at a time when we were going full trot down hill in any currieter to make him leave me at a time when we were going full trot down hill in any currieter to make him leave me at a time when we were going full trot down hill in any currieter to make him leave me at a time when we were going full trot down hill in any currieter to make him leave me at a time when we were going full trot down hill in any currieter to make him leave me at a time when we were going full trot down hill in any currieter to make him leave me at a time when we were going full trot down hill any currieter to make him leave me at a time when we were going full trot down hill any currieter to make him leave me at a time when we being a nation of lundies, it is no doubt a radial make him leave me at a time when we were to this day as the for chocolate or cravats. Je suis desole: the endy travelers whom they were likely to any day of the shiften and then as grown from it must. We lunched at Stephens, the fashionable into in him of the shift has a proved to he other faces. But on the down the also.

It wither also.

We lunched at Stephens, the fashionable into in the down the make it is absoluted here as an end of the shift has bee cravat? They lived strange lives, these men, and died strange deaths, some by their own hands, some as beggars, some in a debtor's Jall, some, like the most brilliant of them all, in a madhouse in a foreign land,

"There is the eard room, Rodney," said my uncle, as we passed an open door on our way out. Glancing in I saw a line of little green baize tables, with small groups of mensitting round, while at one side was a longer one from which there came a continuous murmur of voices. "You may lose what you like in there save only your nerve or your temper," my uncle continued. "Ah, Sir Lothian I trust that the luck was with you." A tail, thin man, with a hard, austere face had stepped out of the open doorway. His heavily thatched eyebrows covered quick little gray eyes, and his gaunt features were

walking upon his hands, the man who had filled his teeth that he might whistle like a coachman, the man who always spoke his thoughts aloud and so kept his guests in a quiver of apprehension, these were the peohollowed at the cheek and temple like watergrooved first. He was dressed entirely in black, and I noticel that his shoulders ole who found it easy to come to the front in London society. Nor could the herotom and the folly be kept apart, for there were swayed a little as if he had been drinking. 'Lost like the devil," he snapped. few who could quite escape the contagion of the times. In an age when the premier was a heavy drinker, the leader of the opposition "No. whist."

"You couldn't get very hard hit over that!"
"Couldn't you?" he snarled. "You play a undred a trick and a thousand on the rub and lose steadily for five hours and see what you think of it."

My uncle was evidently struck by the hag-

where to look for a man whose private and public characters were equally lofty. At the same time, with all its faults, it was a strong age, and you will be fortunate if in your time the one island produces five such names as Pitt, Fox, Scott, Nelson and Welgard look on the other's face.
"I hope it's not very bad," he said,
"Bad enough. It won't bear talking about. lington.
It was in Watler's that night seated by By the way, Tregellis, have you got your mar for this fight yet?" my uncle on one of the red velvet settees at the side of the room that I had pointed out to me some of these singular characters whose fame and eccentricities are even now

"You seem to be hanging in the wind a long time. It's play or pay, you know, I shall claim forfeit if you don't come to the scratch."
"If you will name your day I will produce ny man, Sir Lothian." said my uncle coldly

"This day four weeks, if you like." "Very good. Eighteenth of May." "I hope to have changed my name by "How is that?" asked my uncle in sur

"It is just possible that I may be Lord "What, you have had some news?"

my uncle, and I noticed a tremor in his voice, "I've had my agent ever at Montevideo and he believes he has proof that Avon died there. Anyhow, it is absurd to suppose that because a murderer chooses to fly from 'I won't have you use that word, Sir Lo-

thian." cried my uncle, sharply. "You were there as I was. You know that we was a murderer." "I tell you that you shall not say so

Sir L thian's flerce little gray eyes had to ower themselves before the imperious anger which shone in my uncle's. "Well, to let that point pass, it is mon-strous to suppose that the title and the entates can remain hung up in this way for-ever. I'm the heir, Tregellis, and by --, astonishment.

My uncle chrugged his shoulders.

"It was his humor," said he. "He walked into society through it, and that was better worth reaching than Jerusalem. There's I'm going to have my rights.

"I am, as you are aware, Lord Avon's dearest friend," said my uncle sternly. "His disappearance has not affected my love for him, and until his fate is finally ascertained I shall exert myself to see that his

rights are also respected."
"His rights would be a long drop and a cracked spine," Sir Lothian answered, and then, changing his manner suddenly, he laid his hand upon my uncle's sleeve. "Come, come, Tregellie, I was his friend as well as you," said he, "but we cannot alter the facts, and it is rather late in the day for us to fall out over them. Your invitation nolds good for Friday night?"

"Some young cub Charley Tregellis has caught in the country." he murmured. "He doesn't look as if he would be much credit to him." "Certainly. shall bring Crab Wilson with me, and finally arrange the conditions of our little "Hem," said the man, transferring his wager."
"Very good, Sir Lothian! I shall hope to sleepy gaze to my uncle. "He's looking wetty bad. He'll be going into the country see you.

They bowed, and my uncle stood for a little time looking after him as he made his way amid the crowd. "A good sportsman, nephew," said he.
"A bold rider, the best pistol shot in Engand, but — a dangerous man." land, but

said my uncle, laughing. "That's old Lord Dudley, and he has a trick of thinking aloud. CHAPTER N THE MEN OF THE RING. It was at the end of my first week in London that my uncle gave a supper to the fancy, as was usual for gentlemen of that time if they wished to figure before the public as Corinthians and patrin of sport. table, you see. It gives him a place of his own in society. That's Lord Harewood he has fastered onto now. Harewood's peculiarity is to mimic the prince in everything. One day the prince hid his queue behind the He had invited not only the chief fighting men of the day, but also those men of fazzion who were most interested in the ring, Mr. Fletcher Reid, Lord Saye and Sele, Sir Lothian Hume, Sir John Lade, C'lonel Montgomery, Sir Thomas Apreece, Hen Berkley Crayen and many more. Here's Lumley, the ugly man. 'L'homme laid.' they call him in Paris. The other one is Lord Feley—they call him No. 11, on ac-Hon. Berkley Craven, and many more. The rumor that the prince was to be present had already spread through the clubs, and invitations were eagerly sought after.

The Wagon and Horses was a well known sporting house, with an old prizefighter for landlord, and the arrangements were as primitive as the most Bohemian could wish. It was one of the many curious fashions which has now died out, that men who were have form however and the base form however and the second was a second or the second was a second or the second of the second or the second of the second or the blase from luxury and high living seemed to find a fresh piquancy in life by descending to the lowest resorts, so that the night houses and gambling hells in Covent Garden or the Haymarket often gathered illustrious company under their smoke-blackened celling. It was a change for them to turn their backs upon the cooking of Weltjie and of Ude, or the Chambertin of old Q, and to dine upon a porterhouse steak, washed down by a pint of bitter from a pewter pot. by a pint of bitter from a pewter pot.

A rough crawd had assembled in the street o see the fighting men go in, and my uncle warned me to look to my pockets as we pushed our way through it. Within was a large room with faded red curtains, a large room with faded red curtains, a sanded floor, and walls which were covered with prints of puglists and race horses. Brown liquor-stained tables were dotted about in it, and round one of these half a dozen formidable-looking men were seated, while one, the roughest of all, was perched

upon the table itself, swinging his legs to and fro. A tray of small glasses and pewier mugs stood beside them.

pewter mugs stood beside them.
"The boys were thirsty, sir, so I brought

THE TRACKA PRACTICE MER SCHOOL SEED THE YERR.

tre you, Maddax? How are you are row ire you. Maddax? How are you. Baldwin? \(\), Beleber \(\), an very giad to see you.\(\)
The fighting men all rose and took their lats off, exercise the fellow on the table, who continued to swing his legs and to look my uncle cooly in the face.
"How are you, Berks."

"Pretty tidy. 'Ow are you?"
"Say 'sir when you speak to a gentleman.' said Belcher, and with a sudden tilt of the table he sent Berke flying almost into my uncle's arms.

sulkily "I'll learn you manners, Joe, which is more than ever your father did. You're not drinkin' Black Jack in a boozin' ken. but you are meetin' noble, slap-up Corinthi-"I've always been reckened a genelman-like sort o' man," said Berks, thickly; "but

See, new, Jim, none o' that," said Berks,

oled! I brought it back with me, and to time it was all the rage."

"The prince took it up."

"Yes, he usually follows my lead. We dirested so alike last year that we were frequently mistaken for each other. It tells against me, but so it was. He often complains that things do not look as well upon plains that things do not look as well upon the as unon me, but how can I make the Garree I did.

"Garree I did."

"The prince took it up."

"The prince took it you look fit enough to throw your hat over the ropes this instant. Sir Lothian, I am glad to see you. You will find some old friends here."

Amid the stream of Corinthians and fighting men who were thronging into the room 1 that closed the World's had caught a glimpse of the sturdy figure fair.

'What's the news of Friar's Oak?" I asked eagerly.

"Your father was down to chat with me Master Rodney, and he tells me that the war is going to break down, and that he hopes to see you here in London before many days are past, for he is coming up to see Lord Nelson and to make inquiry about a ship. Nelson and to make inquiry Your mother is well, and I saw her in church on Sunday.

"And Boy Jim?" Champion Harrison's good-numored face "He'd set his heart very much on coming dog at that juncture introduced a new topic of conversation and prevented the d'scussion

didn't wish him to, and so there's a shadow from becoming heated, betwixt us. It's the first that ever was, 2001 I feel it, Master Rodney. Between ourselves, I have very good reason to wish him to stay with me, and I am sure that with his high spirit and his ideas he would never settle down again after once he had a taste o London. I left him behind me with enough work to keep him busy until I get back to

A tall and beautifully proportioned man, very elegantly dressed, was strolling toward He stared in surprise and held out his and to my companion.
"Why, Jack Harrison!" he cried. "This is

a resurrection. Where in the world did you ome from?" "Glad to see you, Jackson," sald my companion. "You look as well and as young as

"Thank you, yes. I resigned the belt when I could get no one to fight me for it, and I took to teaching? "I'm doing Smith's work down Sussex

"I've often wondered you never had a shy at my belt? I 'fell you honestly, between man and man, I'm very glad you didn't."
"Well, it's real good of you to say that, Jackson. I might have done it, perhaps, but the old woman was against tt. She's been a good wife to med and I can't go against her. But I feel a bit lonesome here, for these boys are all since my time."

"You could do some of them over now," said Jackson, feeling my friend's upper arm.

"Yes, that's Jem. You've not seen him!

"So I've heard. Who's the youngster beside him? He looks a tidy chap."
"That's a new man from the west. Crab Wilson's his name.'

Champion Harrison looked at him curi-usly. "I've heard of him," said he. "They ously. ously, "I've heard of him, said he. They are getting a match on for him, ain't they?"
"Yes, Sir Lothian Hume, the thin-faced gentleman over yonder, has backed him against Sir Charles Tregellis' man. We're to hear about the match tonight, I under-Jem Belcher thinks great things of Crab Wilson. The e's Belcher's young brother, Tom. He's looking out for a match too. They say he's quicker than Jem with the mufflers, but he can't hit as hard. I was speaking of your brother. Jem.

"The young 'un will make his way," said Belcher, who had come across to us. He's Beicher, who had come across to us. He is more a sparrer than a fighter just at present, but when his gristle sets he'll take on anything on the list. Bristol's as full o' young fightin' men as a bin is o' bottles. We've get two more comin' up, Gully and Pierce, who'll make you London milling coves wish they was back in the west coun ry again.

"Here's the prince," said Jackson, as hum and bustle rose from the door. I saw George come bustling in with good-humored smile upon his comely face. My uncle welcomed him, and led some of the Corinthians up to be presented.

"We'll have trouble, gov'nor," said Helcher Jackson. "Here's Joe Berks drinkin' gin to Jackson. to Jackson. "Here's Joe Berks drinkin gin out of a mug, and you know what a swine he is when he's drunk." "You must put a stopper on him, gov'nor," said several of the other prizefighters. "He

said several of the other prizefighters. "He ain't what you'd call a charmer when he's sober, but there's no standin' him when he's

Jackson, on account of his prowess and of the tact which he possessed, had been chosen as general regulator of the whole prize-fighting body, by whom he was usually alfighting body, by whom he was usually inded to as the commander-in-chief. He and Belcher went across now to the table upon which Berks was still perched. The rufflan's face was aiready flushed, and his eyes heavy and bloodshot.

"You must keep yourself in hand tonight, was a large of the prince is here." Berks," said Jackson. "The prince is here

"I never set eyes on 'im yet." cried Berks, irching off the table. "Where is 'e. "I never set eyes on im ye. the third in the table. "Where is 'e. gov'nor? Tell 'im Joe Berks would like to do hisself proud by shakin' 'im by the 'and." "No you den't? Joe." said Jackson, laying his hand upon Berks' cheet, as he tried to push his way, through the crowd. "You've sait to keep wur place, Joe, cr we'll put you

push his way through the crowd. "You've got to keep your place, Joe, or we'll put you where you can make all the noise you like."
"Where's theld gov'nor?"
"Into the street through the window. We're goin to have a peaceful evening, as Jem Belcher and I will show you if you get up to any offerner Whiteshapel grows." Jem Beicher and with son your whitehapel games."
"No harm gov'nor," grumbled Berks, "I'm sure I've always ad the name of being a very gen'elmanlike man."
"So I've always said, Joe Berks, and mind with the support is you prove yourself such. But the supper is ready for us, and there's the prince and Lord Sele going in. Two and two, lads, and

don't forget whose company you are in. Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a postivie and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge to all who fering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Nothing is put in Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne to make it ferment, the effervescence is natural; its boquet unrivalled.

A REPERLICAN GAVEL.

A Lincoln Relie for the Presiding Officer of the National Convention. When the great republican national con vention convenes in St. Louis on June 16 next, one of its early acts will be to cheer

hext, one of its early acts will be to cheer
the name and memory
of the greatest commoner and American
markyr, Abraham Lincoln. Before the
convention proceeds
to routine work its
chairman-elect will chairman-elect will be presented with a beautiful gavet fachlened from a log taken from the cabin built by in 1899. The gavel will be presented by State Sen-ator O. F. Berry, a nephew of the Jonathan Berry who was in partnership with Mr. Lincoln while conducting a store at New Salem. This gavel was made by Mr. William Henry Bar-tells, a young man of Carthage, Ill., whose fame as a wood carver was established through the ex-quisitely carved oak bedroom set which was exhibited at the World's fair, and furnished the governer's room in the Illinois state building. Mr. Bartells also carved the gavel

had caught a glimpse of the sturdy figure and broad, good-humored face of Champion Harrisco. The sight of him was like a whiff of South Down air coming into that low-roofed, oil-smelling room, and I ran forward to shake him by the hand.

"Why, Master Rodney—or I should say Mr. Stone, I suppose—you have changed out of all knowledge. I can't really believe that it was really you that used to come down to blow the bellows when Boy Jim and I were at the anvil. Well, you are fine, to be sure."

"What's the news of Friar's Oak?" I inserted.

IMPRETIES.

Indianapolis Journal: "Religion is not as t used to be," said the placid man with he white tie. "We no longer think it esential for a religious man to make nimself miserable.

"No," said the red-faced man with the

base ball score card sticking out of his coat pocket, "his main duty now is to make other people miserable.

An amusing incident occurred at Christ thurch, Exeter, N. H., on a recent Sunday. Just before the service began the organ boy went down among the congregation and in formed each of those present that they were requested to go into the vestry. Where-upon, one after another got up and went into that room. The rector, Rev. Edward Goodridge, who was in the room, could not understand why they were there, but as Bishop Niles was to be present, he concluded that they had come to shake hands with that gentleman, and told them that the bishop would soon be in. At this point the organist learned of the mistake of the organ boy. She had told him to ask Hall (meaning the janitor) to go to the vestry. The boy misunderstood her and thought she said, "Ask all to come to the vestry," and he did so. Every one took the affair kindly and the boy was forgiven.

At a fashionable wedding party, just as the happy pair were about to start on their wedding tour, the pretty little bride was thanking the clergyman who had made her and her choice one, on which the reverend gentleman, who was an old friend of the family and a bit of a wag, said: "But, my dear, you have not paid me my fee?" "What is that?" said the bride. "A kiss. Won't you pay it before you go?" "Of course I will," she answered, blushing and laughing, and she did. A severe old maiden lady standing by was terribly shocked at such No better, bit of stuff was ever seen in a levity, and worse, as she thought it, on the twenty-four-foot ring. It would be a rare part of the jolly divine; but every one else, twenty-four-1600t ring. It would be a rare treat to see you take some of these young ones on. Won't you let me spring you on dent. As the old maid, a little later, was about to drive away from the door, she put Harrison's eyes glistened at the idea, but her head out of her brougham window and said severely, as the parson among others "It won't do, Jackson. My old woman holds my promise. That'e Belcher, ain't it— the good-looking chap with the flash coat?" he answered. "I will give it to you another he answered. "I will give it to you another time. So very public here!" She disap-The guests roared and the parson scored.

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OPIUM OR MORPHINE HABIT PAINLESS OPIUM ANTIDOTE ORIGINAL AND ONLY BENUINE REMEDY. Discovered in 1868. "THERIAKI" Book Free.

A REMARKABLE POEM.

Assassination Glorified by a Confederate, Now a Federal Officeholder. A former Omaha woman, now a resident Houston, Tex., sends The Bee the follow of Houston, Tex., sends The Ree the following copy of a poem supposed to refer to a story current of the time of the barial of the remains of J. Wilkes Booth, the slayer of Lincoln, in the waters of Chestpeake Bay. The poem was written in Mexico by Hon. Alex. W. Terrell, to which country he field after the fall of the confederacy, taking service under Emperor Maximillian. Mr. Terrell is now United States minister to Turkey. The correspondent evidence that the room. The correspondent explains that the poen was found in manuscript form in the scrap was found in manuscript form in the scrap-book of Decimns Ultimus Barziza, a lawyer, for many years a prominent citizen of Hous-ton. As his name indicates, he was the tenth and last son of an Italian nobleman. He was American born. At the time of his death a few years ago, this scrap-book was taken from his office and his relatives have not yet been able to locate it. It contained many valuable historical reasons including an many valuable historical papers, including an autograph letter of General Washington and a complete political history of the causes which led to the rebellion.

The poem is as follows:

Give him a sepulchre as broad as the sweep Of the tidal wave's measureless motion. In the arms of the deep lay our hero to Mid the pearls of the fetterless ocean.

It was liberty slain that so maddened his To avenge the dead idol he cherished. So 'its meet that the main ne'er curbed by a chain ould entomb the last freeman now per ished.

For the dust of the brave could not rest it of a land where blind force bath domin-Then give him a grave underneath the blue Which the tyrants of earth cannot pinion He who dared break the rod of the Blacka-

moor's god
All the host of the despot defying.
Could not rest 'neath the sod that his minions had tred,
Who were shamed by his glory in dying. Then hide him away from the sad eye of day
'Mid the coral of sea green abysses
When the mermaids so gay as they sport
'neath the spray,
May purple his pale lips with kisses.

As the ocean's streams roll from the gulf to the pole. Let them mourn with musical dirges. And the tempest will toll for the peace of a soul. More sublime than the sound of its surges.

He hath written his name in bright letters of fame
On the pathway to Liberty's portal.
And the serfs who now blame will crimson with shame
When they learn they have cursed an immortal.

He hath died for the weal of a world 'neath of too many a merelless Nero. But while yet there is steel every tyrant shall feel That God's vengeance but waits for its

The Coolest Hotel in New York is the Windser, on Fifth ave., 46th to 47th streets. Unsurpassed in location and perfect in all appointments. Free Coach and transfer of baggage to and from Grand Central Depot. American plan, \$4.00 per day and upward. European plan, \$1.50 per day Music during the dinner hour. The public will find this a delightful, cool and homelike hotel.
WARREN F. LELAND, Proprietor.

President Roosevelt of the New York police board has stricken "pants" from the vo-cabulary of the finest, and substituted "trousers."

Tobacco Caused Consumption.

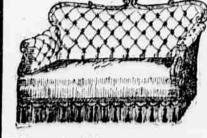
Used 3% Pounds of Tobacco Weekly for Thirty-Two Years. lakes No-To-Bac-Gets Quick Cure-

Gnins 42% Pounds-Consumption TWO RIVERS, Wis.—(Special.)—Great excitement is being manifested over the miraculous recovery of Mr. Jos. Bunker, who for several years has been considered a honeless consumptive. Investigation who for several years has been considered a hopeless consumptive. Investigation shows that for over thirty-two years he used three and a half pounds of tobacco a week. A short time ago he was induced to try a tobacco habit cure called "No-To-Bac." Talking about his cure today, he said: "Yes, I used No-To-Bac, and two boxes completely cured me. I thought, and so did all my friends, that I had consumption. Now they say, as you say, hew healthy and strong you look, Joc, and whenever they ask me what cured my consumption I tell them No-To-Bac. The last week I used tobacco I lost four pounds. The morning I began the use of No-To-Bac I welghed 126½ pounds; today I weigh 169, a gain of 42½ pounds. I cat heartily and sleep well. Before I used No-To-Bac I was so nervous that when I went to drink I had to hold the glass in both hands. Today my nerves are perfectly steady. Where did I get No-To-Bac? At the drug store. It is made by the Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal and New York who will mail the famous booklet, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," written guarantee and free sample for the asking. All druggists sell No-To-Bac under absolute guarantee to cure.

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Munyon's Nerve Cure is a wonderful nerve tonic. Price, 25c.
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