# 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 on 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.**

### WANTED—MALE HELP.

WANTED, AN IDEA; WHO CAN THINK OF some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write John Wedderburn & Co., Dept. V., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and a list of 200 inventions wanted. B—341

WANTED, SALESMEN IN EVERY PLACE; salary and commission. The Hawks Nursery Co., Milwaukee, Wis. B—M775-D25*

GOOD CANVASSERS WANTED AT 1516 Douglas. Salary paid weekly. B—M826 D28

WANTED, FRATERNAL INSURANCE ORganizers. Good pay. F. F. Rouse, 1614 Farnam street, Omaha, Neb. B—M962 31

MEN AND WOMEN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT and willing to work can learn of a permanent situation at good wages by writing to P. V. H., box 283, Augusta, Maine. B—M518 31*

TAILORS WANTED. CONTINENTAL CLOTHing Company. B—M176

WANTED—TRAVELING SALESMEN FOR Cigars, old reliable house; experience unnecessary; extra inducements to customers; $75 to $150 per month and expenses. Chas. C. Bishop & Co., St. Louis. B—M52 J14*

A BRANCH WHOLESALE HOUSE WANTS 3 steady men for traveling salesmen; salary $50 and expenses; experience not absolutely required; must have small capital and good reference. Address Jordan Bros., Des Moines, Iowa. B—M387 21*

WANTED—SALESMEN FOR LINE OF HOUSEhold specialties; wages from $4 to $10 per day. Address Box 86, Blair, Nebraska. B—M386 21*

### WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

WANTED, A GOOD STENOGRAPHER; ONE that has had experience in fire insurance office preferred; state salary expected. Address, with reference, C 42, Bee. C—M486 22*

WANTED, A GOOD SECOND GIRL; APPLY at once. Mrs. Charles Shiverick, 3723 Jones street. C—M498 21

GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK, AT 2204 Ohio street. C—M500 23*

### FOR RENT—HOUSES.

HOUSES IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY. THE O. F. Davis Company, 1505 Farnam. D—845

HOUSES, BENEWA & CO., 108 N. 15TH ST. D—846

MODERN HOUSES C A. STARR 925 N. Y. LIFE D—847

CHOICE HOUSES AND COTTAGES ALL OVER the city, $5 to $50. Fidelity, 1702 Farnam. D—848

HOUSES, WALLACE, BROWN BLOCK, 16TH and Douglas. D—849

HOUSES, FROM $5 UP; LARGE LIST. McCague Investment Co., 1506 Dodge street. D—851

A BEAUTIFUL HOME IN LAFAYETTE PLACE; 8-rooms; all modern; splendid condition; never been rented before; now offered at a low rental to first-class tenant. Fidelity Trust Company, 1702 Farnam St. D—852

HOUSES, FLATS, GARVIN BROS, 1613 FARNAM D—858

10-ROOM MODERN BRICK, OAK FINISH AND mantels, rooms on first floor are all connected with large sliding doors. Large laundry and cistern. A nominal rent if taken by December 31st. Inquire of owner, 1031 S. 30th Ave. D—M662

EIGHT-ROOM MODERN DWELLING, HOT AIR furnace and laundry in basement; large yard and stable; 301 Georgia avenue. Apply J. H. Kelkenney, Karbach Blk. D—M591—D-21

FOR RENT, 812 N. 29TH ST., 7-ROOM MODERN ern house; $20 per mo. Inquire on premises. D—M722

208 NORTH SEVENTEENTH, FOURTEEN rooms; finest rooming house in city. D—M730—D24*

A NUMBER OF CENTRALLY LOCATED 5-room cottages; city water in house; $8.00 and $10.00. J. H. Kelkenney, Karbach Blk. D—M221 J10

FOR RENT BY W. B. MEIKLE, 1ST NAT'L Bank bld.
2532 Davenport, 7 rooms, modern, $18.
2515 N. 19th, 7 rooms, modern, $20.
2316 Spencer, 7 rooms, modern, $15.
D—351

HOUSES FOR RENT. BEMIS, PAXTON BLK. D—M264

FOR RENT, NEW SIX-ROOM HOUSE; MODern; barn; near Hanscom park; $16.00. Stringer Rental Agency, 1522 Dodge street. D—M481 22*

MODERN SIX-ROOM HOUSE; FINE CENtral location. 831 South 21st street. D—490

### FURNISHED ROOMS AND BOARD.

NICELY FURNISHED FRONT PARLOR; ALSO smaller rooms, with board; rates reasonable. The Rose, 2020 Harney. F—M290 26

ALBANY, 2101 DOUGLAS SPECIAL TERMS to gentlemen for rooms with board; excellent location. F—M257 23*

HEATED ROOMS AND BOARD; $2.50 UP. 516 N. 19th. F—M358 23*

ROOMS, SINGLE OR EN SUITE; WITH board. 1912 South 29th street. F—M482 22*

NEWLY FURNISHED, GAS, FURNACE, MODern, from $4.50 up; gentlemen preferred. 1812 Chicago St. F—M420 J2*

THE MERRIAM, FIRST-CLASS FAMILY hotel. 25th and Dodge streets. F—M493 26*

### 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

CORNER STORE OF LANGE BLOCK, FINEST location in city for drug store. I—335 J14

### AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED, LIVE PEOPLE IN EVERY LOCALity at $12.50 weekly salary and expenses to take orders for Christmas goods; permanent employment if right. Manufacturer, P. O. Box 5308, Boston, Mass. J—M852—D23*

WANTED, CAPABLE AND SUCCESSFUL DIStrict, special and local agents to represent the Manhattan Life Insurance Company of New York in Nebraska and Iowa; special territory will be given to each agent, with the most liberal brokerage, or a long and valuable renewal contract, and with such special help in the field as will insure the largest measure of success. For further information, please address J. W. Dean & Sons, General Agents, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb. J—M296 J12

AGENTS MAKE $6 TO $18 A DAY INTROducing the "Comet," the only $1 snapshot camera made; the greatest seller of the century; general and local agents wanted all over the world; exclusive territory; write today for terms and samples. Alken-Gleason Co., LaCrosse, Wis. J—M421 23*

WANTED, TRAVELING SALESMAN FOR Pearl Button manufacturer; can be used as side line. Address C 28, Bee. J—m440 26*

### WANTED—TO RENT.

WANTED, 3 OR 4 FURNISHED OR UNfurnished rooms with or without board, close in. C 34, Bee. K—432

WANTED, ROOM AND BOARD, FOR TWO young men, in private family; must be first-class. Address C 45, Bee. K—M499 21*

### STORAGE.

OM. VAN & STORAGE, 1415 FARNAM. TEL. 1559. M—859

PACIFIC STORAGE AND WAREHOUSE CO., 908-910 Jones. General storage and forwarding. M—360

### SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING.

A. C. VAN SANT'S SCHOOL, 513 N. Y. LIFE. 885

AT OMAHA BUS. COLLEGE, 16TH & DOUGLAS 886

PRIVATE LESSONS IN SHORTHAND. 2129 Douglas. M—670-D21*

### WANTED—TO BUY.

WANTED, TO BUY SECOND-HAND CASH register. Address A. F. Dworak, Ord, Neb. N—M954 23*

LIST CITY AND FARM REAL ESTATE WITH Garvin Bros., 1613 Farnam street. N—861

HOUSE AND LOT IN OR NEAR KOUNTZE Place; 6 to 8 rooms; modern improvements and must be a bargain. Bemis, Paxton block. N—M345

WILL GIVE $1,300 TO $1,500 CASH FOR HOUSE and lot, 5 to 8 rooms, south of Maple and east of 30th Sts. Bemis, Paxton Blk. N—331

### FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

CHEAPEST HARDWOOD WOVEN CORN CRIBbing made. C. R. Lee, 901 Douglas. Q—862

FIRE & BURGLAR SAFES; NEW & 2ND hand; safe and lock repairing; combinations changed. J. J. Deright & Co., 1116 Farnam. Q—M900 21

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, NEAT AND USEFUL; drawing instruments and materials. Alva J. Grovers, 218 South 13th street. Q—M149 21

FOR SALE CHEAP, TRAINED GOAT WITH cart and harness. Address C 22, this office. Q—348-23

A FINE SCROLL SAW IN GOOD CONDITION, cheap for cash. 308 S. 24th Ave. Q—286-12*

### MISCELLANEOUS.

LAUNDRY. GOOD WORK AND GOOD WAGES is the motto of the City Steam Laundry. 211 So. 11th st., Tel. 254. R—119 J5

### CLAIRVOYANTS.

MRS. FRITZ, CLAIRVOYANT, 1509 CALIFORnia. S—254-J5*

### MASSAGE BATHS, ETC.

MME. SMITH, 1121 DOUGLAS, ROOM 5. MASsage and steam baths. T—M459 26*

MISS AMES, VAPOR BATHS, MASSAGE, 507 S. 12th St., room 3. T—168—J-6*

### PERSONAL.

RUPTURE CURED; NO PAIN; NO DETENtion from business; we refer to hundreds of patients cured. O. E. Miller Co., 717 N. Y. Life building, Omaha, Neb. U—864

BATHS MASSAGE. MME. POST, 319½ S. 15TH. U—865

VIAVI, HOME TREATMENT FOR UTERINE troubles; physician in attendance; consultation or health book free. 346-8 Bee building. U—866

YES, YOU CAN GET SHIRTS LAUNDERED for 5c, but if you want good work, have them done at the City Steam Laundry, 211 So. 11th. Tel. 254. U—118 J5

CUT THIS OUT AND PRESENT IT TO PROCtor, 516 S. 16th st., with $1.00, and get 12 extra finished cabinet photos and one extra carbon finished panel; 30 days only. U—M149 31

RUPTURE PERMANENTLY CURED; PAY when cured; no pain and no detention from business. Fidelity Rupture Cure, 304 Bee building, Omaha. U—M158

FOR THE CORRECT STYLE, FINISH AND fit of your linen, consult the Kimball Laundry. Shirts 12c; collars 3c; cuffs 6c. U—384-24

REV. A. WHEELER, SPIRITUAL MEDIUM, will give readings and independent slate writings daily; reading, $1.00; slate writing, $2.00. 418 N. 17th st. U—M389 21*

GO TO C. OLSEN'S BAKERY FOR HOMEmade bread, pies and cakes. 608 North 16th. U—M385 J1*

### MONEY TO LOAN—REAL ESTATE.

ANTHONY LOAN & TRUST CO., 315 N. Y. L.; quick money at low rates for choice farm loans in Iowa, northern Missouri, eastern Nebraska. W—868

CITY LOANS. C. A. STARR, 925 N. Y. LIFE. W—869

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED OMAHA real estate. Brennan, Love Co., Paxton block. W—870

LOANS ON IMPROVED & UNIMPROVED CITY property. W. Farnam Smith & Co., 1320 Farnam. W—871

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES. THE O. F. Davis Co., 1505 Farnam st. W—872

MONEY TO LOAN ON OMAHA PROPERTY AT lowest rates; building loans wanted. Fidelity Trust company. W—874

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED OMAHA property. Pusey & Thomas, 1st Nat Bk Bldg. W—875

ABSTRACTS. THE MIDLAND, 310 N. Y. Life. W—M617 D20

$100, $300, OR $500. F. D. WEAD, 16 & DOUGLAS. W—182-31

6 PER CENT MONEY TO LOAN ON OMAHA property, Neb. farms. W. B. Meikle, 1st Natl. Bk. W—873

2000 PRIVATE MONEY 5 YRS. W. L. SELBY, 324 Cham. Com. bldg. W—564

WANTED, AT ONCE, APPLICATIONS FOR loans on Omaha property; $500 up; don't wait until your old loan expires; apply now. Fidelity Trust Co. W—M373 31

### MONEY TO LOAN—CHATTELS.

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 So. 16th St. X—876

MONEY TO LOAN, 30, 60, 90 DAYS; FURNIture, pianos, etc. Duff Green, room 8, Barker blk. X—877

### BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE, ABOUT 2,000 LBS. MINION TYPE, 700 lbs. agate, 150 pair two-third 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 purchaser. Apply in person or by mail to The Bee Publishing Company, Omaha, Neb. Y—713

SALOON FOR SALE, DOING A GOOD TRADE; lease, stock and fixtures of THE PLACE; building built expressly for the business; a bargain. Inquire on premises, rear 1517 Douglas street. Y—M902 31

TO GET IN OR OUT OF BUSINESS GO TO J. J. Gibson, 514 1st Nat'l Bk. Y—366

FOR SALE, FIRST-CLASS BAKERY AND restaurant; only business of kind in town of 1,500 inhabitants; satisfactory reasons given. Frank Gruber, St. Paul, Neb. Y—M374 21*

GET RICH QUICKLY; SEND FOR "200 INventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 B'dway, N. Y. Y—

SPECULATORS—ATTENTION! TRADE IN commodities dealt in upon the Chicago Board of Trade. Send your orders through responsible house. Our office nearest pits. Wheat, provisions, etc., now offer exceptional opportunities for big profits. We have made money in speculation for our customers. Send for booklet on margin trading and statistics. Also daily market letter. Both free. Write H. H. Bauman & Co., Chicago Board of Trade bldg. Chicago. Y—412-22*

### FOR EXCHANGE.

MONEY LOANED ON BICYCLES WHEN people expect to make an exchange in spring. Neb. Cycle Co., 15th and Harney. Z—219 J9

480 ACRES $15.00 ACRE AND $600.00 FOR MDS. Address C 25, Bee. Z—352-25*

FARM NEAR SNOHOMISH, WASHINGTON, for property further east. Selby, 1602 Farnam. Z—394

FOR EXCHANGE—REAL ESTATE FOR MERchandise. For particulars address Box 264, Imperial, Neb. Z—M401—26*

FOR EXCHANGE, AN ELEGANT HOUSE and lot in Omaha for Chicago property; owner changed residence. C 32, Bee. Z—M418 25*

### FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

ABSTRACTS. THE BYRON REED COMPANY. RE—878

HOUSES, LOTS, FARMS, LANDS, LOANS—Geo. P. Bemis Real Estate Co., Paxton blk. RE—879

FOR SALE—HOW IS THIS FOR $600.00? LOT, one mile south of court house, with small cottage, on grade; good neighborhood. And one lot, with four-room house, $850.00, near South Omaha car line. Byron L. Hastings, 212 S. 14th St. RE—M746

WE HAVE BARGAINS IN HOMES; ALSO farms, and want more; list your property with us. G. M. Nattinger & Co., 1704 Farnam. RE—880

GREAT TEN-ACRE BARGAIN; WEST CUMING st.; just outside city limits. Bemis, Paxton Blk. RE—M220

SEVERAL TRACTS OF LAND OF FROM 5 TO 30 acres, near the city, at from $25.00 to $100.00 per acre, according to location; also many houses of from 5 to 7 rooms in desirable locations from $1,000.00 to $2,000.00, among them the following:

Full lot and small house on 28th street, between Pacific st. and Poppleton ave., $1,250.00.

Lot 60x127 feet with 9 room house, newly papered and painted throughout inside, No. 2616 Decatur st., $1,500.00.

8-room house, modern conveniences, 2610 Caldwell st., will consider any cash offer.

POTTER & GEORGE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. 16th and Farnam Sts.
RE—426 23

### BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS.

SHARES IN MUTUAL L. & B. ASS'N PAYS 6, 7, 8 per cent when 1, 2, 3 years old; always redeemable. 1704 Farnam St., Nattinger, Sec. 887

HOW TO GET A HOME OR SECURE GOOD interest on savings. Apply to Omaha L. & B. Ass'n, 1704 Farnam. G. M. Nattinger, Sec. 888

### SEWING MACHINES AND SUPPLIES.

NEW HOME, HOUSEHOLD AND WHITE sewing machine office, 1514 Cap. ave. Tel. 1574. 884

### DANCING SCHOOL.

MR. AND MRS. MORAND MAKE A SPEcialty by their own method of teaching young and old to become graceful dancers in a few private or class lessons. New classes now forming. 1510 Harney. 931—J-1

### FURNITURE PACKED.

GET M. S. WALKLIN'S PRICES ON FURNIture packing, repairing, upholstering; mattresses made and renovated; 2111 Cuming. Tel. 1331. 881

### PHYSICAL CULTURE.

ELOCUTION, MRS. W. DORWARD, 623 N. 19TH M—684-D21*

### PAWNBROKERS.

H. MAROWITZ LOANS MONEY, 418 N. 16 ST. 882

### TYPEWRITERS.

GET THE BEST TYPEWRITERS; SUPPLIES, repairs. United Typewriter & Supplies Co., 1612 Farnam street. 883—june 20

### MUSIC, ART AND LANGUAGE.

GEORGE F. GELLENBECK, BANJO, MANDOlin and guitar teacher. Room 412 Bee Bldg. Tel. 238. 180

BECHTOLD, PRINTER, BROWN BLK. TEL1015 M237 J11

YOUR PIANO TUNED, ACTION REGULATED, case polished, estimates given for repairs; satisfaction guaranteed; orders left with J. S. Cameron promptly attended to. 305 So. 17th. —M358 31

### BATH ROOMS.

RUSSIAN, TURKISH, AND MEDICATED baths, 50 cents; also exclusive department for ladies; everything new; ladies' hair dressing and barber shop in connection. 107 S. 14th. 889

### FINANCIAL.

LIFE INS. POLICIES BOUGHT, W. F. HOLDEN 355

### DRESSMAKING.

DRESSMAKING, BY THE DAY; WORK GUARanteed; prices reasonable; reference, C 39, Bee. M—480 25*

DRESSMAKING, IN FAMILIES. MISS Sturdy, 1264 Burdette. M—483 J19*

### WANTED—TO BORROW.

WE HAVE CLIENTS WHO WISH TO BORrow $250, $500 and $1,000 upon security other than real estate for six months and one year. If interested call at room 301, First National Bank building. 258 19

**SUES & CO.,**
**PATENT SOLICITORS,**
Bee Building,
Omaha, Nebr
Advice and Patent Book FREE.

# RAILWAY TIME CARD

| Leaves Omaha | BURLINGTON & MO. RIVER. Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. | Arrives Omaha |
|---|---|---|
| 8:35am | Denver Express | 9:35am |
| 4:35pm | Blk Hills, Mont & Puget Snd Ex. | 4:05pm |
| 4:35pm | Denver Express | 4:05pm |
| 7:05pm | Nebraska Local (ex Sunday) | 7:45pm |
| | Lincoln Local (ex. Sunday) | 12:30am |
| 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 and St. Louis Express | 8:05am |
| 11:40am | Pacific Junction Local | 6:10pm |
| | Fast Mail | 2:50pm |

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

| Leaves Omaha | CHICAGO & NORTHWEST'N. Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. | Arrives Omaha |
|---|---|---|
| 10:45am | Eastern Express | 3:40pm |
| 4:45pm | Vestibuled Limited | 5:40pm |
| 5:55pm | St. Paul Express | 9:30am |
| 5:40am | St. Paul Limited | 9:05pm |
| 7:20am | Carroll & Sioux City Local | 11:10pm |
| 6:20pm | 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) | 5:35pm |
| 7:00pm | Night Express | 8:15am |
| 4:50pm | Chicago Vestibuled Limited | 1:35pm |
| 4:50pm | St. Paul Vestibuled Limited | 1:35pm |
| | WEST. | |
| 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 |
| 12:50pm | 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. | Arrive Omaha |
|---|---|---|
| 3:00pm | Fast Mail and Express | 5:00pm |
| 3:00pm | (ex Sat) Wyo Ex (ex Mon) | 5:00pm |
| 7:50am | Fremont Local (Sundays only) | |
| 7:50am | Norfolk Express (ex Sun) | 10:25am |
| 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 |
|---|---|---|
| 3:00pm | Nebraska & Kansas Limited | 12:55pm |
| 9:20pm | Kansas City Express | 6:00am |
| 2:15pm | Nebraska Local (ex. Sun.) | [illegible] |

| 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 |
| 7:30am | Sioux City Passenger | 9:05pm |
| 5:55pm | St. Paul Limited | 9:20am |

| Leaves Omaha | UNION PACIFIC. Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. | Arrives Omaha |
|---|---|---|
| 8:20am | Overland Limited | 4:45pm |
| 5:35pm | Beat'ce & Stromsb'g Ex (ex Sun) | 2:50pm |
| 5:35pm | Grand Island Express (ex. Sun) | 3:50pm |
| 2:30pm | Fast Mail | 10:20am |

| Leaves Omaha | WABASH RAILWAY Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. | Arrives Omaha |
|---|---|---|
| 4:30pm | | 11:30am |

### IRONING BILLIARD TABLES.

#### An Innovation Introduced by an Expert English Player.

On every rainy day there is additional work for the attendants of the large billiard parlors. Those who play the popular three-ball game, relates the New York Mail and Express, have unquestionably noticed how the cushions of a table are affected by the weather. Particularly is this so when a drizzling rain prevails outside. It is then that the cushions are found to be inactive and slow. Ten years ago it was not thought possible to make a billiard table fast without an expensive overhaul, which meant that the use of the table would have to be temporarily dispensed with. Now, however, it is possible to put a table in first-class order in less than an hour. An immense flat iron, well heated, is used, and in the hand of a competent man a few turns around the green surface will soon take all the moisture out of the cloth. The hot flat iron is particularly serviceable on a rainy day.

None of the old-time billiard experts thought of the possibilities of a hot iron until John Roberts, the crack English cue handler, came to this country to play a series of games with Frank Ives. It was the introduction to this country of the flat iron, and everybody present at the match laughed, but were astonished, nevertheless, when an assistant brought out a big flat iron and handed it to the Briton. The iron was as hot as the enthusiasm for Ives, and when Roberts started in to navigate the heated mass over the green table, the audience broke into a hearty roar. It was noticed, however, that Roberts played at his best immediately after he had manipulated the iron. Roberts won that night's string, and won it handsomely. After the strife all the veterans of the chalk string crowded around the visitor and asked him what the dickens he meant by astonishing them in that way. He proved to them that a hot iron when applied to cushions made them lively. That was the beginning of the novelty in this country.

The attendants at the local billiard parlors have made an addition to Robert's knowledge, however. They have discovered that not only does the hot iron improve the bed of the table when run over the cloth, but it also removes the chalk that clings to where the ball strikes the rubber and which sometimes steadily refuses to be cleaned away by the brush. Chalk on the cushions does not mean much to the average player, but the experts know that it frequently has an effect on the ball's true angle, and interference, no matter how small, is discouraging to the accomplished player.

# THE LOST LATCH KEY

By LAVINIA H. EGAN.

Philadelphia Times.

It was considerably nearer 2 than it was 1 o'clock when Huntington reached Twenty-first street and went up the stone steps of No. 11. Political stuff had been coming in heavy all day and so the full force, literary men and all, had been kept busy till the paper went to press. Now and then Huntington liked a thing of that kind. The work and the bustle, the stir and anxiety of a "rush night," seemed to stimulate him. It reminded him of old times when he was glad enough to be in the rush or to get any kind of assignment. Those were the things that had helped him to what he was, and he liked to be reminded of them.

But it chanced that just that particular night of all others he hadn't wanted to stay at the office and sift telegrams and write heads. What he had wanted to do was to go to the Tremont-Ford's ball out on Fifty-seventh street. Huntington had gotten beyond the point of denying even to himself that he wanted to go to Tremont-Ford's simply and solely because Helen Trevor would be there and because he should see her dancing, though he might not dance with her himself. In fact, he had reached the point of believing that the only person in the world worth seeing was Helen Trevor, the only thing worth caring for was her love.

Huntington had believed this for a much longer time than he knew, but he had not realized it with the full strength of conviction till two months ago, when he had learned, from Helen herself, that the thing he most cared for was the thing he could never possess.

He was thinking of this as he had never ceased to think of it for one moment since he realized it, with and pain and longing, and wishing he might have seen her that night with the fresh color on her cheeks and the sweet light in her eyes; wishing he might have heard the soft rustle of her silken gown and caught a whiff of the rose she was wearing in her smooth, big-coiled hair. Whose roses was she wearing Huntington wondered as he pushed his latch key in the outer door. Perhaps it was that that had made him push the door shut again with considerable more force than was necessary; perhaps it was that that had made him give the knob a wrench with his strong, firm hand as the bolt slipped home. There was another click beside the clicking of the bolt, and when Huntington drew his hand away the knob came with it. The fierce wrench had been too much for the rusty screws.

"Confound people who won't keep their houses in repair," he said, crossly, as he tossed the knob dexterously through the narrow, broken pane in the transom overhead. He listened to hear the bolt strike the cobblestones in the street without, and, from a sharp little jingle that accompanied the thud of the heavy knob, realized that he had thrown his latch key along with it.

"Confound me for an idiot," he said, laughing at the predicament he had placed himself in.

It was not exactly a laughing matter, though, to be caught at that hour of the night between the inner and the outer doors of a quiet boarding house, and with no means of opening either. Having no latch key, of course it was impossible for him to open the inner door, and with no latch knob on the outside door it was equally impossible for him to open that and ring the bell, or, better still, go to a hotel for the rest of the night.

With thought of a man's one resource in a case of emergency, Huntington felt in his trousers' pocket for his knife, only to remember that one of the new men at the office had borrowed it and forgotten to return it. He got out his ring of keys and jingled them impotently, knowing it was impossible for any one of them to find a purchase in the thin slit of the latch lock. This reminded him of his envelope opener and he tried its slim silver blade in the keyhole, but it went all the way through, meeting no resistance. Clearly that, too, was a failure. He waited awhile, hoping something would turn up, that some longer belated boarder might come in, or that he should hear some one stirring within. Neither was very likely to occur, he reflected, and he felt it would have been next to impossible to make himself heard, even if he had been willing to arouse the inmates by pounding with his knuckles on the door. The sleeping rooms were all upstairs and nothing short of an explosion could arouse the servants in the basement. The boy had been known to sleep through the ringing of the door bell on more than one occasion, though the gong sounded directly over his head. Clearly Huntington realized that there was nothing for him to do but remain a prisoner in the vestibule until the servants opened the doors in the morning.

The prospect was not a very cheerful one, but Huntington remembered things that had been worse and resigned himself to his fate with the best grace possible to a tired man who had learned to appreciate the blessings of creature comfort. He did not know whether to be sorry or glad of the broken pane in the transom. It no doubt kept the entry from being stuffy, but it was "an eager and a nipping air" that made its way in through the opening.

As he snuggled down into a corner on the floor, pulling his overcoat collar up about his throat preparatory to making a try at least for a little sleep, Huntington was reminded of the night he had spent on a bench near the fountain in Madison Square. It was a long time ago now—the first night he had come to New York. He had had only 50 cents in his pocket when he got off the ferry at the foot of Desbrosses street, not enough to pay for a night's lodging and breakfast in the morning, so he had made his way up Broadway and spent the night in the park. The next morning he got a square meal at a little restaurant around on Fourth avenue, and wrote the story of his night out, putting in a pretty good fake about a pair of sparrows that had spent the night in his coat pockets out of sympathy for his loneliness, sold the story to the Sun, and—well, his fortune was not made exactly, but he slept indoors that night, and had continued to do so thereafter. The fortune—a moderate one—came gradually, and with it a more than ordinary degree of fame.

Huntington was thinking of these things as he sat there in the chill of the entry, waiting for sleep to come to his tired eyes, but the dull aching of his heart made him ask himself what it was all worth, the struggle and the tussle, the fame and the fortune, since they had not given him the greatest thing in the world—the love of the one woman whom he had loved. For the hundredth—for the thousandth time, perhaps, during the past two months—he set himself calmly to review the matter, hoping to discover in what particular he had failed, wherein he had fallen short. Huntington had passed beyond the years of youthful impetuosity; he was a man, with all of a man's clearness of judgment, and his good sense placed him beyond the reach of vanity; but, consider the matter as he would, his thoughts still brought him back to the same starting point. Helen Trevor did not love him simply because she did not love him.

That is what he had told himself at first, and he had said at the time it was "only a woman's reason;" but the more he thought about it the more convinced had he become that it was a very comprehensive as well as a very comprehensible reason. Helen did not love him, and was honest enough to say so, not beating about the bush for excuses which meant the same thing, no matter how they might sound.

Huntington had met Helen Trevor three years before at a country house party up in the Catskills. She was a debutante that season, and Huntington always remembered her as he saw her first, standing in a little bit of rustic archway one early morning. There were morning-glory vines tangled above her head, and she held one of the rosy trumpet flowers between her lips. He had loved her even then; loved her fresh young beauty that showed in her swaying, lithe figure and her clear gray eyes. He never saw morning glories after that without thinking of her, as he never saw her without thinking of them, graceful glories of the morning, with gentle, delicate beauty swelling in their throats.

He had seen a great deal of her during the house party days, and afterwards when she came to town for the season. She had not lacked for admirers. Most of them were younger men than Huntington, and some of them were very good fellows. Huntington had watched the suit of two or three of them with interest, never quite deciding why they had failed, with their money, birth, position and character to back them. There are some things that a man never quite understands, and chief of these is a woman's reason. The better the man, too, the less he understands in this matter. But this is neither here nor there. Huntington watched Helen closely as the weeks went by, telling himself he was understanding her very well. She was young and did not know her own mind yet; he was going to give her time. He felt as if it would not be quite honorable to show his own hand too soon; it would be taking advantage of her youth and inexperience.

"Better let her have her swing," he had said. "If she likes me I'll keep; but it may be one of those younger fellows, and I don't want to stand in her way."

So he had taken a back seat, as he called it, but in spite of the admiration that was showered upon her Huntington felt that she had been very good to him. She had found time to read his books and learn his songs and hear the operas that he liked. She did not break engagements for him—he did not want that she should—but now and then he would find a blank on her card if he came in late at a ball, and she would tell him she thought he would be coming. Once or twice of a quiet Sunday morning she had risen early to walk with him out to the cathedral to hear the music, or maybe down town to Trinity or Grace church, and she would seem so joyous and so bright on these little outings, filling his whole week with gladness. Once Huntington had fancied these little acts of kindness might mean that Helen loved him. He had thought so very strongly the year she was abroad when now and then at long intervals he would get a little note from her, written on thin, glazed hotel paper, telling in a few short sentences where she was and what she was doing. Usually the note would wind up with something like this:

"I went today to the little church you told me about. I send a leaf from the vine that grows over the chancel window, just to remind you of your own visit here. The singing was doubtless very fine, and I dare say you will think me beyond the pale if I tell you the music at Grace church that early morning last March was much sweeter."

"The child loves me," Huntington had said to himself then, and after letters like this had come several times he wrote to her and told her he loved her and asked her to be his wife. He remembered the letter, every word of it, just as he had written. He had recalled it a hundred times, wondering if there could be any doubt in her mind as to its full meaning. It was the first real love letter he had ever written, and he told himself it was a perfectly straightforward one. It had begun by telling his love for her, very simply, but very forcibly, he thought. "I don't mean to whine about it and make her love me out of pity," he said as he wrote. He said that, while he had loved her from the first moment he saw her, he had not told her before, not wishing to coerce her affection or prejudice her choice. He said he had not meant to write this to her, had not meant to tell her so soon, wishing her to have full liberty to select with all the world before her wherein to choose, but that something in her little letters had made him very happy because they made him feel that she was not altogether different to him. He told her, however, not to hurry about replying to his question. He was willing to wait, leaving her perfectly free, and that even after she replied, if she did not feel quite satisfied or if she met any man whom she thought she could love more, she must not hesitate to write that she had been mistaken. There was not very much more of the letter, except that it wound up by telling his age, some little facts about his family, and the amount of his property.

On the whole, it was what Huntington called a very sensible letter. He felt that he had dealt very fairly by Helen, deferring to her judgment and discretion rather than overpowering her affections. He knew that was not the ordinary way of treating women, but he knew also that Helen was no ordinary woman, and he told himself that he admired her great good sense as much as he loved her sweet womanliness.

Though he had told her she need not hurry with a reply to his question the next steamer brought him a letter from Helen. It was rather a longer letter than he had ever had from her, written upon some other thin, glazed hotel paper and in her same firm, black chirography. She began by thanking Huntington for his goodness to her always, but especially for his love for her. She spoke of his offer as a compliment far beyond her expectation or her deserts. Other men had asked her to marry them, she said, but his asking her was different. He was not like other men to her; he seemed in so many ways higher and better than they.

On the whole it was an odd sort of letter, such as he had never fancied her writing, and it puzzled him not a little. But her refusal of him was direct enough. He had no trouble in understanding. "I am sorry," she had written, "if anything I have ever said or done has led you to believe that I loved you. If I have done this, pray forgive me. I never intended it, and, much as I value your regard, your friendship, I could never think of becoming your wife."

Yes, Huntington had understood that part of the letter clearly enough, and he thought he understood the conclusion, which read: "Perhaps I shall write you before long that I have met a man whom I intend to marry."

"It must be young March," Huntington had thought. "I know he has followed her to Europe. God grant he may be worthy of her."

It was this thought that had made him send Helen the answer that he did, trying to be very brave and magnanimous, resigning his hope of her as an anchorite might have done. And that had been the end of it, as far as she was concerned, he told himself. He fancied she would be very happy with March and he fancied himself growing old without her. He was going to be very good to her always—to her and her children—and he told himself he must keep her from finding out how he loved her. He would make a brave fight and he would be very manly and honorable. There are some men who never know that it is not always best to be what they call "manly and honorable."

But this is what Huntington meant to do. There was to be no whining; he would not let the world know that it had ceased to move for him. He had his life to live and he must make up his mind to live it alone.

This is what he told himself when Helen's letter came and this is what he had told himself every day since, but every minute of every hour since he had told himself that he could not do it. Now that he knew he must do it, it seemed harder than ever, and it seemed hardest of all that evening—a week ago now—when he walked into the little boarding house dining room and saw Helen and her mother sitting at the round table by the window.

"You? Here, in New York, and in this pension?" he had said, going over to them at once.

"Yes, at last," the girl said, putting her hand in his and looking up at him quite frankly. "We have just landed, you know, and as we are going south for the winter mother and I concluded we would not open the house just for a few days."

"Only for a few days?" he asked. "Then when are you leaving?"

"In a week," she said. "We only wanted to stop for a glimpse of friends. I am glad to see you among the first. We had hardly hoped to. I did not know you lived here."

"Yes," he said, absently. "Only for a week, and you have engagements every day, perhaps."

"Yes," she had answered. "I am afraid so. There were so many men on the steamer, you know."

"March was one of them, perhaps?"

"Yes."

So he had not been mistaken, Huntington told himself.

Yes, the struggle had been hardest after that. How he had gotten through the week he never knew. And now was come the last day of it. He had scarcely spoken to Helen after that first evening. There had been only an occasional glimpse of her going and coming, and that morning when he had written her a note asking if she would be good enough to save him a dance at the Tremont-Ford's she had written back that she was afraid she would not be able to do so because of the men on the steamer whom she had promised. She said, too, that in the event of her not seeing him she would just bid him goodby for herself and her mother. She would leave New York by an early train the next morning.

It was the hope that after all she might

have remembered him and saved him a dance just for old time's sake that spurred Huntington all day; it was the knowledge that he had lost even the chance of seeing Helen again before she left that hurt him now.

He was thinking of this as he sat there in the little entry; thinking that he could not give her up; thinking that he should like to have a chance to make one more effort at winning her before it was too late; thinking on and on till by and by he fell asleep.

When his eyes closed he went on dreaming about her, and, presently, when the sound of a key in the outer door awakened him he started up, feeling in a vague, half-conscious sort of way that it was Helen coming.

"Good night." He heard the voice, her voice, and the door opened slowly, letting her into the dim, half-light.

"Helen!" he cried, staggering forward; his feet and limbs were numb with cold and the long confinement.

"You!" she cried, shrinking away from him, suddenly slamming the door behind her. The horrible significance of her tone struck Huntington's quick ear.

"I am not drunk," he said, with a laugh, "though I don't wonder that you thought so. I simply wrenched the knob from the outer door and in tossing it over the transom sent my key along with it. I should probably have been here all night if you had not come to rescue me. I am glad of the imprisonment, however, since it has given me an opportunity to say goodby to you at least."

He spoke quite calmly, and the girl waited.

"If you will let me," he said, holding out his hand, "I shall open the door for you."

"Oh," she said, and there was a strange sort of intonation to her voice, "and I have left my key in the latch outside!"

Huntington's heart gave a sudden bound, then the thought of the unpleasantness of the situation for her made him ashamed of himself.

"Then we are both prisoners," he said, gently; "but day is breaking, and the servants will soon open the doors. Do your think you can hold out until then if I fold my coat into a seat for you over there in the corner?"

"Is there no possible way of getting in?" Helen asked.

"No," he said, "I am afraid not, until morning. But it can be arranged without any trouble then. The boy will open the door before the other servants are out, and I can take him upstairs to carry my coat."

"Thank you," she said. He had not told her that she could get to her own room before the boy came down, but she understood. Helen wondered herself at her own calm acceptance of the situation, but somehow she felt as if harm or fear of harm could never come to her again.

"I am afraid you will be cold without your coat," she said, as Huntington folded it for her.

"No," said he, "I shall be right as a trivet."

He folded his arms and stood leaning in the corner opposite, looking down at her. Somehow he felt strangely at peace with all the world. All the pain and longing of the past two months had rolled away, and at last he was happy. He felt perhaps as the dying Christian feels who kisses for the last time the blessed crucifix. Tomorrow, in a few hours, Helen would be gone away from him forever, but now she was there beside him, so close that he might stretch out and touch her hand.

For a long time the two were silent, a silence that seemed somehow strangely vocal. But by and by they fell to talking. He asked her about Europe, about her travels, and almost before he knew it they were talking about old times, the first days of their meeting, the walks they had taken together, the books they had read, and suddenly daylight was peeping in over the transom.

Something else was happening, too. Without on the steps was the sound of a heavy step and a thick voice.

"It is old Mason coming home a little later than usual," said Huntington. "Get up and put my coat about you. It is darker than your dress, and he will not see you in the shadow."

"Losh! my key," ejaculated the voice without.

"So he will not disturb us," said Helen.

"Perhaps he will ring the bell," Huntington said.

"No; here 'tis in keyhole," and a clumsy hand thrust in the key and stumbled within the entry.

Huntington stood before Helen, fending her, but old Mason was too far gone to see. He managed to slip the key in the next bolt, however, and staggered through the door.

"Now," whispered Huntington, thrusting his foot into the opening, as the old man swung the door back and stumbled upstairs.

"Now you may—" Huntington began again, standing aside to let Helen pass him. But in that sudden moment the strange sense of peace seemed slipping from him, and his love rose up and conquered him.

"No, I cannot let you go," he cried, taking her in his arms and folding her close to him. "Oh, love of my life, I cannot give you up without telling you. I fling my manliness and my honor to the winds. Though you are pledged to another, were you married ten times over, I should tell you just the same. I love you, I love you. If you had gone away in the morning I should never have told you, but now I ask you to remember, through good and evil, through sunshine and through storm, there is one man who loves you and who will love you forever. Promise me you will remember," he said, unfolding his arms and holding her away from him.

"I shall not be apt to forget when it is the only thing in the world that I care to remember," the girl said softly, turning her face up to his.

"Helen!" he cried, joyously.

"Yes," she said very softly, but he heard, for her head was on his breast.

"And you are not to marry March?"

"No."

"And you do love me?"

"I have loved you always."

"Then why did you write me that letter?" he cried.

The girl laughed softly. "Some time I shall tell you," she said, "but just now I must say goodnight and go upstairs and tell mother we need not go south after all."

"My love," he said reverently, and stood aside with bowed head to let her pass.

### HIGH PRICES FOR RARE COINS.

#### Sale of the Third Part of the Montague English Collection.

The third portion of the collection of English coins made by the late Mr. Hyman Montague has just been sold in London, the sale taking seven days and bringing in $43,919, says the New York Sun. The first two portions of the English collection had fetched $49,408, while the Greek coins sold for $44,884, and the Roman gold coins $65,000. The gem of this sale was the Juxon medal, for which $3,850 was obtained. Among the other coins that brought high prices were a ryal of Mary I, the queen standing in a ship holding a sword and scepter, $210; an angel of Philip and Mary, $108; a half crown of the same, $480; Elizabeth, a half crown, the queen with long hair, $182; a spur ryal, $200; a half crown of James I, $177.

There were many pattern pieces and unique specimens of the coinage of Charles I and the commonwealth. The Oxford silver pattern crown, with the king on horseback, brought $640; a siege piece, the Pontefract gold unity, $490; another a Scarborough silver 5-shilling piece, $300; a Bristol gold unit $126, on Oxford gold 3-pound piece $230, a Shrewsbury silver pound $177, a Beeston castle silver 18 pence $100, two pattern broads $150 apiece, a silver half crown, with the king on horseback, $205; a pattern penny $36, a crown by Briot $212.

Cromwell's coins were nearly all pattern pieces. Simon's crown of 1658, with the bust of the Protector and the inscription, "Has nisi periturus mihi adimat nemo," brought $760; a 50-shilling gold piece, 1656, also by Simon, $367; a half broad of the same year with milled edge, $250; a silver 2-shilling piece, $150; a sixpence, 1658, $100. The Simon petition crown of Charles II, 1663, fetched $1,550; the silver crown with the inscription, "Deddite Quae Caesaris Caesari, $500, and the same in pewter, $275; a pattern crown by Roettier, with the arms of England and France quartered, 1663, $450; another, with the arms on separate shields, $200; a 5-shilling piece by Simon, $172; a 2-guinea piece of 1675, $222. The highest price paid for a coin of James II was $83, for a 5-guinea piece of 1686 with elephant and castle; $125 was given for a sixpence and a shilling and a half of William III; $144 for a 5-guinea of Queen Anne before the union with Scotland, and $174 for a guinea of the same period, while a shilling of 1709 brought $86.

# SAVED BY HIS COOLNESS

## He Had a Rope About His Neck, but Defied the Mob.

## THE MAN WHO WAS NOT LYNCHED

### Told the Leading Hangman He Would Live to See Geese Picking Grass Off His Grave—Finally Escaped.

"I told that big duffer who put the rope around my neck, and seemed so anxious to yank me up that I would live to see the geese pick the grass off his grave, and I'll do it, too."

The speaker was T. J. Sykes, the tramp who came so near being lynched by an infuriated mob of citizens of Atlanta, Ga., one day last summer, and only saved himself by his remarkable coolness and nerve—a nerve which is not displayed once in a lifetime.

Sykes is no ordinary man. There is something about his every movement and word which naturally interests and mystifies one. He is clearly an enigma, and yet there is no apparent desire on his part to appear as such. This now famous tramp hero is about 5 feet 5 inches, weighs 140, has sandy moustache, wavy, light hair, thin, tapering nose and large, clear blue eyes. His case is one of the most remarkable that ever occurred in Georgia, relates the Atlanta Journal.

On the day of his trouble a tramp called at the house of Mr. George Crouch, a farmer in the northwestern section of the city, and asked for bread. The staff of life was given him, and then a trade was made for him to pull some fodder. The tramp went off toward the field, and in a short time Louise, the little daughter went running into the house and told her mother that the man had scared her. There came a storm when the mother gave the alarm, and in a very short time the report that a child had been assaulted flew rapidly over the city, and it was not long before there was a determined crowd of men, armed with rifles, shotguns and pistols, scouring the city and county in search of the fiend. Later in the day the officers discovered a thin and gaunt-looking man walking about the city. This was Sykes. He was thought to be the man that had been to the Crouch home, and was told so.

"I am not the man you are hunting for," was the answer he gave.

The man's nerve struck the officer, and he did not believe that he had the right man, and when Sykes was asked if he would go with him his reply was that he would go anywhere, as he had "been everywhere and a little bit beyond."

That queer citizen of the road was taken to the home of the little girl and there he was identified. It looked rather bilious for Sykes, but he held a tight grip on his courage and quietly remarked that he was as innocent as a man who had never seen the city of Columbus. The crowd, or at least some of them, were ready for the lynching, and a big butcher ran to a horse which was hitched near by and cut the halter from his neck, and with a yell he made a dive for Sykes and placed it around his neck, while cries of "Hang him! Hang him!" went up from the infuriated mob. Sykes was as cool as a May morning, and he told them:

"I will die an innocent man, hanged by cowardly ruffians. If you have any spark of bravery you will give me a chance to show myself innocent of a crime which I detest and abhor as much as any man."

Looking the butcher squarely in the eyes, he told them the words which open this story. Standing there on the roadside with the rope around his neck, with not a tremor over his frame, he looked the picture of a martyr. Certain death seemed to be staring him in the face, but he never flinched. But with wonderful coolness he read the riot act and defied them to do their worst, declaring that they didn't have the "grit" to come at him one at a time, and that if they did he would wipe up the whole "shooting match."

There were men there who then believed in the man's innocence, and these began to speak up. After a time it was decided to postpone the lynching and let the law take its course.

Sykes was carried to jail, quite a crowd following the wagon, and when the jail was reached it again appeared that the effort to get him might be renewed. Coolly Sykes said to Jailer Phelts:

"Just give me a good gun and I'll take care of myself, and don't you doubt it."

Sykes' preliminary trial was a remarkable one. There were two sets of witnesses, one which swore that they had seen Sykes in the vicinity of the Crouch residence early that morning, and the other that they had seen the same man at the Union depot at the very time the crime was alleged to have been committed. It was not shown conclusively that an actual attempt at assault had been made. Sykes was bound over, but his attorney, Mr. H. V. Hargett, went out among the citizens and soon succeeded in making a subscription bond. Men who had seen the truly wonderful bravery displayed by the friendless man did not believe that he could be guilty of the crime charged, and they were willing to back their judgment with their signatures to the bond for his appearance at court.

When the bond was signed and Sykes was released he thanked the gentlemen who had befriended him and told them they need give themselves no uneasiness, he would be present when wanted. He went right out and began to hunt work, and succeeded in finding a job in the Southern Railway shops, and there he has worked every day when there was anything to do ever since, and it is to his credit when Mr. C. W. Chears, well known in Atlanta and throughout the state, says that he is a faithful man.

Last week the grand jury failed to find a true bill against him and he was declared free. Sykes was the picture of happiness and said:

"I told some of those duffers that I would see them later, and I will. I expect to stay here just as long as I want to, and I want some of those frisky fellows to try any didoes with me and we will have a little fun sure enough."

"How does it feel to be lynched?"

"I have never feared death," Sykes said, "and I suppose I was about as near ready to go as I ever was or ever will be. I have never harmed a living creature, though a good many have done me—kin folks for instance. No, I was not bothered about where I was going to land if they did put me out of the way. I was not thinking about that. I was thinking about what a disgrace it would be for an honest man to be yanked off by such hand-sawed specimens of humanity. Now, it is all right to be blown up in a mine, run over by an express wagon, starved for want of a bit of charity, but I didn't propose to be sent across the river by a mob of such men as charged upon me that day. I have too much respect for my good name for anything like that. I had the consciousness of knowing that I had never harmed a living creature, had never been in a place where I was afraid to go back, and the feeling of really being almost at the end of my earthly career did not give me the least concern. It was, as I say, the manner of going."

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup takes the lead of all cough preparations on our shelves. Carpenter & Palmeter, Jamestown, N. Y.

#### Raising Canaries Profitably.

In many parts of Germany, particularly in the Hartz mountains, women make a good income solely on canaries. They give up two or three rooms in the house to them, and in one room sometimes have as many as 200 cages, each containing a pair of birds busily engaged in raising families.

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