THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

******************** MRS. HEARNE'S CHAUVIES. A STORY OF AN AMERICAN GYPSY. BY PAUL KESTER, Author of "Tales of the Real Gypsies,"

Over the hills came the moonlight, fresh

(Copyright, 1907, by the Doubleday-McClure Co.) , through the dim, chilly corridors into the warm summer night

"By the God's truth I say I never heard the equal of that, I ask you, young man, was that right? May I never tell another lie under the trees shone the street lamps. we long as I live if I stays in a term where the Gorgios carries it off so high. Here I jaws over the river into the gav, as who has a better right than an Egyptian? Here am I * better right than an Egyptian? Here am I set on by all the little devils in barefoot and stockings, by all the dogs in the town. Now I says nothing to that, for have I not my staff to drive off the juckels and my vast to I says nothing to that, for have I not my intercopy the robins, hushing their last notes in the soft wind, the soft wind, the use I both my staff and my vast as they learns to their sorrow. But by the God's the present, bits of song filled the even-truth L will no longer remain in the long. truth I will no longer remain in the land where every chicko muskro, every dirty policeman, may chiv me-to staraben for tell-ing a fortune and asking my lawful pay for the dukkern." the dukkerin."

Mrs. Hearne was indeed a tragic figure as the town. Down the main street and over she stood in the dusky room where the the bridge, with only a pause here and there deputy sheriff, who made the arrest, had seen to fill a good wicker basket, or to change a her locked safely a half hour before. She word with a friend. So on and so over the stood near the barred window, a tail gaunt figure, with the last gleam of the lingering made their camp, so to the van and the tan light of the yelow sunset gilding her tawny of my friend in the gloomy room with the face barred windows.

"Dawdy, Dawdy, What are the poor peo ple coming too, when they cannot take what they can get from the dinello Gorgios witha gresy muskro putting them to staraben, prison, with never a thought for their prison. children? Here's the mush with the dud." A prison attendant brough: in a light.

'It's closing time; you can't stay much longer," he said. Then locking the door upon us, he continued his rounds.

I turned again to the gipsy. "You must tell me what has happened, dye, or I can do nothing for you. It is grow-

I will tell you, young man. 'Tis growing late of a truth; I can feel the night coming on dark over my heart, for my chauvies are all alone in the van across the doyay, the



RUMBLED SLOWLY DOWN THE HILL

river, and they are young children. They do not know where their mother is. They are waiting for her to come home with their sup r. But she cannot come." "Are they alone, dye?" "All alone with the horses. The dog was

some meat a farming much threw him with some polson upon it. The pitiful Gorgios They loves nothing the poor person bas.

"When the yellow light fades my chauvies will sit in the tan waiting for me, but I will not come. I will not, for the Gorgious are wagon. "I will tell you then, quickly, how it befell." "It will tell you then, quickly, how it befell." "It there much S fornia in the spring to bring some vans back which his brother left him by will. Coming "Ith that all?" r

overland is slow traveling. It's some time bfore I expects him. Now I travels with some of my people, also I travels alone. As you may know, it is not easy for me to cook the dinner, to care for the horses, to mind

uch pleased by her brother's attention, and the tea that ran down from her curis to e tip of her fittle dark nose. entry he came and stood by me, watching the with a wandering eye. BOOKS MADE BY TYPEW RITER of her fittle dark nose. Iaughed the baby, throwing her arms my neck in a fashion truly aban-the asked. "We wants our Gu.

'What is your name?' Willie, the elder uth.' suddenly asked, looking up in my face

boy, suddenly asked, looking up in my face with a wistful expression. "You re not the man that lelled off with the pot of luover what I've heard my dad tell about? My dad said he was the pleas-antest gentlemañ what ever he see. Lori, my dad said he had all the money there was in a baik 'cause he broked open the safe with a crowbar and lelled away with the Iuvver, Mor'n the price of a bundred horses, my dad said. You ahi't him, are you?" When brakfast was core I haft we taway

'So you managed to get through the night without keeping the lisper awake. Well,

well, to think that you could have dispensed

are too many gypsies coming our way this

"It comes from Cuba." The sheriff looked at his watch.

There was a pause while the sheriff eyed the cigar. Then he rolled it reflectively be-

with a very gruff "thank you," accompanied

For a moment the smoke rose in silence.

"Well, I guess I can light it

all I could. You see how it is." "Tell your wife all about it."

nonstrated his honor.

And the mayor told the story

your doing."

"It may be so," said the mayor gently,

my dad said. You ain't him, are you?" When breakfast was corr I left my tawny To my great regret truth compelled me to Romans to watch the camp while 1 returned

I roused his honor the mayor from his last slumbers to hear Mrs. Hearne's story. I told of her lonely condition, of her husband absent in California; I told of her brave lit-

To my great regret truth competed no to Romans to we make answer that I was not the pleasaniest gentleman who had lelled off with the pot. "I can't remember him very well, but my dad said he used to travel with us some-times when the diriy muskros was after him. He could rakker, and he glv3d me the chavies him. He could rakker, and he gived me swrets and such. Are the muskros' after the chauvies alone in the camp over the river; I pleaded her cause as well as I could. well.' said the good man as he Well. hope not," I said, glancing over my

well, well, and the good man as be buttoned his coat tight up to his chin, "we shall see, we shall see." But I knew my cause was won when later, as we went into the sheriff's office, he pinched my arm gently, saying: shoulder to hide the smile that came to my

Then Ith throwed a stone tourned." Then Ith throwed and runned." Here the baby crowed with delight, and her brothers laughed like merry Romans to think that the lisper had thrown a stone at a policeman. A policeman. Here the baby crowed with delight, and with his conting, your honor, the said as we entered the office. "Good morning, John," said the mayor, smiling blandly as he held out his crase. "Won't you have a cigar?" "I don't smoke so soon after breakfast."

Across the cool square into the heart of leased with himself and his prowess. "My daddy's tailer'n you." Willie said, look-ng me over as he took up the thread of the suspicion, the cigars with that half interest

ing me over as he took up the thread of the conversation, "and the muskros' been after him. But my dad never minded. He just hitched up the horses faster'n blazes, and drove off like lightning—that's what he said, and they never ketched him at all. Did they, Jimmie ?" "No." Jimmie replied, rolling the baby over on its back while he patted its stomach for-control the state of the gypsy woman, Mra-"In the matter of the gypsy woman, Mrabarred windows. I paused at some little distance to put my basket down in the tall grass while I re-connoitered. For all the soft summer night and the lights of the town just over the on its back while he patted its stomach for getfully. "They'th never ketched dad." Hearne, I think, John, we had better let Mrs. Hearne go back to her children." "It is just as you please, but for myself I believe we should make an example. There getfully. "I thought you might be the man what lelled off with the pot 'cause he always had sweets in his pockets." Willie remarked. water the camp had a lonely, desolate look, as a hearth has when the fire burns low and tired children hundle over the coals awaiting the return of their mother. A fire was smouldering out near the tent. From the staring at my swollen pockets with longing. "Ath you got any sweets in 'er potets?

questioned the lisper, new light coming into his eyes. smouldering out hear the text. From the set of a child's voice, a child singing a child to sleep. The voice trembled. Suddenly the song ceased • • He gave the baby to Willie, and being thus unencumbered and free crept close to my

thus unencumbered and free crept close to my side with amiles enough to cozen a bushel of sweetmeats from the sternest of grocers. Soon his tity hands had runnwared to be a source of the start of the sternest of grocers. of my steps on the path. "Mammy, Mammy," cried two little voices. In the moonlight I saw three dark little

heads crewd to the front of the van. "Is it you, mammy? Nevader won't go to swollen recesses, bringing forth a little heap, above which the baby crowed and gurgled gleefully, while a deep peace spread over sleep. I'se been singing a gillle to he. But it won't shut its eyes." the countenance of the lisper, and Willie's

"Ith's not mammy," a second voice lisp-ingly whispered, "mandy's atrash, I'm afraid." eyes opened wide. "And you ain't the man what lelled off with the pot, either," Willie repeated in 'Mammy," tremblingly questioned the first wonder.

voice. "Ain't it you, mammy?" "Why don't mammy come home from the "But you ith a pleasant gentleman, anyway." beamed the lisper, "ain't he, Willie?" "Don't you cheat, Jimmie, and keep all te big pleces," his brother protested, as the gav, mandy's atrash," lisped the second lisper made a separate pile of the longest sticks and most desirable chocolates.

"Mammy? ain't it you, mammy? dearle mammy, ain't it you?" "Sarishan," I cried, coming forward, "Romany chel! Romany chel!" piped the voices. Then the three little heads sunk "These ith for mammy," said the lisper, clearing himself of the charge and overwhelming me with the sense of his goodness into the gloom of the wagon and profound "We musn't forget mammy." "No." assented Willie ruefully. "But she

"Sarisban." I repeated, knowing nothing more soothing to the ear of a gypsy than the won't eat 'em, and you'll have 'em all yourself tomorrow." old mystic greeting. "Sar'san," piped a faint frightened voice from the wagon, "but you ain't mammy." "Ith donth know," sighed the lisper, a shadow crossing his brow, "er baby may ge

from the wagon, "but you ain't mammy." "Tute tan't turn into our tan." lisped the second voice, "mandy a atrash." "You need not be atrash." "You need not be atrash." "You need not be atraid, pal, for I come from your mother. Get down from the wagon and let's have supper. Mammy can't come the base of the night ime increased with the bour tonight so I have come to stay with you. Come down and let's be acquainted." "Why can't mammy come back tonight?" the elder boy asked, his voice trembling a little. The fire had burnt low now, while bour bringing a feeling of loneliness, too, as the new moon sank to the ridge of the "at western hills."

as the new moon sank to the ridge of the gray western hills. Then I told them how it was with their wagon. "Mandy tan't dick er tupper." "Dick adovo tucheni adol hock ot the turner." "You must fal to woldrog normalized to the turner."

on their tired shoulders. "Indeed, you must et there. The supper is in it." "Ith there much Supper?" demanded the go to hed now." "I ith sleepy," the lisper said, yawning.

"There is enough." "Ith that all?" plaintively walled the lisper. "It's baby to bed. Willie. An' you "Do you want more?" "Yeth, I wanth more," sighed the lisper. I turned to the smouldering fire, breaking some dead boughs that lay in the grass into fagots and flinging them upon the embers.

chavies?" he asked. "We wants our mammy. We know she ith ionesome wifout New and Unique Invention for Fraducing

"She will come soon," I told him, and set

How it is Operated and Its Resemblance to Other Typewriters_ Stumbling Blocks Overcome

Typewriter inventors are tircless workers. and in the last twenty-five years have brought out a great many ingenious devices for lightening the labor of penmen. In fact, the variety of typewriters at the present time is so great that it may be difficult to conceive of any sort of word recording that cannot be satisfactorily done by means of a machine operated by keys. Typewriters are to be found that will write in any language spoken, and on which documents of varying sizes may be executed. There is one thing, relates the New York Sun, that the ordinary writing machines will not do, namely, record in books, and from the time that the first practical typewriter made its appearance it has been the aim of inventors everywhere to produce a machine capable of writing in books as well as on unbound pages. Two or three so-called book typewriters have heretofore been heard from. but they lacked simplicity, and few of them were ever put to practical use. A machine for book writing has just been completed by Mr. Crawford Elliott and Mr. W. P. Hatch. inventors of New York, which embodies many unique features, and a comparison o the new device with typewriters not adapted for book work is interesting.

In designing the book writer its makers have, wherever possible, adhered to the principles of construction employed by manufacturers of other first-class typewriters adapted for writing on locse pages. The keyboard is small and compact, and is known as the universal, the arrangement of the letters being the same as that of the standlooking from the window of the sheriff's office across to the barred windows that lighted the jail, "it may be so, John, but I ard typewriters. There are forty-four cel biold keys, which together represent eighty characters. The type basket, in which the type are arranged in circular form, is beneath the fingers of the keys, and is 5: full view of the operator. When a key is depressed the character attached to it is forced downward onto the paper, and is brought back again by a steel spring con-nected with the type bar. The fingers of tween his large hands, then he bit off the end, accepting the lighted match I extended the keys which lead to the type bars are also sizel. The book to be written in is opened and placed upon a table underneath by a look which said plainly enough, "So this the machine, which is then adjusted to the desired height, its position depording en tirely upon the book's thickness SPECIAL FEATURES.

"It's a good cigar," said the sheriff. He puffed on. "A very good cigar," A smile dawned upon his lips. It spread to the corners of his mouth. To his cheeks. To his chin. It wrinkled his forehead. A part of the book writer which is very conspicuous and which suggests its special adaptability is a long and broad platen at the bottom, on which each page of the book "I never tried a better cigar. I beg your onor's pardon, what was that about Mrs. rests while the machine is in operation. The platen is hinged at the back and is raised Hearne? You see, the old man she fleecel is my wife's uncle and I was expected to do and lowered to accommodate a new page, When a leaf is turned over onto the platen a metal frame, also hinged at the back, is brought down upon the paper and holds it securely in place. Then the carriage is low-ered and the operator proceeds the same as "Wby, my boy lisps," smilled the sheriff, letting the aches fall from his cigar where they had clung until it was half smoked on any other typewriter. Hitherto inventors have found difficulty in

Altherto inventors have found difficulty in obtaining both upper and lower case let-ters on a book typewriter without having a double key board, which was objectionable. Tha idea of using a special or shift key for that purpose, the same as is done on several ordinary typewriters, seemed impracticable. On the new machine, however, the change from small to large letters, or vice versa, is readily accomplished, and a shift key is the medium employed. When that key is "My wife says she don't like it, but I tell you it just pleases me better than any other kind of talk. 'Why, you look here.' I say to her, 'ha'll get over it long enough before I wish he would. Boys grow up too fast nowadays. You wait and see.' He's a sort is readily accomplished, and a shift key is with you sometimes on your long walks," is readily accomplished, and a shift key is turning to me. 'He plays too much in the turning to me. 'He'd be no trouble. Take struck a metai disk, situated in the top and f delicate child. I wish you'd take him off furning to me. the plays too much in the jail yard, I think. He'd be no trouble. Take him out to the gypsy camps with you. It w'd do him a world of good." "Now, about Mits. Hearge," gently reand a half in diameter, is depressed. Wit the disk in that position each type that i With struck cames in contact with it, and, with-out noticeably checking the movement of the type bar, the lower case letter is in-"Why, by noon, I guess she can go back stantly displaced and an upper case letter substituted. On releasing the keys the let-ters resume their former positions automatic-

A peculiar arrangement of the ty

on the type bar renders the change possible

Instead of the characters being set stationary in the end of each bar, as on other type

writers, they are left free to turn at the

will of the operator, and when once turned a spring holds them in place until the im-

pression is made on the paper. Besides being used to make upper case letters, the shift key enables one to strike several

punctuation marks and other characters com

A serious stumbling block in the way o

monly required.



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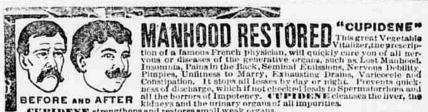


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WRITES ON DOCUMENTS OF ALL SIZES

by the Inventors.

the chauvies, dukker and all. Many's the day it is little I have to put in the k-ttle, or to fry in the pan, aye, many's the day I have but a crust for my mouth. But the chauvles are fed and I asks no more. Now come I to this gav, the curse of the beng be upon it and upon me for pitching my tont within sound of its church bells. Here do I come to pen dukkerin. Here do I find a foolish old gentile, who asks me if his son has not robbed him.

bim. Knowing it is the way of the Gorgios for the son to rob father, father to rob son. I answers that no doubt he has. Thereon I takes some of the young mun's hair which the father brings me, a few threads, and I lays them between the leaves of a certain book which is mine, and I says an incanta-tion, building my bettle walking hackward book which is mine, and I says an incanta-tion, builing my kettle, walking backward to the water, washing my hands behind my back, having nothing better to do, for which silly dealings and the like he gives me in littles in vonger, which is none too much to pay me for being a fool. The next day I do the same, and the next. For each I gets the same luvyer, nor would you do it for less. If the mush would make me a fool he must If the much would make me a fool he must pay. Now on the fourth day I tells him for sure that his son is a thief, that he has taken his money. What does the old man do then but ask me to come with him where it is hut ask me to come with him where it is hidden. I makes my excuse, saying I have my other engagements, but he will have it that I go So I jaws with him, meaning to give him the slip, for I likes not his way. Once we get into the gay I suspects some-thing wrong by the look in his eye, as well as he having his havd on my arm. Souther thing wrong by the now in no system. Seeing as by bia laying his hand on my arm. Seeing a muskro coming toward us 1 thinks it is time 1 am jawing. So 1 shakes off his hand and hurries away down a lane to'rds the fields. Now what should the fael do but set

and hurries away down a tank for ds the inp a great cry and start after me as fast as be can. I waits for no more, but being a good runner. I mends me my pace, leading him a pretty chase on down the lane. Ha! Now come the little boys and dogs after me with the mush and the muskro yelling behind and the fields and the woods getting nearcr and nearer. Dawdy! Then I catches my foot in a rent in my gad, and I falls flat in a heap in the guiter with a crowd coming up all about me. The little boys pulling my rasses, my foet. Then runs up my pretty old Gorgins, all out of breath, and when he can speak he calls me a thief for taking his money, hal and a mischief maker for setting him against his son. What then does the Romanys as ever played by the roadside or jashes, then to watch the stars till they faded money, hal and a mischief maker for setting (him against his son. What then does the muskro? What indeed, does the muskro, but take me up rough by the arm and drag me here for no reason. Then do I learn that the thieving son has given the vouser back to his father. 'The for this that they is to the lisper. "You shall soon have some hot tea to warm you. It's a the supper we'll have when it's ready." "Willie 'Il get 'er kettle." quoth the sisper back to his father. 'Tis for this that they who now seemed to be master of the situation. "By the God's truth when my rom co yog." In a few minutes the kettle hung on the sarshta over the fire, the steam slowly curl-ing up into the leaves of the clm tree. I thrust a pronged stlek through a thin

back he shall strangle that old man and his son. Bad luck he upon them." son. Bad luck be upon them.""But the money he gave you?"

"Fool that I was to keep it about me. They Bearched me." "And found it?"

"May it burn out their pockets. May it pay for the bane which shall be their de-struction when their ebildren mixes it in their food. I hates them." asked. per's response. Then, turning to Wilile, all smiling now in the scalight, he held out his short little arms, "Gimme 'er baby, Willle, Now toast a

"They have their money again. Tomor-w, dye, I promise you shall go back to your chauvies." The attendant returned with the prisoner's

supper.

nice piece for 'er rye," The obedient Willie toasted the bread, holding his hand up to keep the glow from his face, while I laid out the supper and looked to the tes, and the laper busied himself with the baby. "The sheriff says your time is up. You can come in again in the morning." "Tomorrow, dye, it will be settled in a few which now perched on his tiny knee. When it was all ready we gathered close to the improvised table: the scat of a hours. Kushto ratti."

hours. Kushto ratti." "Tomerrow." Her volce rang strangely in the lonely place, making me pause in the doorway. "But tonight. My chauvies, They are waiting for me in the van pardel the dogwy. They are hongry." She turned to the koceper: "Can't a woman go to her chil-dren?" she pleaded. "No." said the keeper roughly. With an outh the rypey furned to the

With an oath the gypsy turned to the Warmed by the fire, its hunger approach how the Romany chavi could gurgle and crow, could wink and chuckle and laugh row, could wink and chuckle and laugh to see the yellow sun rise over the misty reach of the rich valley.

Have no fear for them. Mrs. Hearne. They shall be cared for " I saw her face twitch in the dim light.

"Will you take them this bite of bread for their supper? They are hungry. I have been gone from the camp all day." She stretched out the poor food in her hand was lost to the wrist, immersed in the hand was lost to the wrist, immersed in the

gaunt hands. dye, I'll not take it. But they shall sup well enough. Make your mind easy. I'll Ain't her our own pretty sister?"

soon the flames burst from the twigs, throwing a merry light over the camp.

"Now come down, pais, and you shall see what I have in the basket. Come now or I'll be jalling back to the gay." "Not with er tupper?" pleaded the lisper.

"Who ith you?" asked the lisper.

ilence reigned.

lisper.

"Come, then." "Us is coming." fire. "Us is coming." They came first cautiously descending the lisper, closely followed by the child whom I heard singing when I approached, the latter bringing the baby. Three as gaunt little

"Get 'er kettle, Willie. I'll poke 'er

Will you toast this for me, Jimmle?" I

"Willie 'll toast 'er bread," was the Hs-

wagon that had been used as a resting place

by the campfire until thus pressed into our

service. With the baby now on my knee I did the honors of the simple repast. I found

that the baby, despite the cold potatoes with

which its brothers generously fed it, still

could honor our supper with an appetite

worthy of a better occasion. Warmed by the fire, its hunger appeased.

pint cup which held his tea. "Dick er chavi, Willie. Her's blinking her eyth.

"Dick

plece of bread.

+ 19:51

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WATCHED HIM PREPARE THE SUPPER

"I will sit up, too," Willie said. "No," said the lisper, still blinking, "take 'er baby to bed, Willie. Ith'll sith up with "By the God's truth, young man," quoth 'er rye all alone by myself." "Go to bed, both of you, and Mandy will

Mrs. Hearne, as we went down the side street together, 'it'll be a fine present I'll make you when I meets you again. And my rom, when stay till the morning. Sleep in the tent or the wagon. I'll have my blanket here by the he comes back from California, will make you nother. I'll be going on today, if you think

NIN

E

19

into the gray of morning. I had just drawn my blankets around me

mething outstretched in his hand. "What is it, pal?" "Ith your sweth."

"My what?" I questioned. "Your sweth." he repeated, extending some

ticks of the candy. "Ith going to give you half of mammy's

mine and Willie's all gone, an' you ain'th had any."

face of the lisper, to be replaced by an ex-pression of deepest contentment. "You ith a nicer rye than the one what

lelled off with the luvver that our dad talks about," he murmured, in sleepy approval, as he retired into the gloom of the tent to his

III.

It is well to sleep under a tent in the summertime, aye, till the heavy hoar frosts whiten the grass in the mornings it is bei-

ter than to sleep beneath any roof, and better it is to lie with nothing at all 'twixt one's

face and the stars when the night is a clear

one and warm. We live too much in the shadow and limit

of our own handiwork, too little in the space and freedom of God's. Like children

we magnify the work of our own hands thinking we have heaped up a mountain or

built us a palace, when, indeed, our mountain

is but a dust pile, our palace but a poor

leaves on the boughs of the elm tree, above me all night long the whippoorwills called by

All the beauty of the night, all its wonder-ful stillness and rest, which only those know who put by the cares and the comforts of houses, all its peace and its healing had been upon me, soothing the unrest, bringing

Ali night long the fresh wind rustled the

way.

bed and his slumbers.

sort of prison.

'Keep it all for your dye, little brother

Sugar

best, but me and my family may be this way before long; I wants to settle my score with that old man; and when we comes you hall know it. Then on and over the river and down to

BWBV

making a practical book typewriter was the supposition that while the writing is being done the machine itself should remain sta-"Mammy! Mammy!" piped, the volces tionary as do other typewriters, and the

IV.

'It's deary, mammy! paper to be written on should move. And "I won't take anything, rye," Mrs. Hearne that method has, to some extent, proved successful as applied to book typewriters. made answer, as she hitched the horses made answer, as she introduce the bases of fore the van in which she packed all he belongings. "Mandy don't like the feel of huver when it comes from the hand of friend. We shall do well enough. But thanks you kindly for thinking of it." when small and light books were inserted, but large-sized books were found to be too cumbersome to move freely, and bad work resulted. In the new typewriter the order of things is reversed, and, instead of the

To my joy at this moment a long delayed grocery wagon turned into the lane. "Here's a basket for you," the boy told Mrs. Hearne as he handed it out. "Get up, Sally!" he cried to his horse, and, his mission being done, he drove whistling back to

the town. "The mayor sent it," I hastened to say "He told me he would, but I thought he'd forgotten " forgotten.

"He's a fine gentleman," Mrs. Hearne murnured. "I've seen worse gavs than this after all's said." "Ith got some sweth for mimmy, sweth

the rye gave uth. Doth mammy wath them?" queried the lisper. "Keep them yourself, dearle," Mrs. Hearne answered, "Only give Willie some "Only give Willie zome

and some to little sister." "Ith divide ith," sighed the lisper with the air of a martyr. "Good luck, rye," Mrs. Hearne said as she

eaned from the wagon to shake hands. "The thauvies will never forget you, nor will then lye. Kushto bok." thinking the chauvics asleep, when, hearing a sound, I turned to the tent door, to behold the lisper advancing to me in the dim light.

Over the grass of the lane for a space, followed a space by the great elm tree's shadow, then with a tugging of harness, a rattling of kettles and wheels, the van turno out upon the high road and goes slowly southward, raising a white cloud of dust as it passes away into the heat of the sultry ers.

'Kushto bok," say I as I turn back to the town. "Good luck to Mrs. Hearne and her chauvies."

HOW MUCH WATER TO DRINK.

Mandy dont want any sweets." Even in the dim light I was sure I could see the look of self-sacrifice fade from the Engaged In.

According to Prof. Allen we should drink or it is desirable to erase the whole

hot weather we require more than in cold. because of the greater loss through the skin, though this is in part made up by the the skin. though this is in part made up by the lesser

Colored Graduate from Harvard.

follow them we shall not go far out of the name of the young negress whose graduation reach of the rich valley. All the beauty of the night, all its wonder-ful stillness and rest, which only those know who put by the cares and the comforts of houses, all its peace and its healing had been upon me, soothing the unrest, bringing ilfe back to a truer proportion, giving me strength to awaken giad that a new day had dawned. Tt is of more use to us to know that pure water is essential and that impure water is one of the most dangerous drinks than to know how much of it is required daily. If the bolled and put away in bottles is should be bolled and put away in bottles the fruit contain not only pure water, dawned. Tt is of more use to us to know that pure water is essential and that impure water is one of the most dangerous drinks than to know how much of it is required daily. If the bolled and put away in bottles well corked in an ice chest, and in addition one should est all the fruit one can if fruit dawned. Tt is of more use to us to know that pure water is consenting the unrest. Strength to awaken giad that a new day had dawned. It is of more use to us to know that pure see to them. Knohte rati."
"You've the poor person's blessing, my
to pat the baby affectionately upon its head,
"Wash 'er baby's face. Wille," I heard
but salis which are needed to carry on
the baby crewing and gurgling all the more, the lisper direct as I lighted the fire. Presbeathfully the functions of life.

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According to Prof. Alten we should drink or it is desirable to crase the whole word, from one-third to two-fifths as many ounces as we weigh pounds. Therefore, for a man weighing 168 pounds there would be required fifty-six to sixty-four ounces dally, or from one and one-half to four pints. This is a very indefinite answer. The amount of water required, says the Journal of Hygiene, depends on the season of the year, the amount of water the machine, there is a contrivance at the rear, which is fistened to the table and of work done and the kind of food eaten. In pends on the season of the year, the amount of work done and the kind of food eaten. In

amount passed away through the kidneys. If a man labors very hard he requires more than if his labor is light. A man working

paper being moved to accommodate the posi-tion of the machine, the machine itself move to suit the position of the paper. An operator therefore, while manipulating the keys, finds his keyboard traveling constantly from left to right, and at the end of a line he draws HUDYAN is he gratest re-medio - treatthe whole mechanism back to the beginning medio - treat-nent that has been produced by any combi-nation of phy-sicians. The likewise moved downward on the page until the hottom is reached, when it is raised and thrown back to admit another sheet. NOVEL METHOD OF SPACING. JUDYAN rep

Spacing between lines is done in a manner

done by striking a space bar directly in from of the keyboard. The types are inked by a ribbon, the working of which is very similar

view of the operator; and that feature has not been overlooked in constructing the ma-chine in question. Just below the carriage word written. If a letter has been omitted

stipation and flatulency. HUDYAN cures weaks-ness or pains in the small of the back, loss of minscular power, gloomy, melancholy forebodings and disurbed sleep. HUDYAN can be had from the Dactors of the Hudson Medical Institute, and from no one else. You need HUDYAN when the facial nerves twitch as there is certain to be an irritation at their centers of the brain. You need HUDYAN when there is a decline of the nerve force, because this decline shows a lack of nerve life, and may de-velop into nervous debility and then into nervous prostration. If you have harratted your nerves, if you have knotted or knarled them, if you have abused your nerves, to straighten yourself out you will use HUDYAN. No one clase can give you HUDYAN except the Hudson Medical In-mitiate. HUDYAN cures varicoliele, bydrocele. Im-potency, dizzhess, falling sensations, blues, despair sorfow and misery. WRITE FOR CIR-CULARS AND TEETIMONIALS OF THE GREAT HUDYAN.

not be disturbed for a whole day or perhaps a week, its readjustment being governed by

the fact of her heing at Vassar were gen-erally telegraphed throughout the country then, some of her friends are wondering how the fact of her race could so long have been a missiery in Vassir. When she was seen at the home of Mr. Lewis she said great durability, and absolute freedom from blurring by the ribbon. While it is intended for making records in all sorts of large bound volumes, its scope of utility includes the work done by all other typewriters, and a single sheet of note paper sceems quite as much at home beneath its keyhoard as a Vegetarians and those who use much fruit require less water than those who eat salt fish and pork, and often get along on none. book two feet long. The contrivance as a whole is somewhat wider and longer than except what is in their food. In most cases our instincts tell us how much water to most other writing machines and is only drink far better than any hard or fixed rule. For ages they have been acquiring a knowl-edge of how much to drink and transmitting that knowledge to descendants, and if we

about six inches high.

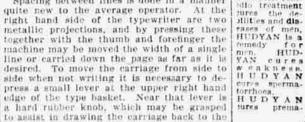
seen at the home of Mr. Lewis she said she deprecated the atiention she was receiv-ing. Of her life at Vassar she declined to talk, simply saying she was proud to have been graduated. She was only a year old when her father. Robert J. Hemminz, and her mother brought her to Boston from the south. They settled in the West End and by industry and thrift saved enough money to buy a home for themselves. Anita was a pupil in the Prince grammar school. She graduated in 1888. Going to the English High school, she took the full course. Then

Mias Anita Florence Hemmings is the High achool, she took the full course. Then a wealthy woman of the Back Bay who is a member of Trinity church became interested she is the guest of her former roommate fall, and as her part in this ceremony and Mrs. Lewis.

the amount of writing done. The inventors of the book writer recom-mend it for indelible record, unlimited speed, in a foundry, where the temperature is high and the perspiration profuse, not infre-quently drinks three or four gallous daily. If the food is stimulating and salty more water is required than if it is bland.

y for HUD-cures W CARDENE H U D Y A N

CONTRACTORE TO A



starting point. Spacing between words

