Which Was the Coward?

A Story of Southern Florida

over the bayou, whose waters were sparkling in the moonlight. He was not feeling happy. That was why he had stayed at home alone, rather than accompany his aunt and uncle to spend the evening in the village. One of his schoolfellows had tried to pick

a quarrel with him. The rest had urged him on to fight. He had refused, giving as his reason a promise made to his dying mother, whose brother and husband had both fallen victims to a quick temper, that he would never fight with another except in self-defense. At this the other boys had laughed and called him a coward. This was the source of Bob's trouble "in a nutshell," and he

thought it was a pretty hard nutshell, too. But the worst of it was that he had come very near breaking his promise. It had ta-ken all his self-control not to spring into the midst of those thoughtless jeering boys and fight the whole lot of them. He was a newcomer, had only lately come to live with his aunt and uncle in their Florida home. The boys did not know him very well, but some day, when he had a chance, he would show them that because a boy re-fuses to go into a senseless fight he need

"Hello, Pob; pap sent me over to see I your uncle will lend him the big shears to prune the orange trees in the morning." It was John Dunn who spoke, the verwho had tried to make him fight, and had called him a coward.

called him a coward.

"He's in the village," said Bob; "you will have to wait and ask him when he comes back, or else come over in the—"

Crash, bang, bump, the clatter of falling boards, the loud sourt of a house, and the hiss and roar of something that was not a horse, whatever it might be. The boys

stared an instant, then started for the stable



THE SHARP-POINTED POLE WENT WELL

upon the coping that projected just under his window and over the door and windows of the first story. Looking down he saw in the street below, directly in front of the building, a licensed vender with a push cart full of

apples. To him he said 'Hi!'
'The push cart man looked up; the man

square in the center of the cart. It seemed

one after another, to the man above, who cought them skillfully and then disappeared."

"In a city street the other day," Mr. Wingleby said, "I saw standing over a sidewalk

grating, through which came a current of hot air from some engine room below, a lit-

tle girl. In winter you see boys standing

or lying on such gratings to get warm; this little girl was standing there for the fun

of seeing her skirts round up like a bal-

heated by furnaces with hot-air registers

in the floor-us I suppose many are still-

ter mornings; no boy could get near a regis-ter when the girls stood on it.

"I never lost but one umbrella whose loss disturbed me," said Mr. Wingleby, "and

sion. Umbrellas lost ashore are of some use to somebody, but I didn't see what possible

WHEN MOTHER LOOKS.

Letchworth Smith in A True Republic.

use that umbrella could be to the fishes.

Letchworth Smith in A True Republ
I 'member such a lot of things
That happened long ago.
When me an' Jim was 6 years old —
An' now we're ten or so.
But those I remember best—
The ones I 'most can see—
Are the things that used to happen
When mother looked at me.

One time in church, when me an' Jim
Was snickerin' out loud—
The minister was prayin' 'an
The people's heads was bowed—
We had the biggest kind of joke
About a bumblebee.
But things got quiet rather quick
When mother looked at me,

A ye had such lots of fun
A-goin' in' a swimmin' with the boys
Down there by Jones run,
But when I get back home again —
Just 'bout in time for tea
There's a kind of differ'nt feeling comes
When mother looks at me.

That time when I was awful sick An' the doctor shook his head, An' every time pa come around His eyes was wet an' red;

'member her hands on my face, How soft they used to be-

omehow the pain seemed easier When mother looked at me,

It's funny how it makes you feel—
I ain't afraid of her,
She's about the nicest person
You'd find most anywhere;
But the queerest sort of feeling,
As queer as queer can be,
Makes everything seem different
When mother looks at me.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

One of Omaha's little tots 3 years old.

bearing her grandma and mamma talking of Thanksgiving day, realizing from the con-

verention that it meant a good dinner, such

He was a small boy-not such a very mail boy-in an out-of-town school. He

had written a composition. It was upon the subject of dogs. Now the teacher of the

Little 5-year-old Helen was lecturing her cousin, an Adeibert freshman, on the evils

When I was a boy, when schools were

DOWN INTO ITS OPEN JAWS.

that fell rattling around and over the mon-In the light of the full moon, and that in Florida is wondrously bright, the boys could see the alligator lying close to the pony. which was struggling valuely to get on its feet. The huge reptile was fouring and

lashing its tail in a rage at being disturbed, and was plainly hesitating which to attack first, the boys or the pony.
"Jerusalem!" gasped John, "that's the big
man eater they've been trying to catch these three years. Come, let's run. He'd just as

lelf eat us as look at us. Run, run, he'll get Without a backward glance John fled as

fast as his legs would carry him.

"Which of us is the coward now?" shouted story customer, for, without a word, he semble. A big pole stood against the wall. He lected three fine red apples which he three setzed it, and leaping over the ruins of the doorway got inside the stable just as the alligator made a plunge toward the pony, tearing the flesh on its flauk. The pony kicked, in its terror and agony, and by good luck one of its hoofs struck the monster full In one of its eyes.

Roaring with pain, it whirled round and tried to strike the pony with its tail. Instead It struck and crushed an intervening post, bringing down a lot of boards and shingles. For a few moments Bob could not see either pany or teptile, both being covered by the debris. The alligator was wild with pain and rage, the pony wild with pain and fear, and such a squirming and tussle as they kept up get warm when they came into school on winunder all that mass of timber was never

The fiall tall of the alligator sent the small boards and shingles flying into a shower around brave Bob, as he stood watching a chance to strike. The moment the mon-sion. Umbrellas lost ashore are of some use ster's head emerged from the debris the sharp pointed pole went well down into its



HE LAY INSENSIBLE ACROSS THE MONSTER.

open jaws. Its sudden side leap gave a jerk to the pole that sent Bob flying upwards, turning a somersault that landed him perilously near that lashing tail. A swift roll over and over and the brave Bob sprang to his feet, nothing daunted.

The strategies have were fast making

The snapping laws were fast making kindling wood of the pole, so Hob ran to the woodshal near by and snatched up an ax. The powerful tail was playing a fierce tattoo among the splintered boards, the cruel jaws were almost free from the pole, but Bob, cool and caim, walted his chance and brought the ax down on the alligator's head. It was a lucky blow, for it struck

the uninjured eye and completely blinded as grandma gets up, said to her mamma: "When will Thank God's day be here, Hiszing, rearing, its tail lashing, its florce jaws snapping, the reptile plunged forward mamma? and freed itself from the mass of wreckage.

This was just what Bob wanted. Down came He was the ax with a right good will on that terrible tail. The first blow disabled it. A second and a third completely severed it. Down eams the az again and again, now on the armor-cased body, now on the head.

Bown came the art again and again, now on the armor-cased body, now on the head, now on the legs. A few moments more and the huge reptile lay dead.

When Bob's uncle and aunt got home they found him lying insensible across the monster he had clain, not hurt, but overcome by exhaustion and excitement. Neither the popp seriously injured.

The alligator measured fifteen feet in length. In its atomach were found two tin rans, three lightwood knots, a man's leather shoe with the foot bones still in it, some pieces of a clay pipe and a portion of a cloth vest, with the buttons on it. John Dunn had spoken the truth. It was really the same "maineater" for whose capture hunt after hunt had bene made without suc-

But the best of it all was that no one

MR. GRAYTOP.

His Observations Upon the Cracking of Walnuts and Other Matters. "There are doubtless living." said Mr. Graytop, "persons of mature years who re member cracking welnuts on a flat-iron placing the point downward between the knees and cracking the nuts with a hammer on the heel of the iron. There may even be persons who remember turning the handle down and cracking nuts on the bottom of the iron, when mother wasn't looking. Then came the nut cracker, and the old way of cracking nuts began to full into disuse.

"It seems to me that we don't crack and eat walnuts around the fire so much as we used to, though perhaps I am mistaken in that. But I am quite sure of this; that while the modern nut cracker may save our fingers some, it oin never have about it the asso-ciations of romance that cluster round the fiat-iron and hammer.
"A man who wanted an apple,

was at work at a desk - a window in the second story of a building in the city did not, as it might be supposed he would do, get up and put on his hat and go down to the street in search of a vender to get one. What he did do was to throw up the window by his side and rising, throw one foot out

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skates are a worry, but the

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Skates are always reliable

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ters for the Barney & Ber-

ry skates-full line at any

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of one of those beautiful Briar or Meerschaum Pipes will please him-We've the best stock in the city-all new goods just in-and then you know we sell at cut prices.

for three General Arthursfor three Merchants Cubfor three Golden Crowns-You know these brands of cigars

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scarcity we are still able to fill all orders complete and at reasonable prices. Glass will be higher before it is cheaper. Send

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es, etc, at lowest prices.

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It serves me right that I am freezing this cold weather-Why don't mama get our heating stove repaired at the-

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Just telephone 960-we'll fix it.

delicious coffee-

Omaha Tea and

"Why," she said, "a big boy like you shouldn't be so foolish. I'd be ashamed to have so much foolishness about me."
"Why do you call him foolish?" inquired "Just 'cause he is," said Helen. "Why, if he keeps on he'll be most half as foolish as his father. And then there's sometimes when I think I've had such lots of fun

And the poor uncle hadn't a word to say.

lating many happy episodes which occurred during that blissful period nearly all young people know when they were engaged. That the little group listened with lively atten-tion was fully demonstrated the next day by a conversation between one of the younger children and a new wood vendor who had recently moved into the neighborhood and came around soliciting orders. The door bell rang, and one of the children, Anita, not walting for the servant to answer, went to the door herself, when the following dialogue took place:

Wood Vendor-Good morning, little girl, your mother engaged? Anita (with astonishment)-Engaged! Why, y mamma is morried, and has six children. Exit wood vendor in confusion, amilist roars of laughter from the older children, who were listening behind the door.

he could look back to several Christmas holi-days with a lively remembrance of what they were like, and what had taken place on hese festal occasions. One of Johnny's ideas (not original with Johnny by any means, as many a carent can testify) was that it is a boy's mission to make

Little Johnny was 8 years old, therefore

as much noise as cossible in the world, and, in spite of frequent admonishing and more or less frequent whippings, he perseveringly carried out the idea on all occasions, except when he was esteep.

Johnny was fulfilling his mission with more vigor and enthus asm than usual on Christmas morning, relates Harper's Magazine, but nobody paid any attention to him except his Aunt Jane, who was visiting Johnny's parents during the holidays, and she finally grew thred of the noise and said:

"Johnny, it is very naughty to keep up such a din and racket all the time and if you don't stop it I shall have to speak to your mother "Amd that about "Huh! Wot good'll that do?" scornfully demanded Johnny. "Why, she will whip you if you don't stop,"

threatened the young man i aunt.
"Guess not!" retorted Johnny, with an air

of foolishness, says the Cleveland Plain of triumph. "Chris'mas ain't my day fer gittin' whipped. I allers git whipped the day before Chris'mas and the day after, but I never do on Chris'mas."

> Patronize American goods, especially when you know they are the best, like Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

HOLIDAY JOY.

A charming young matron of the upper
Sixth district is the mother of six lovely children, all girls, says the New Orleans
Times-Democrat. A few evenings ago, after while spated around the hearthstone, and thoughts of sordid cares, like shadows. once again arose To dim the memories bright of Christmas

day, When a sudden joy exent through me, From the corner of my vest, To awaken me from musings that grew I brought, from weeks-It might have been from many months-of rest.
The dollar that I didn't know I had,

Like the nugget which gleams yellow on the half-despairing eye Of the miner who so long has telled in vain; Like the sail that's seen at last against a blank and cruel sky From the fragile raft adrift upon the

cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale

In Clinton, Mass., a newly wedded couple

and their friends set out on their wedding journey in a coach which bore the placard, "Just Married."

by Kuhn & Co.

on As the unfamiliar features caught my glance.
And they granted an exemption from the penalties we find,
When the fiddler must be paid by those who dance.

In economic righteousness full sad.
Came back, like gay kaleidoscopic figures to revolve

Though the follar that I didn't know I had

Thuckler:

Was making good progress who making good progress a pustice of the weeks ago. She not only bears the distinction of being one of the very oldest persons in Indiana, but the more unique distinction of being one of the very oldest persons in Indiana, but the more unique distinction of being the oldest old maid in American back of the bar in Indiana who has more years of the bar in Indiana who has more years of the bar in Indiana who has more years of the bar in Indiana back of the was elected to that office. The only member of the bar in Indiana who has more years of the bar in Indiana who has more years of the bar in Indiana who has more years of the bar in Indiana back of the was elected to that office. The only member of the bar in Indiana who has more years of the bar in Indiana back of the to the office. The only member of the bar in Indiana back of the was elected to that office. The only member of the bar in Indiana back of the was elected to that office. The only member of the bar in Indiana back of the was elected to that office. The only member of the bar in Indiana back of the was elected to that office. The only member of the bar in Indiana back of the was elected to that office. The only member of the bar in Indiana back of the was elected to that office. The only member of the bar in Indiana back of the was elected to that office. The only member of the bar in Indiana back of the was elected to that office. The only member of the bar in Indiana back of the was elected to that office. The only member of the bar in Indiana back of the back

Bucklen's Arnien Salve.

Mrs. Ann J. Stiles, who erected Stiles Hall

THE OLD TIMERS.

There is a peddler in New York who has recently acquired a third set of natural teeth and is about to celebrate the event

Dr. Miner Raymond, who died lately in Chicago, was said to be the oldest theological student in this country. He began life as a shoomaker and ended as the head of the Garret Biblican institute of the Northwestern university. A Boston girl wants \$50,000 because a

by getting married.

New Yorker refuses to marry her after promising to do so. The defendant's sole excuse is that his prospective mother-inlaw always insisted on klasing him goodye whenever he called.

Levi B. Paxson has been fifty years week by a big family gathering. W. L. in the service of the Philadelphia & Read-Miller and wife will celebrate the fiftieth

Admiral of the British Fleet Sir Henry friends and relatives at their home Keppel, now in the 89th year of his age and Im a lonely spot in the extrem

The best salve in the world for Cats, Brulses, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively

at a cost of \$31,000 for the religious and social uses of the students of the University

erty, 85; G. W. Ryan, 86; D. G. Kern, 79; D. Shearer, 77, and J. L. Avery, \$2.

Andrew Bravo died a few days ago at Hillsville, Mass. He was a wealthy and eccentric man, and had built for himself twenty years ago a tomb in Pine Grove cem-etery, where his body was laid. His coffin was ready and the ceremonies prepared. He had even selected the text from which his funeral sermon was preached and had indicated the form of service which he desired should be used. Lawyer Lorrin Andrews of New York City

has applied for a charter for the Jilted Lovers' club, an organization composed of young men of various ages and complexion who have a common sorrow. No one wi be eligible who has not been "trun down ye whenever he called.

Ex-President James H. Fairchild of Ober- The members of the Jilted Lovers' club be lin college celebrated his 80th birthday on Thanksgiving day. At the time of his resignation, in 1889, he was said to be the oldest college president in point of length of service in the United States.

A letter from Cadiz, O., says: "J. B. Wharon and wife of Tippecanee will celebrate their golden wadding on Railroad company. He began as a anniversary of their marriage on next Tuesbrakeman of a coal train and is now at 70 day. John Patterson and wife, of near years of age superintendent of motive power and equipment of the entire system.

Coahocten, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary today by a gathering of 150

main;
Like the butterfly that flutters, with a fascinating specific the hours when shine and roses made us glad.

A thing of radiant beauty, from its dark,

itude finding its annual climax on the grea-

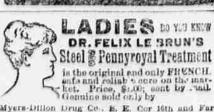
American holiday.

His grace of Manchester, who recently sought, but failed to secure, matrimonial alliance with two immensely wealthy American girls—first with Miss Astor and then social uses of the students of the University of California, died recently in Berkeley at the age of 84. Mrs. Stiles was born in Milibrae, Mass. She has lived in California since 1856.

The combined ages of six men who acted as pail bearers at the funeral of James Grigsby (himself 95 years old) at Grace Methodist Episcopal church. Indianapolis, was 493 years. The men and their ages are as follows: T. M. Chill, 86; J. F. Daugh-live got to get it. We're out of meat."







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