Simon Dale, the teller of the story, born phority after the execution of Charles Locause a well-weem has propheside that he shall "Love what the king loves, Roow what the king hides and drink of the hilling the shall "Love what the king hides and drink of the hilling hides and drink of the king spreads and to the sails of the parish magistrate, Lord Quinton, his young affections are diverted by the appearance of a mysterious London beauty the high spreads of the content of the parish magistrate, Lord Quinton, don he receives a commission in the king spread. He goes to London, discovers a parell, He goes to London, discovers the beauty of the young duke of Monmouth, and is at the disk, where a received with much pomparent of the young duke of Monmouth, and is at the disk, where a received with much pomparent to his arrival of M. de Parrencourt, who comes by night from Calais. Secret conferences are held, M. de Ferrencourt, who comes by night from Calais. Secret conferences are held, M. de Ferrencourt, who comes by night from Calais. Secret conferences are held, M. de Ferrencourt, who comes by night from Calais. Secret conferences are held, M. de Ferrencourt, who comes are held, M. de Ferrencourt, at that gentleman's request, and ordered to the conference Dale is hurriely summanded into the king's presence and commanded. To drink of the king's entire to have a summanded to the conference ball is then at the great and the series of the conference of the proper summanded in the king's presence and the series of the conference of the conference

"By my faith," cried honest M. de Fontelles, "this matter is altogether past understanding!"

A moment later Carford entered the room and greeted him with great civility. M. de this gentleman." Fontelles lest no time in coming to the question; his grievance was strong and bitter, and he poured out his heart without mission was nearest his heart, but in truth reserve. Carford listened, saying little, but eager to rebuke or chasten my mocking dis-being very attentive and keeping his shrewd respect, rushed from the room. Carford foleyes on the other's face. Indignation carried Fontelles back and forward along the length | of the room in restless paces; Carford sat to a chair, quiet and wary, drinking in all that the angry gentleman said. My lord Carford was not one who believed hastily in the honor and honesty of his fellow men, nor was he prone to expect a simple heart rather than a long head; but soon he per- on the terrace. Barbara, hearing their tread, ceived that the Frenchman was in very looked up. She detected the eagerness in M. truth ignorant of what lay behind his mission and that Barbara's usage of him caused



ENGAGED IN TALK. WE HAD NOT NO TICED THE VICAR'S APPROACH.

genuine and not assumed offense. revelation set my lord a-thinking.

"And she sends for you to advise her?" cried Fontelles. "That, my friend, is good; gaze you can advise, but in one fashion."
"I don't know that," said Carford, feeling

spoken gently to her, seeking to win her by have direct orders from the king to bring her and to suffer no man to stop me. In-deed, my dear lord, there is no choice open to you. You wouldn't resist the king's com-

Yet Barbara demanded that he should re sist even the king's command. Carford said nothing and the impetuous Frenchman

'Nay, it would be the highest offense to myself to hinder me. Indeed, my lord, all my regard for you could not make me suffer it. I don't know what this lady has against me, nor who has set this nonsense In her head. It cannot be you! You don't doubt my honor? You don't taunt me when

I call myself a gentleman? He came to a pause before Carford, ex pecting an answer to his hot questions. He saw offense in the mere fact that Carford was still silect.

"Come, my lord," he cried, "I do not take pleasure in seeing you think so long. ur answer cosy?" He assumed an air of

Carford was, I have no doubt, most plagued perplexed. He could have dealt with a knave than with this flery gentle-Barbara had demanded of him that he should resist even the king's command. He might escape that perilous obligation by convincing Fontelles himself that he was a tool the Frenchman would, in all likelihood, abandon his cuterprise. But with him would to Carford's hold on Barbaca and his best prospect of winning her, for in her trouble lay his chance. If, on the other hand, he quarreled openly with Fontelles he must face consequences he feared or incur Bar-

the puzzle and determined to seek a respite "I do not doubt your honor, sir," he said. ontelles bowed gravely. "But there is more In this matter than you know. I must beg few hours for consideration and then I will

tell you all openly. You can't take the lady by force. I count on the aid of my friends and the

ing's to persuade her to accompany me willthe idea suddenly and as if with a flash into Carford's head. It may have been there dim and vague before, but now it was clear. He

paused on this way to the door and turned

Fontelles. "I will seek this gentleman, "As you will. I think you're wise. They will know at the inn where to find him." 'I will see him at once," cried Fontelles "I have, it seems, two matters to settle with

Carford, concealing his exultation, bade M. de Fontelles do as seemed best to him. Fon-telles, declaring again that the success of his lowed more leisurely. He had at least time for consideration now, and there were the chances of this quarrel all on his side. "Will you come with me?" asked Fontelies.
"Nay, it is no affair of mine. Bur if you

need me later-" He nodded. If it came to a meeting his services were ready. "I thank you, my lord," said the Frenchunderstanding his offer.

They were now at the door and stepped out

I pray you to greet me more kindly when I vicar in my career, whether in love, war or return?"

state, was finished; I had done and undergone

at him. She conceived that he had done her bidding and thought that the gentlemen attitude was very well for him and I found concealed their quarrel from her. "You go some amusement in it, even while I chafed with M. de Fontelles, my lord?" she asked 'With your permission I remain here." he answered.

She was vexed and rose to her feet as she Then where is M. de Fontelles going?"

Fontelles took the reply for himself. "I am going to seek a gentleman with from I have business," said he.
"You have none with my lord Carford?"

"What I have with him will wait." "He desires it should wait?" she asked, in a quick tone.

"I'd have sworn it." said Barbara Outnion "But with Mr. Simon Dale-"
"With Simon Dale? What concern have you with Simon Dale?"

has mocked me twice and, I believe hinders me now," returned Fontelles, his hot Barbara clasped her hands and cried trium-

'Go to him, go to him! Heaven is good to me! Go to Simon Dale!" The amazed eyes of Fontelles and the sulen, enraged glance of Carford recalled her to wariness. Yet the avowal (Oh, that it had pleased God I should hear it!) must have its

price and its penalty. A burning flush spread over her face and even to the border of the gown on her neck. But she was proud in her shame and her eyes met theirs in a level To Fontelles her bearing and the betraval herself brought fresh and strong confirmation of Carford's warning. But he was a

contleman and would not look at her her blushes implored the absence of his eyes. "I go to seek Mr. Dale," said he gravely d without more words turned on his heei, In a sudden impulse, perhaps a sudden loubt of her judgment of him, Earbara darted after him.

"For what purpose do you seek him?"
"Madame," he answered, "I cannot tell

face; her breath came quick and fast; the hue of her cheek flashed from red to white. "Mr. Dale," said she, drawing herself up,

will not fear to meet you."
Again Fontelles bowed, turned and gone, swiftly and eagerly striding down the venue, bent on finding me. Barbara was left alone with Carford. heavy frown and surly eyes accused her. She had no mind to take the part of the guilty. "Well, my lord," she said, "have you told

his M. de Fontelles what honest folk would bink of him and his errand?" "I believe him to be honest," answered "You live the guister for your belief!" she

cried, contemptuously. "I live the less quiet for what I have seen There was a silence. Barbara stood with heaving breast, he opposite to her, still and sullen. She looked long at him, but at last seemed not to see him. Then she spoke in soft tones, as though to him, but rather kn hands less honorable than his own; then answer to her own heart, whose cry could go no more unheeded. Her eyes grew soft and veiled in a mist of tears that did not fall.

So I see it-she told me no more than that she was near crying. "I couldn't send for him," she murmured. "I wouldn't send for him. But now he will come; yes, he'll come now."

Carford, driven half mad by an outburst which his own device had caused, moved by whatever of true love he had for her, and by his great rage and jealosly against me, fairly ran at her and caught her by the wrist.

y do you talk of him? Do you love he said, from between his elenched She looked at him, half angry, half wonder-

ing. Then she said; 'Nell Gwyn'e lover?" asked Carford. Her cheek flushed again and a sob caught

her voice as it came "Yes," she said, "Nell Gwyn's lover," "Always, always, always." Then she drew

or pily's sake, sh. my dear lord, for pity's as he had with the vicar. Taus obtaining ske, don't tell him. Not a word."

mony and must needs begin with me much as he had with the vicar. Taus obtaining my opportunity, I cut seroes his preface, say-"I will not speak of it to M. de Fontellea." ing opportunity, I cut across his preface, say-said Carford.

An amuzed glonce was followed by a laugh that seemed half a sob.
"M. de Fontelles! M. de Fontelles! No.

o; but don't tell Simon."

"If you have anything to say against M, de Carford's lips best in a forced smile, uglier Perrencourt, consider me as his friend. Did You love this fellow?"

You have heard.

wer to him was; "He loves you?"

on't you leave me? seemed to have gone, she answered:

word, not a word," she cried. "I don't mind to lose his complaint against me in any now what you are, I don't trust you. For- such manner, but he was a man of cere-

ment and not M. de Perrencourt's.' He flushed red. "We know what we know, sir," said he

you cry out to me as I rode last night?"
"Why, yes, and I was a fool there. As for If you speak of him speak with respect, The sneer was hitter and strong. In it sir, You know of whom you speak."

I said "Wi speamed now to lie Carford's only hope. Bar- "Very well. Yet I have held a pistol at bara met his glance an instant and her an- his head." said I, not, I confess, without "Wi with the said of the s

Fontelies started, then laughed scornfully. "He loves you?"
"Leave me, I beg you to leave me. Ah, in a boat together," I pursued. "The quarrel then was which one of us should escort the Her face went white. For a while she lady he or I, and whether to Calals or Engald nothing; then in a calm, quiet voice, land. And although I should have been her whence all life and feeling, almost all intellibushand had we gone to Calals, yet I brought land. And although I should have been her husband had we gone to Calais, yet I brought her here."

"You're pleased to talk in riddles."

"You're pleased to talk in riddles."

"The summed up all life now held."

"I think not, my lord."

He laughed. "Leave me," she said again.
and he in grace of what manhood there was in him, turned on his heel and went. She stood alone, there on the terrace.

Her here.

"You're pleased to talk in riddles,"

"They're no harder to understand than your errand is to me, sir." I retorted.

I'de mastered his anger with a strong ef-stood alone, there on the terrace.

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"I AM THE VICAR OF THIS PARISH AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR."

should have been a sweeter kiss. Griet, self, he would not sit, but stood opposite that should have been drowned in joy, while love to me.

The leaped to love in the fullness of delight.

Alss for pride, breeder of misery! Not life errand on which you come." said I, and set "Y itself is so long as to give atonement to her to the task with all the plainness of language last. for that hour, though she has said that one that the matter required and my temper enmoment, a certain moment, was enough.

CHAPTER XXIII. A PLEASANT PENITENCE.

There was this great comfort in the vicar's society, that, having once and for all stated corded, he let the matter alone. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to argue on it, unless it might be to take any action. it, unless it might be to take any action in regard to it. To say the truth, and I mean no unkindness to him in saying it, the affair They were now at the door and stepped out did not greatly engage his thoughts. Had on the terrace. Barbara, hearing their tread, Betty Nazioth dealt with it the case would looked up. She detected the eagerness in M. doubtiess have been altered and he would de Fontelles' manner. He went up to her at once.

"Madama" he said "I am forced to leave that he had bestowed on my carlier un-"Madame," he said, "I am forced to leave happy passion. But the prophecy had stopped short and all that was of moment for the a little to find me living on at all. This at his composed acquiescence in my mis fortunes. But at times I grew impatient and vould fling myself out of the house, crying, 'Plague on it; is this old crone not only to drive me into folly, but to forbid me a re- the vicar.

turn to wisdom?" In such a mood I had left him to wander by myself about the lanes, while he sit under the porch of his house with a great volume open on his knees. The book treated of vaticination in all its branches and the vicar read diligently, being so absorbed in his study that he did not head the approach of feet, and looked up at last with a start. M.

de Fontelles stood there, sent on from the "I am called Georges de Fontelles, sir."

'I am the vicar of this parish, at your serve, sir." returned the vicar courteously. 'I serve the king of France, but have at this time the honor of being employed by his majesty, the king of England."
"I trust, sir," observed the vicar, mildly

that the employment is an honor.' "Your loyalty should tell you so much." We are commanded to honor the king

but I read nowhere that we must honor all that the king does." "Such distinctions, sir, lead to disaffection

even to rebellion," said Fontelles se-"I am very glad of it," remarked the vicar, complacently.

I had told my old triend nothing of what ncerned Earbara; the secret was not mine herefore he had nothing against M. de Fon telics; yet it seemed as though a good quarrel could be found on the score of general prinriples. It is strange how many men give their heads for them and how few oun give a reason; but God provides every man with head, and since the stock of brain will not supply all, we draw lots for a share in it. Yes, a pretty quarrel promised; but a mo-ment later Fontelles, seeing no prospect of sport in fulling out with an old man of sa-

chose to laugh rather than to storm, and said with a chuckle: "Well, kings are like other men."
"Very like," agreed the vicar, "In what can I serve you, elr? 'I seek Mr. Simon Dale," answered For

principles, by the vicar's whimsical

ered profession, and amused, in spite of his

"Ah. Simon! Poor Simon! What would you do with the lad, sir?" "I will tell that to him. Why do you call

"He has been deluded by a high-sounding prophecy and it has come to little." vicar shook his head in gentle regret. "He is no worse off, sir, then a man who

morries," said Fontelles with a chile "Nor it may be than one who is born, "Nor even than one who dies." hazarded

'Sir, sir, let us be irreligious," implored the vicar, smiling, The quarrel was most certainly over. telles sat down by the vicar's sile.
"Yet, sir," said he, "God made the world."
"It is full as good a world as we deserve,"

He might well have made us better, sir. "There are very few of us who truly wish the vicar replied.

The embrace, sir, is often delightful," I must not understand you," said the

Fontelles' business was proceeding slowly. A man on an errand should not allow himself to talk about the universe. But he was recalled to his task a moment later by the sight of a figure a quarter of a mile away along the road. With an enger excia-mation he pointed his finger at me, lifted his hat to the vicar and rushed off in pur-sult. The vicar, who had not taken his thumb from his page, opened his book again, observing to himself, "A gentleman of some parts, I think.

His quarrel with the vicar had evaporated

there should have been a sweeter kiss. Grief | self; he would not sit, but stood opposite

He heard me without a word, with hardly a movement of his body; his eyes never left to a man's own self thereby blazon its abme all the while I was speaking. I think surdity to the whole world? that there was sympathy between us, so that soon I knew that he was honest, while

"My Lord Carford knew all this?" "Yes, all of it," said I. "He was privy to all that passed."

Engaged in talk we had not noticed the vicar's approach. He was at my elbow before I saw him; the large book was under his arm. Fontelles turned to him with a "Sir," said he, "you were right just now." "Concerning the prophecy, sir?"
"No, concerning the employment of kings,"

"In frankness, sir, I should be best pleased what fate declared and demanded and must if you did not return," she said coldly. Then, now live in gentle resignation. Indeed, I turning to Carford, she looked inquiringly think that in his inmost heart he wondered me: "We will meet again before I take the wondered meet "We will meet again before I take the wondered meet "We will meet again before I take the wondered meet "We will meet again before I take the wondered meet "We will meet again before I take the wondered meet "We will meet again before I take the wondered meet "We will meet again before I take the wondered meet "We will meet again before I take the wondered meet when the leave of your village." With this he set off at a round pace down the read. I did not doubt that he went to seek Mistress Barbara and ask her pardon. I let him go; he would not hurt her now. I rose myself from the green bank, for I also had work to do. "Will you walk with me, Simon?" asked

"Your cardon ,sir, but I am occupied." "Will it not wait?

"I do not desire that it should." For now that Fontelles was out of the way, Carford alone remained. Barbara had o some profit.

It was now afternoon and I set out at once on my way to the manor, I did not know what had passed between Barbara and Carford, nor how his passion had been stirred by her avowal of love for me, but I conjectured that on learning how his plan o embroiling me with Fontelles had failed he would lose no time in making another effort. Fontelles must have walked briskly, although I did not loiter on the road, never came in sight of him and the long avenu

was empty when I passed the gates. It is strange that it did not occur to my mind that the clew to the Frenchman's basic was so found in his last question. No doubt be would make his excuses to Mistress Quinton in good time, but it was not that intention which lent his feet wings. His errand was the same as my own. He sought Carlo not Barbara, even as I. He found what he sought, I what I did not seek, but what, once und, I could not pass by.

She was walking near the avenue, but on the grass behind the trees. I caught a glimpse of her gown through the leaves and my quick steps were stayed as though by one of the potent spells that the vicar to read about. For a moment or two I stood there metioniess. Then I turned and walked slowly toward her. She saw me a few yards off and it seemed as though she would fly. But in the end she faced me proudly; her eyes were very sad and I thought that she find been weeping. As I approached she thrust something—it looked like a letter into the bosom of her gown, as if in terror lest I should see it. I made her a low bow. "I trust, madame," said I, "that my lady

"I thank you, yes, although slowly." "And that you have taken no harm from I thank you, none.

It was strange, but there seemed no other pic in earth or heaven, for I looked first at earth and then at heaven, and in neither ice found any. I am seeking my Lord Carford," I said

I knew my error as soon as I had spoken She would bid me seek Carford without delay and protest that the last thing in her mind was to detain me. I cursed myself for an awkward fool. But to my amazement, she did nothing of what I looked for, but cried out in great agitation, and, as it

You mustn't see Lord Carford." "Why not?" I asked. "He won't hurt me or, at least he should not, if my sword could stop his."
"It is not that. It is—it is not that," she murmured, and flushed red.

Well then, I will seek him." No, no, no," cried Barbara, in a passion that fear-surely it was that and nothing else-made imperious. I could not understand her, for I knew nothing of the con-fession which she had made, but would not for the world should reach my ear yet it was not very likely that Carford would tell me, unless his rage carried him away.

"You are not so kind as to shield me from Lord Carford's wrath" I asked, rather acornfully. "What is he doing here?" I asked

"He desires to conduct me to my father."
"My God! You won't go with him?"
For the fraction of a moment her dark

"Of course you meant that," murmure. "M. de Fontelles will trouble pou no more." I remarked, in a tone as caim as though I stared the price of wheat; indeed, much calmer than such a vital matter was went to command at our village inn.

"What!" she cried "He will not-" "He didn't know the truth. I have told

"He didn't know the truth. I have told him. He is an honorable gentleman."

"You've done that also, Simen?" She came a step nearer me.

"It was nothing to do," said I. Barbara fell back again.

"Yet I am obliged to you," said she. I howed with careful courtesy.

Why tell these silly things? Every man has such in his life. Yet on 2 counts his own memory a rare treasure, and it will not be denied utterance.

be denied utterance. I had best seek my Lord Carford," said more for lack of another thing to say than because there was need to say that.
"I pray you—" cried Barbara again In

marked agitation. It was a fair, soft evening; a breeze stirred the treetops and I could scirce tell when the wind whispered and when Bar-

when the wind whispered and when Dar-bara spoke, so like were the caressing sounds. She was very different from the lady of our journey, yet like to her who had for a moment spoken to me from her chamber door at Canterbury. You haven't sent for me," I said in a low voice. "I suppose you have no need of me?"

She made me no answer. Why did you fling my guinea in the rea! Why did you use me so on the way?"

"Why haven't you sent for me?" I whispered. Sho seemed to have no answer for any of these questions. There was nothing in her eyes now save the desire of escape. Yet she did not dismiss me, and without dismis-

Ah, if God had let me be there! Then she ran't, adding that by Carford's advice he bould not have stood desolate nor flung her-came to me. sell again on the marble seat. Then she should not have wept as though her heart favor with the lady."

For I am told, sir, that you have some looked full in her eyes and they fled behind the world were empty. If I looked full and intently in his face. He had been there, not the cold marble should met my gaze unfinchingly. There was the little hand, tightly have held her and for every special should met my gaze unfinchingly. There was the little hand, tightly have held her and for every special should met my gaze unfinchingly. self again on the marble seat. Then she "For I am fold, sir, that you have some looked fill in her eyes and they hell dealed should not have wept as though her heart favor with the lady."

The she "For I am fold, sir, that you have some looked fill in her eyes and they hell dealed to evering lids; the little hand, tightly broke and all the world were empty. If I looked full and intently in his face. He clinched, hung by her side. When had I to had been there, not the cold marble should met my gaze unfillnchingly. There was a lose? Was I not already banned for for have held her and for every sweetest tear green bank by the roadside. I seated my-wardness? I would be forward still and justify the sentence by an after crime, took the hanging hand in both of min She started, and I loosed it, but no rebul came, and she did not fly. The far-off sti-of coming victory moved in my blood; not ye to win, but now to know that win you will sends through a man an exulation, more sweet that it is still timid. I watched her face—it was very pale—and again took her hand. The lids of her eyes rose now an in stant and disclosed entreaty. I was ruthless our hearts are strange, and cruelty or the deelre of mastery mingled with love in my tightened grasp. One by one I bent her fingers back; the crushed paper lay in a palm that was streaked to red and white. With one hand still I held hers, with the other I spread out the paper. "You musta"t read it." she murmured. "Oh, you musta"t read it." I paid no heed, but held it up, A low exclamation of wonder broke from me. The scrawl that I had seen at Canter-The scrawl that I had seen at Canter-bury now met me again, plain and unmis-takable in its laborious awkwardness. "In pay for your dagger," it had said before. Were five words the bounds of Nell's accomplishment? She had written no more now. Yet before she had seemed to say much in that narrow limit, and much she said now. There was long silence between us. My

eves were intent on her veiled eyes. You needed this to tell you?" I said at "You loved her, Simon."

I would not allow the plea. Shall not a thing that has become out of all reason surdity to the whole world?
"So long ago," I cried scornfully. "Nay, not so long ago," she murmured, with a note of resentment in her voice.

Even then we might have fallen out. We were within on ace of it, for I most brutally put this question: "You waited here for me to page ? I would have given my ears not to have said it. What availed that? A thing said is a thing done, and stands forever amid the prevocable. For an instant her eyes flashed in anger, then she flushed suddenly, her lips embled, her eyes grew dim, yet through

the dimness mirth peeped out. 'I dared not hope you'd pass, Simon," she whispered. "I am the greatest villain in the world!"
I cried. "Barbara, you had no thought that

softly "And you-is it long since you-?" She held out her hands toward me, and i n instant was in my arms. First she hid as the circle of my arms allowed. Her dark met mine full and direct in a sion that shamed me, but shamed her no more. Her shame was swallowed in th sweet pride of surrender.
"Always," sald she, "always. From the

first through all; always, always." It seems as though she could not speak that wor enough. truth, I could scarce believe it; save

when I looked in her eyes I could not be "But I wouldn't tell you," she said,

you remember how you left me? It seemed that I now must play penitent. "I was too young to know—" I began. "I was younger and not too young," she ied. "And all through those days at Dover I didn't know. And when we were ogether I didn't know. Ah, Simon, when flung your guinea in the sea you mus

"On my faith, no." I laughed. "I didn't o the love in that, sweetheart."
"I'm glad there was no woman there to tell you what it meant," said Barbara. "And even at Canterbury I didn't know, Simon what brought you to my door that night? could at any other time; more plainly, it may be, than even then I should

'She bade me follow her, and I followed "You followed her?" 'Aye. But I heard your voice through the door and stopped. You stopped for my voice? What did

You sung how a lover had forsaken his

love. And I, hearing, stayed."
"Ah, why didn't you tell me then?"
"I was afraid, sweetheart." "Of what? Of what?" "Why, of you. You had been so cruel." Barbara's head, still strained far as could from mine, now drew nearer by an ace and then she launched at me the charge of

most enormity, the indictment that justified all my punishment. "You had kissed her before my eyes here, sir, where we are now, in my own manor park," said Barbara.

I took my arms from about her, and felhumbly on my knee. "May I kiss so much as your hand?" said in utter abasement She put it suddenly, eagerly, hurriedly to

'Why did she write to me?" she whis-Nay, love, I don't know." "It could afford no reason if she did. And

'I think rather that she was sorry for-' "Not for me!" cried Barbara, with great vehomence. "I will not have her sorry for "For you!" I exclaimed, in ridicule. (It

"It would, and she does, Simon, of course

say before.) "For you! How should she? She wouldn't dare!" said Barbara. One syllable can hold a world of meaning. "A thousand times, no," cried I.

(To be Continued.) Household Gods The ancient Greeks believed that the Penates were the gods who attended to the

were worshipped as household gods in every "No," she said, persistently refusing to King's New Discovery. For consumption cet my eyes. heat and Lungs it is invaluable. sen tried for a quarter of a century an eyes met mine, then turned away in confusion.

"I mean," said I, "is it wise to go with the at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. Regular

welfare and prosperity of the family.

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