THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1898.

'You'll be caught," panted Rodney.

Never!" Steve hissed. "I'll fix you

scribed his adventure to his companion

THE SIGN OF THE SERPENT. How It Did Rodney Barnes a Good Turn.

By William Marray Graydon,

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A Blackwell bus, rolling castward along hard to be out of work in a big city like this. If another shilling will help you Cornhill, London, reluctantly slowed up at along-Cornhill, London, rejudinity slowed up at the rear of the Royal Exchange to let two parsengers off. The one was a tall, well-built gentleman of middle age, light-bearded, ck d in blue serge and with a nautical air chost d in blue serge and with a nautical air of a big merchanimao, and was steaming about him; his companion was a slim good- diagonally up stream across the bow of the looking lad, some 18 or 19 years of age.

The captain drew the lad into a shady The captain drew the lad into a shady passage a little removed from the busiling crowds on Cornhill. "I have business to transact here," he said, pointing to the broad entrance way of Lloyd's, where are the was imminent danger. transact here, he said pointing to here are the entrance way of Lloyd's, where are the holdquarters of the shipping interests of the world. "Of course you don't want to a with a course and strange go with me, but in this great and strange and he fell sideways against the gunwale. "I won't run into any danger," intercity it is very easy to-"

rupted Rodney, "and I won't get lost. I eye, remember a good bit about London."

"I'm sorry you can't see more of it on "I'm sorry you can't see more of it on this occasion," said his father. "Two days is little chough, and it would have been twice as much but for the storm that brought us into the Mersey forty-eight hours coverdue. And I regret more than all, my splashing to keep his mouth above water. There was a bleeding wound on his foreboy, that you must go back with me on Wednezday, instead of taking the delightful trip that we planned for you in June. But I hope you will have the opportunity next SUMMER.

'Don't talk about it, father," said Rod

ney, in a low voice. "It w.s a heavy blow," declared Captain Barnes, his face suddenly clouding. "It is no joke to lose £300, and to replace that sum, as I was bound in honor to do, took nearly

all of my savings." He broke off abruptly, "What are you going to do with yourself now?" he added. "Take a stroll long the river below Lon-don bridge first," Rodney replied. "and then I may run up as far as Chelsea on a penny steamer. I will come back by bus and get supper somewhere on the strand."

The captain model. "You on't go wrong on that," he said, "but keep a watch on the hours, young man, and don't fail to meet me at icuston station at 10 o'clock." "I will be on hand," promised Rodney. He made a move to go, but turned quickly

b ck. "Father, do you think Stephen Lay-cost could be in London?" he asked, "There's no telling," the captain replied, with a shrug of his shoulders. "You are certain he stole the money,

father?

Yee, I am convinced of that-no doubt of it in the world. He stole it and he will keep It if there is any left by now to keep. No Rodney, don't hope for the recovery of the f300. Remember, Euston station, at 10 sharp. Take a King's Cross 'bus on the Strand, or

"It was a hard blow of fate," the lad re-flected bitterly. Briefly, how it all came about was as follows: During the last voy-age of the City of Moscow from Liverpool to New York, some three weeks previous, there were on board a stingy and eccentric American from the west. He wanted what money he had with him put in a safe place, but refixed to trust it to the purser, as was the usual custom. Captain Barnes, on offering, out of pure kindness, to take charge of it for him, received from the passenge the sum of £800 in English gold and notes which he locked up in a small iron safe in his eabin. The last night out being stormy, the capitaln was on the bridge until nearly diwn guarding southst the perils of the American coast. Then the coming of board of the pllot enabled him to snatch a few hours of sound sleep in his cabin. By midday the City of Moscow was swing-

ing up the North river to her dock, and now, when the pastenger demanded his money, it was found to have mysteriously disappeared from the captain's safe. Meanwhile the gangway locke hnd beet dropped to the pler and a little later it was learned that one of the deck stewards had secretly slipped off the vessel with a flow of passengers. A search rovealed the fact that he had packed his scanty belongings and taken them with him. Beyond a doubt the deck steward, beyond a doubt the deck steward. Stephen Laycock by name, was the thief. He was a young Englishman of 22, a bright and willing worker, and had been employed on the steamer for three years. It was clear that he had plifered the safe key from the sleeping captain's pocket in the dark hours of the morning, taken the money and then chosen flight in preference to the risk of suspicion and detection.

reckoned you was him, an of course—" "I see," interrupted Rodney. "It was a atural mistake." struck up Steve's outsuretched arm. The weapon flew against the wall, and the next instant the two had grappled. Locked tonatural mietake.

"But rather awkward fur you," laughed the captain. "However, I'll make amends over, and breathing hard as they fought for mastery. Steve did not dare to cry out, and Rodney kept silent because he still had hopes of gaining his end, of you. The termination of the interview was a They were pretty evenly matched and for several minutes the struggle went on, a brief

tha

his hands.

great relief to Rodney, for he wanted to consider what was wisest to do in the face of this unexpected development. "Stephen advantage shifting constantly from one to the (impressed by the seaman's honest face. "It's Laycock is somewhere in London," he said to himself, as he and Tom Pugsley followed other. up!

their conductor below deck. Arrived at Captain Bowers' cabin, bluff but well-meaning individual rigged his guests in some ill-fitting garments of his own, and sent their wet duds to be dried at the cook's galley. Then, spreading cut some food and a bottle of spirits on the chart ta-ble, he urged Rodney to cat and drink. wherry. "It's all right, sir," exclaimed Tom Pugs-

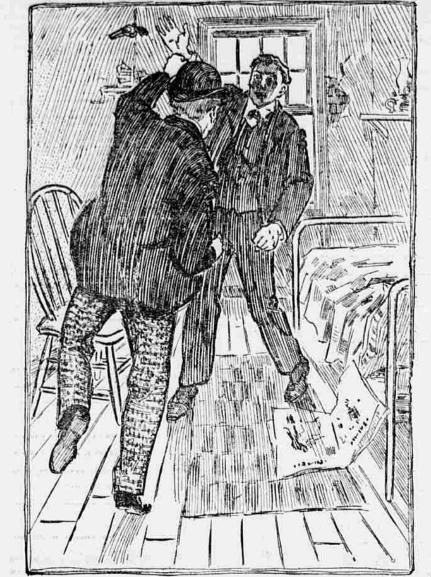
At last a footstep made him look up, and he saw Tom Pugsley, "Are our things dry yet?" he asked, "Not quite, kad," the saller answered. some to 'ave a private word with you.

"Yes; go on "It-it's just this, sir, I sort o' thought when you was speakin' with the captain, that you seemed anxious yourself to find that is other tettooed chap-" "I am anxious," exclaimed Rodney. this

"And 'as 'e wronged you, sir?" "Yes, he robbed my father of a large sum of money-but what do you mean?" "I mean I've got t'other tattooed chap fur you," wis the whispered reply. "Alfred Rodney went far down toward the Thamer mud, but he was a good swimmer, and did not lose his presence of mind or his breath. you," was the whispered reply. "Alfred Dyer is the name 'e goes by, an' 'e's stayin' at my lodgin place yonder in Upper East court. Smithfield."

"Can he be the same?" "Yes, sure. I seen the serpent on 'ls arm, when 'e was washing 'is 'ands, an' didn't know I was about." into an unlit room a few feet away and pulled the door nearly shut. "It's my lodgin," he whispered. "Wait 'ere a bit an' then we'll find a chance to slip out. You were right about the captain,

head, evidently caused by striking the bot-"Think heaven!" exclaimed Rodney, im-



of the tug asping and shaking th hand.

"YOU SNEAKING THIEF!" GASPED RODNEY

Holed Divorce Case. A prominent attorney of Philadelphia has romances pigeon-holed in his desk that in

all probability will never see the light of day. They are romances of real life-their actors being people in Philadelphia, who are seen every day on the street and in private life. By a strange co.ncidence they all sought the same attorney. "I cannot di-vulge the names of my clients," he said to a reporter of the Philadelphia Bulletin, "but et me tell you that those boxes contain There was a sudden commotion down tairs-loud voices, the stamming of a door, and then heavy footsteps clattering upward. stories that would make fiction pals were

to show their contents. "I will allow you a glimpse into one of With an oath Steve threw all his strength into a last desperate effort. He forced his them." he added compassionately, "by re-citing a few outlines. The first is a divorce antagonist over, hurled him against a chair, and broke loose. But Rodney had seized and broken the money-belt, and it remained in case. Nothing startling about that you will say. Well-walt a moment and perhaps you will think differently. The petitioner is a young and beautiful girl, only just turned 18. The respondent is a fair-haired, hand-Just then, as Steve stood to his feet, the door flew open and into the room fairly pitched Captain Jerry Bowers. "I've got you, my runaway chicken!" he cried. some boy, who less than a year ago was graduated from the University of Pennsyl vania. They have been married three years The girl is the daughter of a retired mil "Not yet!" snarled Steve. In a trice he was across the room and through the window, lionaire, who knows nothing whatever of his and a dull crash told that he had landed on the nearby roof of a shed or outbuilding. With a bellow of rage and a brief glance at daughter's marriage. The boy is the only son of a widow, whose slender means just triabled her to give him a college education. The first meeting was at a commencement at the Academy of Music. It was a case of love at first sight, followed by all the costasy of love's young dream, including clandestine meetings at the house of a friend. It could only have one ending. Rodney tucked the precious belt under his jacket and darted into the hall, where he came face to face with Tom Pugsley. The latter, with a gesture of silence, drew him Every day intensified their love, and finally, unable to support their joy alone, a secret marriage was proposed, and the boy and girl became man and wife. She was then 5 and he 19.

"The first year rolled around in one delirium of happiness. The second year found the girl a debutante, sought after str-e must ave 'eard us talkin' on deck." The house was now ringing with noise, and in quick succession five men clattered up the statis. As soon as they had entered Steve's room Tom and Rodney crept out and handsome fellows. The third year found her dissatisfied and distracted with the unalterable conviction that her marriage was a great mistake, and that her husband, who was four years her senior, had taken ad-vantage of her tender years and inexperi-ence. All this time she resided at her down, meeting no person on the way. The door at the front end of the lower hall was unlocked, and by this they gained the street unseen. They turned the first corner and hurried on by devious ways to the Minories. father's palatial dwelling and never did the faintest suspicion enter the old man's mind that his only child was a married woman Here they luckily found a hansom, and dur-ing the rapid ride that followed Rodney de-"After leaving the university the young

husband filled to get employment. His mind leaned more to athletics than either business "I'm certain the money is in the belt," he "I'm certain the model of a good away all or a procession," right. There would have been no end of trouble explaining matters to the police, and it might have kept father from taking out the police, and it might have kept father from taking out the police of spending money. She gave most of it to him; and then, as women will do, she got him; and then, as women will do, she got him; and then as women will do. tired of his inactivity. He loved her to dis-traction. She grew cool. She could not help no mistake. I knew what was up the min-ute I seen Captain Bowers go in the door, it. A complete revulsion of feeling came over her, and she commenced to feel the an' I was afraid 'e'd spoll your trick." It was just twenty-eight minutes past 10 o'clock when the cab rattled into Euston stayoke of matrimony heavy upon her Leck. Then she came to me.

tion, where Captain Barnes was waiting im-patiently. He promptly abandoned h's inten-'I saw that her love was dead. I had lown them both since before they were ion of catching the night express to Livermarried. Their brief honeymoon was spent pool and all three went to a room in a neigh-boring hotel. The belt was found to contain wheath my roof-and she folt that I was he one for her to come to-and, perhaps, exactly £295, and this sum was further reduced by a gift of £5 to Tom Pugsley, when the whole story of the recovl was. She told me that he had never con-tributed a penny toward her support. I laughed, as I knew her circumstances and ry of the money had been told. Rodney's reward was a generous one. He is. She pouted and beat a tattoo on the carpet with her pretty little foot. She mcant

enjoyed the tour through Scotland and on the continent with his cous n, and when he get rid of him. "That night I sent for him. He came to joined his father's ship at Liverpool, nearly my house and we talked until 3 o'clock in the morning. He was beside himself with a month later, he found that Tom Puzsley was the happy owner of a snug berth on the love for her and would not listen to a word City of Moscow. How Stephen Laycock's flight turned out, and whether he fell into the cluthes of Captain Jerry Bowers, Capabout separation. The following afternoon I made a separate appointment for both to be at my house at the same time. This meet-ing was a surprise to both. She said all tain Barnes and his son did not ascertain; nor did they trouble themselves much about the matter. But Rodney has conceived a deep aversion for the tatlooed serpent on his arm-in spite of the service it did him-and she could say to kill his love and demanded a divorce on the ground of non-support. She shed bitter tears, upbraided him for taking advantage of her youthful innocence and finally begged him in the name of her unthough the relation of the product of the second he is still seeking in vain for a recipe war-ranted to remove india ink prickings from dead mother to release her or she would kill herself.

"I did not think she meant it for a mo Every seeson brings a new crop of cough ment; I am too old a lawyer. But it was different with the young husband. He trembled like a leaf, burst into tears and remedies, but they cannot compete with that told her she was free to obtain the divorce at once. He would never contest it. The How the Actor Induced the Hotel world chould never know they had been married. He left for South America about a The advance agent of a dramatic commonth ago forever-so he said, at parting The girlpany, if he wishes to be kind to those who

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now chart. Flitchir. on every bear the fac-simile signature of Chart. Flitchir. wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, that H. Thitcher, wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President. Aund Pitches Mr. D.

March 8, 1897. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK OFT.



The Misses Bell have placed the price of their wonderful Complexion Tonic at \$1.00 per bottle, which is sufficient to clear the ordinary skin. The Misses Bell expect to sell thousands of bottles from this announcement, and, in order to satisfy the most skeptical that their Complexion Tonic is exactly as they represent it and that they have absolute confidence

in its wonderful merit, they will send it to you safely packed in plain wrap-

One Bottle Costs You Nothing

if the effect is not exactly as claimed, so that you take no risk in sending

clear a poor complexion and beautify a good one. It is indeed a boon to

hygiene in the strictest confidence, and satisfactory advice will be given

promptly without charge. An interesting pamphlet will be sent upon re-

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CESSFULLY." 'TIS VERY EASY TO

CLEAN HOUSE WITH

The price, \$1.00, places it within the reach of all. It will absolutely

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per, free from observation of the curious, so that

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for this wonderful complexion purifier.

Its use is so simple that a child can follow directions and get the best result.

Unpublished Details from a Pigcon-

'I only wish I could run across Steve, Rodney said to himself, as a tide of wheeled traffic checked film under the statue of old King William. He suddenly made a grab at



DESPERATELY THEY STRUGGLING CAME TO THE TOP AGAIN.

his shirt sleeve and hitched it up to the elbow. On the fleshy art of his arm, sev-eral inches above the wrist, a colled serpenwas admirably tattooed in half a dozen brillient colors. He looked at it with angey eyes, remembering how and when it came there. Two years ago, while crossing the Atlantic for the first time with his father, he and Stephen Laycock had been fairly chummy. An old sailor, a friend of Steve's had, with more zeal than discretion, pricked the same snaky design on an arm of each lad. There had been a row, of course, and Captain Barnes had been very acgry. It was not pleasant now for Rodney to feel that and that contemptiole thief were branded alike for life.

For two hours the lad lingered amid the For two hours the lad lingered amid the memories and sights of the historic old I'm sorry, youngster, an' yet the mistake tower. Then, circling around by way of Tower hill and the mint, he came, toward C o'clock, to the water stairs beneath the

Tower bridge. "Want a bit of a ride, sir?"

The voice had a heacty and honest ring, a perso and it belonged to the occupant of a wherry yours?" that had just grated alongside the lower Rod step-a thickset, youngish man, with deeply bronzel face and clad in blue trousers and ously. worn shirt of the same cold

you like."

Rodney hesitated an instant. Then remembering that he had some time to spare, and tempted by his love of the water, he stepped into the wherry and took the stern

unned him. No immediate help was at and, and he was in peril of drowning. Rodney knew the fearful risk of trying

i board.

ected

Lapwing

coundrel up!

Rodney.

purple.

aptain

PART IL

as though he had been a hot potato, broke into loud shouts and jeers.

"It's the wrong party!" declared one. "I thought he looked k.nd of queer. "Ay, so

aid a man in such a condition, but he plucky to hesitate for an instant. At cnce he swam up behind Pugsley, and ook a tight hold of his collar. The half unconscious sailor twisted around, seized "I'm sure Steve has the lad by the hair, and both sank beneath the tide. said, "but he may have hidden it, and if that's the case it won't do any good to

Struggling desperately, they came to the op again. Rodney grimly holding his breath, of his getting off scot and now unable to break loose had he wished, that to gain my end." Once more he was dragged down, and he gave himself up for lost; thoughts of parents and home flashed across his wide-awake m nd. then he saw light, and gulped a mouthful

of air .- The tug was alongside of him, and felt strong arms grasp him and pull him

In a moment the brave lad was all right nd able to thank his rescuers. The struggle ad drawn his shirt elceve far up, and the Smithfiel L attooed serpent on his elbow was expos o plain view. Tom Pugsley was in much shape than might have been ex-

"God bless you, young gentleman!" he whispered faintly, leaning toward Rodney. "I shan't furget 'ow you saved my life-that blow sort of stunned me. Put us ashore at Wapping stairs, if you don't mond, sir," e added to the captain of the tug. The captain nodded assent, and gave or-

ders to put on steam. Just then the tug drifted close under the bows of a rakishooking cargo steamer, on which the name companied by a keen glance. wing" was painted in huge letters of Over the rall leant some of the crew, and between these suddenly crowded a red-

faced, sandy-bearded man. One downward glance he cast at the tug and its occupants. around the corner to the left. "That way, next floor back." and then yelled excitedly: "Hold on there below! Stop and make fast! Do you hear? I want that lad-there's a gloomy hill. He ascended a flight

a warrant out fur him! Heave the young narrow, uncarpeted stairs to an upper hall, which was in darkness save for a thin up-right bar of light a few yards straight ahead. To this the lad advanced cautiously, and pushing a partly open door back on its hinges, he boldly entered. The room was smill and dingy, lighted

"is that so?" demanded the captain. "Of course it is," was the reply, "else why should I say it?" "I never saw the fellow before," exclaimed

odney. "It's a mistake, sir." "Take him," the captain said, curtly, "and pale. "Rodney Barnes!" he exclaimed hoarsely settle the row between you. It's none of my business. Look sharp above! I'm going to give you both the half-drowned rats." and with a ghastly attempt at a smile.

"That's just who it is." replied Rodney, Tom Pugsley went first, and no sooner had Rodney's feet touched the deck than the sailors who were holding him dropped him

don't know anything about it." "Don't deny it," said Rodney. 'lt's use. I'm not going to waste time in words it is; here's a running go!" cried another. "Hush your noise!" thundered Captain Jerry Bowers. Striding into the group he You nearly ruined my father, and you've got the money right there in that belt. Hand

peered first at Rodney's face, and then at the tattooed reptile on his bared elbow. His jaw-dropped, and his features turned from red to "Who told you-" "Never mind! I want the money withpurple. "Ay, ay," he muttered. "Why, bless me, if you aln't a different chap altoout any fuss. And it will be for your own

was no more than natural, lad, about that I'll go. What proof have you that I stole any money?"

"No, I have no brother." "A pal, then? Come, did you ever know a person with a sarpent on his arm like ewered quietly; "I don't need proof. Look

"Hullo? I didn't see you land." exclaimed Rodney. "Yes, I wouldn't mind a little ride. How much farther down are you going?" "Only to Wapping, sir. Come along if you like." "You heard me." Rodney, replied. "I sold couple of years ago." he finally said. "The other chap was a steward on the ship I crossed in."

"Name of Carson?" eagerly demanded the 'No-Laycock."

"Was he about 20 years old, slim and eandy-haired, with grayish eyes?"

seal. "Thank you kindly, sir," caid the man as the lad gave him sixpence. "I suppose you are a waterman, and this is your boat," said Rodney. "The mai shook his hoad, "Tm only a poor devil of a sailor in 'acd luck," he re-plied. "If the wherry was mine I'd manago to make a livk:" out of it, as sure as iny mame's Tom Pugsley." "Tm sorry for you," said Rodney, who was

follow in his wake, relates the New York With difficulty he repressed his ex-Telegram, sends from each city or town citement and after asking several other leading questions, and thinking earnestly back to the company a list of the hotels. for a short time, he submitted to his com-ponion the plan that seemed most promisprices and other information, so that when the "players have come" thither they can ing of success. First, however, he told him select "I'm sure Steve has the money yet."

arrest him on either charge. I hate the ide of his getting off scot free, but I'll agree to "Exactly, lad," assented Tom. "So we'll go to this place as soon as we

get on shore," Rodney continued. PART III. They turned from the river up Night-ingale lane, between the high, dingy walls

gro t dock warehouses, and five minutes rapid walking brought them to Upper East 'That's the place," whispered Tom, point

ing to a sign on which could be read: "Lodging for seamen and emigrants." "All right," replied Rodney. "Here goes! Don't walt more than a minute or two." With a fast be ting heart he crossed the

street, and pulling his collar up and his hat down a little he slouched carelessly into a building that looked incapable of sheltering the possessor of anything like £300.

Rodney "I'd like to see Alfred Dyer." said to the grimy youth in attendance. "You know him, ch?" was the reply, ac

'Yes; he's on old friend.' "The chap's in," said the grimy youth, apparently satisfied. Ide flourished his greasy knife and pointed to an open door

Rodney followed directions and reached

"I say, hold on there!" came angrily from the cargo steamer. "Don't you be taking that chap away, or I'll give you trouble. by a cheap oil lamp on a shelf, and with a small open window at the rear. And on a low bed, reading a flashily illustrated p.per. Ho's a deserter from my vessel, an' I want

sat Stephen Laycock. He glanced up, and when he saw his visitor the paper fell from his hands and his bronzed checks turned

ain't really you?'

pushing the door shut and stepping nearer, "and you know what I want. Give me the money you stole from father's cabin." "I haven't got it." muttered Steve. "I

it over, Steve. You shan't get away with it to the cape as you'ce planning to do."

good to give it up..." "What's in this belt is mine," Steve in-terrupted angrily. "Bluff won't work, my file chap, and if I chooose to go to the cape,

Might you

Look

dow. Here he halted, but said nothing. His bands were clenched and there was a hard,

bands were clenched and there was a hard, menacing look on his face. "Huery up," continued Rodney, who was keenly on his guard. "You understand the fix you're in—there are no two ways about it. Til only wait a minute longer, and then I'll shout for help." "Will you?" muttered Steve. Swiftly his right hard stioned brhind him, and as

an abiding place advisedly. times, which is the safer way, the agent gets the clerks of the several hotels them-selved to write out a schedule of prices, etc., and then the hotel cannot go back on its In a very fashionable watering place (it ummer time) recently the big Never Again company were to appear for "one night only" (quite a lorg enough engagement for the strongest attraction), and there all the

the human skin.

grand, old Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

A MATTER OF PUNCTUATION

Clerk to Set 'Em Tp.

very "swell" hotels are closed in the winter. The best caravansary open in the cold weather is very near the opera house—is, in fact, owned by the owner of the play house. You cannot get a hetter idea of this hotel than from this aragraph, taken from what the clerk wrote. and which was sent back to the Never Again omporty, and was duly posted in the prompt entracice of the theater in which the com pany was then playing. It read as follows, omitting the hotel's name:

- Hotel. Ratee-Single, \$2.50 per day louble, \$2; one room only with bath, \$3.50 Notice the sixth word from the end of the paragraph, for it was an important

in what followed.

which we will call Oldport, more for the fun of it than anything else-Fritz Williams took a cab and hurried to this hotel and claimed the room with the bath, which was duly assigned to him. The company remained in town just one meal short of a whole day, and when Fritz went to pay his bill he was told that he owed \$3-50 eccits being deducted from a full day's charge on account of the meal not being taken. Fritz paid it, and then brought out from his pocket the "hotel call," as it is termed professionally, which document he had obtained from A. L. Levering, the company's manager, who, by the way, was in the scheme, and knew what Mr. Williams was up to, and,

moreover, was standing at his side to give young player "moral support," so to the epeak "Is this your writing?" asked Fritz of the

clerk, showing the notice from the hotel.

The clerk took it and looked at it and replied

"Yes, that's mine." "Well, you're going to stand by what

you've written there, aren't you?" said Fritz severely—that is, severely for a little man. "Why, certainly!" replied the astonished lerk "Then I'll take the \$3.50 now, if you please," said Mr. Williams.

"What \$3.50?" ejaculated the clerk, with wide open eyes. "I don't quite understand

"Don't understand? Didn't you write this? Isn't it as plain as day? Read it, man! Read it!"

'Why, I have-but what has that to do with \$3.50." "Don't you say there 'One room only with

tath, \$3.50 for the cre who gets it,' and didn't I get it? Why, I think I'm letting you off cheap when I remember the size of that bath tub. It was just big enough to get one

The clerk interrupted, coto voice, "De pends on the size of the foot." but really was so nonplussed for a moment that he opened the money drawer and took out a \$2 bill and a \$1 bill, and a 50-cent place, and yours?" Rodney hesitated a moment, observing that Tom Pugsley was gazing at him curi-ously. The mystery was growing clear to him, and he was uncertain how to answer. "Two of us had the screent priced on a swer." pay their bills, and had overheard the dialogue, burst out into a tumult of laughter, and the clerk came to his senses, blushed and said

"Well! I guess we'll make it a 'small cold bot,' instead of the \$3.50, eh, Mr. Williams?

"No! No!" replied Fritz, laugh's g heart-

Just at that moment a beautiful, dashing I girl entered the lawyer's office, attired in the most costly raiment. Her large brown アクタイ eyes desced with the light of health, her cheeks were like roses as she sat hersel down in a large arm chair in the office with such a delightful air of freedom that the Some-Bullet's reporter simply stared with admiration

"That is the girl," said the lawyer in his ear, as he led the reporter into the next "It is very sad, isn't it?" But the office. reporter had not time to ask for whom b door clozed and the lawyer and his th fair client were left in deep consultation.

We are anxious to do a littre good in this world and can think of no pleasanter or better way to do it than by commending One Minute Cough Cure as a preventative of pneu monia, consumption and other serious lung troubles that follow neglected colds. Confirms Land Grants.

SANTA FE, N. M., Feb. 16.- The United States court of private land claims has con firmed the Jaramillo grant, a small tract within the Lob.to claim, on the Chaima river in Rio Arrina county. The Rio Te suque Pueblo Indian claim for valuable lands in Tesuque valley, nine miles north of Santa Fe, was confirmed.

Arnold's Bromo Cetery cures headaches, 10c, 25c and 50c. All druggists.

SAPOLIO

The Medicine of All Others.

UNA, Davidson Co., Tenn., Sept. 16th, 1897. I enclose the names of some afflicted women. Please write them about Wine of Cardui. I want them all to get the medicine. It has done a great deal for me. I suffered from both falling of the womb and painful menstruation. I think I will never be without Wine of Cardui in my house again. It is the medicine of all others for weakly women.

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MRS. W. K. NICHOLSON.

There are thousands of American women who feel just as Mrs. Nicholson does about Wine of Cardui. They know it is the medicine of all others for weak and suffering women. There is a good reason for the unparalleled success of Wine of Cardui. Nine-tenths of the sickness of the average woman comes primarily from some derangement or weakness in hcr delicate menstrual and genital organs. A little trouble there affects her whole system. Wine of Cardui acts directly upon these afflicted organs. It makes them strong and



healthy. They do their work painlessly. Then a woman is soon well all over. Often a few doses of this wonderful medicine show that happy result.

A Large Bottle of It Only Costs \$1.00 at Your Drug Store.

