her, and he hugged her so tightly around

he neck, that it was as much as she could

o to climb down without falling. The little fellow was well dressed, but he was bare-

nungry. He tried to make Sweetest Susan

at some, too, and once or twice he smiled

when she pretended to be eating ravenously.

eyes fixed on Mr. Ransom, and clung more

ightly to Sweetest Susan whenever he

Sweetest Susan found it impossible to ge

her hand tightly clasped in his tiny fists.

aught the man looking at him.



CHAPTER III.

A Strange Wagoner. the village, a few miles away, and when Buster John and Sweetest Susan clambered on Aunt Minervy Ann's ox cart shouted to their grandfather, the White Haired Master, that they were going to town and didn't know when they were to return. But it so happened that they were to return very soon, for they hadn't gone very far before they met a covered wagon drawn by two large, fat mules. The driver was a white man with a very red face and eyes as small and as restless as a

When he saw Aunt Minervy Ans form. When he saw Aunt Minervy Ans the sent expectantly, with and the children he began to sing, but, in face that was half a scowl. spite of the singing, which grew louder as he came nearer, Buster John and Sweetest Susan thought they heard a child crying and sobbing when the two vehicles passed each other. Aunt Minervy Ann was sure she heard it, and she declared that there was something wrong about the man; she could tell by his peculiar appearance.

So she advised the children to jump down and follow the wagon as far as their gate if no farther. They might find out something and be able to do somebody a good Sweetest Susan didn't see the necessity of this, but Buster John was keen for anything that seemed to promise an adventure. He jumped from the cart and ran back after the wagon, while Sweetess Susan followed more leisurely. She forlowed fast enough, however, to catch up with the covered wagon, which was no going very rapidly. The wagon was the kind used by the North Carolina tobacco peddlers. The cover was higher at the ends than in the middle. The pole stuck out behind, and a water bucket was fastened to it. A trough for feeding the mules was swinging across the rear, and this with the jutting pole enabled Buster John to elimb up and peer into the wagon. At first he saw nothing but a lot of bad clothes piled up on some bundles of fodder; but presently be heard sobbing again, and looking closer, he saw a little child lying on its face in an attitude of despair.

At first Buster John thought of crawling into the wagon and asking the child what alled it, but the man who was driving was in plain view, and, though Buster John wa hold enough for a small boy, he was caution too? The child seemed to be not more turn 3 or 4 years old, and as it had on a freely Buster John couldn't tell whether it was boy or a girl. While he was considering what to do the child raised its head, saw him and wailed: "O, p'ease tate me ou er here!" Buster John fell rather than Murderin', riot, bloodshed, burnin', rippin', jumped down, for he was afraid the man rarin', roarin', snortin'. You know what?" would see him. Presently the face of the child appeared at the back part of the "Well, down you way they're tarin' up the the man; she was sure there was something wagon. At first it seemed that the little railroad tracks while the brass ban' plays, wrong. creature was preparing to jump out, but either fear overcame it, or the driver reached 'em 'roun' the fire a time or two, an' then Master, "but we are not sure about it, and back and cut it with his whip, for it fell I picked up this waggin and mules and we might make bad matters worse. There's back with a loud wail of agony, a wall that sounded like the cry of some wild animal. Sweetest Susan was ready to cry, her sym-

velled at the man; "What's the matter with your baby?" "Hey?" responded the man, "Want a ride? Of course you can ride, climb up. I ain't got time to stop.

'I said what's the matter with the baby at the top of his voice.

"In the waggin? O, yes! Well, get in." "Don't you do it, brother," said Sweetest "He heard what you said."

The man looked at them with twinkling to put its head out. Its little face was diseyes. "O, both want a ride. Well, get in- torted with fear or despair.

way; he was very close to home now-in I'm his big 'itty man; my nunky tall fact, he could see the tail form of his grand- me Bill Bistit. O, pease lift me father standing on the knoll above the outer here. Me wanter see my spring, watching the covered wagon with daddy an' mammy!" The child had



THE CHILD ATE HIS SUPPER SITTING ON SWEETEST SUSAN'S LAP.

since one had come along that road going in that direction. So Buster John grew very bold indeed. He went close to the front wheel of the wagon, close to the beels of

"You know what I said. I asked you what was the matter with the baby in the The man seemed to rouse himself. "Baby

the waggin! Why, they ain't no baby in there; it's a cat I picked up on the way, She's a mouser. We need mousers where

ahead, called his grandfather and asked him aspecially as the man paused every now to go and see about the baby in the wagon, and then to talk to himself. "Yes, that's telling him hurriedly how queerly the man

But the White-Haired Master shook his

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they were sure something was wrong. Even wagon, but her curiosity compelled her to Aunt Minervy Ann had said so. Buster John keep sharp eyes on the man, who wen began to pout, and Sweetest Susan was ready nervously about his business, and very father, her eyes swimming in tears.

Master inquired. dream about it all night."

marked the grandfather soothingly.

By this time the wagon had come up. The driver bowed politely and would have gone venture of she might bring the little one on, but the White-Haired Master motioned some supper mink's. He had sandy hair, mixed with him to stop. This he did, but with no good gray, and he were a faded gray uni- grace. He pulled up his mules, and sat on the sent expectantly, with a grin in his

> "You come from Milledgeville way?" children's grandfather inquired. "Who told you?" the man asked quickly;

them children there?" "No," said the White-Haired Master, frowning a little. "I was simply inquiring." The man laughed. "Well, I come from

being confined to low whispers. Sweetes The children were in despair at this for Susan's solicitude was for the child in the

But for the most part the child kept his "What is it, Sweetest?" the White-Haired | warded, for, as she leaned against the frame of the wagon, the child on the inside reached "That poor little baby," she said, con- its soft little hands out and patted her trolling herself the best she could; "Til gently on the arm. To Sweetest Susan this was more than a caress, and she seized the "Well, don't cry; we'll see about it," re- small hand and held it against her check for a moment. Then she made bold to ask the man-she called him Mr. Ransom at a to take him-he seemed really to go into and finally, in order to induce him to get

"Who told you my name?" the man asked with suspicion in his eyes. "I heard you call yourself Roby Ransom," replied Sweetest Susan very politely

'Well, you heard right for once," he said. 'Supper for the young-un? Tooby shore, fetch it. I didn't allow I'd take in board ers when I started, an' I ain't got any too much vittles for myself."

So Sweetest Susan and Drusilla went to the house to arrange for bringing the child some supper, while Buster John lagged be-"What news?" asked the White-Haired hind and watched the man till the belt Meanwhile the grandfather had

in the wagon, and that lady was in quite

"There may be," said the White-Haired

we find out something about him "

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR

"What you say is very true," remarked

you think it is. Still there is no reason

As the lady was convinced against her

she saw and all she thought. But there

the lady set about fixing supper for the un-

waited impatiently for Drusilla to finish

hers, so they could all go together. Sweet

est Susan' insisted on carrying the plate

BABY ""

child, what could you do with him?"

why we should be hasty and unjust.

old gentleman.



THEN HE GOT OUT HIS FRYING PAN AND PROCEEDED TO KINDLE A FIRE. "Lots an' lots; I couldn't tell you in a ! told his daughter (the mother of Buster

week. The wide world is turned end up'ards. John and Sweetest Susan) about the child The man closed his restless, roving eyes. going down and taking the child away from I ketched 'em a dein' of it, an' I danced wi'

come on 'bout my business. The man wagged his head up and down, that much is certain; but the child may be pathies were so keen, but Buster John was his glances, and giggled in a very excited would be wrong to interfere with him; I've , "Mistress, dev ain't no wogon dar!" He ran to the front of the wagon manner. The children's grandfather tried to thought it all over." the man's strange "If you'll take my advice," remarked his actions; tried to duplice e them in his mem-

ory, but failed. Then he asked: What have you in your wagon?" Well, fust an' last. I've got some few ed cloze and some few ruffage for the the haby in the wagen" cried Buster John mules, an' then-well, yes, there's a cat I picked up, a reg'lar mouser. She growls, in the country at this time," the lady in- Sweetest Susan and Drusilla had disapbut there ain't nothin' the matter wi' 'er. In response to this statement the wagor cover was lifted high enough for the child

"Me ain't no tat!" she cried; "my mammy Buster John was not to be put down that say I'm her 'itty bitsy haby; my daddy say curious eyes, for it had been a long day cried and screamed so much that its voice had a harsh and unnatural sound. pierced the tender heart of the White-Haired

Master like a knife and roused him to a fury of indignation. "Is that what you call a cat, you trifling ecoundrel?" he cried. He passed through the gate and was now close to the man, "That's what," answered the man with a

chuckle "He'll bite, an' he'll scratch, an' he'll growl. He also calls himself Billy Biscuit, but do he look like a biscuit? You wouldn't want me to call him a chicken, would you?"

He stuck out his tongue as he said this and looked about as foolish as it is possible for a grown man to look, and grandfather's indignation changed to a feeling of amazement and disgust.

"Is the child yours?" he asked. "Why, whose should he be, mister You'd be errytated of you wux a youngster an' had to ride all day in a kivered waggin: now wouldn't you?"

The observation was a just one, consider ng the source; and though it lacked feelng and sympathy, the White-Haired Master ould make no reply. "This is a likely place to camp-in the

by the spring," the man remarked. "If I thought I mought be so bold as to ax you-"You may," said the White-Haired Mas-"Drive in the gate here and unhitch under the trees yonder. There's fire under the washpot. You'll find plenty of wood to start it up, but be careful about it; don't

urn any of the fencing." The man drove in as directed, turned his still, and that opinion became a conviction wagon round, the tongue pointing to the when Sweetest Susan arrived and told ali gate, unhitched his mules, watered them without taking the harness off, and then was nothing to be done but to give the child gave them two bundles of fodder apiece to munch on. Then he got out his frying-pan, his skillet and his coffee pot and finally proceeded to kindle a fire.

Buster John and Sweetest Susan watched Buster John more indignant than ever ran all these proceedings with great interest, he declared over and over again; Roby Ransom, corridor 1, room 9.

He paid no attention to Buster John and weetest Susan, nor to Drusilla, who joined them as the wagon drove in the gate, and ne seemed to have forgotten the child in the wagon. But Sweetest Susan had not forgotten it. She stood by the wagon and saw the little one looking at the man with

The whole affair was very interesting the children. The big trees had been favorite resort for campers in old times. and the youngsters vaguely remembered seeing strange men sitting around the five rying bacon that sent forth a very savory odor, but of late years there had been no campers there. The campers and wagoners. like most of the able-bodied men, had been camping out under the tents of the army r sleeping, as Johnny Bapter put it, "un der the naked canopies." Therefore this mysterious man was the first camper who had kindled a fire in the spring lot since Buster John, Sweetest Susan and Drusilla had been of an age to appreciate the cir-

Consequently they watched him closely.

ooted, and his feet were very cold. "Where are his shoes?" asked Sweetest usan, indignantly. "He must 'er pulled 'em off and flung 'em way. O, he's a livin' terror, he is. Don't you let him fool you." The child ate his supper, sitting in Sweetst Susan's lap, and he seemed to be very

to cry. She looked appealingly at her grand- awkwardly, too, as even the children could Sweetest Susan's solicitude was re-

hild and set it to whimpering. Everything was very still; even the frogs called to one another drowsity. The mules had cleaned up their ration of fodder and were now dozing. Under these circumstances it was not long before Sweetest Susan was as sound asteep as Drusilla, and, apparently the child was asleep, too. Ransom in due course arose from the fire where he had been slitting, went to the rear of the wagen and looked in, and then

stood listening intently. Nothing was to be heard but the regular heavy breathing of three sound sleepers. He went to the spring, got some water, and carefully put out the fire. At no time had it been a very large one. Then stealthily, almost noiselessly, he put the mules to the wagon, drove out at the gate and into the public plied Clara. "I'm playing they are chickroad. Once Sweetest Susan dreamed that ens. she was going to town in the wagon with Johnny Bapter; but that must have been when the wagon was going down the long steep hill that led to the Crooked creek. herself from thoughts of her husband who

was in the army and remembered that it was long past the time for Swetest Susan to be in bed. She called to Jemimy, Drusilla's mother, who was nodding by the fire in the dining room. "Jemimy, go to the spring where the wagoner is camping and tell Sweetest Susa:

a fume about it. At first she insisted on them with you. "Jemimy went to the spring, but saw no wagon nor any signs of one, the fire being She heard Johnny Bapter singing year the lot; she called him and asked him about the wagen.

and Drusilla to come straight to the house,

they should have been here long ago. Bring

dunno whar 'tis.' plainly something wrong about the man. Jemimy ran back to the house, nearly and rolled it from side to side, and shifted his, and it may be badly spoiled. No. it frightened to death. Her report was

"Merciful beavens!" screamed the lady told father to have the man tied an daughter, "you'll make the negroes tie the locked in the corn crib, and now he has man and lock him in the corn crib until stolen my child! O, what shall I do?" The White-Haired Master came forth was a man of action, and in five minutes "Well, I don't think there is much law the whole plantation was aroused. But Strong-lunged negroes called peared. them, but they made no answer. were several miles away and fast asleep. (End Part III.)

ANIMALS CAN COUNT.

Horses Carry Off the Palm as Expert Calculators.

The celebrated ornithologist, Anderson, after many experiments on parrots, holds that they can count up to four. A Russlan physician, Dr. Timofieff, extended Anderon's experiments to birds, dogs, cats and horses. He concludes that crows can count up to ten, dogs to twenty-four, cats only six, but horses carry off the palm as calculators.

In a village of the government of Pokow Dr. Timefieff studied a horse belonging to peasant and found that the horse always stopped at the end of his twentieth furrow. It did not stop when tired, but only after every twenty furrows. He was so exact clamp to grip the rail when pressure is apabout this that his master reckoned the plied on the lever. number of furrows that he had made by the number of times that the horse halted. of the door is cushioned normally to separate The animal counted for the man. In another village Dr. Timofieff saw a horse that calculated the versts (Russian miles) by the number of pests on the road, and the time by the striking of the clock. One day this by the striking of the clock. One day this sembling marble, the components of the obysician was going to Valdai, when at the substance being glue, water, ammonia, twenty-second verst one of the horses glycerine, alum and plaster of paris. hitched to the troika (a three-horsed car-riage) stopped suddenly. The driver got phases of the moon a Maine woman har lown from his seat, gave some provender patented a tellurian, with a lamp attached to the horse and drave on. This horse had to represent the sun, the earth and moon been trained by its master when very young revolving around it on horizontal arms. to get food at every twenty-five versts. sisted. "If we knew he had stolen the There can be no doubt that the horse kept ount by the posts along the road. He had made a mistake this time of three versts. but it was not his fault. Along the road the White-Haired Master, "truer even than there were three other posts besides the

will, she remained of the same opinion lock rang at noon. Dr. Timofieff himself clothes. aw the horse prick up his ears and listen. but drop his head dissatisfied when less than twelve strokes sounded. On the contant welve strokes sounded. On the contant welve strokes assumed. On the contant welve strokes assumed all kinds of satisfactors he manifested all kinds of satisfactors. one full meal if it got no more, and se cary, he manifested all kinds of satisfacion when he heard the twelfth stroke of fortunate. She piled a plate high with he bell neighing for his provender. discuits and ham and chicken, and when orses can count is it not also possible that the children were through supper they ther animals can count as well? "

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

When they arrived at the camper's fire raining gently and little 4-year-old Margie and release the shade.

they found the man eating supper by him- | was somehow reminded of the fireflies she had seen the summer before. "Oh, mamma "Where's the baby" asked Sweetest she questioned eagerly, "isn't it most time for the hopper shines to come!

"In the waggin," replied the man curtly. couldn't let me tech him. Git him out it juvenile class, "who can tell me what the dark ages of the world were? "I can, sir," answered a little fellow at The child needed no coaxing when Sweetst Susan called him. He crawled to the the foot of the class. 'Very well; what were they'' asked the ront of the wagon and held out his arm

teacher. "The ages before spectacles were invented," was the triumphant reply.

Mrs. Wurre-Dear me! I wish Mary Ann vould learn to make a broom last at least a week. I can't get her to sweep without Little Willie-Is that why paw called her a little witch yesterday?

Clara, aged 5, was playing with her dollies 'Now you lay here," she said to one, and to another, "you lay over there.

"Why, Clara," said her mother, "you know "That's where your wrong, mamma," re



HE WENT TO THE REAR OF THE WAGON AND LOOKED IN AND THEN

The children of the public schools, relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer, were given a half holiday as a mark of respect to An hour after the wagon had disappeared the late ex-Superintendent Day, and the Mrs. Wyche, the children's mother aroused same privilege was accorded them the day of the funeral of ex-Superintendent Rickoff. A few days ago a bright youngster in on of the East End schools put up his hand to attract the teacher's attention.

His fingers trembled and his eyes snapped He was very much in earnest, The teacher saw his signal.

"Well, Georgie?" she asked. "Please, ma'am," he stammered, "when is Sup'enten'ent Jones goin' to die-we wants another hollerday!

The teacher of a school in the rural districts assigned each pupil the task of writing an original story. On the day when the stories were read a bright little towhead arose and started in

as fellows: "On the green slope of a mountain stood a first-class Jersey cow with three legs." "That won't do, Johnnie," interrupted the

eacher. "You are one leg short." "No, I ain't." replied the future author. that a railroad train cut off one leg, and the owner of the cow got \$3,000 damages. an' moved his whole family to Paris in time "That would hardly be legal," said the from the library with a troubled face. He fer the exposition, where the girls will be married to rich Frenchmen and die happy ever afterward."

> Discovered by a Woman. Another great discovery has been made and that, too, by a lady in this country 'Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three and death seemed imminent. months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night, and with two bottles has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamniek & Co. of Shelby, N. C. Tria bottles free at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store Trial

> > SOME LATE INVENTIONS.

In an improved car starter the lever is pivoted on a horizontal pin suspended in two hinged members, the latter forming a

In a new burglar alarm the floor in front metallic contact points, the latter closing a circuit when a person enters the room, lighting a lamp and ringing a bell. A company has been formed in Illinois for the manufacture of an artificial stone

Doctors will appreciate a new medicine case having hinged partitions with spring clamps for the bottles, the ends of the case dropping into a horizontal position and ex-

posing paper tablets for writing prescrip-

tions. here were three other posts besides the A newly designed canopy support for beds elegraph posts, which looked very much is attached to the headboard by brackets like them. Hense the error of three versts, and is made of stiff wire, suspending the This same horse was accustomed to get weight of the canopy from one end of the his food in a stable near which the town bed and leaving the foot for the removal of

of the shaft to engage the flywheel of the machine, an ordinary fan being fastened to If the top of the shaft.

Lamp shades can be easily removed from a new bracket, having a channel formed around its outer edge for the reception of a wire ring, the latter bending over the flange of the shade at intervals, with slots One warm evening in the spring it was formed in the channel to pull the wire in

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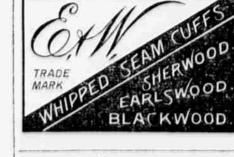
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