by Joel Chandler Harris

(Copyright, 1899, by Joel Chandler Harris.)

PART X.

Hodo Gets His Blood Up.

Old Scar-Face would have had quite a shivery feeling if he had known that the wailing cry he heard was the voice of Mr. Collingsworth's Music, telling the rest of the hounds that she had discovered the drag of a fox. Although Joe Maxwell, with Buster John behind him, and Hodo trotting in a dignified way at his horse's heels, had gone directly into the public road by way of the gate near the spring, the rest of the huntsmen, led by the White-Haired Master, went through the ginhouse lot. The dogs, delighted to be free once more, and enthusiastic over the prospect of a chase, went galloping about the place, nosing in every corner; not because they expected to find the scent of a fox thereabouts, but because it is their nature.

It fell to the lot of Music to pass near the spot where Old Scar-Face had caught the hen the night before. A few feathers were lying scattered about. These Music investigated, and immediately her nose made an important discovery. A fox had passed that way! Whereupon she lifted up her voice to warn the whole pack. Some responded, while others thought it was a piece of folly, and went trotting along about their business. But Music persisted.

Mr. Collingsworth stopped his horse and listened. "That's a fox as sure as the world," said he.

'Pooh!" cried Mr. Dennis contemptuously; "You've been training your dogs with a cat skin. Call the silly creature off, or you will have all the dogs going at full cry after a neighborhood tomcat."

Just then Mr. Dennis' Ruth put in: "What did I tell you?" he insisted. "If there's a fox within a radius of five miles this chase of a tomcat will scare him out of the country."

"Wait!" said Mr. Kilpatrick; "I hear Whalebone trying to whimper, and I know mighty well he's not interested in cats."

The rain had taken a good deal of the snap out of the drag. Joe Maxwell explained to Buster John afterwards but the hounds knew their business. They flung themselves about trying to hit upon a fresher scent, but finally worked back to the ginhouse, from the ginhouse to the road, and along the road to the bars. They worked very quietly. Music's warning wails had not been repeated, but she, as well as the rest, knuckled down to business, working with occasional whines and half-barks.

Joe Maxwell and Buster John had already arrived at the bars that opened into the sedge field. When Hodo saw that all the rest of the hounds were coming in his direction he lost his dignity so far as to examine the ground near the bars.

"If that fox was fool enough to go down to the barn during the night he's fool enough to stay in this field until he heard Music bark awhile ago. If that's so, he'll never run ahead of the dogs any more." This was Joe Maxwell's conclusion.

Old Fountain, somewhat belated (for his going had not been decided on till the last moment), came galloping up, riding a mule, dismounted and flung down the bars. Somehow, it seemed to Buster John that flinging down the bars had brought daylight; for, as the last one fell, he looked about him, and everything was plainly visible. He could see the rest of the hunters coming along the lane that led from the ginhouse lot, and he could see Hodo cantering rapidly toward the pine thicket, where he had seen Old Scar-Face.

"When he's up, where does he run?" Joe Maxwell asked Fountain.

"Straight to'rds de p'int er woods 'cross yander, an' den he b'ars ter de lef', allers ter de lef'."

At this instant Hodo gave a fierce challenge, to which Joe Maxwell responded with

OLD FOUNTAIN RIDING A MULE.

a cheerful halloo that brought all the dogs into the field with their heads up. The clouds had now blown away from the east, and the level beams of the rising sun fell upon the tops of the pines.

"Name er de Lord! Look at dat dog!" exclaimed Old Fountain. Hodo had issued from the clump of pines and was now leaping in the air above the level of the sedge and running wildly about. The rest of the dogs were even more excited. They ran around, giving tongue and acting as if the fox were right under their noses. But Hodo suddenly ceased his antics, challenged twice, and was away, followed by the whole pack, their voices rhyming and chiming in the crisp morning air. Involuntarily, Buster John squeezed Joe Maxwell as hard as he could. He was deliriously happy.

He felt a pang, however, when he saw the rest of the hunters galloping helter-skelter after the dogs, while he and Joe Maxwell were ambling along in a direction that seemed gradually to lead away from them. Butterfly, however, was running toward a hill in which the sedge field culminated, and from this point a wide expanse of country lay under the eye.

Joe Maxwell looked at his watch and found that only five minutes had passed since Hodo had led the hunt away from the clump of pines near which Old Scar-Face made his home. The young man gave Butterfly his head, and in a few moments had reached the top of the hill, which, though not high, was the highest point for many miles. The sun, shining at their backs, threw a flood of yellow light on the hunt. Buster John could see his grandfather, tall and straight, riding after the hounds, flanked on either side by the rest of the huntsmen, while Old Fountain brought up the rear, belaboring his mount with a brush broken from some convenient tree.

The dogs could be heard, but they were not in sight. They were running through the point of woods to which Old Fountain had referred. While Buster John was looking at the hunters Joe Maxwell ran his eye along the horizon to the left and caught sight of the fox going as swiftly as the shadow of a flying bird. He tried to show this swiftly moving shadow to Buster John, and finally succeeded; and then it vanished.

"Great goodness!" exclaimed Maxwell, gleefully; "he must have stopped to catch a rat. What is he thinking about? He won't last forty minutes."

"Why, he's a mile or more ahead of the dogs," said Buster John.

"A mile and a quarter," admitted Maxwell, measuring the distance with his eye. "Wait till I send word to Hodo."

Prompt as an echo a black shadow hurled itself from the woods and went careering across the open country. Joe Maxwell raised himself in his stirrups, placed both hands to his mouth and uttered three short,

HODO CAREERING ACROSS THE OPEN COUNTRY.

sharp, shrill yells that cut through the air like a whip lash. Hodo answered with a roar, and seemed to grow smaller. Certainly he increased his speed. The rest of the dogs, headed by Whalebone, Ruth and Music, were by this time well out of the woods, and the hunters, who were not far away, cheered them on. They were running beautifully, and Joe Maxwell could afford to say so.

"They'll not be far away when the end comes," he remarked. "And if that old fox has any grit in him, he'll be caught somewhere between this hill and the point of woods the dogs came out of."

"Why, he's running away from here," cried Buster John.

"Of course," said Joe Maxwel, "and before many minutes have passed he'll discover that he can't play the old game. Of course, if this isn't the old fox we're after, we'll never see the dogs catch him. They'll be coming back presently, and we'l have to see if there's any hair between their teeth. If it is the old fox, he'll run away till he hears Hodo close at hand, and then he'll get scared and try to reach home again."

"The rest are following the dogs," said Buster John, ruefully, as he saw them galloping in the sunlight.

"And you are sorry you're not with 'em," suggested Joe Maxwell. "Well, they'll see no more of the race than we have seen, even if we're after the wrong fox. If we are after the right one, we'll probably have him ready for their inspection by the time they get back. But we're not going to stand here," he said, reassuringly. "We are to put Hodo right at his heels when he comes back."

This they did. In fact, as Butterfly was chafing at the bit, Joe Maxwell let him have his head on the firm Bermuda turf, and he went flying along in a way that thrilled Buster John. A mile of this sort of traveling was enough to satisfy Butterfly's ambition for awhife, and he was willing to stand quietly when his rider finally drew rein.

The dogs could be heard running far away, their voices borne back on the morning breeze like the echoes of melodious complainings. Joe Maxwell looked at his watch again. The hunt had been going on twenty minutes.

"That's the right fox," said the young fellow, "and he's pretty game, or he would have made his double before this."

Finally the dogs went out of hearing altogether, and Buster John took advantage of that fact to follow with his finger on Maxwell's leg the entire outline of the triple loop by means of which Old Scar-Face had been in the habit of throwing his pursuers off.

"If he had had an hour's start," said Maxwell, "this would have been a pretty performance, but he's had his work cut out for him this morning. Maybe he was making one of his loops beyond the point of woods yonder. Yes, sir! That's just what he was up to! The dogs came out of the woods not twenty-five yards from where they went in."

"Suppose the dogs have caught him?" suggested Buster John, who was all for action.

Buster John behind him, rode rapidly in a parallel direction.

"I give him five more minutes," said Hodo's master, "but he's certainly a game old fox."

Faster and faster went Butterfly for several hundred yards, and then suddenly drew rein. The valley before them afforded a plain view, except for a ditch which ran through the middle. The dampness there had attracted a growth of alders, brambles and such weeds and shrubbery as thrive where the ground is wet. On either side of this ditch there was a clear space of bermuda turf, dotted here and there with small pine brushes. On the further side of this ditch Hodo was running. Suddenly he turned, crossed the ditch and came flying back, while Joe Maxwell rode toward him as fast as Butterfly could go. Again Hodo crossed the ditch, and as he did so Old Scar-Face came out on the opposite side and went careering across the open field. In a series of wild yells Joe Maxwell gave Hodo the view hallоо, and in another moment the dog had been across the ditch again, and had Old Scar-Face in plain view.

It is safe to say that never in the course of his life will Buster John ever experience such sensations as he then had, or behold such another spectacle as was there enacted before his eyes. He could only vaguely remember that he heard the cry of the dogs behind him, and that the voice of Hodo

HODO CATCHES OLD SCAR-FACE.

sounded like a deep and continuous murmur. Within the course of fifty yards the dog overran the fox and turned in and caught him before Old Scar-Face could get himself under way again.

And the funny part of it was that all the other dogs were up in time to give the dead fox a good shaking before he got cold.

When the hunters came up Mr. Collingsworth pretended to believe that Music had killed the fox, and Buster John was astonished to see that Joe Maxwell claimed nothing for Hodo. Mr. Denis insisted that Rowan or Ruth was the guilty party, while Mr. Kilpatrick declared that if killing foxes was a hanging crime he wouldn't give a chrip for Whalebone's life. These remarks were all jokes, some of them as old as the men who made them. But Buster John didn't know that.

"Why, the other dogs were not in sight when Hodo and the fox came into the field, and they didn't come up till the fox was caught and killed," Buster John asserted.

This statement seemed to make no impression on the others. "Abercrombie, make the boy tell you tonight how much Maxwell gave him to talk that way," remarked Mr. Collingsworth.

Seeing that Buster John's feelings were hurt, Joe Maxwell turned to him laughing.

"No; they're coming back," replied Maxwell.

"I don't hear them," said Buster John.

"Nor I," Maxxwell admitted; "but Butterfly does."

And sure enough the thin and sensitive ears of the horse pointed forward, and he was listening intently. Presently a murmuring, singing sound was heard, like the humming of bees. It grew louder by degrees and seemed to be coming nearer and nearer.

"He's due here pretty soon, if he's on schedule time," said Joe Maxwell, in a low voice. "Keep perfectly still. Don't move. I want you to see how Hodo manages this sort of thing."

As the dogs topped a distant hill their voices sounded like a clash of cymbals, with full brass band accompaniment. They seemed to be nearer than they really were.

"Yonder he comes," said Buster John, under his breath. He had his hand on Joe Maxwell's arm, and he indicated the position of Old Scar-Face with his thumb.

The old fox was running bravely. He showed none of the usual symptoms of defeat, or even fatigue. His brush was well up, and he was going very nimbly and rapidly. He soon disappeared, and the music of the pack died away as the dogs descended into the depression below the hill. Then came the sharp, eager cry of Hodo, close at hand. The watchers saw him come over a fence 100 yards away, like a bird, and he ran toward them with head up and tail down. Evidently his blood was up, too.

He swept by some distance from the point where the fox had passed and Buster John declared that he was not on the track at all. Joe Maxwell made no reply, but gave to Hodo the signal which told the dog that the fox was not far away. Again, as before, the dog increased his speed, bearing closer to the drag, and this time Joe Maxwell, with

THE OLD FOX WAS RUNNING BRAVELY.

from his mule, under pretence of fixing a buckle or strap.

"Well, sah," he said with fervor, "I has seed dogs in my time; I has seed dem what dey said could run, an' I has seed dem what I b'lieved could run, but not befo' dis day has deze eyes seed a dog what could reely run. Onless, suh, twuz dem ar greyhoun's what b'long ter Marse Billy Ross. Dem dogs has got de body an' de legs, but dey ain't got de head an' de win' er dish yer Hodo. Give um a mile dash in open groun' an' maybe dey could git dar 'fo' dish yer dog, but when it come ter brush an' briar and canebrake, dey wouldn't show up nowhar close ter dat dog dar. Yes—yes, suh!—ef you'd 'a' seed what I seed you'd 'a' rubbed yo' eyes like I did."

"What did you see, Fountain?" inquired the White-Haired Master.

"Well, sir, a breff of win' will tell it, but a preacher wouldn't make you b'lieve it." Fountain threw his head back and placed the forefinger of his right hand in the palm of his left. "When ol' Scar-Face made his turn fer ter come back, he made it like a mule shoe—a wide sweep at de top, but narrer, as you may say, at de heels. De top er de turn mought 'a' been a mile broad—you all may know better 'bout dat dan me—but at de narrer part a man stan'in' in de middle could 'a' seed de dogs gwine, an' could 'a' seed um comin'. I know, bekaze I seed whar dey went down a gully, an' I wuz settin' on dish yer mule in sight er de gully when I hear dat ar dog fetchin' ol' Scar-Face back.

"De fox, suh, come by me not twenty yards off, an' by de time he make his disappearance I hear dat dog open up not a hundred yards behind, an' he come by me, suh, des like a bird a-flyin'. I fetched a whoop er two—you know how I kin holler, suh, an' de dog tuck a seven-rail fence an' never tetched it; no, suh, he never tetched it. You'll not b'lieve it, suh, an' I don't blame you, but I kin show you whar de dog riz an' whar he lit. You won't skacely b'lieve de tale yo' eyes tell you when you see it, but dar's de sins, suh, printed, as you may say, in de groun'. I fully spected he'd ketch de fox right den an' dar, but ol' Scar-Face wuz a terror, suh, when it come ter gittin' over the groun'. But dat dog—you may look at 'im yo'se'f, suh; all de rest pantin' fit ter kill, an' him paradin' 'roun' here, smellin' de bushes an' lookin' like he ain't been in no chase. I said den, when he flung hisse'f over de fence, 'I'll look at you right close de fust chance I git, kaze dey ain't no mo' like you, an' never is ter be!'"

In this matter old Fountain's judgment was as good as the best. Hodo had no forbears to account for his phenomenal gifts of nose and head and speed, and he left no posterity to succeed. He stands alone among foxhounds, unique and incomparable.

HOW OIL PIPES ARE CLEANED.

Wonderful Work of a Little Knife in Many Miles of Pipe.

To those of inquiring mind who have seen or read of the long pipes that carry crude petroleum from the wells of Western Pennsylvania to the refineries on the Atlantic seacoast, it is a source of wonder how the pipes are cleaned.

As the oil flows through these underground conduits, the paraffine in the fluid is separated, and this residuum encrusts the sides of the pipes and proves a serious hindrance to the free passage of the current of oil.

The device that is used to remedy this evil is a knife, about two feet in length, with a sharp edge that is constructed exactly like the thread of a screw; indeed, the knife itself resembles a huge headless screw more than anything else. It is always slightly smaller in diameter than the pipe it passes through.

When the thickness of the crust of paraffine renders a cleaning necessary, this instrument is inserted in the first link of the huge iron chain far off in the oil fields. It receives its motive power from the stream of petroleum, which it accompanies all the way to the coast, revolving rapidly as it hurries along, and scraping the channels clean from every particle of paraffine.

It turns and twists and cleanses in this manner throughout its whole long journey, finally dropping from the pipes in the midst of the vast stream of petroleum that empties continually into the receiving tanks at the refineries. Of course its edges are duller than when it started upon its expedition, but otherwise its condition is perfect. It is immediately shipped back to the fields, where it is sharpened again and laid away until future paraffine accumulations require once more its valuable services.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Johnny—I'd like to be a doctor, mamma.
Mamma—Why?
Johnny—I might find out something you could take to keep candy from hurting your teeth.

Slum-Worker—Oh, yes; the Lord loves little children!

Small Boy—Hully gee! I'll jest gamble he never hed no baby brudders er sisters ter lug around, den!

It was Helen's first day in school and she talked right out loud, just as she did when she was at home, says the Youth's Companion. Helen's teacher said: "Now, little folks, don't talk, but whenever you want anything just hold up your hand."

Pretty soon up went Helen's little hand. "Well, Helen, what do you want?" and Miss Pomeroy was surprised when Helen said: "Some candy, please."

She was a very little girl, says the New York Times, but not so small that she did not recognize swearing as something very wrong, or that if other people used bad language it was her place to close her ears to it. She was on the street with her mother, and as they passed a group of men talking in loud tones the passers-by heard the small girl exclaim in shocked tones: "Oh, isn't that awful!" And then, as if suddenly remembering: "But I'm not listening."

Not long ago a child was visiting with her parents and was in her father's lap at the supper table. It was a night of intermittent storm. It would rain for half an hour and then the moon would smile from between the clouds. Not that the visitors or visited saw this, for they were in a brilliantly lighted dining room, having a pleasant evening in social intercourse. At last a most vivid flash of lightning illumed the room, and the host made a swift duck, for he is not fond of lightning.

Not so Marion. Her baby eyes brightened and she pointed a baby forefinger toward the window. Her father noticed the movement and said:

'What was that, Marion?"
"Marion knows, papa."
"Well, what was it?"
"It was the sun coming out again," said the little one with an air of conviction. She was permitted to retain the impression.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES.

Though the days of happy childhood
Are full of deepest joy,
Still knocks and bumps come often
In the life of any boy.

I remember, as a "shaver,"
Oft' did I run to tell
My mother of my hurts and pains,
And she kissed and made them well.

Now as I travel down life's road
That's rough and hard to me,
I do so miss my mother's cheer
And her kind sympathy.

And anything I have I'd give
To go to her and tell
Of all my hurts and aches and pains—
She'd kiss and make them well.

ANNELLA S. GILMORE.

CONNUBIALITIES.

DeWolf Hopper is about to marry again. Mr. Hopper is one of the thespians who designate their life partners by numerals to save time and avoid confusion. The next will be No. 4.

Before marriage an engaged girl expects her young man to bring her at least a pound of chocolates every week. After marriage she regards herself as lucky if he brings her home a pound of moth balls once a year.

Missouri possesses a man who is suing for a divorce from the wife he married nine years ago, when he was an unthinking youth of 94. It is to be hoped that his marital troubles may be happily settled, so that he can start life anew.

Franklyn Roberts, who married Miss Marie Wainwright in New York last week, is the actress' third husband. She was first Mrs. Slaughter, and did not go upon the stage until after her marriage. Then she became the wife of Louis James, the actor. Mr. Roberts was Miss Wainwright's leading man during the last season in "Shall We Forgive Her?"

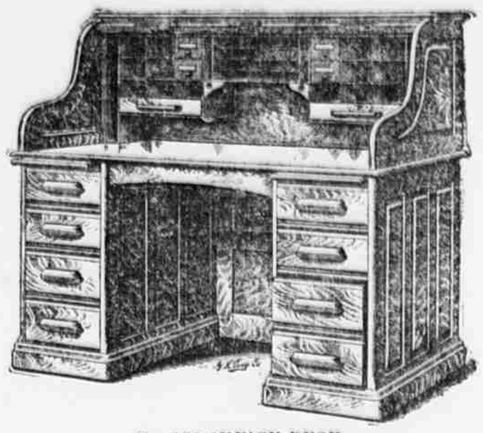
To save her husband from trouble and because of her deep love for him, Mrs. John J. McGuire of St. Louis declares that she consented to his marriage with another woman. The agreement was, says the first Mrs. McGuire, that she was to occupy the place of a pseudo sister-in-law in her husband's household until the difficulty was settled, but she declares that, after trying the arrangement for a few weeks, it was more than she could stand and now she is seeking the law's aid to establish her marriage with Mr. McGuire.

A double wedding which occurred near Melinta, O., last week was decidedly unique. Two daughters of Henry Dipcomb had for some time been receiving the attentions of a couple of young men from Fulton county. The daughters are Frances and Mary, the former finally becoming engaged to George Laflam and the latter in time to his boon companion, David Rendice. The sisters were very devoted, while the two young men have been from boyhood inseparable chums. A double wedding was decided upon and the day set. Great preparations had been made at the house, and while but few neighbors were invited, relatives and friends of all parties from away from that section were quite generally invited. The boys went over to the Dipcomb house early in the day, and to their surprise found Mary, the younger of the girls, quite disconsolate, although making evident effort to keep up bravely and appear cheerful at least. After some hesitation she said that she could not marry David Rendice because she loved George Laflam better. The upshot of the whole matter was that there were mutual releases and mutual new engagements, and in a short time Laflam was betrothed to Mary and Frances promised herself to David Rendice. There was a double wedding at the Dipcomb home, but many of the guests were at a loss to understand the situation until the mother of the girls made full explanations.

Philip James Bailey, the author of the once popular "Festus," is living in Surry, England, in sound health at the age of 83.

OFFICE FURNITURE

The BEST Quartered Oak Desk in the world for the price—



No. 159 OFFICE DESK—
Roll Curtain Desk—solid Quartered Oak—finely made and finished—4 1-2 feet long, 50 inches high, 34 inches wide— **$28.00**

No. 199 OFFICE CHAIR—
Solid Oak polished wood seat with adjustable screw and spring— **$4.75**

WE SHOW FULL LINE OF OFFICE FURNITURE

Flat Top Desks	$6.50 up	Revolving Chairs	$2.90 up
Roll Curtain Desks	$14.00 up	Office Tables	$3.50 up
Standing Desks	$13.00 up	Office Stools	60c up

Dewey & Stone Furniture Company,
1115 and 1117 Farnam Street.

Write for Desk Catalogue — A Fine Assortment of Furniture of All Kinds

$5 to $25

For a Complete Cure for All Diseases of Men.

Dr. McGrew's object in making these low prices for treatment is to do the greatest amount of good for the greatest number of men who are in need of treatment. These prices make it possible for even the poorest to obtain treatment. His reputation and reliability is well set forth in the following:

OMAHA BEE: Dr. McGrew has been retained to give testimony in court in a case involving questions concerning diseases of which he makes a specialty. This is not the first time the doctor has been called upon for expert testimony in the state courts, he being regarded as the most eminent authority in the west today on diseases peculiar to men; he is justly entitled to this reputation, as he has made private disorders of men his special study and life work, and his diagnosis is always found to be correct.

WORLD-HERALD: Dr. McGrew is known throughout the west as authority on all disorders peculiar to men, to which he has devoted his professional life. The claims upon his time have become so great of late that in order to meet the wants of the increased patronage his office and laboratory facilities have been greatly enlarged, and he now has one of the most completely arranged and commodious offices to be found in the west.

THE SWEDISH TRIBUNE: Dr. McGrew, whose office is at the corner of 14th and Farnam, is a doctor on whom you can depend—that is the reason why he is so well known and liked in Omaha and throughout the west.

CHICAGO TRADE REVIEW: We do not hesitate to single out Dr. J. E. McGrew of Omaha, Nebraska, as a specialist fully deserving of the highest praise. The fact that diseases of a private nature are his specialties, gives him a decided advantage over the general practitioner. Dr. McGrew is a thoroughly trained physician, a deep thinker, a keen reasoner, a persistent reader of the literature of his profession, and hence a wide awake and intelligent specialist. During our twenty years' of experience as a newspaper correspondent we have not encountered a more thorough, a better equipped or more reliable specialist than Dr. McGrew.

22 Years' Experience—12 Years in Omaha.

Call or write me full particulars and I will advise you in strict confidence FREE OF CHARGE.

Medicine and treatment sent everywhere by mail or express, at the small charge of **ONLY $5 A MONTH.**

HOME TREATMENT that cures, but costs little, saves you time and money and gives universal satisfaction to all. Medicine carefully concealed from view while shipping.

ELECTRICITY and MEDICAL TREATMENT combined in all cases where it is advisable. Varicocele, Stricture, Syphilis, in all its stages, Loss of Vigor and Vitality, caused from abuses or excesses, Weakness and Disorders of Kidney and Bladder absolutely cured, and health and vigor and ambition fully restored. CURES GUARANTED in all curable cases. Charges low.

The doctor's remarkable success in his treatment of all diseases of men has never been equaled. His resources and facilities for treating this class of diseases are unlimited. Book free. Consultation and examination free. Office hours: 8 a. m. to 5 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m. Sunday, 9 to 13.

DR. McGREW,
P. O. Box 766. Office N. E. Cor. 14th and Farnam Sts. Omaha, Neb.

Thyroin V. V.

Nature's own remedies.

The benefits to be obtained by the substance extracted from the glands of young healthy sheep or GLANGULAR REMEDIES will cure chronic nervous diseases, glangular enlargements, goitre rheumatism, tuberculosis diseases of the kidney and liver, insomnia scrofula, Turner's eczema, all skin and blood diseases—particular attention given to special diseases. Consultation free. Physicians in attendance.

Omaha, Neb., Suite 101 Bee Building.

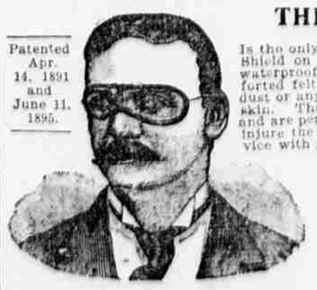
Remedies manufactured exclusively by

Van Vleck-Minter Company.

MME. ANDREWS, Manager.

THE LAMB EYE SHIELD.

Patented Apr. 14, 1891 and June 11, 1895.



Is the only authorized and lawfully manufactured Eye Shield on the market today. It is light, flexible and waterproof. Fits closely to the face, having a soft, perforated felt rim on the inside, rendering it impossible for dust or any other substance to enter between it and the skin. The lenses are formed of the CLEAREST MICA and are perfectly transparent; consequently less liable to injure the eyes in case of accident than any other device with glass lenses. They are specially recommended for horsemen, bicyclists, motormen, trainmen, miners, stone cutters, blacksmiths and other mechanics. The Eye Shields fold up in a neat case, convenient for the pocket, and are made of clear blue, green and smoke. Sample pair postpaid, 25 cents.

Lamb Eye Shield Co., 130 State St.
BOSTON, MASS.
Sole Patentee and Manufacturer.

BEER JUDGMENT.

IT'S just as well to exercise judgment in the matter of beer drinking and GET THE BEST.

It Cheers— Blatz THE STAR BEAR MILWAUKEE — LEADS FOR Quality and Flavor.

See That Blatz on Every Cork

Latest Honors—Highest Awards at International Exposition, 1898.

Send address and receive illustrated beer booklet.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.
OMAHA BRANCH: 1412 DOUGLAS STREET.
Telephone 1081.