

(Copyright, 1901, by Max Pemberton) CHAPTER IX.

Those that save themselves and fly.

Go halves, at least, I' th' victory.

—Butler Huditras.

Now, upon the night when Queen Mary came to the Tower to seek coupsel of such as were steadfast in that evil bour, fortune seemed already to have declared for Wyatt and his fellows. Successful beyond their desires in the Kentish country (but chiefly at Rochester, where they had thrown down the bridge and possessed themselves of the castle), the rebels marched upon London with a good courage begotten of the people's welcome, and thought surely that the end was won, and all their hardihood thus early rewarded, when my lord of Norfolk, with 500 of the train bands, met them at Dartford, and Wyatt, near leader, made bold to speak for them. Such a good wit he had, says the story, and so ready was he in the argument, that the very arquebussiers, come out to destroy them, must throw their caps and cry, "A Wyatt, a Wyatt!" It has been written that they were an army of draggletails, very muddy and weary of their journey. Nevertheless they burned with zeal, believing the Spanish husband the queen had chosen intended the undoing of the realm, a great hurt to the Protestant faith. What point of success came to them they judged to be the gift of God and a sign of divine countenance. In this spirit they prevailed with the sailors upon her majesty's ships then lying in the river. and when they had burned seven of the greatest vessels and manned others with right good seamen, none might gainsay their exultation nor exclaim upon it. A day's march now would carry them to the goal of their desires. In London they might look for the support of great names and great houses. Thomas Grey, my lord of Devon, by lord of Suffolk-all these had abetted that conspiracy, and would presently scknowledge it. The very banners bore a noble escutcheon. The rebels had

the joy of victory already in their hearts. Now all this had befallen upon the day which brought news of my lord of Norfolk's dilemma to those who waited in St James; and thereafter the panic which fell upon London did not a little to justify the rebel boast. So near was the peril, in truth, that every house was barred and shuttered, while the river herself could show a thousand willing hands to throw down the bridge by which Wyatt must enter in. Lacking a leader where many led, believing that the rebel hosts were messengers of God, the timorous citizens asked vainly for that wisdom of defence of which fear had robbed her councillors. What wit was that, men asked, which left London bridge for a rebel highway when every other gate was closed? Had Sir Henry Bedingfield and those with him no culvering then, that Wyatt should mock him so? Who was this outlaw, this prisoner of the White Tower, set free to trounce his betters and do that which the queen's captains had not done? He was Roy, the king of Calverton, the knowing ones answered. As men clutching at a straw, the timerous prayed God that he might yet save the city.

They said that the outlaw was free, and this was a true saying. The queen had spoken a promise and neither complaint nor argument would turn her from it. She, too, had found a man that day; she, too, would stake all upon a woman's judgment. deliver to you one to whom you shall

hearken," she had cried when many protested that safety lay here and others cried, "Nay, your wits are lost, for there is the road. And Roy of Calverton, who but an hour ago had been the servant of the jailers, went boldly before them all to mock their doleful hesitation and to awake them from their stupor.

"My lords," he cried, and the irony was not to be held back, "my lords, it is plain that ye strike a good blow for your queen this night. Do ye stand here long enough I myself will crave mercy of this rebei for you. Nay, sirs, seeing that he must come in, ye show right good wisdom to let down the bridge for him. Put away your culverins I beseech you, lest they be an offence in his eyes! Ye have good pikemen here and archers I see; let them cast their pikes into the river and break their calivers. Would ye have this Wyatt find ye with arms in your hands? God forbid if ye would keep heads on your shoulders! Let the bridge be lowered and the eackbuts made ready; ye will need a merry fanfare when Sir Thomas rides in!" His scorn, says the old chronicle, was a

just rebuke upon their lethargy. Those who eratwhile had dawdled with their "ifs" and "an's" now protested that they would obey him willingly if he would but show them the way. Sir Henry Bedingfield himself, exclaiming upon his folly, called halberdiers to him and commanded them to the work. Where there had been but muttered complaint and womanish forebodings brave words were heard and brave resolution. Faithful servants of the queen were there, but they had lacked a leader; and now one came to them out of the night. A noble figure in the torches light, this sturdy northman, with his curly flaxen hair tumbling upon his splendid shoulders, with his doublet of Lincoln green and his high boots of leather and the good sword they had returned to him, this man came out to them as he whom they sought, the master of their salvation. Timidly, at first, in

Cleanliness and

Germicidal Precau-

tions Paramount

There's not a facil-

ity lacking to insure

absolute cleantiness

during the process. The minutest detail

filling-room is rigidly

watched in this partie

ular. A fixed rule for

Tel. 1031.

over half a century.

BLATZ MALT-VIVINE

(Non-Intexicant) Tonic. Druggists of direct.

VAL BLATZ BREWING CO., Milwaukee.

OMAHA BRANCH,

MAIR Douglas St.

om malt-house to

In the brewing of

twos and threes, anon in larger groups and ultimately as an army acclaiming a chief, they pressed about him in the inner room. Halberdiers, pikemen, sergeants of the of steel, heralds with blazoned tabards, gallants whose velvets were glittering with gems, serving men from the kitchens, even priests from the chapels, acclaimed his right, while pikes were uplifted and pennons fluttered in the wind and the flambeaux cast their glamor on the scene. No

"Lead and we follow." Now, it was nothing to Roy of Calverton that men should thus acclaim him, for svery house being open to them and their he had ever won the obedience of his fel-

voice dissented when the cry was raised,

upon which many tapers were burning, my desire to slay, and yet will slay if any mouth of hell liself. Let none marvel that had anatched from the deserted houses, lady knelt at the queen's side, to pray for bid it. Such were Wyatt's men, such the they resled back like men drunken with plowed their halting way to any place of Roy of Calverton, "and those two," says army vainglerious which marched through wine. Most victory be won at such a cost? harborage that fortune might vouchsafe to the chronicle, "were one in faith, because Southwark fields that it might knock at All had been lost, indeed, all undone in them. of the peril which environed them."

CHAPTER X.

One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

was at hand.

and the road by which the rebals must because the old was worn and familiar; perish!" In St. John's chapel, before an altar wearled. A gabbling borde, that has no seemed to Wyatt's fellows as the very wagons, loaded with such goods as haste London's gate.

the goal was in sight, the city of the who, for seal's sake, had played this master the rebels' victory and its menace. By rebels' dreams rose my as a phantom of stroke. Plain to be seen in the throng, here you would meet a rider galloping The day dawned with a drizzling rain suffered, much they must suffer yet, but Wyatt, and by him Brett, that was the to the villages of security; by there the and a sky so overcast that men pointed no doubt of the issue, weighty as it might famous captain, rode to and fro among that wailing voice of women cried to you the to it as an owen. London had kept a be, came yet to trouble them. For how affrighted company and drove them from bitterness of the outcast's lot, the lament weary vigil, but with the light she began should that cause be lost for which men the perial. to look for tidings of the crisis. Her citi- were content to sleep as the beasts of the fended. The city watched and waited for be at hand? Ay, there was London, fair Christ's cross I swear it!" the last great scene which should cast the and goodly to see as it shoped for them To him they hearkened, the record says, the indifferent who knew not their mean-

crying, "God save Queen Mary!" he there shall be 500 who march because sheer imaginings.

the day dawned which found the tidings in pressed on at a gallop for St. James' fields another marches; who go to the new way "Lord God!" they cried, "must thy people every house there was no road leading

who lift a scythe because a fork had. Be it no surprise that the river bank witness to the people's fears. Heavy that fierce assault but for the courage of under the hedgerows or hurrying in their It had been a halting journey, but now him who led them, and the real of the few terror westward to distant towns, spake of

"Go ye thus as sheep to the slaughter | league and you shall see shepherds with guard, sturdy troopers in caps and corselets zens, the women at the windows, the men field, to feed as swine, to go unashamed nay, would ye breach a river with your their flocks and yeomen with their teams in cowering groups, thought of anything in rags and nakedness? Had not Wyatt voices! Back, sirs, back. Let the houses that knew not any word of Wyatt's story, but sleep or the labor of their calling, promised them all achievement when Lon- give you shelter until a way be found, or had so much as heard his name. For There was no gate which armed men did don came to their view? Was their faith Would re lose all at a cannon's bark? This thus oddly were the tidings carried; to not hold; no rampart of the walls unde- grown cold because the end appeared to night ye shall sup at Mary's palace-upon these as a judgment, to those not at all;

usurper out or reward nim with a kingdom, in the morning lights and opened its and being drawn back from peril, they ing, and flying horsemen cried an alarm and, waiting, the message came from mighty wings to wondering eyes. What a pressed on in tumultuous disorder to vill- which set no church bells ringing nor drew Southwark and men knew that the rebels vision for the swincherd whose palace, ere ages remote and Kingston's bridge. The one idler to the village green. were at the gate and said that the hour that day, had been a priest's house, whose city itself was now but a forest of spires cathedral was a village church. There, upon their horizon; the bridge by which They heard the cannon and those that upon the river bank, let him gaze upon the they would have passed in were broken and the morning being sunny and the clouds cause proclaimed in every township, they lows when the need arose and this were boidest amongst them began to flocit noble fabric of Paul's, the goodly spires cast down. They were more weary, laggards lifted, he was waked by a messenger from

out presently from the Bulwark Gate, and that can give you a good account of it, In their agony and fright men fell from upon London and her citizens; and when out of the city whose exedus did not bear Whole families, huddled together

the mists before them. Much they had upon a white horse, well caparisoned, as one possessed from the place of alarms of the driven exile. Or pass on yet s so that women's tears were shed before which set no church bells ringing nor drew

Roy lay the night in the fields beyond St James', but very early upon the next day sovereignty was no new thing to him. Per- toward London bridge as men going of the city's churches, the frowning ram- in hope, but still they cried, "A Wyatt! A my Lord Pembroke and made to know that chance, he could not wholly put off sometimidly upon a strange adventure. Such parts of Baynard's castle, the distant Wyatt!" And still there were those who Wyatt was at hand.



would have bartered with him that day. must be the witness of his victory; and there was a man's pride in the remembrance that my lady watched him from her window-perchance, that the queen stood with her. These things, nevertheless, he made haste to forget, while he

answered the troopers as they wished. "Men of London," he said, "be it not for me to tell ye how this Wyatt is at your gates and knocks that he may enter. Ye have heard the tidings of yestereve and of this night, but never would I have ye river contributed, each on its measure, forget that he who rides a rebel into London city shall lack a head when he would ride out again. Is there any amongst you so ignorant that he hath not heard the story of Jack Straw and of how Watt Tyler with 100,000 came in to take the king at Smithfield? Went he home again, I ask you? Aye, with Walworth's dagger in his heart! Fared Jack Cade any better, whom Iden killed, that his head might grin on you bridge for your father's se-Was it well with my Lord curity? Audley, who rode to Blackheath for Warbeck's sake? Ye know the legend: Let it be for our example and be content! Ye have cast down the bridges by which this man would pass. Name me fifty who will hold the gate at Southwark and your task shall be well begun. Thereafter I will pick my own for the work allotted to me. But, if ye do not hold the bridge, sirs, then is this Wyatt no vain boaster! Nay, press not on me so; I know how willingly ye serve.

He had asked for fifty, but 500 would seek his "aye," and being held back by his own archers that passed into the Tower with my lady, he cast a judge's eye upon them; and picking here and there a lusty fellow of rare promise he numbered his fifty and sent them out with Bedingfield. "Get you gone, sirs, to the gate; let none return to say 'the bridge is down!'

In the queen's name I bld you Godspeed!" They answered him, "God keep you, masand passing out with the lieutenant, they hurried to the bridge. Those that were not chosen, complaining of the choice, pressed closer still about the archers and began to clamor for employment.

"Shall we, too, strike no blow in Mary's name-would ye name us craven? Lead and we follow; thou hast work for us!" He answered them that he had the work and never heard a man of willingness more Set upon his horse with those that had followed him from Sherwood about him as a bodyguard, he turned to my lord of Pembroke and claimed a service.

"My lords," he said, "I go to the fields of St. James with these ready fellows. If you would play a master stroke this night take such a troop as I shall leave to you and watch at Charing lest this Wyatt come in by any other road. Between you iron does not strike shall be driven to

yours. You are willing, my lord?" Now, my lord of Pembroke had done little that night but protest that all was lost, but when he found a man whose wit. his own courage again, and answered very

civilly that he was willing Charing, sir, and there do your pleasure."

Yet each could welcome the dreary cavalcade with smiling face and ready tribute. It were dangerous for a man to declare himself upon such a day. Regard the faces closely and you shall see many types there. You fellow, who lifts a scythe so bravely, has he not since childhood husbanded a desire of the cities. a dream of war and pillage? Or this dwarfish minister of the sonorous voice and and me the anvil shall lie, and those my the nose chant, eloquent in psalms, was it not Mary's bishop that turned him to the fields that he might lack an altar and a pulpit? Or look over the rabble again, and pick out your giant of the forge, whose brawny arm and lusty step proclaim his gave him sure right of command, he found honest calling, and ask him why he save our queen. Let her hearken and all marches to London town. Aye, you shall will be well!" hear a hundred stories do you but listen "Whence you come and by what right to their eloquence. Now, it will be of one from the arquebusses, the singing arrows you speak, I know not," he said, "but that has tasted no bread since Michael- of the archers. This message of death, this is the first wise word I have heard mas; again of a crazy fellow who has it in swift and sudden, was the first reality of since yestereve. Let it be as you wish, his head that the Spaniard will take his that week of wonders. Youder on the and God save the right. I will go to farm and give it to a stranger; by here muddy banks men lay groaning or crying you shall meet the true fanatic exclaiming to their God; blood welled the dewy grass; And so it befell that 500 horsemen rode upon the blasphemies of mass and sacra- pitiful cries were heard; the moans of them anon with my lord of Pembroke for Char- ment, by there you shall find another who that were sinking down to darkness. Not ing village; but the outlaw, himself, with thinks a staff uplifted will save the queen for such an end as this had the shepherd no more than twoscore at his back, set from a Spanish bed; sye, for every one left his flock, the awineherd his stable,

light upon cap and corslet, the whispered

menaces, the rolling thunder beyond the

to the awe and wonder. What thing

then, was befalling in that sleepy hamlet

of Southwark? Who were these who had

come to dethrone the Spaniard, these who

of the old faith which lived unspoken in

the people's hearts? Must blood be shed

today where yesterday men jested for very

joy of life? None could answer such a

time to time, in truth, a passing horseman

would draw rein to cry "the bridge is

down; Wyatt is in!" but ere his words

were twice repeated another would follow

the bridge is held! God save Queen Mary!

And in the gloom the pair would be en

gulfed, both he that told of defeat and he

London, then, knew little of that which

Southwark much wiser. Out of the night,

alleys, from the open fields, without order

or sure purpose, a motley company whose

a week ago, unchained prisoners of the fal-

of war. Never in all their lives, perhaps,

had the most part of them set eyes on any

city or known other hamlet, but that in

which their poor fortunes lay. And now

at some call beyond their reason, but ap-

pealing to a human necessity of which they

vere unconscious, they had cast the old

habit of life behind them, and taken up

What food for philosophy, the scholars said:

What a dirge of death the prophets cried.

this parrot cry, "A Wyatt! A Wyatt!

"The day is ours:

him with reassurance:

that spoke of victory.

down into those crooked streets upon a the palaces, the forbidding bulwarks of masters of London and its citadel. play the like to which they would enever the Tower; aye, upon these and upon the see again while Mary reigned. No mer- river herself, the gilded barges, the flutchant thought of his wares today, no aptering pennons, the dancing wherries, all prentice cried a bargain. In the dim light appearing, at the touch of day's magic as of a morning of tragedies, armed men wand, to delight the eyes and captivate moved as speciers from the shadows, faces the senses. For this the swineherd has the Tower on the dawn of the day which unlifted told the human story of fear and lived and suffered, for this he will yet lay hope, of doubt and desire. The shuttered down his life. Little wonder if he shall windows, the barred doors, the play of

good countenance he bravely showed in manded his men to horse and set out would march into London presently? Would all adversity. Endowed with the faculty quickly by the western road. they enter in as marauders for pillage and of winning men's allegiance, the poet's son rapine; would they come in as disciples had that rare resource and ready wit which never falled to delight the multi-For the jester a jest; for the curate a text; for the malcontent a promise of his question; none might prophesy. From of flattery; he played upon the minds of his fellows as others upon an instrument. Let them harbor foreboding, his merry laughter turned their fears to scorn; let any complain, he heard him patiently; let any charge him that he was a traitor, he answered, "I serve the queen as no him he claimed their ancient service. other in this realm." And he had, says the chronicle, all that brave appearance Wearing still the mantle of youth, with befell; nor was the pleasant hamlet of with scarce a cry of warning, this ragged army had ridden. By many lanes and would be enjoy that which revolt denied corselets were of mud, whose arms were sleep in shed or stable? Then should yesterday in byre and stable, it pressed on at dawn in all the savage delight of that uncontested pilgrimage. Dumb serfs but Did fatigue lie heavy upon them, the peril me!" of the way-none the less should fatigue low, the peasants marched as very valiants be his and the place where peril lay. Eu-

> always, it was no folly for such a one to believe, at Southwark, that the day was won, the end at hand. "They close the bridge, you say," he answered them that brought him the news; then, surely, my master, we shall be quick to open it. What! has the night, then, brought a miracle that a man must pass in Southwark's gate or lie forever at the walls? Ye tell me a child's tale: Ride on but a league yet and I will show you what a strategem is this. In very truth ye shall sup at Mary's palace this

joying victory since the beginning of his

endeavor, the master of good intelligence

night! They cried to him, "A Wyatt! A Wyatt!" and warmed now with wine and also from the inns, red by the bounty of the hamlet many of them pressed even to the river's bank and holdly clamored that Sir Thomas Brydges should open to them. The answering cry of "Traitors, get you gone!" provoked their merry laughter.

"We are no traitors!" their tongues protested, "but honest men that have come to

The culverines replied to them, the halls

CHAFTER XI

Master, go on, and I will follow thee.

-As You Like It. New Roy of Calverton had ridden out of found Wyatt's men repulsed at London bridge, when they were driven westward stand enthralled and voiceless, forgetting to the villages. Being assured that many his watchword, worshiping at this altar of hours yet must elapse before the rebels white walls. Little wonder if the cannon's spanned the river, he lay the next night voice call him as quickly to remembrance. in the fields of St. James, but upon the They had brought the news to Wyatt second morning, at daybreak, a mesenger while yet he rode some little way from having ridden in from Kingston to say that the bridge, and he received it with that a multitude was passing there, he com-

There had been fifty with him when he quitted the Tower Gate, but London added to his numbers and from the shuttered houses of the ghostly streets he had taken willing troopers who asked but good vengeance; for the women a poet's grace employment, and others that panic drove forth from the Tower. A goodly company, which the fearful citizens had armed right readily and given of the best in horse and caparison, Roy would yet count upon own rather than these new allies, and bidding the men of Sherwood press close about

"Ye that have been brothers to me fortune or adversity, will ye not be my which men ask from him that leads them. right arm now?" he said. "Was it not my gift of the forest that won your allefair curly hair and Saxon blue eyes, and a giance and the right to serve you? As ye voice in which a note of music lingered, stood with me before, so shall ye stand he was such a one as men loved for him- this day. Nay, ye shall give me the love self rather than for his teaching. Nor you ever gave! God knows I would accomplish this thing for the sake of one all to those who followed him. Did they dear to me and to you a mistress well beloved! For Sherwood and our homes let shed or stable find him sleeping? Were the blow be struck! I count upon ye, comthey hungry, then let him hunger, too. rades, I count upon the affection ye bear

They heard him with acclamation, and such as had possessed themselves of pikes In the city waved pennons in the air and cried, "A Roy, A Roy of Calverton!" Never, it may be, did such a motley company ride out to befriend an English queen, or to save her from the people Look down upon it from the lattice windown as it winds its way through London's narrow streets, and you shall see a sight so wonderful that even the sober chronicle may not pass it idly by. Stern men are there, and jesters to mock their sternness; the bells and caps of fools, the steel casques and corselets of the troopers; flambeaux to light the shrouded walls; Meagre, the dwarf, upon a great black horse; Rene, the page, to bear his master hearts of fifty to their company. His service; he they called "The Knight of the Silver How," that some would name Sir Percival; and proud among all Roy himself, that went cheek by jowl with his day; nay, comrades, we will not ask of our anxieties. For who would go all hopeful messenger again, for yonder is a better or with sure confidence upon that errand one!" which sent him to the fields to find his quarry there? Devise it as he might, the hill by Richmond, and when he com- its watchword. Little children, drawn from what sure thing should guide him to manded them to look up they began to pre-Wyatt's camp or indicate the bridge by ceive, in the distant fields and upon the side, to repeat in childish exultation, which the rebeis must come in? No high road before them, an advancing host "London! London!" Old women at the hazard of the bean was to be reckoned which Wyatt led to London and the palace. house doors crossed themselves and cried, upon less confidently. Any chance or cir- Faintly, as the murmur of a city's voices, cumstance, a bolder stroke than Roy had harsh music was to be heard, the rolling the wit to conceive, might yet send Wyatt of drums, the winding of horns, the cry of for God's sake!" All the pitiful story of to the Tower to be the judge of those that man to man, the answering shouts of the those days of excitement and fatigue was were judges now. All, indeed, must be rabble multitude. In weary disorder, some written in the staring eyes, the feverwon or all lost that day; there was no dancing in the fields, some bearing odd de- flushed cheeks of them that pressed onward middle course, no men might speak of vices on banners ill-blazoned, some capercompromise; for if these rebels were not ing on sorry borses, some crowned with had come in, but in joy they would go out scattered as chaff before the wind, then straw, some wearing garlands of leaves, should those that would scatter them many drunken with ale, others biaspheming they known it, the way lay to the gibbet crave mercy in vain. It has been written that panic fell early vanced, greedy in hope and vaingiorious in

Merchants Nat. Bank Building.

gotten from the ships. His fellows burn

and pillage wherever they pass. My lord

mays that all is lost and ye will do well to

strike a bargain with this fellow if delay

may hereby be gained. He leaves it to

your prudence to act as you shall think fit-

ting. Ye would not ride out with such poor

array against Wyatt's host, sir; ye would

Roy sprang upon his horse and, calling to

"Return as ye came and say that all is

ost, indeed, if so be his lordship's ears be

not in the category. Tell him that if he be

not clever at the barter this Wyatt shall

nail them to Charing's pump ere the sun go

down! Nay, sir, if all be lost shall I not go

to look for it? Will ye not have me light

a candle to search for the piece I lack? Go.

say to my Lord of Pembroke that there be

cellars at Whitehall wherein he and his

men may find a haven. Ay, I would crave

a petticoat of him, lest this Wyatt mistake

"Heard ye that, comrades-will ye to the

cellars with my Lord of Pembroke? This

Wyatt comes with 4,000. Like ye the tid-

ings, or would ye fondle Dame Prudence of

whom my lord makes mention? Truly, ye

shake in your shoes already-ye itch to bend

the knee to Captain Maypole! I read it in

your faces. Ye would not be thought men

They replied to him with oaths and

laughter, which drove the messenger

ashamed from the camp, and some running

for their horses and some whetting their

arms and many crying "A Roy! A Roy!"

they came to good order and set out for

Richmond town. No gladder tidings had

been heard that day. The hour of waiting

was gone by. No man rode out of London

in greater content than Roy of Calverton.

"Let me know that this thing is true and

will give thanks to God for it," he said

one near him. "If Wyatt pass by any

other bridge it shall need a holy anget to

save my Lord of Pembroke's cars! See you

not how fortune goes with us? Four thou-

sand or forty, I care not which, while I

have these with me! Aye, if the news be

Now, Meagre, the dwarf, capering nearby

on his great black horse, took up the words

"Fifty of Sherwood and fifty more upon

ne white horse, do you like the reckoning,

master? Go fifty well to a bridle rein?

He was a merry fellow who would have

said that the outlaw himself added the

"Fifty, indeed, if ye love me, as I think

you do. I shall have need of your love this

Ay, hark to the humor of it! I see fifty

and yet I see but one. To the saints be the

glory for these eyes of mine!"

master liked the compliment.

and drew rein to raise the piping cry;

true-if it be true!"

this day lest hurt come to ye thereby!"

And then, to his own, he said:

the fifty, he answered the messenger.

not do this madness?"

me for what I am!"

is as much better than other

DEAD

OR ALIVE

PROFITABLE

Happy the man with thrift and

who lives so well that he can

spare. Insures his life out of his funds, Protects himself and little ones, Insurance makes him feel at

ease, And independent as you please; In life or death he still will be A winner in reality.

The largest and richest

Fluancial Company lu this

country will positively pay

you a larger rate of interest

than any Savings Bank and

protect your life, family and

estate as well, thus giving

you the best investment with

insurance combined, with the

best nonforfeitable options.

This company is nothing less

than a wholesale co-operative

Banking House, where the

policy-holders are the stock-

holders, participating in all

the profits of the same. We

are paying on an average

\$150.00 for every \$100.00 in-

vested, with twenty years'

insurance for nothing. Where

can you invest your money

and get such handsome re-

turns? If healthy, act prompt-

ly. It's less costly. Write,

send me your age, and I will

forward you full particulars.

EQUITABLE

"Strongest in the World"

H. D. NEELY.

Manager for Nebruska.

OMAHA.

white floating soaps as they are better than laundry soaps. For removing stains; for

scouring garments; for washing woolens, flannels, colored goods, laces, embroideries, as well as for the bath and toilet, it is without an equal.

Why not give your grocer a trial order?

Why not give the order a trial?

Three sizes-laundry, soci bath and toilet, sc: oval

toilet, sc.

THE CUDAHY PACKING CO. Omaha...Kansas City.



EVERY WOMAN is interested and should know about the wonderful "PEERLESS" Spray Syrings indorated by leading physicians. The favorite of all women who have tried it. Perfect injection and suction. Capacity half pint. It is the safest and most convenient. It cleaness instantly and does its work perfectly. Compare our Syrings and price. Ask your drugglet for the "PEERLESS": If he cannot supply you except no other, but send direct to us and we will forward you one at once, securely packed, free from observation, on thirty days' free trial. Price, 23.60; and 25 cents extra for postage, with full directions for using and valuable hints to ladies. It cash is sent with order we pay the postage.

THE PEEHLESS SUPPLY CO., 72 & 74 Elm Street, New York.



VARICOCELE Twenty-five years' experience. No money accepted until patient is well. CONSULTATION AND VALUABLE BOOK FREE, by mail or at

DR. C. M. COE, RANSAS OITY, MO.

They had come at this time almost to its victory. "London! London!" was ever the houses, ran in wonder at the peasants' "London! London!" Innkeepers, whose alo flowed in the very gutters, cried "London, to the city's gate. Through suffering they They cried for London, in truth, but had the queen and the priests, the host ad- and the ax.

(To Be Continued.)