

Lucy Danforth realized that she was alone with this desperate character who had tried to inveigle her into an elopement, or an unconventional jaunt into the heart of New York's mountainous region, or—some other desperate thing. Lucy's ideas of the subject were a bit vague. She had heard of just such cases, desperate men, foolish, inexperienced girls—but she—well, if she was inexperienced, no handsome, if desperate, Lochinvar should know it.

But looking at him by the dim light of the one lamp, she began to think that he was not so desperate after all. And he was shivering, away off there in the corner. It was selfish of her to corner what little heat radiated from the stove.

"I think," she said timidly, "that you would be more comfortable if you came nearer the stove."

"With your kind permission," he said formally, and drew his chair forward so slowly that she did not dream how he welcomed the opportunity to share the heat with her.

"This stove is not large enough to heat such a big room," she suggested.

"Hardly," he replied grimly, as a reminiscent shiver ran down his spine. Then he turned his undivided attention to another poster showing a cow done in seven colors. His uncommunicativeness irritated her. She decided that conversation, even with a desperado, was better than this moody silence. She looked at his clean-cut features. They did bear a slight resemblance to those of her friend, Grace Carleton. And it must be true about his having made a dead rush for the train in Chicago, for she caught sight of his dancing shoes beneath the rough tweed trousers. Last, but not least to Lucy Danforth, whose father was a Mason, the charm on Carleton's fob bore the emblem of the Mystic Shrine.

"What gave you the idea of passing yourself off as Jack Carleton?" she asked suddenly.

"Possibly the fact that I am Jack Carleton," he answered shortly. "And being an honest man, I am not ashamed of my name. I never supposed you would treat me like a criminal nor question my motives."

"But Mr. Carleton had a beard—"

"When you knew me, yes. That was one of the follies of my youth." Then he burst forth in all his pent-up indignation: "How in time could I have known who you were, where you were going or anything else about you, if I hadn't received that telegram from Grace? And do you suppose that desperadoes jump off Pullmans, leaving luggage and overcoat behind, to capture maidens in distress—even if the maidens are pretty?"

Lucy Danforth blushed. The last phrase was so obviously conciliatory and intended to offset the sharpness of the words which had preceded it.

"Well—perhaps—I was a bit silly, but then you know I am not a New Yorker and do not rise quickly to the situation."

Conversation languished again. Carleton was still stinging from the sense of having been misunderstood and Lucy under the equally uncomfortable sense of having made a mistake for which she could not adequately apologize. It was hardly an auspicious beginning to the friendship which she had sincerely desired to establish with Grace's brother. A busy man, always away when she had made her flying visits to the Carleton home, she had heard just enough about him to feel a piquant interest in this Thanksgiving meeting.

The station agent returned, bringing with him a faint odor of fried ham. He threw some coal on the fire and passing into the cubby hole, conducted a prolonged telegraphic conversation. When he came out again he looked oddly at the two young people.

"I guess you're up against it," he said with rough pity in his voice. "Everything's snowed up an' there ain't goin' to be any train out of Bradford Junction tonight. It's the worst blizzard we've had in years an' comin' so sudden like, the road wasn't prepared to meet it."

"What are we to do?" murmured Lucy Danforth, turning a white face toward

Carleton. Before the latter could answer, the station agent spoke again.

"There ain't no place here to stop except my house. There's the grocery store at the Corners, but his clerks sleep in the back room, and the blacksmith an' his wife's got just two rooms. But if the young lady don't mind sharin' rooms with my wife, you can sleep with me on the front room floor."

There was nothing else to be done, and the three were soon plunging their way through snow drifts to the station agent's three-room house. Mrs. Johnson met them at the door.

"You'll have to make the best of things," she whined, looking at Lucy's furs with envious eyes. "We don't live half decent here, but if you can stand it, why we can."

That was the keynote of Mrs. Johnson's conversation, and Lucy dozed off to the accompaniment of the wife's wall that if her husband had any gumption they didn't have to stick in such a mean place.

Jack Carleton, rolled in Johnson's fur coat, slept the sleep of the just, which included visions of red-haired girls standing against the bleak blue-gray of a north state sky. And all the while the drifts mounted higher and higher, and the wind shut them out from the world which had always been theirs.

At the breakfast table Mrs. Johnson again entertained them with her views on the unpleasant and lonely life led by a station agent's wife. Mr. Johnson ate his bacon and fried potatoes in gloomy silence. Miss Danforth and Mr. Carleton looked distinctly uncomfortable.

It was Lucy who broke into the domestic monologue.

"Did you say the trains would not go through until after noon, Mr. Johnson? How jolly! Then you will take us for guests at your Thanksgiving dinner?"

She looked coaxingly at Mrs. Johnson. The brows of that worthy person contracted. "We ain't had a Thanksgiving dinner for three years. It don't pay in this God-forsaken hole to try an' have anything."

"Then you and Mr. Johnson must be our guests. You have been so kind to us."

The two men looked at her in wonder, but she went on merrily:

"Mr. Carleton is pining for action, I know, and he will plough over to the store for things which Mrs. Johnson will help me to cook. Oh, I can cook, if I am not a reader of character," she added, laughing to Carleton.

The latter never knew just how it happened, but somehow he was soon plunging through the snow, with Johnson's comforter and fur coat and high boots on. Later he sat behind the kitchen stove and watched Lucy Danforth, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, actually inciting the rapid Mrs. Johnson into enthusiasm. Now she was gravely inspecting cranberry jelly set out in the snow to harden, and then coaxing Mrs. Johnson to let her take some old-fashioned china off the mantel to deck the feast. It wasn't a course dinner in the end, but Johnson, eating it with the slowness of one who wants to make a good thing last as long as possible, was filled with visions of his boyhood's home and a mother who could have concocted a Thanksgiving in the heart of a desert.

Jack Carleton, toying with a three-pronged iron fork, decided that there were worse faults than a failure to rise instantly to a situation, and that a woman who could make the best of things was worth ten who could recognize a gentleman beneath the eccentric make-up of tweeds and dancing pumps.

And that was why, when the engagement was announced, that Jack Carleton maintained he owed his happiness to the twenty-four hours which the New York Central railway had allowed them for Thanksgiving dinner at Bradford Junction.

The Turk and His Wife

Although of late years, among Turks highly placed, it has come to be considered as far more chic to have only one wife, yet this laudable increase in the practice of monogamy does not tend to a complete emancipation from certain well established Moslem traditions. The mention of one's wife to a foreigner is nowadays made the easier when one may truthfully speak of her in the singular number.

A Turk may, after some months of semi-intimacy, talk somewhat freely, indeed, of his domestic life, provided always his household is modelled after the European plan of life. The social line is drawn at the point of asking even a lady to call. Frequent visiting between European and Turkish wives, when these are in the singular number, is possible only after a somewhat prolonged residence and much friendly intercourse.

To the casual visitor there is an unexpected embarrassment in finding almost all the Turks one meets in society married to one lady only. The singularity of this singleness is as trying, apparently, to the Turks, on certain occasions, as it is eminently disappointing to the European.

"I do so hope the minister of — may grant me the honor of visiting his harem," an American lady remarks with the charming aplomb characteristic of the American woman.

"F— Pasha would be too delighted. I

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

THE LOFTIS SYSTEM permits you to have a great Christmas for a very little money. With five or ten dollars for a first payment, you can make the gift of all gifts—a Diamond. Your Christmas plans will not be complete until you have looked through our beautifully illustrated Catalogue, and considered what you can do in conjunction with the LOFTIS SYSTEM. Write today for our Catalogue and from it select any article that you would like to wear and own, or to use as a Christmas remembrance for the loved one. We will at once send the article to your home, place of business or express office as you may prefer. Examine it as carefully as you wish—when, if it is all that you anticipated, and the best value you ever saw for the money asked, pay one-fifth of the price and keep it. The balance you may send us in eight equal monthly payments. If it fails in any way to wholly please you, simply send it back at our expense. Whether you buy or not, there are no express or other charges to pay.

We ask only one opportunity for making you a pleased and permanent patron of our house which is the largest Diamond house in the world and one of the oldest—Est. 1868. Your local banker can tell you all about us. He can by referring to his books of Commercial ratings, show you that we stand very high in the business world, and that our representations can be accepted without question.

We give a Guarantee Certificate with every Diamond; we make the most liberal exchanges; we give a selection from the largest stock; we make the lowest prices and the easiest terms. We do business promptly, satisfactorily and confidentially. Every patron is assured absolute satisfaction, and every courtesy that liberal business methods can extend.

TO CASH BUYERS: If you prefer to buy for cash, we have a proposition to make that is thoroughly characteristic of our house. It is nothing less than an agreement to return all that you pay for a Diamond—less ten per cent, at any time within one year. Thus, you might wear a fifty dollar Diamond for a year, then send it back to us and get \$45.00, making the cost of wearing the Diamond for a whole year, less than ten cents a week. No other house is satisfied with a ten per cent profit, hence we are not followed in this offer. Write today for Catalogue.



LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
Diamonds—Watches—Jewelry
Dept. p-205 92 to 98 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Do You Know Henry?

Your subscriptions for magazines will be promptly taken care of by



HE SELLS STATIONERY,
1615 Farnam St., Opp. New York Life Building.

REMOVAL!

S. Shonfeld, the Antiquarian,
Established 1878.

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN RARE AND CHOICE BOOKS—Will procure any book IN PRINT and OUT OF PRINT quickly and at most reasonable prices.

Office and Repository, No. 822 New York Life Building.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Second Hand Books.

N. B.—I have no connection with parties calling themselves my successors. A moment's talk with them will show you what they know about books.

YOU ARE TOO THIN!

Call at the Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., Omaha, or write to D. Y. Jones Co., Elmira, N. Y., for a convincing trial package of Dr. Whitney's Nerve and Flesh Builder, absolutely Free. It costs you nothing—it may mean much to you or yours.

Few people derive from their food the full amount of nourishment and flesh-giving properties which Nature intended. Thousands of ladies and gentlemen would be delighted to take on more flesh and have a well rounded, attractive figure, but they do not know that it is possible to do so. We assume the burden of the proof, knowing if the trial package does not prove effective we cannot hope to gain a customer.

The sample will do more. It will give almost an immediate increase in appetite, improve digestion; better relief of food; better spirits; better color; stronger nerves; more refreshing sleep and **MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER.**

Special Tablet No. 8 for ladies will positively develop the form and give better color and better general health. Price reduced to \$1.50 for three weeks' treatment.

"The building up of my physical system by the use of Dr. Whitney's Tablets is a wonder to me. I have been depleted so long I am simply delighted with the results obtained. No one need fear in use this splendid remedy, as it is all you represent it, and more. Any lady wishing to write me I shall be glad to confirm this letter, and tell them of other benefits not mentioned here."—Jean S. Campbell, 467 Woodward Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Dr. Whitney's preparations are for sale in Omaha by the Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.

am sure; only, as it happens, his excellency has no harem in the sense in which, I presume, most foreigners understand our word," was the courteous reply of the minor official to whom this remark was addressed. "He has but one wife, as indeed, we mostly all have."

"Hasn't anyone a harem?" The cry was almost tearful. "F— Pasha has a great many children?" continued this disappointed investigator of Turkish customs.

"Yes, he has eleven children living. His wife is very fond of children."

"Is she Turkish?"

"No; she is a Circassian lady of very good family."

"Ah-h, a Circassian! She must be very beautiful, the boys are so handsome," the pretty American remarked in a mollified tone. From a romantic traveller's point of view, if Turks persist in marrying as virtuously and dully as everyone else, at least to find them marrying a Circassian slave was a trifle more solacing than to have found the single wife of correct Turkish descent.

The young aid-de-camp smiled as he made answer: "Yes, you are quite right; we mostly marry Circassians and almost all our children are beautiful."

There are still enough harems throughout Turkey sufficiently equipped with a plurality of wives to satisfy the most exacting of travellers in search of sensation. Even in Constantinople there are pashas and effendis rich enough to keep up the old standard of Moslem martial pomp. The majority, however, of the upper 10,000 practice, at least outwardly, the European fashion of monogamy.—Century Magazine.

Leather Goods Fine Stationery

Box Paper, **25c to \$3.00**
from.....

Portfolios—Music Rolls—Wallets
Card Cases—Address Books
Engagement Books—Purses
Cribbage Boards—Playing Cards
Duplicate Whist Sets—Ticket Punches
Gold Stars.

Program Pencils, with tassels, **15c**
per dozen.....

TALLY CARDS

Of Every Description.

A full and complete line of Crane's Ladies' Stationery.

Linen Lawn Paper, **25c**
per pound.....

SEALING WAX SETS.
PAPER NAPKINS.

Barkalow Bros.

1612 FARNAM ST.

Tel. B2234—3rd Door West of 16th St.
Fountain Pens, **\$1 to \$13**
from.....