AT THE PASTURE BARS

By Carran Richard Greenley.

Then this is the end?

gaze that dwelt hungrily on the small sweet

night. Is it go or stay?" eves were lifted to meet the earnest gray ones of John Derwent. Then with a mighty effort, stifling the sobe that would come, strained eyes, half doubting their witness, as the stalwart figure swung away across the fields, and was lost in the gathering shadows. Dorothy fell face down amid the tangled grasses, fighting out her misery; but through it all the consciousness of the old man waiting alone in the twilight drew

He met her at the door with querulous reproaches for her long absence. "You have been meeting that John Derwent; don't you dare lie to me, girl, you have?"

Dorothy stood still and faced him, "Yes, grandfather. I have sent him away, perhaps to his death, down there in Cuba." She fied up stairs, heedless of the storm of words that the old squire shouted after

to her.

the ashes of youth and love lay in perpetwith veiled horror.

She awoke to find the sun shining in her face, and the stir of the kitchen and yard came up through the open windows. She realized that here was another day to squire's room she paused, nerved herself to the small torrents of fault-finding and fretfulness that was her daily meed.

The window was wide open, and a flood the room had been entered.

went. Farmers for twenty miles around, men who had feared the old squire and him dead, and at the small, slight figure | said was the chiefest thing agin you. that sat by the side of the dead man, immovable throughout the long hours.

The coroner and his jury took their places and Dorothy listened dumbly to the array the Tim Robbins testified to having been ien in the fence corner the evening bewent. Between the numerous questions Tim's imagination and his sense of im- pipe. truth was startlingly different from the don that he swore to as the solemn ruth was startingly different from the fact. One point weighod heavily-that Derwent had referred to the old man as the one thing that stood between them and their appiness. The deduction was all too sure. re was nothing missing from the room; therefore, the murder must have a personal

No one spoke to her as the day were on. through all her numbed consciousness eroed a truth-her name had not been ntioned, but just as surely they were innecting her with the dastardly crime Only a whisper; but Miss Nancy Allen's whisper was possessed of carrying power. "They do say as to how the window was kept locked and somebody on the inside must have opened it. Sindy was a tellin w she massed the old squire last ev'nin' Ef John Derwent cut that old man's throat she wan't far away when he was doin' it." The room was a whirling mist as she staggered out from among the accusing

faces up to her little white draped room and double looked the door. Just at sunset, twenty-four hours from the time she had bidden John Derwent roodby, there came a thundering knock at She opened it to find big Jim Evans, the sheriff, standing there with a paper in his hand. He looked at the white face, drawn and strange, and a wave of choked the words upon his lips. He known her all her life, his children had played with her. Laying his rough hand gently upon her shoulder he said applogetically, "Miss Dorothy

of your grandfather, Squire David Holmes, No answer but the flare of wide frightd eyes into his, and then a huddled heap of black at his feet. The hig sheriff caught her in his arms, and strode down the stairs. "Here, you, Mandy Sindy! God help her; even the niggers are against her." From that mement stalwart Jim Evans guarded his prisoner with a father's care. All too soon Dorothy struggled back to the shame that awaited her; the night mare of her dreams, the terrible days in the nty jail, where, in spite of Jim Evana' watchful care, she dwindled to a mere shadow of the girl who had waited at the

The trial was short, a flery chrism of shame that the girl endured without a murmur, with only the knowledge of her sence, and the fact that not ten paces away sat John Derwent, undergoing the In even greater danger than herself. Her only ray of comfort was the steady glance of the gray eyes across the mace that divided them. Public opinion

(Copyright, 1908, by Curran R. Greenley.) [lawyers made a strong fight, the evidence of little Tim, who came out stronger than The girl's eyes dropped beneath the stern ever under the limelight of notoriety. borne out by the bloody coat, and various cace, as the color died from cheek and lips, other trivialities, weided a chain of cirbut the curving lips set firmly, as she cumstances that sufficed the jury. In vain answered, "Yes, this is the end. Grand- Derwent strove to explain his absence from father will never forget that quarrel with home that night, and repeated, word for your father. It is useless to plead with word, the conversation at the pasture bars aim, as he regards my love for you and between himself and Dorothy. In vain he the bare mention of our marriage as the told how, angry and maddened with disdeepest ingratitude to him. I cannot leave appointment, he had hurriedly packed a small grip, and while the family were at a new dally paper, whose headquarters will John Derwent leaned across the bars, and supper, had dropped out of the window of be in New York, but which, if plans do not today after a Rip Van Winkle sleep he taking the wistful face between his strong his room, leaving it open, and struck out miscarry, will be published simultaneously brown hands, held it there a long moment, across the country to the junction, and at various points across the continent and This would not be surprising, because the And my claim on you-how there caught the Cannon Ball for Louis- perhaps even in Europe, that it may reach about that? We have argued this case in ville to enlist with the legion that had all its readers while its news is really news. all its bearings, and we are still at the been ordered to Porto Rico. No one had It will not deal in "scare" heads, nor in red soap and water, common sense and modern same old parting of the ways. Is it fair seen him enter the house, no one had seen link, nor yet in alleged portraits of all the that the whim of an old man, toe old to re- him leave. The empty bed, and the fact principals in the scandals of the moment. able, even to those who have seen it going member his own youth and love, should that he was intercepted 200 miles from It will be purely a medical newspaper, stand between us? A man should not home and the scene of the crime, were all known as the Dally Medical Journal, writwaste all his life on a forlorn hope, and I damaging links that each effort to explain, ten by physicians for physicians, and dealam wasting mine. There is a call for all seemed to forge the tighter. The jury were ing only with matters of professional instrong American men at the front, and if out a bare thirty minutes, when they filed terest, or with news stories involving phyyou deny me now, for the sake of that old in again. The hush that comes before a sicians. man who has never been anything else but storm held the courtroom as the foreman | Physicians have long chafed at the ima tyrant to you, I am off for the front to- announced, "We find the defendants guilty possibility of getting accurate medical or mittee rooms in this era when the house

the mercy of the court." the girl answered, "Go." She stood, with of the svidence, there was something in tempt to reduce them to words of one them and gossiped of the changed condi-

lighter sentence of twenty years. the guards paced the corridor outside.

ance, and over it, like a pall, the con- small importance, that seems to the editor The old man complained monotonously as sciousness that this was their last meeting or reporter a hit sensational, and distorts Dorothy went elently through the round of on earth. Derwent drew the sunny head it out of all proportion. That is frequently evening duties with feverish haste, long- down against him shoulder, and held her the sort of report that gets into the daily ing for the moment when she could be close, hushing the pitiful, remorseful words papers and makes the medical man grind alone to face the future that remained that she strove to utter. She had brought his teeth in impotent rage. him to this bitter case; but he would gladly She knew it so well. Did not the lives have laid down his own life to set her free. Journal is planned. It has the backing. scores of women that she had known In voiceless agony, the moments ticked on: moral and financial, of a number of the all her life foreshadowed her own doom. then swift steps came rushing down the best known medical men in the city. It she would walt and walt through the corridor, and big Jim Evans, thrusting the will have for managing editor Dr. Martin dreary years, and after a while she would guards to the right and left, tore into the W. Gurran, who has for nearly two years "Old Miss Dorothy," and people would cell, and grasping Derwent by both shoul- past been running the Medical Critic. In whisper of her story. True, she would ders, whirled him over the floor in a mad fact, it is an offshoot of the Medical Critic. ave the "Beeches." But what could the war dance. "Glory to the living God! Down The Medical Critic Publishing company has empty rooms, the smiling acres of wheat on your knees, both of you, and thank Him been reincorporated as the Medical Puband corn bring to the heart on whose altar that you are a free man and woman this lishing Company of America. It will conday." Then it was Derwent's turn to shake sacrifice. At last she fell into a troub- the sheriff, holding his arm as in a vice. ed sleep, broken by dreams that were filled | "Man! What are you saying? For God's sake don't torture us with talk of freedom | will be a sort of monthly summary. The unless you mean it."

Jim Evans dropped down on the side of the iron cet, "It's too long to tell while Reilly, George B. McAuliffe, Albert Warshe's waitin' in this place," pointing to ren Ferris, H. A. Haubold, John B. Huber, live through. At the door of the old Dorothy, who leaned against the wall, the first four being the heaviest stockholdlooking more like a ghost than a woman. "but the meat of the matter is this. Along erbout ten years ago the old squire sent a man to prison for stealin' some chickens, of sunlight poured across something that and while they was a tryin' him for the liam Carr, Joseph Brown Cooke, Edward ay half in, half out of the bed. Dorothy's chickens, it come out that he was mixed up ld shrick went pealing through the quiet in some horse stealing over in Bourbon, an' house. Squire David Holmes would never he was tried on both counts, an' got the complain of aught again. A bloody razor limit of the law. It seems he just got lay upon the floor, and two gashes across through a settling the bill for the squire's more or less interested in the new venture, the skinny throat told the tale. The room chickens and the other feller's horse, and certainly enough to assure is professional had been fairly torn upside down, as if when they turned him loose up there in standing-Brooklyn Eagle. an insane rage had possessed the murderer. Frankfort, he makes a bee line for the old doubt. He passed your house on the way, All that dreary day people came and and seein' the open window of your room, slipped in and helped himself to anything could find loose, an' he took your coa hated him as well, came to look upon off the bed where you flung it, which they

"Then he come on to ther Squire's and lay around until he saw a light in the old man's room, and seed he was a-settling down for the night; when he ups and gets of evidence that even the few short hours the ladder and puts it to ther window. The had brought forth. The ragor was a com- old Squire, bein' deaf, never saw him a min black handled one that bore no dis- lookin' at him. To back a bit, Mandy, that tinguishing marks; but the coat that had yaller nigger that cleans up the house, has en found buried under the stable floor, owned up that she forgot and left the winbloody and torn in the death struggle, was dow up that day; and said she was scared one that she knew, that others knew for to tell it when they laid so much weight the property of John Derwent. Point upon on Miss Dorothy opening it. Well, the point the threads were woven together. Lit- sypsy saw the old Equire a settin' on the side of the bed, counting some money out of a leather bag. That settled the quesand overheard the conversation that tion for the Squire. He put up a pretty are gained indirectly. There are thousands had taken place between herself and Der- good fight for an old man and tried to holler, but the gypsy got him by the windportance in being thus prominently con- ever the room. That was how it come so fore up and the coat so bloody; but it didn't take the gypsy teller long to fix him. Then he tried to find where it was large fortupe to his distant and unknown the Squire got them money bags; but he relations, immediately think that they too couldn't do it and the old man was too far gone to be made tell. So after searchin' around until he most tore things wrong side out he put the old man back in bed, crept down the ladder, took off the coat search of the record, and then further fees and buried it and made tracks for the next | for tracing the relationship, and later on county. But he came back in a few days still further fees for documents and proofs, when he heard that you was arrested for and sometimes, if they have any money the murder and he's been layin' around left by this time, further fees and costs here ever since, a livin' on the old Squire's for a supposed lawsuit. Many a poor igmoney. Last week he fell in with a gang norant family has been drained dry of all of tramps what was comin' down below its savings and been ruined in this way. the trestle, an' fust thing he know'd he came down with the smallpox. There Mammy Cynthy and the Lord only knows million in America, or that some transway why she did. Since Miss Dorothy got into car conductor in America has inherited this trouble that old nigger has been nosin' half an English county and a castle or two. around every hole and corner tryin' to find These stories are soon found to be untrue, out somethin' about the murder. She took but they are never overtaken by the dethe gypsy feller to her cabin, an' I reckon | nials, and they go the round of the world, she nussed him as well as he deserved; but gathering credulous victims everywhere. he soon got to where he saw he was a For the poor in America. Australia and the fleck of dust is ever allowed to enter. goin' to peg out; so this mornin' old Cynthy come in town a wantin' a doctor and a notary. I smelled a rat as soon as lieve that money may have been left here I heard the fust word, an' me an' a half to their ancestors, and only needs claiming dozen more went out there and hung around as close as we dared, until the doctor and the notary-it was Jim Maskin who had had the smallpox and wa'ant afeard-come out and tole us. He'll be dead by sundown-that's no matter-but there's fifty people out there now a waitin to go ball for you and a wonderin' why I'm so durned long a bringin' you out. I es, I arrest you in the name of the reckon we'll have the pardon all regular as awealth as accessory to the murder soon as we can get the facts before the Governor. Come on you two," and he half dragged them out to where half the county were lined up in an excited mob. At the sight of the tall, well-set figure, and the slight, drooping one at his side, & mighty cheer rent the air. A sea of faces surged forward and a hundred hands abot out to grasp and welcome John Derwent back to

> Out into the free sunlight and back to the stately old home, where the tall oaks kept watch and ward over the rolling reaches of the blue grass, Dorothy Holmes came back; and late that evening, in the prim old parjor, Dorothy Holmes and John Derwent were married.

The old Squire's room had been closed ever since the body of its owner had been carried out of it and for a time they shrank from even the thought of entering It; but one day the question of the mysterious hiding place that the gypsy had sought in vain occurred to both, and they pearched every inch of the walls and wainscot. Just behind the head of the bed

Dorothy noticed a small bright spot in the dull wood, a nail head, that on pressure revealed the fatal hiding place that had empted the gypsy to murder. Behind a sliding panel of the wainscot lay the darlings of the old Squire's heart, for whom he had given his life-shining eagles and half eagles, rustling bonds and stock certificates, the accumulation of a lifetime.

DAILY PAPER FOR DOCTORS Publication of a Journal to Give the News of the Medical Profession Planned in New York,

New Year's day will see the first issue of

of murder in the second degree; but ow- surgical news out of the daily papers. The Dorothy Holmes shivered a little as her ing to the fact that the evidence is mainly reports of important medical discoveries or it wants, condescended to stroll through circumstantial, would recommend them to surgical operations or cases in which physicians are greatly interested are so con-The judge cleared his throat. In spite densed and frequently so garbled in the at- prise and satisfaction as they gazed about the two faces before him, that plead with a syllable for the lay understanding as to tions. louder voice than all the prosecuting at- give medical men more annoyance than en-Dorothy before they were separated for whose professional standing is unques- old days." life; and while the matter hung, big Jim tioned and whose professional training fits their true relation, the one to the other; Dumb and helpless, they sat with clasped not a report that perhaps tells lies, but passageways from the senate to the house

To obviate all this the Dally Medical tinue to publish the Critic as a monthly, but its main business will be the publication of the new daily, of which the Critic directors of the company are Drs. George E. Maurer, Martin W. Curran, Thomas F. ers. All the men who figure as "associate editors" of the Critic-among them Drs. Russell Bellamy, Louis Faugeres Bishop, Joseph B. Bissell, Frederic Griffith, Wil-Anthony Spitzka and Edward C. Spitzka, Henry Graham McAdam, Warren Schoonover, jr., David Gilbert Yates, J. Berger Ogden, Jerome Kingsbury and others-are

Fortune Seekers Induced to Give Up

Money in Quest of Ances

tral Estates.

In America the fleecing of credulous fortune-hunters is a regular business, which makes large profits and keeps agents in England. One of the methods adopted by these human sharks for catching their victims is to insert in the newspapers bogus advertisements similar to that which brought these two old men to this country. They do not want to find the persons named; in all probability no such persons as those mentioned in the advertisements ever existed, but in others, for the sake of verisimilitude, names are used seeking men who are known to be dead. The advantages obtained from such advertisements of families in this country with relatives who years, perhaps generations, back went They struggled pretty nearly all to America and became lost to all knowledge of their connections here.

These relatives, seeing that someone, in similar circumstances, has died and left a might have been sought for, and that a fortune may be awaiting them. So they write to make inquiries, and after that are quickly induced to forward fees for the Another trick frequently adopted is to other colonies, many of them descendants of good families in England, readily be-

to be obtained. Some time ago a solicitor in the city was employed as the agent of an American firm. He told a representative at the time that, and fees sent on to America, and were so vice as having been given merely to put mail. them off the scent after they had parted with all the necessary clues.-London News,

FINDS SAN DOMINGO DOCILE Steamer Cherokee Brings Report of Having Enjoyed Penceable Treatment at All Ports.

NEW YORK, Dec. II.-The Clyde line teamer Cherokee, which arrived today from San Domingo, reports that quiet pre valled in that country. Order had been restored before its arrival there and it experienced no difficulty in loading and discharging cargo at all ports of call, The Cherokee, when it left New York, had no clearance papers for several of the ports, then in the hands of the insurgents, for which it was bound, and it was an nounced that the Dominican government navy would enforce the blockade on those ports. The fall of the Wos y Gil government ended this actuation.

National Temple of Wisdom and Things Put in Applepie Order

RENOVATED FROM BASEMENT TO DOME

unch Counters, Souvenir Stands, Cold Tes and Camp Followers Banished -Astonishing to Old Timers, but Welcome to Everybody.

If a congressman of twenty years ago should wake up in the Capitol building would probably wonder "where he was at." metamorphosis which has been worked in the beautiful structure in recent years by methods of heating and lighting is remarkon from day to day.

The Capitol building is now a model of deanliness and good management, and everybody who knew it in the old days is happy in the change.

A few days ago a couple of the senior senators who rarely stir out of their commust come to the senate for everything the corridors to the house wing, and it was amusing to hear their expressions of sur-

Stone and tiled floors were as clean as torney's arguments. He sentenced Derwent lightenment. They have to wait weeks or those of the Vatican in Rome, the walls to state prison for life, and Dorothy, the even months until the medical journals get and cellings freshly tinted, every nook around to it, and publish accurate reports and cranny illuminated by a soft electric There was no motion for a new trial Pub- of the case and its treatment. Now they light, and from one end to the other not a lie opinion was too strong, and their law- are to have a newspaper all their own, and pie stand or a junk shop! The policemen yers felt that the best had been done for to know within twenty-four hours just were all in uniform, and even the clerks their clients. Derwent appealed to the what has happened in their own field, and messengers seemed to be better dressed judge to grant him one last interview with They are to have the report written by one and more closely shaved than in the "good

It was Speaker Thomas B. Reed who Evans took it into his own hands. For a him to report it accurately. They are to inaugurated the reform, and his successors brief hour they were left together, while have a report whose various parts bear have continued the good work. As recently as when Mr. Reed first became speaker the hands, so many things crowding for utter- that seizes on some one point of relatively of representatives on both the main and the basement floors were lined with lunch counters and booths for the sale of curios and relics, typewriting stands and telegraph offices. Even Wall street tickers were there, so close to the main door of the house of representatives that the passageway was blocked up half the time with those who had other business to attend to than serving congress or the public,

Clara Had to Go.

Having made up his mind that all this was cheap and undignified, Mr. Reed, with characteristic promptness, laid his plans and carried them out. He ordered that the corridors be cleared of the whole army of camp followers, and it was done almost literally in the twinkling of an eye. No trouble was encountered, except with "Clara Morris," the antiquated dame who presided over a niche in the main corridor. just where the private stairs come up from the supreme court room, between the rotunda and Statuary hall.

Clara had been ensconced here for years and ruled the roost like the eagle that she was. She sold guide books, souvenir pictures and designs of all kinds made up from the pulp of macerated treasury bank notes, and she did a thriving business. She was supposed to be a little crazy, but she knew enough to feather her own nest night and day. She had a habit of pouncing from her perch on unwary congressmen and bothering them about all sorts of things until she had become a common nuisance.

The statesmen all resented her presence, but nobody had the nerve to "shoo" her out until Mr. Reed made up his mind that it fluttering and screaming, with the rest. For a time she and the others who were doing business on the side were allowed on the basement floor, but business was poor down the Capitol is clean from one end to the other and the corridors passable from every point.

It was not more than twenty years ago that another old woman kept a pie stand in the beautiful corridor running east and west outside the senate chamber. The counter was actually placed up against the windows of the democratic cloak room. It was nothing but a rude wooden affair covered with white oilcloth. Here David Davis, Henry W. Blair, "Uncle Joe" Brown of Georgia and numerous other temperate and frugal-minded statesmen used to line up at noonday with pages, messengers, clerks, colored laborers, policemen and the general public and eat ple and milk, apples and cakes, dropping their crumbs on the floor and never for a moment thinking that everything was not just as it should be.

Nowadays every senator who does not have his lunch brought into his private at all small-goes to the senate restaurant and eats in dignity and comfort. Tea coffee, chocolate, milk and mineral water are all they can drink in the restaurant now under the "dry" regime, but in the private committee rooms no questions are asked.

What would Roscoe Conkling and Oliver P. Morton and Allan G. Thurman and other men of their day think if they could come to life and walk through the private lobby of the senate today? There is no more beautiful corridor anywhere. The send out a story that some agricultural walls are paneled in gilt, beautiful chandewouldn't nobody go near him but old laborer in Ireland has just inherited a liers holding electrical bulbs hang from the ceiling, the tiled floor is covered with a rug so thick and soft that it is noiseless, and there is not one article of furniture, not one mat or picture, and not one useless article from one end to the other. Glass panelled mahogany doors have taken the place of the old leather swingers, and no

In the old days, how different! On one side of the lobby there stod a great, oldfashloned combined table and bookcase, where Captain Bassett, the doorkeeper who served the senate for more than sixty years continuously, kept extra copies of the Congressional Record, twine, snuff, ink, medicicines and all other odds and ends such as though he always assured the applicants might be needed in the course of the day that nothing would come of the inquiries by somebody for some purpose. On the they always insisted on having their names other side was a table with paste pots, where packages were wrapped for malling confident that money was awaiting them and at either end was a large basket, into that often they rather suspected his ad- which the pages dropped the senatorial

> Policemen and doorkeepers lolled about and everything was run on the free-andeasy plan of a police court. Now it requires as much formality for an outsider to enter the sacred precints of this private obby as it does to gain admittance lady's drawing room, and a whisky-drinking, tobacco-chewing, unshaven employe is no longer tolerated.

Around the House Chamber.

The lobby of the house of representatives is a little less exclusive and a little less quiet in tone, but it is just as spick and Indeed, all of the corridors of the house ard clean now. The committee rooms are furnished as those in the senate are, and there is a general air of orderliness and style which is very commendable and especially refreshing to those who can ompare it with the days gone by.

Just outside the main door of the house on the north side looking toward the sen there is a telegraph counter, and that

CLEANING UP IN CONGRESS that a quarter of a century ago made the halfs outside of the two houses of congress look something like a Donnybrook fair. Telegraphing and telephoning are as necessary now as speech making was twenty years ago, and it has been found impracti-

cable to banish the instruments out of

sight. Their construction, however, is in

keeping with their surroundings, and so they are not subjects for severe criticism. But the great newspaper stands, where the morning dailles were sold along with cigars, postage stamps, chewing tobacco, campaign badges and what not, have been banished, along with the desk of the little man who wrote visiting cards and who looked so much like Stephen A. Douglass that many of the old "befo' the wah" statesmen used to shake his hand for mem-

ory's sake, even though they forgot to

leave an order. A great deal of money has been spent in putting the capitol into its present condition. Modern heating and lighting apparatus, modern furniture, telephones, typewriters and all the latter day inventions come filgh, but congressmen must have them, and as the pleased senators walked about and saw all these wonders they admitted that even at the price it was well to have the style, and that it would not be good to go back to the old

Praiseworthy Improvements.

One of the most praiseworthy improvements of all that have been made was the installation a few years ago of dustproof steel cases for preserving archieves. They have been put in place all over the building where needed, and much space has been saved, with a great gain also in orderliness, accuracy and cleanliness. Just now Elliott Woods, superintendent of the capitol, who is largely responsible for the pleasing transformation in the building, is arranging to put in place electric chandeliers to light all the corridors, and he is hopeful that when they are hung the beauty of the interior will be even more greatly enhanced.

Among the treasures that Mr. Wood fell heir to during the summer is the beautiful crystal chandelier from the state dining room of the White House. When the mansion was "restored" last year it was taken down and ordered to the junk pile. Mr. Woods resurrected it and has hung it in the private room of the secretary of the senate, Charles G. Bennett of Brooklyn. where it is an object of constant pleasure and delight. This chandelier is a beautiful thing in itself and just fits the artistic room which Mr. Benett occupies as his personal den.

This cosy chamber, in the southwest corner of the senate wing, with its artistically decorated walls and ceiling, its beautiful old mahogany furniture, soft rugs and curtains, is altogether the most attractive spot in the capitol, and here the senators are likely to gather during the day for private conference. Mr. Bennett has an artistic eye and never misses a chance to add to the beauty of the senate chamber and its surroundings and to preserve its traditions.

MEN

Come to our office and I will make a thorough and scientific EXAMINATION of your aliments, an examination that will disclose your true physical condition, without a knowledge of which you are groping in the dark. If you have taken treatment elsewhere without success I will show you why it failed. I want all alling men to feel that they can come to my office freely for examination and explanation of their condition without being bound by any obligation to take treatment unless they so desire. Every man, whether taking treatment or contemplating same, should take advantage of this opportunity to learn his true condition, as I will advise him how to best regain his health and strength, and preserve the powers of manhood unto ripe old age.

Avoid Dangerous or Uncertain Treatment

DON'T WAIT until your whole system is polluted with disease, or until your nervous system is tottering under the strain, and you become a physical and mental wreck, unfit for work, study, business or marriage. With special diseases and weaknesses you can make no compromise. You must conquer them now by the right treatment, or they will fill your whole life with failure, misery and woe. Uncertain, improper or haif-way treatment can only do harm. The worst cases I have treated were those that had been improperly treated before coming to me, some having been maimed for life by bungling surgical procedure. I cure by restoring and preserving important organs, I do not advocate their mutilation or destruction in an effort to make a quick cure. Every afflicted man owes it to himself, his family, and to the future generation to get cured SAFELY and thoroughly.



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that carry nourishment to weakened parts, thereby reatoring health and strength and vigor. WE MAKE NO MISLEADING STATEMENTS or deceptive propositions to the smitched, neither do we promise to cure them IN A FEW DAYS in order to secure their patronnes, but guarantee a COMPLETE, SAFE AND LASTING CURE in the QUICKIST POSSIBLE TIME, without leaving injurious after effects in the system, and at the lowest cost possible for HONEST SKILLFUL and SUCCESSSFUL TREATMENT. We cure:

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BEE WANT ADS

Beginning Monday, Dec. 7 Another Quotation Contest Ending Sunday, Dec. 13

During the week beginning Monday, December 7th, and ending Sunday, December 13th, The Bee will publish each day, well known quotations twenty-five in all-which will be printed from day to day at the top of its Want Ad Page; the names of the authors will not be printed. Prizes as given below will be awarded

to the winners of the Quotation Contest, on the following conditions: At the top of a sheet of paper, write your name and address. Then write out the quotation, as it appears in the paper and give the author, or source of the quotation. Then look through the Want Ads and cut out any advertisements appearing in these columns on that day, from which words may be taken to make up the quotation; paste them underneath the quotation in regular order and underline the words constituting the words of the quotation. Do the same with the second quotation, and so on, until you have completed the twenty-five quotations, the last of which will appear in The Bee of Sunday, December 13th.

Each correct quotation made up from words appearing in Want Ads, in the way described above, will be counted as two, and each correct name of the author

as one, on the score of the contestants. The person having the highest score will receive the first prize, the one having the next highest score the second prize, and so on.

In case of a "tie," the person sending in the answer first, as shown by the postmark on the envelope, will be given preference. All answers must be sent by mail.

No one connected with The Bee Publishing Company will be allowed to com-Do not send in your quotations until the end of the week.

Prizes Worth Winning

PRIZE.	VALUE.
1st-One Man's or Woman's Tailor Made Suit	***************************************
2nd-1 Dinner Set	10.00
2nd 1 Dinner Set	10.00
4th-1 International Encyclopaedic Dictionary, worth	******* 8.00
5rb-1 Set "Life of Napoleon "three volumes	6.00
6th 1 Set "Life of Napoleon," three volumes	** **** 6.00
7th 1 Veer's Subscription to The Metropolitan Magazine	1.50
Sth 1 Vear's Subscription to The Metropolitan Magazine	1.50
Oth 1 Year's Subscription to The Metropolitan Magazine	1.50
10th_1 Vear's Subscription to The Metropolitan Magazine	1.50
tith I "Life of John Sherman." worth	1.50
rost a uris, of John Sharman " worth	1.50
tout t Conw "Mother Googe's Paint Rook"	***** 1.20
14th t Conv "Mother Goose's Paint Book"	***** 1.20
the t Conv. "Mother Goose's Paint Book"	weeners 1.20
took to onth New Rooks and Novels, worth \$1.20	12.00
note to 25th Mr Runny, His Hook, Worth \$1.20	12.00
and a roth State Man worth \$1.00	****** 10.00
51st to 200th-Art Pictures, worth 50c	75.00
DIRE TO STATE THE PROPERTY OF	

Study the Bee Want Ad Pages Today and Every Day This Week.

ADDRESS: BEE WANT DEPARTMENT, OMAHA.