Raffles Story---Raffles Story---Raffles Story

out of the bank and was still snoring when up above. I again stood and listened under his open

the instinctive wisdom of the precau- horror; Unconsciously I was acting on what has been one of my guiding princi- pened to you? You're bleeding like a pig!" ples ever since. Pains and patience were required-I had to get my saddle without of sigh. waking the man, and I was not used to catching horses in a horse paddock. Then I distrusted the poor mare, and I went back to the stables for a hatful of oats, which I left with her in the clump, hat and all. There was a dog, too, to reckon with (our very worst enemy, Bunny); but I had been 'cute enough to make immense friends with him during the evening, and he wagged his tail, not only when I came downstairs, but when I reappeared at the back door.

"As the soi-distant new manager, I had been able, in the most ordinary course, to pump poor Ewbank about anything and everything connected with the working of the bank, especially in those twenty last invaluable minutes before turning in. And I had made a very natural point of asking him where he kept, and would recommend me to keep, the keys at night. Of course I thought he would take them with him to his room; but no such thing; he had a in case I don't.' dodge worth two of that. What it was doesn't much matter, but no outsider would have found those keys in a month of Sun-

"I, of course, had them in a few seconds, and in a few more I was in the strongroom itself. I forgot to say that the moon had risen and was letting quite a lot of the bank at Coburg with a bullet in him!" light into the bank. I had, however, brought a bit of candle with me from my room, and in the strong-room, which was down some narrow stairs behind the counter in the banking chamber, I had no hesitation in lighting it. There was no window down there, and, though I could no longer hear old Ewbank snoring, I had not the elightest reason to anticipate disturbance from that quarter. I did think of looking myself in while I was at work, but thank goodness the iron door had no keyhole on

"Well, there were beaps of gold in the safe, but I only took what I needed and could comfortably carry, not much more than a couple of hundred altogether. Not a note would I touch, and my native caution came out also in the way I divided the sovereigns between all my pockets, and packed them up so that I shouln't be like the old woman of Banbury Cross. Well, you think me too cautious still, but I was insanely cautious then. And so it was that, just as I was ready to go, whereas I might have been some ten minutes, there came a violent knocking at the outer door.

"Bunny, it was the outer door of the banking chamber! My candle must have been seen! And there I stood, with the grease running hot over my fingers, in that brick grave of a strong-room!

"There was only one thing to be done. I must trust to the sound sleeping of Ewbank upstairs, open the door myself, knock the visitor down or shoot him with the revolver I had been chump enough to buy before leaving Melbourne, and make a dash for that clump of trees and the doctor's mare. My mind was made up in an instant, and I was at the top of the strong-room stairs, the knocking still confinuing, when a second sound drove me back. It was the sound of bare feet coming along a corridor. "My narrow stair was stone. I tumbled push open the iron door, for I had left the turn overhead and thanked my gods that I face. shut every door behind me. You see, old cept the streak underneath, and it brightchap, one's caution doesn't always let one ened. How I blessed that door!"

" 'Who's that knocking?' said Ewbank

it sounded to me like the irrelevant suppli-Why did I leave the bank first? To cation of a spent man. What I did hear catch and saddle the mare and tether her plainly was the cocking of the bank ren a clump of trees close by-to have the volver before the bolts were shot back; means of escape nice and handy before I then a tottering step, a hard, short, shalwent to work. I have often wondered at low breathing, and Ewbank's voice in

'Not now,' came with a grateful sort

"'My God! Good Lord! What's hap-

But you have been! What's done it?'

" 'Down the road?

"This and Whittlesea-tied to a treecock shots-left me-bleed to death-

"The weak voice failed and the bare feet bolted. Now was my time-if the poor devil had fainted. But I could not be sure, and there I crouched down below in the dark at the haif shut iron door not less spellbound than imprisoned. It was just as well, for Ewbank wasn't gone a minute. "'Drink this,' I heard him say, and,

when the other spoke again, his voice was stronger. 'Now I begin to feel allve-'

" 'Don't talk.' "It does me good. You don't know what it was all those miles alone, one an hour, at the outside. I never thought I should come through. You must let me tell you-

'Well, have another sip.'

"Thank you * * * I said bushrangers; of course, there are no such things nowa-

'What were they, then?' Bank thieves; the one that had the pot shots was the very brute I drove out of

"I knew it." "Of course you did, Bunny; so did I, down in that strong room; but old Ewbank didn't, and I thought he was never going to speak again. 'You're delirious,' he says at last. 'Who

in blazes do you think you are?" "The new manager,"

'The now manager's in bed and asleep upstnirs!

" When did he arrive?" " 'This evening.' " 'Call himself Raffles?'

"'Well, I'm d-d!' whispered the real man. I thought it was just revenge, but now I see what it was. My dear sir, the man upstairs is an imposter-if he's upstairs still! He must be one of the gang. He's going to rob the bank-if he hasn't

done so already!' "'If he hasn't done so already, muttered Ewbank after him; 'if he's upstairs still! By God, if he is I'm sorry for him!"

'His tone was quiet enough, but about the nastlest I ever heard. I tell you, to Melbourne?" Bunny, I was glad I'd brought that revolver. It looked as though it must be mine against his, muzzle to muzzle. "Better have a look down here first."

said the new manager. "'While he gets through his window? No, no, he's not down here."

'It's easy to have a look.' "Bunny, if you ask me what was the most thrilling moment of my infamous career. I say it was that moment. There I stood at the bottom of those narrow stone stairs, inside the strong room, with the door a good foot open, and I didn't know whether it would creak or not. The light was coming nearer-and I didn't know! I had to chance it. And it didn't creak a bit; it was far too solid and well hung; down it with little noise, and had only to and I couldn't have banged it if I tried, it was too heavy; and it fitted so close that keys in the safe. As I did so I heard a handle I felt and heard the air squeeze out in my Every shred of light went out, ex-

"'No, he's not down there,' I heard as

streak went out, too, and in a few seconds "I could not make out the answer, but I ventured to open once more, and was in time to hear them creeping to my room.

"Well, now, there was not a fifth of a second to be lost; but I'm proud to say I came up those stairs on my toes and fingers. and out of that bank (they'd gone and left the door open) just as gingerly as though my time had been my own. I didn't even forget to put on the hat the doctor's mare was cating her cats out of, as well as she could with a bit, or it alone would have landed me. I didn't even gallop away, but just jogged off quietly in the thick dust at the side of the road (though I own my heart was galloping), and thanked my stars the bank was at that end of the township in which I really hadn't set foot. The very last thing I heard was the two managers raising Cain and the coachman. And now, Bunny-"

He stood up and stretched himself, with a smile that ended in a yawn. The black windows had faded through every shade of indigo; they now framed their opposite neighbors, stark and livid in the dawn; and the gas seemed turned to nothing in the

"But that's not all?" I cried.

"I'm sorry to say it is," said Raffies, apologetically. "The thing should have ended with an exciting chase, I know, but somehow it didn't. I suppose they thought I had got no end of a start; then they had made up their minds that I belonged to the gang, which was not so many miles away, and one of them had got as much as he could carry from that gang as it was. But I wasn't to know all that, and I'm bound to say there was plenty of excitement left for me. Lord, how I made that poor brute travel when I got among the trees! Though we must have made it over fifty miles from Melbourne, we had done it at snall's pace, and those stolen oats had brisked the old girl up to such a pitch that she fairly boited when she felt her nose turned south. By Jove, it was no joke, in and out among those trees and under branches with your face in the mane! I told you about the forest of dead gums? It looked perfectly ghostly in the moonlight. And I found it as still as I had left it-so still that I pulled up there, my first halt, and lay with my ear to the ground for two or three minutes. But I heard nothing-not a thing but the mares' bellow and my own heart. I'm sorry, Bunny, but if ever you write my memoirs, you won't have any difficulty in working up that chase. Play those dead gum trees for all they're worth, and let the bullets fly like hail. I'll turn around in my saddle to see Ewbank coming up hell-to-leather in his white suit, and I'll duly paint it red. Do it in the third person, and they won't know how it's going to end.'

"But I don't know myself," I complained. "Did the mare carry you all the way back

"Every rod, pole or perch. I had her well seen to at our hotel and returned her to the doctor in the evening. He was tremendously tickled to hear I had been bushed. Next morning he brought me the paper to show me what I had escaped at

"Without suspecting anything?"

"Ah," said Raffles as he put out the gas, "that's a point on which I've never made up my mind. The mare and her color was a coincidence-luckily she was only a bayand I fancy the condition of the beast must have told a tale. The doctor's manner was certainly different. I'm inclined to think he suspected something, though not the right thing. I wasn't expecting him, and I fear my appearance may have increased his suspicions."

I asked him why. "I used to have rather a heavy mus tache," said Raffles, "but I lost it the day after I lost my innocence."

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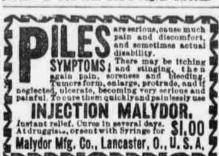
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Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid

College Girls Wed. HE University of Michigan has had 2,000 girl graduates since 1870, when the first coed was admitted to the college. Data collected by Helen L. Million, a Michigan graduate of 1887, shows that these college girls have stood more than three times the chance of a long life which the average woman has. The girl graduates for the first thirty

years of Michigan's coeducational venture are used in this comparison. They are matched against the twelfth census figures. Only the first thirty years of graduates were considered because the more recent girls are not yet within the age limits of this particular census death rate for women. Out of the first 1,184 girls to leave Michigan only sixty-five have died. The census death rate for womankind in general for the same period of time is 228 out Miss Million says that failure to marry

cannot be claimed as a reason for the unin this first thirty years half of the girls have married. In the marriage question it 'eligible" list much longer than the homebred girl. A comparison of the wedding days of the fortunate half of the first 1,000 Michigan girls shows that nearly half of those married waited a few years after graduation before falling in love. The figures seem to indicate that a college woman does not become an "old maid" until at least ten years after graduation. Previous to this she is a "bachelor girl," and dangerous to unwedded men.

Helped His Daughter to Elope,

A pretty daughter's confiding father innocently facilitated her elopement in Independence, Mo. Informed that the young couple wished to attend a matinee in Kanmas City, he kindly drove them to the depot. Two hours later they were man and

John H. Lampe, jr., son of John H. Lampe of the Drumm Live Stock Commiscompany, and Miss Frances Mary Hughes, daughter of Melvin Hughes, a well-to-do farmer and stockman of Inde pendence, were the young folk. They were married by Rev. George H. Combs at his home, 3006 East Sixth street. Mr. Lampe Irving in Lippincott's magazine. "I have in was 21 years of age and Miss Hughes was 19. The young woman's parents knew Island of Mindanao, nothing of the marriage until late.

Well! Well! they exclaimed in chorus, ited by three charming sisters. The bride-This is a great surprise, but it seems too the eldest-w-s a soft-eyed, plump beauty, late to express any regreta.

half miles east of Independence on the New York, and she wore a veil of costly Lexington road. Mr. Lampe called upon and delicate pins gause which would have Miss Hughes the other night and was turned an American bride-elect green with so pleasantly entertained that he missed envy. Several necktaces were hung around the last car for Kansas City. He spent her neck, while bangles loaded her wrists, the night at the Hughes home and and her fingers were stiff with gold and went to Mr. Hughes and said:

I see you have the rig hitched up; will morning, on horseback, on bicycles and you drive us to the car?" Mr. Hughes was glad to be of service.

had furthered an elopement, "Confound that boy!" said Mr. Hughes

in Glenwood county, Kansas." the late Merrit Hughes, a pioneer of Jack-

belle and famous for her beauty. Mr. and Mrs. Lampe returned to the bride's home, told what had happened, were forgiven and remained at the house. It was said there that they probably would remain with the Hugheses several

Reviving Ancient Wedding Customs.

cards, in which the bride and bridegroom, usual health of these college women. For while playing cards with the king and queen, receive the congratulations of the court. The emperor, empress, crown prince is found that college women are on the and crown princess will sit at a regular card table in the white hall of the palace, with card tables for other members of the royal family right and left of the emperor's table. Behind each distinguished personage will stand his or her suite, and the invited guests will mass in front of the card tables, bow deeply, and then take up positions right and left, making room for

similar groups. Another ancient ceremony will be a dance by torchlight, dating from the early Teu-

After the bride and bridegroom have left the wedding party the chief lady in waiting will give each of the guests a garter of silk or velvet, with the bride's monogram and the date in gold letters.

Whether the Grand Duchess Anastania, mother of the bride, will attend the wedding seems to be still undecided. Assertions that she will or that she will not do so have followed each other regularly since the crown prince's betrothal was an-

A Filipino Wedding.

"A wedding in the Philippines is like a scene from a comic opera," writes Minna mind one that took place at Cagayan, in a picturesque house curtained with jasmine and inhabwith a skin like brown velvet. Her white The Hughes home is about one and one- muslin gown would have passed muster in "visited with the folks" during the morn- silver rings. The roads were in a deploring. As the noon hour approached he able state, being knee-deep in mud in places, and many of the guests were top 'I'd like to take Mary to the matines, boots. They began arriving early in the Several hours later he was considerably kitched to carts or ancient victorias. The to St. Francis hospital, Evanston. surprised to learn that his kind offices majority came on foot, though, and every-"He told me he wanted to take Mary front yard, as it was too hot to eat in-

Fanny to the matinee, because he was going doors, also the house was not nearly large away in a few days to his father's ranch enough to accommodate the guests. Di rectly over the bride's table a magnificent The bride is extremely pretty and a fire tree (arbol de fuego) dropped its fiampopular member of Independence society, ing blossoms. Every kind of native dish Her father is a Kentuckian and a son of was there and many imported from the United States by way of Manila, but the chief delicacy was considered to be canned son county. Her mother was a Kentucky corned beef, which occupied the place o honor usually accorded the wedding cake in other countries, and was fianked by onion omelet and ham and eggs. Other dishes were chicken fried in cocoanut oil dried fish made in a kind of stew with rice, potatoes and red pepper enough to raise it to the rank of a curry. Caribou steaks, jam, honey, various kinds of sweet cake. Several ancient wedding customs, prac- cocoanuts in the shell, and wine-much ticed by the Prussian royal family two cen-turies ago and earlier, will be revived at was in progress the hens scratched induswine-completed the menu. While the feast the festivities in honor of the marriage of triously under the tables and a bold rooster Crown Prince Frederick William and the flew up among the plates, pecked at a few stray crumbs, and crowed until driven off Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, by Antoine, the bride's brother. The mar One of these is the so-called court at riage was performed by a very fat priest. who were a suit of bright red calico under his flowing robes, the wind blowing through open doors and windows lifting his vestments and revealing the incongruous at tire beneath. The ceremony was followed by the supper, and that in turn by dancing, the music being furnished by a harp and plano."

> Belated Wedding of School Chums. A marriage under peculiar circumstances was solemnized at Roanoke, Va., recently Mrs. Black was the bride, and Thomas H. Nance of Indian Territory the bridegroom.

The couple were schoolmates, and began a courtship in their childhood days, but parental objections prevented an early mar riage and the young people drifted apart

and in time formed other ties. Each entered matrimonial alliances twic before, the bridegroom losing two wives

and the bride two husbands. Mr. Nance finally drifted west and located in Indian Territory, where he became wellto-do. Two months ago, although having reached three score and eleven years, he had a longing desire to return to his native heath and ascertain if his sweetheart of his youth was still living. He immediately started the long drive of 1,700 miles in a buggy, the trip requiring seven weeks. He found Mrs. Black living and comfortable in her splendid home. He lost no time

the widow's heart responsive, though she Long Ride to Wed.

in making his identity known, and found

Having traveled 2,000 miles that they might carry on their courtship without interruption, C. A. Gordon and Miss Katherine Hucek of Tacoma, Wash., were married recently in Evanston, Ill. After the ceremony they began the return trip to the Pacific coast to seek the forgiveness of Miss Hucek's father, who had forbidden the marriage.

Gordon is a student in a Chicago medical school. To be near her lover and to educate herself in a way congenial with his tastes, Miss Hucek came to Chicago to study as a trained nurse. Gordon obtained driving the famous trotting bulls of the an appointment as interne in the Hahnecountry, or the rough-coated island ponies mann hospital and Miss Hucek was sent

The bride said that she was sure her body was welcome. Long tables made of father will be so pleased to see her again planks on empty barrels and guiltless of that he will forgive them. She is the when he learned he had a son-in-law. linen were spread under the trees in the daughter of J. R. Hueck, a wealthy grain

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