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With as much satisfaction to you as if carefully selected by yourself.  
Only first class MEATS and POULTRY handled.

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**Make Your Wants Known**  
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**SMALL PRICE—BIG VALUE**  
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**J. M. JOHNSON'S "Perfection" Flour**  
Beats all the other northern flours in QUALITY and PRICE. Two bakings for nothing and your money returned if it don't please you. Try a sack. 'Phone 702.  
If you wish to trade at a GOOD, RELIABLE STORE, where everything is guaranteed, 'phone 702 or ask for a solicitor.  
Deliver everywhere. Not open on Sunday.

**J. M. Johnson, 2404 Cuming St.**

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**"Brand" New Brick Warehouse**  
...For Storage of Household Goods...  
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Fire Proof      Best Location

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**The Place to Buy Any Kind of Coal You Want**  
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A Good Hotel In the Center of Omaha  
Good Rooms. Good Meals. Near All The Theaters  
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**A Business Man's Delight**  
A business man clad in one of our \$25 or \$30 suits, made to order, will always feel delighted and contented.  
We do electric steam cleaning and repairing.

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Telephone 1187      1218 Douglas St.      M. KEISER, Prop.

**Phone No. 539**  
**When You Have a Sick Horse**  
Call the Services of An  
**Experienced Veterinarian**  
**H. L. RAMACCIOTTI, D. V. S.**  
Office and Infirmary 28th and Mason Sts., Omaha

## Exploits of Sherlock Holmes---The Mystery of the Yellow Face

It does not turn out to be correct. This woman's first husband is at that cottage. "Why do you think so?"

"How else can we explain her frenzied anxiety that her second one should not enter it? The fact, as I rest them, is something like this: This woman was married in America. Her husband developed some hateful qualities; or shall we say that he contracted some loathsome disease, and became a leper or an imbecile? She fled from him at last, returns to England, changes her name, and starts her life, as she thinks, afresh. She has been married three years, and believes that her position is quite secure, having shown her husband the death certificate of some man whose name she has assumed, when suddenly her whereabouts is discovered by her first husband; or, we may suppose, by some unscrupulous woman who has attached herself to the invalid. They write to the wife, and threaten to come and expose her. She asks for £100, and endeavors to buy them off. They come in spite of it, and when the husband mentions casually to the wife that there are newcomers in the cottage, she knows in some way that they are her pursuers. She waits until her husband is asleep, and then she rushes down to endeavor to persuade them to leave her in peace. Having no success, she goes again next morning, and her husband meets her, as he has told us, as she comes out. She promises him then not to go there again, but two days afterwards the hope of getting rid of those dreadful neighbors was too strong for her, and she made another attempt, talking down with her the photograph which had probably been demanded from her. In the midst of this interview the maid rushed in to say that the master had come home, on which the wife, knowing that he would come straight down to the cottage, hurried the inmates out at the back door, into the grove of fir trees, probably, which was mentioned as standing near. In this way he found the place deserted. I shall be very much surprised, however, if it is still so when he reconnoiters in this evening. What do you think of my theory?"

"It is all surmise."

"But at least it covers all the facts. When new facts come to our knowledge which cannot be covered by it, it will be time enough to reconsider it. We can do nothing more until we have a message from our friend at Norbury."

But we had not a very long time to wait for that. It came just as we had finished our tea. "The cottage is still tenanted," it said. "Have seen the face again at the window. Will meet the 7 o'clock train, and will take no steps until you arrive."

"He was waiting on the platform when we stepped out, and we could see in the light of the station lamps that he was very pale, and quivering with agitation. "They are still there, Mr. Holmes," said he, laying his hand hard upon my friend's sleeve. "I saw lights in the cottage as I came down. We shall settle it now once and for all."

"What is your plan, then?" asked Holmes, as we walked down the dark tree-lined road.

"I am going to force my way in and see for myself who is in the house. I wish you both to be there as witnesses."

"You are quite determined to do this, in spite of your wife's warning that it is better that you should not solve the mystery?"

"Yes, I am determined."

"Well, I think that you are in the right. Any truth is better than indefinite doubt. We had better go up at once. Of course, legally, we are putting ourselves hopelessly in the wrong; but I think it is worth it."

It was a very dark night, and a thin rain began to fall as we turned from the high-road into a narrow lane, deeply rutted, with hedges on either side. Mr. Grant Munro pushed impatiently forward, however, and we stumbled after him as best we could.

"There are the lights of my house," he murmured, pointing to a glimmer among the trees. "And here is the cottage which I am going to enter."

We turned a corner in the lane as he spoke, and there was the building close beside us. A yellow bar falling across the black foreground showed that the door was not quite closed, and one window in the upper story was brightly illuminated. As we looked, we saw a dark blur moving across the blind.

"There is that creature!" cried Grant Munro. "You can see for yourselves that

some one is there. Now follow me, and we shall soon know all."

We approached the door; but suddenly a woman appeared out of the shadow and stood in the golden track of the lamp-light. I could not see her face in the darkness, but her arms were thrown out in an attitude of entreaty.

"For God's sake, don't, Jack!" she cried. "I had a presentiment that you would come this evening. Think better of it, dear! Trust me again, and you will never have cause to regret it."

"I have trusted you too long, Effie," he cried, sternly. "Leave go of me. I must pass you. My friends and I are going to settle this matter once and forever!" He pushed her to one side and we followed closely after him. As he threw the door open an old woman ran out in front of him and tried to bar his passage, but he thrust her back, and an instant afterwards we were all upon the stairs. Grant Munro

rushed into the lighted room at the top and we entered at his heels.

It was a cozy, well furnished apartment, with two candles burning upon the table and two upon the mantelpiece. In the corner, stooping over a desk, there sat what appeared to be a little girl. Her face was turned away as we entered, but we could see that she was dressed in a red frock and that she had long white gloves on. As she whirled round to us, I gave a cry of surprise and horror. The face which she turned toward us was of the strangest tint and the features were absolutely devoid of any expression. An instant later the mystery was explained. Holmes, with a laugh, passed his hand behind the child's ear, a mask peeled off from her countenance and there was a little coal-black negro, with all her white teeth flashing in amusement at our amazed faces. I burst out laughing; out of sympathy with her merriment; but Grant Munro stood staring, with hand clutching his throat.

"My God!" he cried. "What can be the meaning of this?"

"I will tell you the meaning of it," cried the woman, sweeping into the room with a proud, set face. "You have forced me, against my own judgment, to tell you, and now we must both make the best of it. My husband died at Atlanta. My child survived."

"Your child?"

She drew a large silver locket from her bosom. "You have never seen this open."

"I understood that it did not open."

She touched a spring, and the front hinged back. There was a portrait within of a man strikingly handsome and intelligent-looking, but bearing unmistakable signs upon his features of his African descent.

"That is John Hebron of Atlanta," said the lady, "and a nobler man never walked the earth. I cut myself off from my race in order to wed him, but never once while he lived did I for an instant regret it. It was our misfortune that our only child took after his people rather than mine. It is often so in such matches, and little Lucy is darker far than ever her father was. But dark or fair, she is my own dear little girl, and her mother's pet." The little creature ran across at the words and nestled up against the lady's dress. "When I left her in America," she continued, "it was only because her health was weak, and the change might have done her harm. She was given to the care of a faithful Scotch woman who had once been our servant. Never for an instant did I dream of disowning her as my child. But when chance threw you in my way, Jack, I learned to love you, I feared to tell you about my child. God forgive me, I feared that I should lose you, and I had not the courage to tell you. I had to choose between you, and in my weakness I turned away from my own little girl. For three years I have kept her existence a secret from you, but I heard from the nurse, and I knew that all was well with her. At last, however, there came an overwhelming desire to see the child once more. I struggled against it, but in vain. Though I knew the danger, I determined to have the child over, if it were but for a few weeks. I sent £100 to the nurse, and I gave her instructions about this cottage, so that she might come as a neigh-

bor, without my appearing to be in any way connected with her. I pushed my precautions so far as to order her to keep the child in the house during the daytime, and to cover up her little face and hands so that even those who might see her at the window should not gossip about there being a black child in the neighborhood. If I had been less cautious I might have been more wise, but I was half crazy with fear that you should learn the truth.

"It was you who told me first that the cottage was occupied. I should have waited for the morning, but I could not sleep for excitement, and so at last I slipped out, knowing how difficult it is to awaken you. But you saw me go, and that was the beginning of my troubles. Next day you had my secret at your mercy, but you nobly refrained from pursuing your advantage. Three days later, however, the nurse and child only just escaped from the back door as you rushed in at the front one. And now tonight you at last know all, and I ask you what is to become of us, my child and me?" She clasped her hands and waited for an answer.

It was a long ten minutes before Grant Munro broke the silence, and when his answer came it was one of which I love to think. He lifted the little child, kissed her, and then, still carrying her, he held his other hand out to his wife and turned towards the door.

"We can talk it over more comfortably at home," said he. "I am not a very good man, Effie, but I think that I am a better one than you have given me credit for being."

Holmes and I followed them down the lane, and my friend plucked at my sleeve as we came out.

"I think," said he, "that we shall be of more use in London than in Norbury."

Not another word did he say of the case until late that night, when he was turning away, with his lighted candle, for his bedroom.

"Watson," said he, "if it should ever strike you that I am getting a little over-confident in my powers, or giving less pains to a case than it deserves, kindly whisper 'Norbury' in my ear, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you."

(THE END.)

### Tombstone Placed Over Famous Hen

HERE died the other day at Evansville, Tenn., a hen that was known to be 22 years old.

This unprecedentedly long-lived hen belonged to George Bradley. Betsy was one of a fine brood of chicks hatched on the day that Bradley's eldest son was born, nearly twenty-three years ago. By the date of the young man's birth the family established her age.

Betsy was occasionally permitted to indulge her motherly instincts, upon which suspicious occasions she invariably brought into the world from a dozen to fifteen of the finest chicks that ever scratched gravel.

When not engaged in motherly duties Betsy sometimes worked overtime and laid two eggs a day.

As year after year passed without any appreciable difference in Betsy's strenuousness she became the wonder of the country and the barnyard jewel of the Bradley family.

For nineteen years Betsy kept up her good work.

It is estimated that during that time this industrious hen laid 4,390 eggs and hatched 570 chickens—"mostly girls," as

the musical comedy advertisements would say.

At the age of 19 years Betsy suddenly changed her habits and seemed seized with a distinct aversion for roosters. The finest cocks of the walk in Farmer Bradley's barnyard had no charms for Betsy. She spurned them all. During the last three years of her life Betsy did not lay an egg or hatch a chick.

Betsy was buried with honors befitting her and over her grave Mr. Bradley will erect a tombstone appropriately inscribed as follows:

HERE LIES LAYING Betsy  
Born in 1813; Died in 1935.  
She did many a fowl deed for those who loved.  
Peace to her bones—let them lay.  
"May she lay again some other day."

If the 4390 eggs that Betsy laid during her nineteen years of faithful service were sold in the market at their present price they would realize \$908.50. If her 570 chickens brought an average price of 20 cents they would represent a market value of \$114.

On this basis Betsy earned \$1,022.50 for her owner before she retired from active duty and commenced to take life easy.

**Woman's Nature**

Is to love children, and home can be completely happy without them, yet the ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass usually is so full of suffering, danger and fear that she looks forward to the critical hour with apprehension and dread.

**Mother's Friend**

Mother's Friend, by its penetrating and soothing properties, allays nausea, nervousness, and all unpleasant feelings, and so prepares the system for the ordeal that she passes through the event safely and with but little suffering, as numbers have testified and said, "it is worth its weight in gold." \$1.00 per bottle of druggists. Book containing valuable information mailed free.

DEADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.