to meet again, and I know you mean it. I can't write any more. My fingers are Mr. Reginald Norton, New York. numb and stupid and my head buzzes so queeerly. Good-by, dear old Reggie, you are satisfied with your work. and God bless you. ROSEBUD."

Mr. Reginald Thornton rose and walked to the window, with the letter- hands to his temples, and uttered the which smelled of jasemine, by the way name of his Maker. He walked to the -in his hand. He looked out at the window, threw it open, and let some stars himself, standing there for some cool air into the room. The dog looked time watching them twinkle luminous- on in sympathy, the colored boy in asly above the great, beautiful, wicked tonishment. It seemed to the latter that town. With the scent of the jasemine his master had grown years older when from the letter there flashed through his at length he turned and faced him. active brain a panorama of green fields and flowering lilacs and a saucy, tinkl- asked Adonis. ing brook, and a garden of roses, and a slim girl dressed all in white, blush- ble self-control, "and you need not ing childishly, as she stood on tiptoe mail the letter, Adonis. Give it to me. to pin a red bud in his coat. As he I will attend to it myself." turned away from the window there was a stuffy, uncomfortable feeling in you, sir?" his throat, and a delicate lace handkerchief-one of the gifts of Mildred shall not go." Knightworthy-went to his eyes more than once.

He sat down wearily, and the bull dog again crept to his side (the insult- checks. ing kick forgiven already) and licked his hand. Then the master patted the beast's awful jowl and addressed him:

"Butcher," he said slowly and distinctly, "the world that calls me a man and you a dog is a fool. You have so much more honesty in you than I that you ought to be master here and I the dog. Butcher, I have been thinking of something very earnestly. Shall I tell him; "it hasn't got any money you what it is?"

An affirmative grunt was the animal's sagarious response.

"Well, then." continued the master, "I have been thinking as I say, that I am a selfish, cruel beast. I have been thinking that there are better things in this world than fame and position and fortune, especially when the grasping after them involves the stabbing of the gentlest heart that ever beat in a trusting girl's white breast. Damn it, Butcher, I believe that I've been cheating myself with a ridiculous lie all these years, and that the worst of us has a conscience after all! Tell me, Butcher, you wise beast, shall I choke this conscience to death, as any sensible man in my situation would do, and seize upon Mildred and her millions, or shall I play the fool, pat conscience on the back, and create happiness where hitherto I have wrought nothing but misery?"

The dog looked very wise and barked gruffly.

"Of course," went on the man, "you are a wise dog. Butcher. You can think as well as you can fight. Stand aside a moment and the first step shall be taken at once."

"You will think it strange, Mildred," he wrote, "but I am going to ask you to let me retract my offer of marriage and you yourself to withdraw your acceptance of it. If you desire reasons I will give them to you, but would much rather not. Perhaps it will be sufficient for me to say that honor-manhoodconscience, demand that I marry some one else.

Farlington, Me., May 25. Rosebud died this afternoon. I trust

MARTHA LAWSON.

Norton reeled slightly, pressed his

"Any answer to the dispatch, sir?"

"No," answered Norton, with admira-

"None. I have changed my mind and

He recovered his composure presently, and, taking up the letter he had written to Miss Knightworthy, slowly on the beach gazing out over the restless waves.

"I don't see why," she responded earnestly, as she looked squarely at THE SMILER.

## STORIES BY AMY BRUNER

## PHILIP.

When he came to the path that leads into the hazel-brush old Philip lifted the bag from his shoulders and rested again. He had not thought the sack could be so heavy. It was so large too. What if it were small enough to put in his pocket, or even in the leg of his boot?

He drew his hand up to his eyesthe stars still pierced down; grey shadows quivered in the underbrush. The frogs were mad that night. They would -never stop.

He flung the bag over his shoulder. He stumbled into the hazel-wood. The shadows gathered. They flew like "And what clothes shall I pack for phantoms. The frogs were croakingthey will never stop, Philip-never-The house down by the river-what of yesterday. I am married now, and so Some moments after the boy had that? The frogs were down by the gone, Norton glanced once more at the old house-they were croaking. If the telegram and tears streamed down his sack were small enough to put in his pocket, or if it were not at all. ROBERT.

Next morning when Robert reached the office he found an unusually large tore it into little bits. THE DREAMER. number of letters waiting to be an- reds of people suffering from the above "I love the sea," remarked the mod- swered; and there were the ledger and and other diseases have been cured or ern young man to the girl as they sat cash book again. How tedious and greatly benefitted by the use of the wearisome they were to him. Every medicinal waters at Hot Springs, S. D. day the work was more difficult. He If you are interested address for partore open the envelopes and began to ticulars. A. S. Fielding, City Ticket assort the papers.

"If I could only have known that the Tenth street, Lincoln, Neb.

price would fall," ran his thought, "if I could have known-to lose five thousand dollars at my second venture-" With a groan the poor young fellow buried his head among his scattered papers But he had no time for rest, the dusting girl was at work She would soon come in. He heard her in the halls. She was singing as usual-

"Jesus, Lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly, while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high.-Hide me, O, my Savior hide, till the storm of life is past."

"Hide"-if Robert could but sing out of sight, and feeling and memory! The words of the song beat in his brain and would not be stilled.

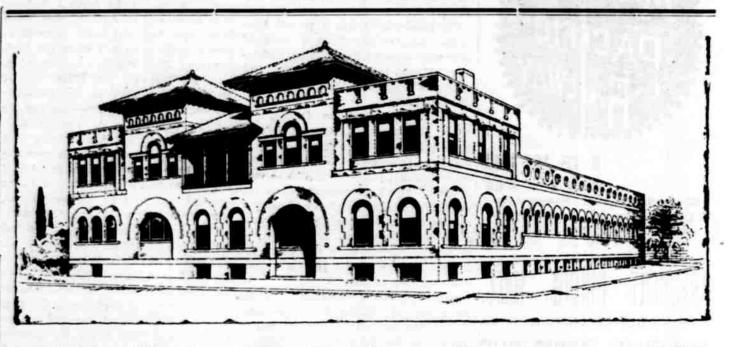
Was the song true? He had hear it a thousand times. Today he could not forget it. Was it true?

"I am a fool," he cried, "a sentimental fool!" and once more he crushed all the momentary softness in his nature.

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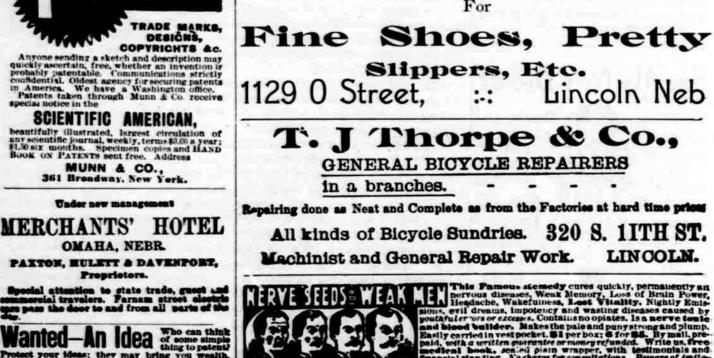
DRS. EVERETT, Managing Physicians.



"I have, as you know, the highest esteem for you, but I will be truthful for once and tell you that it was your fortune that tempted me. At least give me credit for honesty in saving you from a lifetime of unhappiness with a poor devil who could never have learned to love you in the right way."

He sealed and directed the envelope and rang the bell. "There goes seven millions, Butcher, my boy," he said, and the dog wagged his stump of a tail and showed his dreadful terth.

Adonis appeared in answer to the ring. "Take this letter and mail it at once," said his master, handing it to him. "And pack me some things, I'm going out of town tomorrow. Hello, what's that? Telegram, eh? Wait a minute."



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