

impropriety of what I had done. Emboldened, I suppose, by this thoughtless act of mine, the creature took the liberty of slipping his hand in my muff. He was not intoxicated or a pick-pocket, I feel sure. But before I could resist his action he leaned over and kissed me! You can fancy the sensation in the car. Fortunately, the car then reached Ninety-sixth street, and I retreated with what dignity I could command. I spent the next day in bed. As I did not slay him, this letter need never be produced as evidence.

If you cannot make out my scrawl I am sure Adolorata will be glad to decipher it for you, or The Innocent Boy. I grant you the hieroglyphics are a bit more illegible than usual, owing to the shock, I dare say. But you will own it was a unique occurrence.

Adventurously and truthfully yours,
DEMURE INDEPENDENCE.

When Adolorata had read the letter to him, The Wise Counselor was furious with indignation. Of course, he wasn't surprised; it was what he had predicted all along. But, somehow or other, the fulfilment of his prophecy did not give him pleasure. It is one thing, perhaps, to warn a pretty woman that she will some day have an unpleasant experience, and quit another to know that she has been subjected to the unheard-of outrage of being publicly kissed by a strange man. Ah! But here doubt crept into the clever brain of The Wise Counselor. Was this man a stranger? Or was this not the sensational culmination of a long, desperate flirtation? But all Adolorata said was: "I cannot blame the man. She is too pretty to go about alone. Of course, the man was intoxicated. I am surprised that Demure Independence couldn't tell the difference between a drunken simper and a magnetic smile."

The next day she saw The Vicarious Widow and told her of Demure's adventure. That charming sham simply welled over with delight. "Oh, I am so glad!" she cried. "Now she will know what brutes men are." Adolorata, with loyal friendship, had refrained from mentioning Demure's response to the magnetic smile. She looked upon that as distinct provocation. Another thing: when she saw Demure again she would warn her against publishing such experiences. They were an invitation to the daring.

III.

Not long after Demure turned up, as self-possessed and fearless as ever.

"Apparently you're not afraid to venture out alone again," was The Wise Counselor's greeting.

"What would you have me do?" she demanded. "Turn bermit because of one unpleasant experience?"

"Well, I'll bet you couldn't stand cross-examination on that experience," he replied.

"Well, I'll bet I can. Just try me."

"In the first place, was this man a stranger?"

"I should say so. I never in my life laid eyes on the creature before."

"You are telling the truth? It isn't some trick? Your father or your brother or something of that kind?" He looked at her keenly. She met his scrutiny with a straight, indignant glance. "Well, you took it so coolly, I thought, perhaps, it might have been a member of your family or some old flame."

"I hope you know I would not suffer anyone I know to make a guy of me."

"Well, now we'll take this in the regular order. Where was this person sitting, opposite you or beside you?"

"Beside me."

"Was he in the car when you got in?"

"No."

"When did he get in?"

"I really can't say. Somewhere in the seventies or the eighties, I should fancy."

"Did he sit beside you, or was there someone between you?"

"Oh, he sat right next to me."

"When did you first notice him?"

"When the hand was laid on my arm."

"What did you do then?"

"Just what I wrote you. I turned,

and as I did so, I caught his smile. It was so magnetic, I smiled back." There was a perceptible hesitation in this admission.

"Magnetic smile' is good," was the dry rejoinder. "I should call it electric from the result."

"Oh, surely you know what I mean," she pleaded in self-extenuation. "Have you never met a strange smile so sympathetic, so full of attraction that you responded to it unconsciously?"

"Never!"

"Well, I don't care what you say or what you evidently think about it, but I couldn't help returning that smile. It was one of those spontaneous acts we're not wholly accountable for."

"That's a nice way to put it! What did he look like? Have you seen him since?"

"To tell you the truth, I shouldn't know him if I saw him again. He was good looking, well dressed and had beautiful teeth. I saw them when he smiled."

"He wasn't drunk, you say, nor a pickpocket?"

"Oh, no, indeed! I feel sure of that. Besides, he had a lady with him."

Oh, a lady. Really a lady? If it had been a man, now, I might have said he did it on a wager." There a moment later he remarked: "You say he wasn't a pickpocket with his hand in your muff?"

"Oh, he didn't get his hand in; I turned before that and—and—he kissed me."

"What did you do?"

"Why, I immediately got up and left the car."

"Where was the conductor? Why didn't you call on him to protect you?"

"He was up at the other end of the car, and I wanted to get off as quickly as possible."

"Were there other people in the car?"

"Yes; a few."

"What did they do?"

"They smiled."

"And no one attempted to punish that fellow for his impertinence?"

"Not that I saw."

"Was there anything in his build, his size, to deter anyone from attempting to handle him?"

"I should think so." This was said with a touch of thoughtfulness.

"Do you think it would have deterred me?"

"Yes."

"Then you don't know me, that's all. What did you say when he kissed you?"

"I don't remember. I was too excited."

"Oh, you were too excited to remember what you said and yet cool enough to signal the conductor when you reached your street." There was a cynical scepticism in his tone.

"Oh, but I told the conductor to let me off at Ninety-sixth street when I got on."

"How did he kiss you," asked the cross-examiner, harking back to the climax. "Did he put his arms about you?"

"No. He just leaned over and kissed me. I don't know any other way to describe it. I really can't make it clearer to you."

"You might give me a practical demonstration." There was really more eagerness in his tone than courtesy demanded.

"Thank you. I don't care for illustrated stories."

"Was the sensation a pleasurable one? Did you like it?"

"It was flattering," was the rather unexpected reply.

"Yes; there was a suppressed tone of triumph in your letter. A sort of it-had-come-at-last ring. And he did not follow you when you left the car?"

"No; you see he had a lady with him."

"Well, what had that to do with it?"

What did she do when he kissed you?" "She seemed very much surprised, and then she smiled, like everyone else." "Was she a young lady or an elderly person?"

"Well, she was not too young to be his mother."

"How old would that be should you say?"

"About my own age."

"About your age? How old was he, then," in greatest astonishment.

"Fourteen months."

"And it was flattering," she murmured, with a gleam of malice in the tail of her eye.—Town Topics.

Do you get your Courier regularly? Please compare address. If incorrect, please send right address to Courier office. Do this this week.

THREE GOOD RECEIPTS.

I.

HAPPY-DAY PUDDING.

3 or more children, (according to taste.)

1 skyful of sun.

1 lawn. (Must be fresh and green.)

4 trees (shady) fat ones preferred.

1 nursemaid (out of sight.)

Take children and mix well with an armful of dolls, reins and rubber balls,

1 puppy, 1 tent and 1 express wagon.

When mixed, sprinkle all over with smiles and a pinch of unselfishness.

Keep stirring until sundown. Then take children, put in separate, cool rooms, cover lightly and leave until morning. Serve with mother's kiss.

II.

RAINY-DAY PIE.

2 plump little girls (alive.)

1 attic.

1 box chocolates.

1 large trunk with stuffing.

(Improves by age.)

Garnish plump, little girls with chocolates. Dip necks, heads and claws of same inside of trunk for 2 hours and 30 minutes. If very red when taken out, they are well done. Set by window to cool.

III.

DESSERT FOR BOYS.

A fresh bunch of Boys.

1 hot July noon.

1 shallow duck-pond.

Peel boys. Cover half over with trunks, not tree trunks. Drop in lukewarm pond, and swash around until well soaked. Then put in hot sun to bake out brown. Serve as deserved.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$10,000 to this institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 6,6389 A, the Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Do you get your Courier regularly? Please compare address. If incorrect, please send right address to Courier office. Do this this week.

The Rock Island playing cards are the slickest you ever handled. One pack will be sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. A money order or draft for 50 cents or same in stamps will secure 4 packs. They will be sent by express, charges prepaid. Address, JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R'y, Chicago.

THE COURIER
And any One Dollar
Woman's Club Magazine \$1.50

Do you get your Courier regularly? Please compare address. If incorrect, please send right address to Courier office. Do this this week.

To clubs of ten taking The Courier the annual subscription price is seventy five cents (75 cents). Regular subscription price—one dollar per year

CLOSING
OUT
SALE

of the Lincoln Hardware Co.'s entire stock of

BICYCLES AND BICYCLE SUNDRIS

AT
GUARANTEED
HALF THE
REGULAR
PRICES.

The wise and prudent buyer will take advantage of this wonderful opportunity, as it will be by far the most startling bargain sale of Bicycles and Sundries ever announced in America. It is a well know fact that the Lincoln Hardware Company were among the largest western wholesalers in the bicycle business, and carried a complete supply, which was second only to our mammoth stock, and owing to the rapidly increasing business in other lines, they decided to close out their entire bicycle business to us at a great sacrifice. We will positively not mix one item of this stock with our own, but will distribute the entire Lincoln Hardware Company's stock among the Lincoln people, guaranteeing to cut their regular prices on every item at least

50 PER CENT

and in many cases a great deal more. All good things are bound to be imitated, but

DON'T BE DISSUADED : :

and in this instance we will positively guarantee the lowest prices, selling for less than any other dealer can buy the same goods for in wholesale lots.



LINCOLN NEB.
11860 St. Phone 189.

The Bicycle and Phonograph Headquarters of the entire West.

- Cycle Photographs
 - Athletic Photographs
 - Photographs of Babies
 - Photographs of Groups
 - Exterior Views
- Clements**
THE PHOTOGRAPHER
129 South Eleventh Street.