WHO'S THE MAN

CURIOSITY AS TO MARGARET'S CHOICE IS SATISFIED.

At Last Accounts Three Men Were in the Race With the French Dude in Possession of the Pole and in Imminent Danger of Treading on the Star Spangled Banner--But, in Romance, There are Surprises and Surprises and No Man Can Tell How Things Will Turn Out--What is Margaret Going to Do About It?

(Continued from yesterday)

Chapter I.....Sweet Home
Miss Genevra Jocelyn.
Chapter II.....La Belle France
Miss Marie Mathis.
Chapter III.....Under Italian Skies
Miss Abbie Potts.
Chapter IV.....Between Whiles
Miss Blanche Guthrie
Chapter V.....
.....All the World Loves a Lover
Miss Mabel Millison.
Chapter VI.....En Route
Miss Leida Mills.
Chapter VII.....Fate
Miss Eva Dewey.
Chapter VIII.....Nowadays
Miss Rea Woodman.

Much interest has been taken in the story of "Margaret: A Study" written by the younger members of Wichita's famous women's club, Hypatia. The interest in the story is well maintained and those who have not followed it should read the synopsis of the preceding chapters which is given below, and the rest of the story this morning. There is a gerat curiosity to know whom Margaret will select for a husband, Douglass, Phillip or the Frenchman.

The synopsis is as follows: Margaret is wooed by a young man named Douglass Hepburn; after considering his proposal she accepts him, with a little hesitation because of a sweetheart of five before who had gone to the wars with a vow of eternal fidelity to her, but who had unfortunately disappeared. Three days before the marriage of Margaret and Douglass, this old lover, Phillip, appears on the scene and Margaret collapses into his arms. Douglass steps in and demands an explanation. It is given. Things look critical when Mrs. Thurston, Margaret's aunt, comes to the rescue and proposes to take Margaret to France where she can consider the choice between the two men at her leisure. While in Paris Margaret meets by chance a Frenchman who is introduced to her aunt and who declares his love for her and his intention of killing himself if it is not returned. Again Margaret's aunt picks her up and, to avoid the French lover, hies to Italy. The Frenchman follows and sets a day for his interview with Margaret. In the meantime she has a conversation with a young friend, Edith, whom she discovers dipped in woe because of a broken pledge given to her by a young man in America. Margaret asks his name, and Edith is about to answer when the aunt again interrupts. Then the story continues as follows:

CHAPTER V.

(By Miss Mabel Millison.)

After Margaret's confidential chat with Edith on that pleasant evening, they seemed to be drawn nearer to each other than ever before. She longed to know her friend better, to have more of that sweet companionship and closer friendship which is one of the sweetest privileges. But fate—or more correctly speaking—sight-seeing, seemed to be especially averse to all confidences. These were busy days. So much was to be seen and there was so little time in which to see it. Only two months remained before they should again see dear old America.

Leaving Italy with all her beautiful paintings and statuary, magnificent architecture, delightful climate and picturesques people, they sought a more rugged country and hardier people. Germany was full of interest for them. All of the important points that could possibly be seen in a month's time were visited, by no means neglecting the grand old castels on the Rhine. Then on again to England, visiting the many points of interest to the tourist there and then to Liverpool to engage passage for the best of countries—America. The good ship "Invincible" received them most hospitably, and impatiently spread her white wings as if she too were in a hurry to leave. The first day out, Edith was unable to leave her state-room, and Margaret was busily engaged in the large number of new friends who were pressing themselves upon her. If there is one place where it is almost impossible not to become acquainted, it is on an ocean voyage. It is there that everybody knows everybody else—and often a little too much so for one's comfort.

There was one person, however, with whom Margaret did not become acquainted immediately, and one whose face attracted her greatly, as in some way seeming familiar. She entertained Edith with a graphic description of him, ending with, "I declare! Edith, you must meet him some way. He is the very knight for you!" And Edith's curiosity was so aroused that she declared herself equal to anything if she might only catch a glimpse of the wonderful man.

On the following day, as they entered the salon, Margaret pinched Edith's arm, remarking as did so, "In yonder corner, fair Edith, the man!"

Glancing carelessly in that direction, Edith gave a sudden start, and all color left her face. But Margaret, whose face was turned at the moment, did not notice the change until a little later when, in chatting with one of her new friends, she turned to Edith to verify a certain statement and was struck with her peculiar reserve and paleness.

Shortly afterwards, they left the salon and Margaret, endeavoring to brighten her friend's face, commenced in a jocking way: "So that's the way you do, is it, my dear lady? As soon as the fair damsel appears on the scene she monopolizes all attention and leaves poor me to gaze into space—or talk with the gallant captain," she ended laughing.

"Don't, Margaret, please don't! You pain me. Come, let us go some place where we may be alone. I must tell you," and Edith's face wore a sad yet determined look.

"Margaret," she said, when they were seated in a quiet nook, "I have told you of my great sorrow but have never told you the cause of it. Margaret," very slowly, "that man whom we saw a few moments ago, is the one who so cruelly deceived me." And burying her face in her hands, she remained silent for a few minutes, suffering intensely, as all the heart pangs of several years came vividly before her. But, regaining her composure, she said quietly and more in her usual tone of voice: "I never expected to see Wilton Hepburn again. I wonder why he is here."

"Hepburn! Hepburn, did you say? can it be possible!" and now it was Margaret's turn to be surprised. "I wonder if he can be a brother," she said musingly.

"Do you know him?" said Edith.

"Well, not exactly," she replied, "but I am somewhat acquainted with a man by that name. I must meet this gentleman and know him," she said with determination. "Edith, dear, I may be mistaken, but if this man is at all like the Hepburn I know, he is a thorough gentleman and would not stoop to so mean an act. There surely must be some misunderstanding. I shall find out anyway," she said to herself.

So it happened that the very next day Wilton Hepburn met Miss St. Clair and the fact that she knew his brother was a better introduction to him than any that could have been given. After that, they enjoyed many quiet little chats, but Edith studiously avoided them, unconscious of the sad, eager eyes that followed her every motion. They had become so well acquainted with each other, that several days after the introduction, as they sat apart from the rest of the people, Margaret thought it an opportune time to broach the subject on her heart. They had been holding a spirited conversation on woman, her possibilities, and her duty. She had been rating him well for his views; and now, in a laughing way, remarked: "I believe you are like many young men. You have suffered from one and you fancy they are all alike." Then followed a slight lull in the conversation, which was broken by Margaret's saying: "By the way, Mr. Hepburn, there is one young lady who, I believe, would exactly suit your views. I should like very much to have you meet her. Her name is Edith Stanton," and as she mentioned the name, she gazed intently into his face, noticing as she did so, a sudden pallor overspread his face, followed by a cynical look, but he spoke quietly: "You are very kind, Miss St. Claire, yet I hardly think Miss Stanton would wish an introduction." Margaret was looking at the great waves piling one upon the other and she did not glance up for a minute but when she did she met such a pained, altogether miserable look that her heart was stirred with pity; and, in the kindly sympathetice manner so characteristic of her and so irresistibly winning she said:

"Tell me, Mr. Hepburn. Let me help you.

And Wilton Hepburn was no stronger than other men, or perhaps we would better say that he was stronger, for he quickly recognized the true friendship in that tender sympathy, and told her all—of his love for Edith Stanton, which had always remained the same, of his going to the war, and leaving her, and after it was all over his learing that Edith loved him no more but was engaged to another, and then he, broken-hearted, wandered here and there until he became ashamed of his worthlessness and endeavoring to shake off his gloom and disappointment, he had begun the study of medicine and now was returning from a year's study in Europe. "I thought I was beginning to feel differently," he ended, "but this voyage has settled my mind on that score. I love her more than ever and I can't help it."

"I thank you for your confidence, Mr. Hepburn, you have done me great honor; but I think you may rest assured that Edith still loves you. Oh, dear! these misunderstandings. Every day we learn of them, and how miserable they make our lives!" Then with a "Pray pardon me, Mr. Hepburn, I will be back in a minute," she was gone, leaving poor Hepburn rather dazed and confused.

Tapping impatiently on Edith's door, she opened it and with eyes bright and excited, she rushed to where Edith was sitting endeavoring to read and grasping her about the waist, she whirled her around the room, crying excitedly: "Oh, Edith! I'm so happy. I told you so! It's too spledid for anything!" and then, almost exhausted with the effort, she sank into a seat and exlaimed: "Well, for pity's sake! why don't you ask me all about it?"

"If you please, ma'am," said Edith, with something of her former playfulness. "I was afraid to say a word for fear you would commence again, but I'm dying to know!"

"Well, if you'll be real good," Margaret commenced patronizingly, "and not interrupt me, I'll tell you. Do you thus solemnly promise?" Then becoming more serious, she told her the whole story, becoming enthusiastic in her praise of the young man and pleading eloquently for him, with so great success that in a few minutes after she had finished, she left the room and hastened toward the spot where she had left Mr. Hepburn. He was pacing up and down the deck and his face wore an anxious and troubled expression. "Mr. Hepburn, will you kindly come with me a moment," and without a word of explanation, she led him to the ladies' salon, pausing a moment at the door to say: "She wishes to see you," and then was gone.

What words passed between them can only be guessed. Certain it is that the result was entirely satisfactory, for the two beaming faces that evening fully testified to that, and Margaret too was happy in their happiness.

The three were often seen together now, making numerous plans for the future.

It was the last day of the voyage. Edith and Wilton were having a pleasant little tete-a-tete, when, glancing up, Wilton caught sight of Margaret talking brightly to the captain. "She's a mighty fine girl, isn't she?" he said. "And the captain seems to think so too. I only wish that brother of mine could get such a precious gem. Such women are not to be found every day. I think I shall have to impress that fact upon him when I see him again."

The next day, the great ship anchored in New York and they bade goodbye to the Stantons and Mr. Hepburn, who were to remain in New York for a few days, while Margaret and her aunt hastened as fast as steam could carry them toward home and—Phillip or Douglas, which?

But as they entered the car, they were unaware of a dark eyed gentleman, elegantly dressed, and evidently a foreigner, who was observing them intently from the platform and who, just as the train was pulling out, swung himself gracefully on to the steps of the rear car.

CHAPTER VI.

(By Miss Lida H. Mills.)

Cosily seated in the luvurious, swiftly moving palace car, Mrs. Thurston and Margaret were soon engrossed in some magazines and papers which Milton Hepburn had thoughtfully placed in their traveling bag. As Margaret read this item and that, referring to things and people familiar to her, a feeling of rest and home-coming stole over her; dropping the paper she gazed dreamily out the square patch of glass and mused upon her home-coming. The dear mother, the kind indulgent father—two whole years since she had seen them! She pictured the boy's welcome, and then smiled as she fondly thought of the treasures stored in her trunks. "Had baby Louise forgotten Meddy." Why the midget was almost old enough to go to school.

In the rush of memeories and the nearness of her loved ones Margaret became impatient, the train seemed to creep. Turning to Mrs. Thurston she began: "Aunt Molly," but finding her peacefully sleeping, she returned to her meditations.

Wouldn't Bobby laugh when she told him that a real live Count had asked her to be his Countess, and live in a castle and be happy ever afterward! She could see his droll face, and hear the partonizing voice, "I guess er United Stateser is good enough for you Sis."

Just at this point, with a smile dimpling her pretty face, Margaret with no conscious exercise of will, turned her head and encountered the gaze of a pair of compelling, eager blue eyes. The stranger did not remove his glance, but a questioning quizzical light came into his eyes. The color deepened in Margaret's cheeks and her gaze again sought the window. She did not glance in that direction again, but felt in some way disturbed and vaguely reminded of Phil—. Dear old Phil! What was the use of Auntie whisking her off? She was old enought to know her own heart and it didn't need two years abroad, though she had enjoyed it immensely, to decide who was her heart's master.

Her heart reproached her somewhat when she thought of Douglass Hepburn. He was so honest, so honorable, and in every way so thoroughly one of God's noble men, and he had loved her so well—yes she had treated him badly; but then she had not thought of him, when Phil had taken her in his arms that memorable day two years ago, and poured out his story of how he had always loved her, but how he had foolishly plighted his faith to a young girl in his college town for whom he had felt but a passing admiration, and so had not dared to tell her all that was in his heart to say when he went away to the cruel war; of his wound and imprisonment, of his escape to a foreign bound vessel, and after a year of adventure abroad he had returned to find his betrothed another man's wife, how he had then hastened to her, Margaret, only to find that another had won the prize he coveted; of his determination to see her; and then the denouement in Aunt Molly's parlor.

Well, after all, things were best as they were. It was only just to Douglass that she should give her love to Phil the test of absence. And summing it all up, Margaret smiled half sadly and ended her musings with the thought "Tis not that I love Caesar less, but Rome more."

"Allow me," Margaret looked up, much startled at the sound of the deep, pleasant voice, to find the tall blue eyed stranger standing with the magazine in hand, which had slipped from Mrs. Thurston's lap to the floor. Still the same quizzical, admiring glance. As Margaret put forth her hand to take the book, she noticed on the stranger's cheek, just peeping from the silken blond beard a deep scar, her face paled and then the crimson tide came pouring over her face and throat, "Ph—, Mr. Laird," she exclaimed. He smiled and took the extended hand in a close warm grasp. "Margaret, my Margaret," in a low tender tone, which the rumble and roar of the train permitted only her ear to hear.

By this time Margaret had recovered her self-possession and invited Phil to take the chair opposite her. "How surprised Auntie will be to see you." "Do you think so?" "Why, of course," said Margaret. "We just landed yesterday, from the Invincible."

"Do you think I am improved by my two years abroad?" archly, "What have you been doing all this time?" glancing at the heavy, distinguished beard, and "Have you seen my people recently?"

"One question at a time, please."

"Do I think you improved?" "Well," meditatively, "I suppose I shall not dare say otherwise," with a glance that caused Margaret to give her attention to the moving panorama from the window. "How many Dukes and French Counts have you made miserable?" smiling roguishly at the astonished face turned toward him.

"What have I been doing?" "Well, you know, if there's anything in the way of a fight, my natural pugilistic tendencies leads me there, and I have just returned from the Chinese coast where I have been acting as war correspondent."

The inevitable train boy, with his basket of oranges, apples, bananas and persuasive voice and smile passed along and awakened Mrs. Thurston from her dreams. She glanced at Margaret, who answered her with acharming smile, "Auntie, this is an old friend of yours, don't you know him?"

Laird smiled at the puzzled face of Mrs. Thurston and began, "I am sure Mrs. Thurston —" "Why, the idea!" interrupting him, "If it isn't Phillip Laird! This is an unexpected ——"

The sentence was not finished. A violent jerk, a swaying sideward movement of the car, a great crash, and all was blank.

CHAPTER VII.

(By Miss Eva Dewey.)

"God keeps his holy mysteries, just on the outside of man's dreams."

Dire confusion reigned, cries and groans of distress were heard on all sides. Kind hands ministered to those unfortunate ones. The heart and homes of the kindly farmers are opened to the suffering. A mesenger is dispatched to the little village ahead. Telegrams bring relief trains. From the city comes the best medical talent. The loss of live is terrible. Everything possible is done for the relief of the wounded.

On an improvised couch in a neat farm house whither a number of the wounded had been conveyed, lay Margaret, pale unto death, the lovely eyes closed, the fringed lashes resting in vivid contrast upon the ivory cheeks. Near by sits Mrs. Thurston sobbing unrestrainedly. Providence had decreed that in that fatal crush no harm should come to her. This thought seemed to rise in her soul. "O, Margaret—Margaret—why should you be so smitten while I, whose sands of life are nearly run, have been spared?"

"Doctor, tell me, is there any hope?"

"My dear madam, calm yourself," Dr. Graves, an eminent specialist, replied, "while there is life there is hope. Have her friends been summoned?"

"Yes, O, yes! And doctor, can you tell me anything of the fate of a friend who was near us when the dreadful accident came? A Mr. Laird. Surely he must be injured, and seriously, or he would have come to us."

"It is impossible, my dear madam, at this juncture, to do much toward identifying any one." So replying, Dr. Graves again approached the couch and leaning over, scaned the face closely while endeavoring to discover if only a fluttering pulse, to indicate that the true, joyous heart of Margaret St. Clair was not, as yet, stilled to all the noble promptings of that generous nature, and would once again thrill with life and love. As the doctor turns meditatively away, Mrs. Thurston approached softly and inquired: "Is there any change, doctor; will she live? O, if her friends would only come!"

A few hours later, with agonized faces and tearful eyes, the father and mother of Margaret St. Clair gazed with aching hearts, at the still unconscious form of her, who had made such sunshine in their lives, from that hour when baby lips first lisped the sacred name of mother, and tiny hands were placed confidingly in father's strong grasp, to support the trembling baby steps.

Mastering, in a measure, his emotions, Mr. St. Clair turned to Dr. Graves, who a moment before had entered silently, and extending his hand said in tones that trembled with repressed grief, "Doctor save my daughter!"

But what of Phillip Laird, the man between whom and Margaret St. Clair had come a blissful moment of meeting, recognition, and the Fate? The man whose last act had been one of courtesy to the woman he loved, the woman whose image had been cherished all these years in his heart as a guiding star of a destiny whose end was fast approaching. Stretched upon a rude litter side by side with other suffering victims, sheltered under the roof of a kind-hearted farmer, lay the form of him whose last battle had been fought and lost! Nearer and nearer the mystic shadows are approaching. Invisible wings gently fan the fevered checks, where burns the vivid scar gained on the battlefield, and seem to touch and linger lovingly, pityingly o'er the empty sleeve pathetic token of valor's unjust reward. A faint moan escapes his lips, he stirs, opens his eyes, starts up and with a glad cry of "Margaret! Margaret!" sinks back upon the pillow and the soul of Phillip Laird has winged its flight to that realm of eternal bliss.

"Heaven opened wide her ever during gates. Harmonious sounds of golden hinges turning. And through those pearly portals into rest he entered.

The night advanced, the shadows play hide and seek in the little room where the band of anxious watchers hold their ceaseless vigil. For days the life of Margaret St. Clair has hung upon a slender thread. Loving hands have ministered with tender care but, Death fought for Victory. Will he win? The midnight hour is sounded from the old-fashioned clock in the adjoining room. The doctor narrowly watches the lovely face. Suddenly a long-drawn sigh escapes the parted lips and the beautiful eyes, filled with recognition, open and gaze around in utter bewilderment upon the unfamiliar scene. Turning to those who stand with bated breath, the doctor softly whispered, "Your daughter will live!" Mr. St. Clair turned just in time to catch the almost fainting form of the devoted mother. "Let perfect quiet be observed," the doctor said, "she will sleep naturally now." The following morning Margaret greeted her parents with a loving smile of welcome and the query, "Oh, mother, what has happened, and, and, mother," softly, "is Phillip here?" Gently soothing the clinging tresses from her brow, the mother, before whose mental vision rises that face cold in death, replied, "There was an accident to your train, darling. Phillip was here, but has gone now."

Two weeks later, Margaret looking brighter and stronger, reclined against the pillows in the pretty white bed in her own dainty room at the dear old home. Nearly every hour since her arrival, when, pale and drooping, she had been carried tenderly and placed in the spot she loved, anxious inquirers had tip-toed softly to the door, and after a whispered colloquy, in which could be distinguished Professor's drawling notes and Bobby's impetuous, "How is she now?" Then they would quietly steal away to talk over a matter of such great importance to their faithful hearts.

Outside the sweet scented apple blossoms swayed in the gentle breeze, filling the room in which Margaret lay, with their delicate odor. A pensive sadness comes in her beautiful eyes, as her thoughts fly to the past.

Mrs. St. Clair enters the room. A close observer might preceive a grave look upon her face but she smiles bravely, as she approaches her daughter, and exclaimed "See, my dear, what lovely blossoms I have brought you!" "How beautiful, mother," said Margaret, as she pressed them to her cheeks, little dreaming of the hand that had plucked them, and the true heart that had prompted the gift, the heart of Douglass Hepburn in which, through all these trying hours had been singing the sad refrain.

"My own sweet love, if thou in the grave,
The darksome grave, wilt be,
Then will I go down by thy side, and crave
Love, room for thee and me!"

No, Margaret little dreamed of the donor, her heart was longing, hungering for news of him whose face, radiant with the light of love, at that unexpected meeting, was ever before her.

"Mother," she called, "come here, please." "Yes, dear," Mrs. St. Clair replied, her keen intuition detecting a certain faltering tone in her daughter's voice, "What is it?" "Mother," she asked, while a crimson flood spread over her pale face, "has Phillip been here to inquire for me? We had just met you know!

Mrs. St. Clair's eyes could scarcely meet the searching look of those eager ones. "No, dear, you must remember that ——"

"Mother," quickly, "Was Phillip injured?"

Something in the face to which she had always looked for re-assurance, seemd to fall her, and starting up, with outstretched hands, she moaned, "Mother, mother, is Phillip dead?"

CHAPTER VIII.

(By Miss Rea Woodman.)

Mrs. St. Clair knelt by the bed and gathered her daughter in her arms. "My darling you must be brave and bear this thing well. Phillip was killed in the accident."

Margaret lay very still; her face white and drawn. Presently she said, gently: "That will do, mother. Please leave me now. If I am to be brave, I must put on the whole armor of faith. Do not be afraid"—the white lips parted in a lovely smile—"I am not alone."

Wondering in her aching heart how all this would end, Mrs. St. Clare softly left the room, to the last keeping her eyes fixed on the white face and pleading tearless eyes.

* * * * * * * *

People said Margaret had changed greatly during her trip abroad. That she had gone away a charming girl, and had returned a noble woman. People who knew that grief is a cleansing fire, smiled sadly and wisely, and said that Europe had indeed improved her. Edith, who had spent a fortnight with Margaret, during her convalesence and previous to her own hasty wedding, wondered at the depth of sweetness grief had fathomed. The boys, who had once loved their beautiful sister enthusiastically, now loved her reverently. Douglas Hepburn, bowing before her, realized that this was not the woman he had so loved and longed for. Margaret told him that what he wished could never be. "I have always loved Phillip," she said, "and I love him now. I should fall below my ideal of myself if I should offer you, in return for your great love, a love which belongs to another. No, Douglas, we are not people who change or forget—you and I. It is best so. Let us say goodbye, for the dream is dreamed."

For a long minute Douglas Hepburn's eyes burned steadily into hers. In that long minute, he realized how hard her struggle and how dear her victory. He saw the shrine of this woman's soul, and knew that the sacrifice offered there, was not for him.

"Margaret," very tenderly, "I feel that you know best, and it shall be as you say. I do not ask for your love; I only lay the supreme love of my life at your feet, as a tribute to your sweet womanhood. I shall not see you again, I am not a strong man, but the memory of you will always be precious and lovely to me. Goodbye, dear love." He bowed low over her hand, then was gone. They never met again.

* * * * * * * *

The children and Margaret are in the old orchard. Again the sweet apple blossoms and bright sunshine are overhead. If any memory of one beautiful spring, five long years ago, comes to Margaret, her sweet face gives no sign. She goes on with her story of a migithy prince and a beautiful princess as tranquilly as if all the past had been as calm as this golden afternoon. Her eyes wonder from one to another of the group, with perhaps, just a passing thought of the day—beautiful with blossoms like today—that she had thrown her matrimonial bomb in the camp. The Professor, now a tall, courtly lad, maintaining with difficulty a dignified position on a gnarled stump, is absorbing his beloved Bulwer. Robby is prone on the grass, gazing straight up into the deep sky, apparently rumunating on matters of profound importance. Rodney—handsome as a play Apollo, is playing checkers with Jimmie, and is evidently cornered. Baby Louise, rejoiceing in the dignity of eight years, is reluctantly lingernig near enough to hear the story, though her private opinion is that fairy stories are very silly. On Margaret's lap, sits a tot with eyes like Edith's, which same are expanding to saucer-like proportions, as Margaret's imagination becomes rampant and pictures impossible giants and ogres, securely chained in impregnable castles.

"Now," says Margaret, finally, having dissolved all troubles, killed all the giants, and triumphantly married the rescued princess to the faithful prince, "run to ma, Baby Edith, and all of you, for here comes Mr. Ballinger, who possibly wants to see me."

"Possibly," growls the Professor, with smiling irony, as he joins the general flight.

"Webster," she begins to speak almost before the manly looking newcomer has reached her side, "just to surprise you and as a reward for your patient continuance in well-doing, I will make a proclamation. Hear ye, hear ye"—laughing, though her eyes are filled with tears—I will marry you whenever you wish—and—and—I do love you very—dearly, indeed," slowly. The frank face so near her own glows with sudden light, then pales. "Margaret, do not make any mistake—it would be fearful now. You are not thinking of—of—?"

"No I am not thinking of Phillip—a girl loved him and died with him. I am a woman now, and with a woman's heart and soul, I love you. You believe me?"

"Yes Margaret, I have always believed you." Then the apple blossoms blushed, for they were young and innocent, and had never seen what the apple blossoms of Eden saw—a man taking the woman he loved in his arms, to have and to hold."

(THE END.)

THERE is but one way in the world to be sure of having the best paint, and that is to use only a well-established brand of strictly pure white lead, pure linseed oil, and pure colors.*

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OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE Financial condition of the Bank of Derby, at Derby, state of Kansas, at the close of business on the 15th day of April, 1895.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts on personal and collateral security	$1,124.84
Loans on real estate	1,500.00
Real estate	3,281.82
Furniture and Fixtures	760.00
Expense account	68.70
Currency	500.00
Gold coin	380.00
Silver coin	35.00
Fractional currency	2.61
Due from other banks, sight exchange	1,196.96
Total	$9,327.93

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$5,000.00
Surplus fund on hand	1,062.99
Undivided profits	106.88
Individual deposits	2,149.06
Demand certificates	1,015.00
Total	$9,327.93

State of Kansas, County of Sedgwick, ss.

I, Henry C. Tucker, cashier of said bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. So help me God.

HENRY C. TUCKER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 26th day of April, 1895.

R. L. DENTON, Notary Public.

Commission expires on the 2d day of Janury, 1897.

Correct.—Attest:
HENRY C. TUCKER, Cashier.
S. W. TUCKER, Owner.

To John W. Breidenthal, Bank Commissioner, Topeka, Kansas.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE financial condition of the West Side bank at Wichita, state of Kansas, at the close of business on the 15th day of April, 1895.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts on personal and collateral security	$12,818.60
Overdrafts	22.93
Clearing-house items	59.25
Currency	2,034.00
Gold coin	1,690.00
Silver coin	266.15
Fractional currency	11.91
Due from other banks, sight exchange	6,296.13
Total	$23,228.97

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$5,000.00
Undivided profits	4,420.14
Individual deposits	12,589.79
Demand certificates	1,219.04
Total	$23,228.97

State of Kansas, County of Sedgwick, ss.

I, O. E. Billinger, cashier of said bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. So help me God.

O. E. BILLINGER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 26th day of April, 1895.

(Seal) J. W. DYER, Notary Public.

(Commission expires on the 13 th day of February, 1896.)

Correct.
Attest, J. A. DAVISON, Owner.

To John W. Breidenthal, Bank Commissioner, Topeka, Kansas.

LEADING PIANOS OF AMERICA
SOLD BY
BARNES & NEWCOMB
Latest styles in fancy woods in Bradbury, Mason & Hamlin and Dicker Bros All the late new music and books.
405 E Douglas Avenue.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE financial condition of the State Bank of Colwich, at Colwich, state of Kansas, at the close of business on the 15th day of April 1895.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts on personal and collateral security	$ 23,721.69
Loans on real estate	6,650.00
Overdrafts	283.86
Real estate	2,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	1,000.00
Expense account	14.25
Checks and other cash items	46.69
Currency	3,485.00
Gold coin	1,140.00
Silver coin	260.00
Fractional currency	11.66
Due from other banks, sight exchange	3,807.56
Total	$ 42,420.62

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	20,000.00
Surplus fund on hand	4,000.00
Exchange	15.40
Interest	54.20
Individual deposits	12,798.02
Demand certificates	598.00
Time certificates	2,455.00
Bills re-discounted	1,500.00
Total	$ 42,420.62

State of Kansas, County of Sedgwick, ss.

I, F. B. Garcelon, cashier of said bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. So help me God.

F. B. GARCELON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25 th day of April, 1895.

(Seal) GEO. W. STEENROD, Notary Public.

(Commission expires on the 29th day of September, 1897.

Correct
Attest,
C. F. HYDE,
F. B. GARCELON,
S. B. AMIDON,
Directors.

To John W. Breidenthal, Bank Commissioner, Topeka, Kan. 139 6t

SUNSHINE AND ROSES

Remind us of balmy June and June stands for out-of-door recreation and its attendant health. When sick seek sunshine and roses. They are nowhere so plentiful as in

CALIFORNIA

where it is always June and the reason of flowers.

In getting there, quick time and comfortable equipment are desirable.

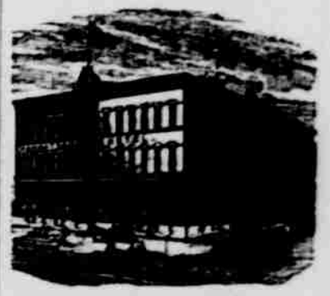
SANTA FE ROUTE

furnishes all accommodations to be desired for a transcontinental journey. For time tables and descriptive literature, address

G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A.,
Monadnock Bldg., - - Chicago

Best $1-a-Day House in City.
EMPORIA AVENUE HOTEL.
Thoroughly renovated and refurnished. Good meals and good accommodations. Special rates to boarders.
P. H. SCHOTT, Jr., Prop.
Emporia Ave., Cor. Douglas.

HOTEL CAREY.
$2 TO $3 PER DAY
JNO. B. CAREY Prop.
C. W. CAREY, Mgr



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Best located house in city.
Corner Topeka and Douglas Avenues.
Rates $2.00 per day.
R. L. EATON, Props. F. J. BONHAM, Asst. Mgr.

When Her Skirts Show

immaculate whiteness and proper gloss and stiffness, it's a proof that her laundress uses

KINGSFORD'S Laundro TRADE MARK

The perfect cold water starch.

It's a saver of time, work and money. If your grocer doesn't keep it, perhaps he has Kingsford's famous Oswego "Pure" or "Silver Gloss" Starch, or write us for a free sample of Laundro.

T. KINGSFORD & SON,
OSWEGO, N. Y.

WICHITA HOSPITAL.

Admirably located. Thoroughly equipped for the care and treatment of all surgical, obstetrical and gynaecological cases.

Trained nurses constantly in charge, together with an eminent corps of physicians and surgeons.

Private rooms from $7 to $12 per week.

For further information address

MRS. M. M. WOODCOCK, Pres., 833 Riverview Ave. or MISS R. YOUNGER, Supt., 1071 N. Fourth Ave

FOUR BIG SUCCESSES.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale: Dr. Kings New Discovery for consumption, coughs, and colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for liver, stomach and kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at the drug stores of Charles Lawrence and G. Gehring.

MANCHESTER people are not yet posted in sea-faring lingo. Thus, a Manchester ship canal hand was overheard shouting at the top of his voice to a captain: "Are you bringing in the blunt end or the sharp end of that ship?"—Tit-Bits.

"I SUPPOSE Newriche's new house is sumptuously fitted up?" "Yes, indeed. He has everything you can think of that is costly. Why, his fire extinguisher is kept full of champagne all the time."—Harper's Bazar.

MARVELOUS RESULTS.

From a letter written by Rev. L. Gunderman of Dimondale, Mich., We are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were most marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist church at Rives Janction she was brought down with pnemonia succeeding la grippe. Terrible poroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at the drug stores of Charles Lawrence and G. Gehrings. Regular size, 50c and $1.00.

COMPENSATION.—He—"That's Mrs. Grimshaw who lectures on bimetallism. I've heard her. How exasperatingly clever she seems to be!" She—"Yes, but how consolingly ugly!"—Punch.

MISS OLDACRE (who has still got skittish ways)—"Isn't it sad, captain, when a woman perceives that she's grown older?" The Captain—"Yes; but it's more sad when she doesn't perceive it."—Judy.