

# The Love That Never Dies

By FLORENCE WARDEN, Author of "The Master-Key," "The House on the Marsh," "The Inn by the Shore," Etc.

### CHAPTER IV.

No strongly and so disagreeably was Beatrice Froyle affected by the visit of the mysterious stranger to Catherington house, so much afraid was she that, having already followed her, he might on the next occasion of meeting address her, that on the day after his inquiry at the door for Lord Catherington she remained indoors with Ermyntrode, watching at the windows of the nursery for his expected reappearance.

And in the course of the morning he made his appearance, slouching up and down, always on the same side of the square, and always with his head turned in the direction of the great house. His dark eyes fixed upon the building: instead of that he would throw towards the windows, or the heavy portico, one quick glance, and then, turning away, he would go in a manner which it was impossible not to notice.

The servants at the house saw him, and remarked upon his strange ways, and presently a policeman spoke to him. Beatrice saw this meeting, and that the man appeared to have little or nothing to say for himself. But she slouched away after that, and she saw nothing more of him until late in the afternoon when, about dusk, she was almost certain that she described his gaunt, ill-clad figure loitering near the rainings in the middle of the square.

Although she had plenty of time, in the course of the long day, shut up in two rooms with her child, to consider her position from every point of view, Beatrice was not at all at the end of it, nor to a decision as to her future steps, than she had been at the beginning.

Bitterly as she regretted her first step in deception, the mad instinct which had caused her to pass off her own child as that of Lady Catherington's, there now struggled with this remorse a feeling towards the viscount which she could not analyze very well, but in which gratitude and admiration, respect and fear, were strangely mingled.

While she had the thought of her deception, she yet dreaded the discovery upon both him and her of a discovery on his part. And while she wondered whether he would find out anything during his visit to Catherington, she could not tell whether she wished him to do so or not. On the one hand she felt that it would be a great relief to her conscience if he should learn the truth, which she dared not herself tell him; on the other hand she could not face the thought of having to lose his friendly companionship and his loving protection of Ermyntrode without severe regrets.

On the following day Lord Catherington was expected home again in his London house, and Beatrice and the baby watched for his arrival from the windows of the night nursery in a state of great excitement.

It was dusk when he arrived, driving up in a hansom in his usual independent fashion. And Beatrice's heart leaped up at Ermyntrode's cry of delight when they saw a hand waving to them from the hansom, and knew that he had caught sight of their watching faces.

"Go see daddy! Go see daddy!" cried the child, clapping her little hands in deliberate child's fashion and wringing her head from her mother's arms on to the floor.

"Oh, Ermyntrode, we don't know whether he'd like us to," cried Beatrice, following the child, however, towards the door as she spoke.

But Ermyntrode nodded her little head emphatically, and reached up to the handle with her chubby fingers.

"Es, es, me daddy, Mummy so, too!" she was glad of the excuse, and they both went down stairs and were peeping shyly round the bend of the great front staircase, when Lord Catherington, from the hansom, espied them and held up his arms.

"Hallo! I spy!" cried he in the jovial, ringing voice which Beatrice never heard without a thrill of either pleasure or of fear. "Come along. Come down to here," and he pointed to the sixth step from the ground.

"And you shall jump the rest."

Hand-in-hand, and the little one came down the wide marble staircase with its red pile carpet, striking figures both, the one in white the other in black, against the background, they made indeed, the tall, slender woman with her coils of dark hair, her large brown eyes and rather pale brunet complexion; the other, a chubby girl, with her blue eyes, her skin of milk and roses, and her lilt-white locks. That was the salvation of Beatrice. There was absolutely no likeness between her and her own child. But on the other hand, as Letimer Froyle had always pointed out to his wife, the color of the child's hair was that which had, in infancy, distinguished most of the members of his own family. In Hampshire, therefore, Beatrice thought that her guilty secret would stand much stronger risk of discovery than it did in London. Had Lord Catherington met any of the Froyles during his visit? And, if so, had anything been said about her and her child?

She looked uneasily into the viscount's face, but she saw there no suspicion, nothing but good humored smiles.

"Well, this is something worth coming back for. It's the first time in twenty years that I've had a welcome home," cried he, with a gleam of brightness with which Ermyntrode took her baby steps down the stairs and held out her little arms to him when he told her to stop.

He matched her in his arms, and with a look of invitation to Beatrice to follow, entered the library with a look round which showed the pleasure he felt at finding himself back again.

"Yes, Mrs. Froyle," said he, as he stood on the hearth with his back to the fire, looking from her to Ermyntrode, who was now sitting in her favorite place on the rug at his feet. "I suppose that sounds rather difficult to believe, but I give you my word it's the truth. Since I've been in London, I've lived in a place after my poor mother died, and, by Jove! it's not very lively now! Nothing but discontented servants and a succession of boys at you as I've been wondering whether their chances of pillage will be improved or lessened under the new regime."

"Surely you found someone glad to see you after all these years, some face that looked the brighter for your coming," said she, timidly, but with feeling.

She had not quite understood how much she liked, as well as feared, this petulant, kindhearted benefactor, until his return set her heart beating very fast.

He turned towards her with a curious half-smile, and then said in a rather lower voice than before:

"I could have said 'No' most truthfully five minutes ago, but now I must say 'Yes.' Two faces have grown brighter to meet me. The experience of a pleasant one," he added, as he looked from her to the child.

Beatrice felt choked. Every word cut her to the heart. If he knew, he knew, she felt sure. He knew, kindly, perceiving how agitated she had suddenly become. "And pray listen to me for a little while. I twaddle on about my experiences. It's too delightful to have sympathetic ears open to receive one's stories. This domesticity after one's homeless wanderings, is a splendid thing."

Shyly, stiffly, Beatrice seated herself a little way off, as far away indeed as she dared from the group on the hearth. If he were to go on in this strain much longer she was bound to cry, and she wished that her tears might be unseen. She was glad that he turned his attention at this point entirely to the child for a little while, detaching a seal from his watch chain for her to play with and listening to her prattle about it. Suddenly, however, he looked over her flaxen head at the window.

"My old chums would find it hard to recognize me as a family man," he said, "fighting 'Fred' they used to call me. What was 'Fred'?"

"Fighting Fred!" echoed Beatrice, wondering.

"H'm. You wouldn't think it to look at me—now, would you?"

"No-o."

"A man changes with his circumstances. Thus the commonplace, idle schoolboy of country life at home may become the dare-anything abroad in the wilds; and he again may change into the reckless, passionate lover—his face darkened as he spoke—and then into the heartbroken and disappointed man."

He paused solemnly, and Beatrice did not interrupt him.

"Then another turn of the wheel makes a sort of returning prodigal of him; only he has to kill the fatted calf himself, because there's nobody left in the world who cares enough to do it for him. And the last transformation of all makes him a contented citizen, with leanings towards domestic life, and in proud possession of a daughter to be educated and settled in life."

An exclamation broke from Beatrice's lips. This was looking ahead with a vengeance. Lord Catherington, however, was not to be interrupted in his reverie.

"I wonder," he said, musingly, as he stroked his long beard, "whether she'll be as beautiful as her mother was." Again Beatrice started, but he took no notice of these manifestations. "She was a most lovely woman, the loveliest woman in the world, I thought once—and—well, I'm not sure in one way that I wasn't right. You saw her, didn't you?"

He had a habit of fixing his eyes, with a sudden and penetrating look, upon the person he addressed, which always made Beatrice feel as if he were looking right thru into the very depths of her mind and heart.

"I—I saw her," said Ermyntrode, she replied, huskily.

"Lady Catherington!" repeated he, slowly. "Yes, of course, she has the right to use the title now, whatever the man may be, wherever she may be living. It may lead to some odd items of fashionable intelligence presently."

The hardness which his tone had assumed in speaking of his wife shocked Beatrice a little. During that interview between husband and wife, part of which she had overheard, her own heart had been melted by Lady Catherington's passionate pleading on behalf of her baby. She could not understand how a man, as good-natured as Lord Catherington appeared to be, could remain untouched by such entreaties from a woman he had once loved—entreaties made, as they were, not on her own behalf, but on that of her child and his.

Lord Catherington appeared to be slightly annoyed by her silence or by the expression of her face. For, after a short silence, he asked, almost petulantly:

"What are you thinking?"

Raising her head very timidly, Beatrice said: "Must I tell you?"

"Yes, if you like. I hate to be lied to. I like enthusiastic assent, or enthusiastic contradiction. So fire away."

"Well, then, I can't understand your attitude. I could understand forgiveness, I could understand punishment. But I don't know why you should just speak mockingly of her, and yet—"

"Not take any steps to free myself from the connection? Why should I? I could get a divorce, I suppose; she herself implied that I could. But she would call herself by my name just the same; not all the decrees of all the law courts in the world can save a title from that degradation in those circumstances. And there would be such a washing of dirty linen for us, with counter charges, and the goodness knows what raking up of ugly stories and forgotten scandals! No, no, emphatically, I don't want a divorce, even if I saw that the case would be a plain sailing. It isn't as if I wanted to get married; I don't. My family is here—ready-made."

And the tall man stopped to pass his hand lightly thru Ermyntrode's flaxen locks.

"And then there's another thing," he went on, presently. "I was as hard as nails to her—to my wife, I mean—as I had a right to be, for she left me heartlessly, brutally, when I was poor and ill besides. But since I have seen the child, I confess I've felt some compunction about my behavior to the mother; for at least it's clear that she cared for the child, that she did her best for it, and so I can't help thinking that she was fond of the little one, and only gave her up to me for the child's own sake. Do you see?"

### HIS OCCUPATION.

He matched her in his arms, and with a look of invitation to Beatrice to follow, entered the library with a look round which showed the pleasure he felt at finding himself back again.

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## JUST TOTS.



WILLIE—And the angels brought it? Geel they must have been very careless angels.  
MAMMA—Careless?  
WILLIE—Yes; they forgot to put any hair on its head.  
NURSE—Come, Dorothy, it is time for you and Dolly to go to bed.  
DOROTHY—What's the use? Dolly's so tired she can't sleep, and I've got a touch of insomnia.

### DO YOU KNOW THAT

Switzerland sells us \$21,000,000 worth of her products and buys but \$200,000 worth of ours. Clever Switzerland! Talk about Yankee thrif!

Since the Crimean war the cost of that pasture to the world has reached to nearly \$18,000,000.

The first artesian wells dug by "civilized" peoples date back to 1462, in France; but they were in common use in China early in the seventh century!

One of the most fruitful sources of fatal accidents is window-cleaning.

The tamarisk wood of Egypt is the longest lived of any known wood. Perfectly sound timbers have been found connected with the stone work of the old temples that are known to be at least 4,000 years old.

### O'ER TRUE TALES

Olof Swenson on Bigamy.

Mr. Frye, as "Chairman of the U. S. S.," has received a quaint communication from a Swedish correspondent named Olof Swenson, who lives at Wegdahl, Chippewa county, Minn. He evidently neither speaks nor writes English as well as he does Swedish, but he has some very earnest views on the subject of polygamy, which in his letter he styles "bigame." Olof writes Mr. Frye, in part, as follows:

"As dispute in the Senate has occurred about bigame I want to state to you my meanings. I am a student of the Bible, which all Christian and Jews claims to be the legal rule for all human. God has given only one woman to one man, and what God have united shall not man depart.

There is considerable more in similar vein, from which Olof draws his conclusion: "If the bigamist claim God have revealed for them only to have many wives, I have a great reason to disbelieve they only lay, and cannot show any evidence for it."

There is a request at the top of the letter that it be read in senate chamber, which Mr. Frye has not yet complied with.

### BUYING, SELLING, BUILDING

**REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.**  
William Parker and wife to Hilma A. Larson; wgs. wgs. lot 17, Auditor's subdivision 46, etc., \$950.  
Vernon D. Crandall, administrator, to Charles Lundberg, in securities; Second National Security Land and Investment Company to William Mathews; lot 10, block 16, Gale's subdivision, \$700.  
Oscar Peterson and wife to Knut Moe; lot 5, block 11, Bergquist's Second, \$2,200.  
Nesrine Tonville and wife to Class Olin and wife; lot 20, block 3, Hauzer, Lockwood and others' addition, \$700.  
David P. Jones and wife to Peter M. Peterson; south half of lot 10, block 12, Gale's Second addition, \$975.  
Philomela L. Dart to Fred S. Child and wife; lot 2 and part of lot 3, block 13, First Division, Remington Park, \$3,275.  
Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company to Benjamin D. Shapiro; block 2, J. & S. W. Elliott's addition, \$3,000.  
Sarah Terhune and husband to Georgiana Stecker; lots 10, 11 and 12, block 11, Windsor's addition, \$1,500.  
F. A. Bond, guardian to John N. Strobel; part of lot 2, in section 36-25-24, \$1,262.  
Ignatius Becker and wife to Charles E. Swanson; lot 10, section 30-15-21, \$3,000.  
William H. Springer and wife to E. von Bode; lot 29, revised Cottagewood, \$2,200.  
Minnie B. Baker and wife to John O. P. Wheeler; lots 197, 198, 208, 209 and part of lot 207, supplement plat of Minnesota Beach, \$5,500.  
Addison T. Baker and wife to Theodore Kiers; lot 10, section 27-119-29, \$2,300.  
Louisa A. Ensign to Elizabeth A. Brown et al.; lot 10, York Motor Line addition, \$375.  
Joseph C. Moore and wife to William A. Emery and wife; in section 32-120-21, \$200.  
George W. Rathbun and wife to Isaac V. Ewer; lot 10, block 14, First division of Remington Park, \$1,700.  
Frank A. Rabezy and wife to Josephine O. Findley; part of lot 2, exhibit "C," Referee's plat of George W. Wheeler, \$700.  
Security Land and Investment Company to Charles M. Griggs; lot 9, block 16, Gale's subdivision, \$700.  
Joseph L. Hickson to Emma G. Gray; lot 7, block 2, Calhoun Park, \$2,200.  
Joseph Klaus and wife to Theodore Kiers; in section 1-118-24, \$100.  
Emma G. Gray and husband to Joseph L. Hickson; lot 4, block 32, Calhoun Park, \$800.  
Portius C. Deming and wife to John Kroghstad and wife; lot 6, block 37, Wilson's re-arrangement, \$400.  
Benjamin C. Gelling and wife to Abraham Kaplan; east one-half lot 1, block 7, Menage's Fourth addition, \$300.  
Twelve minor deeds, \$189.  
Total, 36 deeds, \$38,036.

### BUILDING PERMITS.

Minnesota Lined Oil company, 308-22 Twelfth avenue S.; oil mill, two warehouses and powerhouse, \$12,500.  
Stephen Jones, 2036 Grand avenue; dwelling, \$2,500.  
L. La Mott, 2156 Chicago avenue; dwelling, \$3,000.  
G. F. Marcoe, 3005 University avenue SD; dwelling, \$1,000.  
F. A. Smith, 5321 Third avenue S.; dwelling, \$1,000.  
Mrs. Margaret Kraushar; 511 Seventeenth avenue N.; dwelling, \$1,000.  
Sixteen minor permits, \$3,550.  
Total, 22 permits, \$26,250.

### APRIL 8 IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

[Compiled from the National Cyclopaedia of American History.]  
1518—Bottle de Leon first landed in Florida.  
1864—Pontiac of Sabine Cross Roads, Louisiana.  
1865—Spanish Fort, Ala., captured by federals.  
LENTEN SACRIFICES.  
He—Now, may I have that kiss I've been waiting for?  
She—No; it's Lent.  
He—What! Show me the guy who had the nerve to borrow it.  
KILLING FUMES.  
Tonkers Statesman.  
Mrs. Myles—Do you allow your husband to smoke in the conservatory?  
Mrs. Styles—Oh, no; yes; the fumes from his cigar kill the bugs.  
He—Shouldn't he fumes from the kind of cigars that he smokes would kill the plants?

## THE WEATHER

Weather Now and Then: To-day, maximum temperature, 54 degrees; minimum temperature, 40 degrees; a year ago, maximum temperature, 67 degrees; minimum temperature, 36 degrees.

Minnesota—Heavy snow to-night and possibly Saturday; colder to-night and southeast portion Saturday; northerly gales.

Wisconsin—Rain; turning to snow to-night or Saturday morning; colder; easterly, shifting to northwest gales.

Upper Michigan—Rain, turning to snow to-night and Saturday, northeast, shifting to northwest gale.

Iowa—Snow to-night and possibly Saturday; colder to-night; northwest gale.

North and South Dakota—Fair in west, heavy snow in east portion to-night and possibly Saturday; brisk northwest winds.

Montana—Fair to-night and Saturday; warmer Saturday; variable winds.

### WEATHER CONDITIONS.

The low pressure west of the Mississippi yesterday is now central in eastern Iowa and Illinois as a storm of considerable energy, causing precipitation during the past twenty-four hours over nearly all the central and southern portions of the country. In the eastern part of the Dakotas and western Minnesota very heavy snow has fallen. In some places from eight to twelve inches in depth. Snow was still falling this morning in the Dakotas, Nebraska, eastern Kansas and Missouri. The temperature is 30 degrees or lower in the Dakotas, Nebraska, northern New Mexico and the whole Rocky mountain region. Gales are reported during the past twelve hours in the lake region and thence westward into the Dakotas and Nebraska and southward as far as Tennessee, the highest velocities being forty-eight miles per hour at North Platte, Chicago, Huron and St. Louis.

—T. S. OUTRAM, Section Director.

## WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

By MARION ALCOTT PRENTICE, Copyright, 1904.

**DINING-ROOM NOTES**—We are building a new home and will you be good enough to advise me in regard to the dining-room appointments? I want them simple and in good taste.—Mrs. N. M. G.

Over-furnishing like over-dressing seems to have become a mania with many American housewives. The woman who must depend upon ordinary servants soon finds her household goods a nuisance instead of the joy she had planned, and energy and time is spent in a ceaseless routine of cleaning and rearrangement, which might be spent more profitably in rest or in mental uplifting. If the multifarious possessions seem essential compromise by putting them in the least troublesome form. The modern dining-room with open cabinets and plate shelves filled with china is all very beautiful, but a source of slavery to mistress and maids, so do not furnish your home in this manner unless you are sure of an abundance of good help at all times. Instead of exposing a mass of plates, cups, etc., on open shelves have only such ornaments as can be well cared for. Bear in mind that the silver and the dishes in regular use means a good deal of work, so do not add to the work of yourself or servant needlessly. Invest in two or three china cabinets with artistically leaded glass doors, and in them keep the dainty china, out of the dust. This plan will save not only time but much breakage, and the china will be ready for use at all times. Furthermore, you cannot depend upon using much of the shelf china for a gap is quickly seen, so that, after all, they are merely decorations. The rich colors of the wood and china should supply the color schemes for your dining-room and a few good posters in flat black or gilt frames furnish the pictorial decoration.

### QUESTIONS FOR TO-MORROW

**THE ART OF APPLYING A POULTICE**—Is there any way to make a poultice and apply it that is agreeable to either the maker or the patient? The very word poultice suggests all sorts of unpleasant experiences.—S. B. J.

**TREATING AN OILY SKIN**—What can I do to help an oily skin? I have tried all sorts of creams and lotions, but my face still shines in a most unpleasant manner.—Emma B.

## UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS

**ETON JACKET, 4699.**

Simple, collarless Eton jackets are much worn and suit certain occasions better than any other sort. This one is novel, in that the fronts are fitted by means of darts at the shoulders and the back by means of seams that extend to the shoulders. As shown it is made of royal blue cheviot and is trimmed with black braid, but all suiting materials are correct and trimming can be varied again and again. The model is made entirely of the cheviot with the braid simply applied on indicated lines, but a more elaborate effect can be obtained by using a contrasting material outside the braid, which gives a veat effect.

The jacket is made with fronts and back that is cut in three sections. The sleeves are wide and are gathered into straight bands, which are concealed by the roll-over shaped cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 1/2 yards 21 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide or 3 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 7 yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, 4699, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40-inch bust measure.

In ordering pattern, fill in this coupon.

PATTERN NO. .... Size .....

Name ..... Address .....

**CAUTION**—Be careful to give correct number and size of patterns wanted. When the pattern is sent measure, you need only mark 32, 34, 36 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, you need only mark 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figures representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

Patterns of this garment will be sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Be sure and mention number of pattern.

PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, JOURNAL, MINNEAPOLIS.

### ATTRACTIVE THOUGHTFUL.

**JOSH MEDDERS**—There! They ain't nuthin' like a good catchy ad ter git bizness!

**MR. KNOWIT**—Don't you know that cigar is very injurious for you?  
WILLIE—Sure, but if I didn't smoke it, me ribs would burst.

THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

MINNEAPOLIS Today and Tomorrow

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

Metropolitan, 8 p. m. .... "Lohegrin," in English.  
Bijou, 8:15 p. m. .... "Wedded and Parted."  
Lyceum, 8:15 p. m. .... "A Gilded Fool."  
Dewey, 8:15 p. m. .... Fay Foster Burlesquers.

MINNEAPOLIS WEATHER.

Snow and colder to-night; Saturday, fair.

CRADLE, ALTAR AND GRAVE.

**BIRTHS.**  
Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. Nels, Fifty-three-and-a-half street and Twenty-second avenue S. city.  
Quinn, Mr. and Mrs. Peter, 1217 Washington avenue N. boy.  
Amland, Mr. and Mrs. John, 1808 Third street S. boy.  
Brenan, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, 2819 Pillsbury avenue, boy.

**DEATHS.**  
Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. V. T., 2025 Lyndale avenue S. girl.  
**MARRIAGE LICENSES.**  
Edward M. Outlets and Agnes Kotlaba.  
George A. Hills and Alzina E. Brown.

**DEPARTS.**  
McMaster, A. Parker, 37 Ninth street N.  
Amoth, Olga, 2629 Second street NE.  
Brown, Hattie M., 48 Sixteenth street N.

THE SILK STORE

W. F. Cleary, 722 Nicollet.

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WE ARE OFFERING SOME Special Bargains THIS WEEK ON

Spring Suits, Cravenette Coats, Silk Coats & Petticoats, Covert Jackets, Shirt Waists, Skirts, Etc.

Goods high grade, styles late and up to date. Easy payment.

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Piano Player.

Sold only by Metropolitan Music Co.

DIAMONDS

None but perfect gems ever find a place in our stock. Diamonds have been a leading feature of our business, and we pride ourselves on the superior quality of the stones we sell. Our prices are the lowest.

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The Doctor's Order

is strictly followed at Voegeli's Drug Store, where all prescriptions after being filled, are "called off" to a second party, thereby making errors impossible. Accurate work, combined with pure drugs, makes it to your advantage to do business with

VOEGELI

Two Stores—Wash. and Henn. Nicollet and Seventh Street.

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The leading dealer in the Northwest in fine Leather Goods, Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases. Everything for the traveler. Pocket-books, Card Cases and Leather Novelties.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT JAPAN

Struggle With "English as She is Spoke" in Japan.

This is how Man Sunday used to talk, says Douglas Sladen in his book on Japan. Of Miss Aroostook, who was very pretty, he used to say, "Very good countenance is." If he wanted to go and wash his hands, he said, "Hands having washed will probably come." When I hadn't seen him for several days he saluted me with this triumph, learnt by heart from Chamberlain, "That after lengthy honorable eyes in hang-not always angustly robust being," which meant, "It is some time since we last met; I am delighted to see you looking so well." If he thought I looked ill, he opened his conversation with "Bodily feelings bad?" And if he considered it time for me to have a snack, he would say, "Honorable inside become empty?" or, "Still plenty interval" (there is no hurry) was a great expression of his. And he had one killing expression, when you asked him about some article of conversation with "Bodily feelings bad?" which was just his way of saying "Please let me see"; which was fully equalled by the polite way of asking you to sit down, "A little honorably-to-place down." "How shall probably do?" was his way of asking where we were going to; "An angust trouble mister" his way of saying thank you. If he thought you had caught cold he said, "Wind have drawn." "This is plenty," was his way of saying enough. There was one phrase of his which I never could make head or tail of till he pointed it out Chamberlain. He was always using it, plucking up bits of the other article to show us. "This

NOT PROMINENT.

MILDRED—is she very prominent?  
LOUISE—I should say not. Why, she was always using it, plucking up bits of the other article to show us. "This