"Hechts' Greater Stores."

Every day at Hechts' is a great occasion!

and every day we are called on to do our best. Thousands of people call here daily to see how near our advertisements and stocks correspond and to see how well we do. As we expect to continue in business—and as we expect to retain the leadership as long as we do, we dare not let our assortment run low, and we dare not let our prices run higher than others ask. We cannot wait for you to correct our prices, but by keeping constant watch we insure their correctness. It is easy to see and you can certainly believe your own eyes that—

—we are never undersold,
—that we do not sell unworthy goods,
—that we do not push off old stocks.

It is with this confidence that we ask an examination of tomorrow's offerings.

Sensational selling—trimmed hats.

You must have heard of this sale! Right at the very beginning of the season, almost, you are asked to help yourselves to the greatest line of ladies' handsomely trimmed hats in town—at a saving of a third and more.

Stylish creations of the identical value as are sold in other stores at $5.98 are offered you at $3.98.

Still handsomer hats, embracing some beauties—masterpieces—such as sell for $7.98—are selling at $5.98.

Other special selling here tomorrow.

Children's Tam O'Shanter caps, in all colors, 39c. instead of 79c.

Ladies' and children's felt flats, in black only; also lot of "Dewey" hats, of soft felt, in gray, castor, navy and black—59c. instead of 98c.

Wings, quills and fancy feathers, in black and all colors, 17c. instead of 39c.

Splendid shoe savings.

One lot of children's hand-made button and lace shoes, in sizes 5 to 8; our usual 75c. value; for..... **49c.**

One lot of fine dongola and kangaroo calf shoes for children, in button and lace styles; sizes 8½ to 11; are extraordinary values at $1; to go for..... **75c.**

Lot of misses' dongola and kangaroo calf lace shoes, in sizes 11½ to 2; instead of $1.25 pair; tomorrow for.. **98c.**

Lot of little boys' viel kid and satin calf spring heel lace shoes; in sizes 9 to 13½; instead of 98c., for..... **75c.**

Lot of boys' satin calf shoes, in sizes 2½ to 5½; made on three styles of toes; instead of $1.50, for..... **98c.**

Lot of men's 3-sole winter shoes, made of heavy satin calf, black box calf, tan box calf or tan viel kid; many of them leather lined; every pair warranted to give satisfactory wear; instead of $2.50, to go for..... **$1.98**

Another lot of men's heavy and light sole shoes, most of them hand-sewed, in black and tan viel kid, box calf, tan calf and patent leathers; in 5 styles of toes; splendid values at $3.50; to go for..... **$2.50**

Investigate these two suit sales.

They concern the most stylish ladies' suits to be had and the savings are enormous.

$9.98 for suits worth up to $25 each.

Ladies' tailor-made suits, embracing the highest grades of Venetians, herringbone worsteds and broadcloths in nearly every new shade; in all the newest effects; many of them most elaborately silk-braid trimmed; some of them with lapels faced with moire velour. Also lot of black, blue and brown imported cheviot serge suits, in tight-fitting, fly-front and box-front styles. Most of the jackets are lined with the finest quality of taffeta silk in colors harmonious with the suits.

Every garment bears the stamp of thorough workmanship and finish, and does credit to their maker, whose name stands for perfection in ready-to-wear suit making.

$9.98 for the choice—and they are actual $20 to $25 values.

$19.98 for suits worth up to $40 each.

Ladies' suits of broadcloth—of fine all-wool cassimere—of Venetian—of cheviot serges—of gray homespun—of drap d'ete—suits in black and blue, and most desirable colors and color combinations; many of which are silk lined throughout—many of which are trimmed with applique silk braid; many with collars and lapels of moire velour; some with overskirts—all the most fashionable suits of the season—and instead of up to $40—for $19.98.

Introductory values in coats.

Ladies' kersey jackets—in black, tan and castor—made with deep French facings and seams piped with silk—the new scalloped effect—with four rows of stitching and large pearl buttons—which cannot be duplicated elsewhere for less than $15—for..... **$9.98**

The startling part of this bargain is that these jackets are lined with Skinner's satin, and when we say Skinner's satin you know it is. Every garment bears Skinner's guarantee cards, which guarantees that the lining will wear two years, and if it does not, a new one will be put in free of cost to you.

The new $10 golf capes, $5.98.

Those which arrived yesterday go on sale tomorrow—made of plaid back cloaking—in brown and gray mixture, tan and blue, with the Spanish flounce and hood—instead of $10—for..... **$5.98**

Lot of misses' plaid back golf capes with hood to go for $4.98.

A glove special.

Ladies' white, tan, black, mode, oxblood, champagne 2-clasp kid gloves, which sell usually for a dollar a pair—every pair fitted—to go for..... **69c.**

Skirt values possible because we make them.

$2.49 for all-wool black and blue imported cheviot serge skirts, crepon skirts, and gray homespuns, which are sold for $4 elsewhere.

$3.98 for handsome black crepon skirts—full width—the new effect—linings and bindings in them that will wear, satisfactorily—a much better skirt than is usually offered even at $5.

$8.98 for those ultra-stylish silky blister crepon skirts such as sell in every store in town for $12 and more—very perfection in fit and fullness and finish.

Another sale boys' clothing tomorrow

—with values in every way equal to those which caused such a sensation last week.

$1.79 for boys' check cheviot vestie suits, in sizes 3 to 8 years; trimmed with silk braid; also double-breasted styles of same material, in sizes 8 to 16 years, both sorts lined with serge lining—the regular values offered at $3.00.

$2.98 for boys' all-wool cheviot and Scotch mixed cheviot and plain black and blue cheviot vestie suits, with round collars, trimmed with silk braid and fancy buttons—and in double-breasted styles, in sizes 8 to 16 years—suits such as sell for $4.00 and more.

$3.98 for boys' fine striped worsted and black and blue cheviot vest suits, with Italian lining, with double-breasted vests like those in men's suits, trimmed with pearl buttons—also with double-breasted coats, in sizes up to 16 years—worth no less than $7.50.

$3.98 for boys' covert top coats—which will be even more stylish than last season—in sizes to fit boys up to 16 years; made with plain and velvet collars; made with good linings. You'll see them in other stores at $5.98 and more.

Youths' all-wool fancy cassimere and cheviot suits (which are guaranteed all wool), and also a lot of black and blue cheviot suits which are not quite all wool, but which would be sold to you, no doubt, by others as all wool; in sizes 14 to 19 years, and suits which you have never bought for less than $5.98 and more, will go for..... **$2.98**

Another lot of youths' long pants suits, in sizes 14 to 19 years, of all-wool, plain black and blue and fancy cheviots, worsted and cassimeres and neat striped worsted, which are so very stylish; with single and double-breasted coats and vests—which are regularly sold for $10, to go for..... **$7.50**

Black and gray wool knee pants, of striped and mixed cheviots—for 19c. pair instead of 30c.

Black and blue cheviot knee pants for 12½c. pair instead of 22c.

Fine all-wool knee pants, some with double seats and knees, instead of 79c. pair, for 49c.

Boys' century cloth shirt waists for 19c. instead of 29c.

Wonderful shirt selling tomorrow!

As the result of most advantageous buying we are enabled to offer our men patrons tomorrow and those who have never bought here, an exceptional opportunity to buy percale shirts at a saving.

Nearly 2,000 men's fancy percale shirts, with detachable cuffs, in as many as fifty different patterns, embracing the most popular stripes, checks and figured effects, shirts that sold at 75c. and cannot be sold for less at a profit when bought in the regular way, will be sold at..... **39c.**

Two special sales in hat department.

We shall offer tomorrow several hundred of those very stylish new golf hats, with low crowns and wide brims, in pearl only, with raw o' bound edge, and also several hundred men's derbies and fedoras, in black and the proper shades, the identical hat which is selling at $2 everywhere else, at..... **$1.50**

Several hundred boys' golf caps, cadet hats, Cornells, yachts, &c., with leather or cloth visors, also boys' turbans and telescopes; satin lined, and in plain and fancy colors, such as are sold at 75c. elsewhere, at..... **43c.**

A special in ladies' & men's underwear

Several dozen men's fleece-lined plain and derby ribbed shirts and drawers, in plain and fancy colors; the very best 50c. garments ever offered, will be sold tomorrow at..... **39c.**

100 dozen ladies', derby ribbed fleeced-lined vests, with crocheted trimming and ribbon drawing strings; instead of 39c. will be offered tomorrow at **25c.**

Save 9c. on sheet music!

Ten different pieces of popular sheet music, which sell at 25c. in every music store in town, here at 16c. tomorrow—a saving of 9c. on each copy. Will you make the saving? Everything that is popular can be found here in our music department.

"Smoky Mokes,"
"Thelma,"
"Night Reception,"
"She is a Sensible Girl,"
"I Ain't Seen No Messenger Boy,"
"Old New Hampshire Home,"
"Little Georgia Rose,"
"My Sweet Eileen,"
"One Night in June,"
"She Was Born in Old Kentucky."

Sale of $1.25 and $1.50 corsets, $1.

We do an extraordinary thing in the corset department tomorrow—we put on sale several dozen ladies' black, white and gray coutil and satine corsets, in long, medium and short lengths, such as every store in town sells at $1.25 and $1.50, at $1 pair.

Children's eiderdown coats, $2.98.

A lot of children's eiderdown coats, trimmed with angora or lamb's wool, in such colors as pink, light blue, red, cadet and white, will be offered tomorrow as a special attraction in the infants' and children's department.

Eiderdown dressing sacques, $1.49.

Splendid for house wear, and you can buy them here tomorrow at a saving of one-fourth. Crepon eiderdown dressing sacques, made with deep collars, with frog fastenings, instead of $2 for $1.49.

Hecht & Company,

513-515 Seventh Street.

Look into the men's suit values Hechts' offer at $12.50 and $15.

Twenty patterns at $12.50 of the very fashionable fancy striped and check worsted suits with double-breasted vests—all neat, handsome effects, such as are only found in made-to-measure suits at $25. All-wool worsted—every thread, and in every instance this and the fastness of the color are guaranteed.

In these suits take notice of the broad full shaped shoulders and the full backs. Custom tailors cannot give you any better fit than you can get in these garments at this price.

At $12.50 also we are showing plain black Thibet suits, as well as a host of fancy cassimeres and cheviots, in just those patterns which have been adjudged fashionable.

At $15 we show from 25 to 30 patterns in the very finest grades of fancy striped and check worsted and cheviots and cassimeres; made with double-breasted vests, of course, if you want them; with hand-felled collars and hand-made buttonholes. These are suits which are equal to those turned out by many custom tailors at $30—in fit, finish and wear.

But no matter what you want in men's clothing, you will find it here, and the saving is always considerable.

See our top coats at $12.50

—our handsome tan coverts in several different shades—our stylish Oxford mixtures and gray serges. Conservative men dress conservatively, and these gray serges and modest Oxford mixtures will please such men. Made with the full backs and broad shoulders, but if you want them not quite so broad, we have them. The linings and trimmings of these top coats make them extraordinary values.

125 pair striped worsted pants, $2.50

Here are men's striped worsted pants which are the very best $4 values you have ever seen, and each pair goes to you with our guarantee of satisfaction, so far as the color and wear is concerned. In the event that any of them should lose color or wear poorly, we shall gladly give you a new pair. $2.50 instead of $4.

Men's fancy odd vests, $2.50.

—Scotch plaid patterns, the sort which are so very stylish and which cost $3.50 and $4 elsewhere. This is a special offering for tomorrow. Take advantage of it.

It is easy to buy clothing here because you do not need cash to do it. We'll gladly "charge" purchases and allow you to pay for them as your income affords.

Hecht & Company,

513-515 Seventh Street.

CASE OF THE BOERS

Correspondent of the Herald States Their Position.

DECLARES IT IS INDEFENSIBLE

England's Attitude Like This Country's in 1776.

QUESTION OF TAXATION

The New York Herald's European edition publishes the following letter:

To the Editor of the Herald:

History is repeating itself strangely, and there is a curious irony in the repetition. The closing years of the last century saw England at war with her North American colonies; the end of the present century finds her engaged in a struggle with a South African republic over which she claims suzerain rights.

The motives of both wars are identical, but England is fighting today to obtain that which she refused to accord little over a hundred years ago. Opposition to taxation without political representation and to the oppressive tea and other trusts provoked the Americans to appeal to arms against Great Britain; opposition to taxation without political representation and to the oppressive dynamite trust has provoked the Uitlander population to appeal to Great Britain against the Boer government, and Great Britain has listened to the appeal.

Britain's Fight Was Ours.

She has taken the field to teach the South African republic the lesson that she learned at the price of her wide American colonies; namely, that while a sovereign power may impose duties for the regulation of trade, direct taxation without direct representation is iniquitous, a doctrine against which the reason of enlightened peoples will sooner or later rebel.

The principle she is defending now is the principle that America fought for in the war for independence.

The right of those who pay taxes to a voice in the government of the country that taxes them is one that America purchased with the blood of her gallant sons, and it is that same right which Great Britain claims for the Uitlanders today.

Spain's Claim as to Cuba.

Spain might and did claim that her rule in Cuba concerned herself alone. The United States listened to the nobler voice of humanity and decided that Spain had not the right to govern as she chose, and that the rule which kept Cuba in chronic revolt could not be tolerated any longer.

When the Boers made the great trek more than sixty years ago they made it for the distinct purpose of making it an isolated community. To accomplish this purpose they voluntarily faced an exile full of danger; the same danger from the savage and hostile tribes, possibly far more and certain hardships than the American frontier settlers braved.

They treked with the hope of finding a country where they could govern themselves as they chose, where they could live the untrammeled life they love, where they would be free to farm their lands, shoot game, with which the veldts abounded, and make the Kafffrs they subjugated do all the hardest work, under the lash.

Boers' Great Mistake.

They were a sturdy people, they were a brave people. Their ideas were narrow, but they were ready to fight nature in all its terrifying savagery in defense of them, and if fate had not betrayed them by bringing them into a land fabulously rich with diamonds and gold; if they had not succumbed to the temptation of realizing wealth from the sale of their apparently inexhaustible mines to the eager, active and enterprising Uitlander capitalist, they might yet have been pending the pastoral, patriarchal life they had sought in the wilderness, and they might have had before them years of freedom to govern themselves as they chose.

But when the Boers entered into a contract with the stranger for the development of their mines the case was altered, and from that time they were bound to govern, not as they chose, but according to the customs of civilized people. They owed protection to people within their borders; they were bound not to press them; they virtually and morally guaranteed them justice, commercial freedom and civic privileges.

Our Own Boer Parties.

If civic duties were performed this right to govern alien population as they chose is the very one Americans denied to England.

The power to tax those to whom citizenship is refused is one that the United States has never ventured to claim, yet some years ago the equivalent of the Boer party existed in the United States. It was variously named at different periods of its existence. Its sobriquets ranged from the know-nothing party to the American party, and, when religion had been married to politics, to the A. P. A.

No matter, however, what the members of this party might call themselves, they corresponded in America to what the Boers are in the Transvaal. They also disliked the Uitlander; they also thought he should not be allowed to vote. They also said, "We were born here, and have lived twenty-one years before we have had the privilege of voting, and why should men whose whole life, education, prejudices, habits of thought and mode of judgment are absolutely contrary, if not antagonistic, to our own be entitled to vote after five years' residence?"

It is a question quite as reasonable as the one asked by "A Diplomat." The arguments of the American party were as logical as those of the Boers. Yet the American representatives of Boer principles never even dreamed of demanding that the tax be paid by the people who they refused to admit as citizens. Nor did they appeal to arms in support of their theories.

Bowed to Popular Will.

On the contrary, they went to the polls upon the question, and the opinion of the country was overwhelmingly against them. They were outvoted, and, like loyal citizens, accepted the verdict of the majority.

The South African republic might have learned a lesson from this incident in American public life. It ought to have reflected upon the origin of United States history.

Had the Boers been able to read it aright it would have taught them that when the Egyptian government could not protect Uitlander capital, foreign intervention became inevitable, and brooding over the past would have prepared them for the future, for, in spite of "A Diplomat," that nation, that people, is doomed which makes the iniquitous claim that it has the right to govern itself as it chooses.

Oct. 26, '99. AN ONLOOKER IN PARIS.

Printed Millinery.

From the Millinery Trade Review.

Some entirely novel ideas are trying to push their way. As for the decoration of felt hats with painted garlands and bouquets, it is never likely to be more than a passing caprice; in the first place, the effect obtained is far from being adequate to the trouble and care expended; and, in the second, it is very difficult to devise a trimming that shall be in keeping with ornamentation of this sort. Were the painting executed in bright colors, it would look garish, whereas delicate tints appear tame, and, moreover, necessitate correspondingly tame coloring for the trimming.

Better than the painted felts are the painted satins and velvets used to make berets, full crowns, and draperies. But these are only really pretty executed in light colors on white, and therefore are only applicable to the very smartest models. One example will suffice: it is a picture hat of white felt with a full crown of white velvet painted with mauve orchids and pale green grasses. About the base of the crown is folded a wide mauve ribbon tied in a bow with several loops on one side, beneath which is fixed a plume of white tips. The brim is slightly lifted on one side, where the hat rests on a semi-coronet of shaded mauve and satin roses.

Thousands of situations have been obtained through the want columns of The Star.

AMERICAN BLUFF WON.

Yankee Tourist Didn't Propose to Be Left Out in the Cold.

From the Seattle Times.

"Here at home a bluff doesn't count for much," said a globe trotter, "but I'm telling you that a good, stiff bluff, with a cheeky American behind it, is worth a lot of money in Europe. When I got around to Nice last year the best hotels were crowded and I had to take up with a small room. On the same floor was a German who was occupying a suite, though not spending much money or putting on any great style. One day there was a great row. The landlord had asked him as a particular favor to vacate for a newcomer, and, of course, the man didn't propose to be turned out. The landlord coaxed and argued, and the German growled and muttered, and I followed them down to the office to see how it would come out. At the desk was an American I had run across in Venice—a buyer for a Chicago dry goods house. When the landlord and the German began to gabble in chorus the buyer pulled a blank check from his pocket and reached for a pen and said:

"'All this talk is of no use. I want rooms here. I will buy the hotel and select my suite. Sir, what is your cash price for this hotel?'

"'You would buy the hotel!' exclaimed the landlord as he threw up his hands in surprise.

"'Grounds and all, and I want it today. How much—a million—three or four? And what name shall I fill in on the check?'

"Say, now," laughed the tourist, "but you ought to have seen that thing work! The German had determined to be ugly about it, but when he bumped up against a man who had as soon pay four millions as one for what he fancied he felt awed and humbled and ready to quit. The landlord figured that to turn away such a Croesus would ruin his house, and it wasn't half an hour before the bluffer was installed in the suite and the German was chucked into a dog hole on the top floor. And that wasn't all, mind you. When they sent the buyer a bill based on his supposed millions he got up and threatened to buy up the town and start six soap factories to running, and they cut every item in two and begged his pardon to boot. I don't believe that chap had $1,000 to his name, but he just walked over everything and everybody for two weeks, and it was current gossip that he owned the whole of Chicago and a good share of St. Louis and Cincinnati. Nothing but cold bluff, which wouldn't have taken him into an American dance hall as a deadhead, but it was equal to a letter of credit for $1,000,000 over there."

GEN. EVART R. GROBLER.

The Commander of the Orange Free State Military Forces.

In the concerted plan of war agreed upon by the Boer republic and the Orange Free State the forces of the latter will be under the command of General Evart R. Grobler, a notable figure in the commercial, legislative and military affairs of South Africa.

General Grobler is decidedly versatile in his attainments. He is a grain grower, an ostrich farmer, a stock raiser and a diamond mine owner. Though only thirty-six years old he has been an influential members of the volksraad, sitting for Philopolis. He is described as a man of intrepid but dogged temperament, able, shrewd, but, withal, conservative. He is descended from Dutch and Huguenot stock. He speaks and writes fluently Dutch, English, German and French. He is also accomplished in the vernacular of many of the native tribes around the Free State.

He is nearly six feet tall, of slight build, erect, and is a man of active physique and quick mental conception. While at all times genial and measurably unostentatious, he has a reserve which he does not readily throw off. He has a mild brown eye when enjoying recreation, but an earnest, severe look in a serious mood. His home in his native land, for he is Boer born—a native of the soil for which he is fighting—is one of open hospitality.

General Grobler was the Orange Free State's commissioner to the world's fair, at Chicago, in 1893. His government also designated him for the Antwerp exposition and for the forthcoming Paris exposition. These honors he declined because his South African interests demanded his time. He has had much to do with matters of transportation over the line of railway between Cape Town and the Free State and in arranging the customs troubles between the two countries.

He took a prominent part in the development of the Jagersfontein diamond mines. He has one of the largest ostrich farms in South Africa.

He patriotically loves his native land, and he has been looking at a war cloud for several years. As far back as 1893 he said, while in this country:

"England does not mean to let us alone or to leave with us our liberty if she can steal or wrest it. She desires us to sleep, and then she will burglarize our constitution and pull down our flag. When that day comes—and it is not far off—there will be a line of dead men from the border to Bloemfontein. Like water and oil, Boer and British blood will never mix. We won our freedom with blood and we may have to repaint our old battlefields. We do not desire war, but if they force it, God witness the fight and hallow our graves."

General Grobler is now in the field in command of the Free State's available army of 21,000 men. He has a beautiful and patriotic young wife. She is of Huguenot extraction, and, like himself, is very refined, well bred and well educated. They have been married about twelve years, but have no children. Mrs. Grobler takes an active and intelligent interest in South African affairs, and is helping to get together food and clothes to be sent to the front.

SKETCH OF MAFEKING.

The Town Now Being Defended by Col. Baden-Powell.

From the London Mail.

It is reported that the first attack of the Boers is to be made upon the comparatively defenseless town of Mafeking, in that part of Cape Colony formerly known as British Bechuanaland. It is not perhaps altogether fair to call Mafeking defenseless, for during the past few weeks of tension we have heard that the place has been more or less protected by sandbags and hastily thrown-up earthworks. But Mafeking lies entirely in the open, bare on the veldt, which is as flat as a pancake. A few isolated kopjes, an ant heap every here and there, a clump of bushes under three feet high—these are the only things that break the monotony of the landscape. The veldt runs right away to the far distant sky line, and only a few scattered tin shanties mark the line of railway.

If the traveler were adventurous enough to travel by the through express from Cape Town to Bulawayo, away up in far Rhodesia, he would find Mafeking practically halfway between the two. To be exact, it is 870 miles from the former and 803 miles from the latter. Kimberley is 144 miles south. This railway, by the way, is the main Cape to Cairo route, and will one day carry the unavoidable globe trotter right through Africa from end to end.

There is nothing palatial about Mafeking. Normally, it is a simple little township of a few hundred souls. Primarily it is a trading station with the far north, and there are many stores of greater or less importance. Grain stores, forage stores, tinned goods, saddles, rifles, ammunition, even furniture, can, or could, be bought there. In the center of the main street is the market place, surrounded by galvanized iron houses and stores, each with its little raised veranda before it, painted green and white, and many of the more miscellaneous shops bearing weird Indian names. For the enterprising Mohammedan trader has found his way throughout South Africa, and competes very keenly and successfully with the white men.

The main street of Mafeking is a long, wide and straggling thoroughfare, with plane trees, eucalyptus and diminutive oaks at intervals. The houses all stand in little plots of ground, and there are attempts at cultivation—here and there a few sunflowers, or a potato patch, or a hanging trail of the grenadilla or passion-flower fruit. There is a church—in fact, there are three, of different denominations—there is a club, there is a prison, and, highest point of all civilization, there is the Salvation Army.

A good deal of horse buying and selling takes place at Mafeking. It is rather a center and a market for the surrounding farmers, who bring in their ugly looking but very useful and untirable nags to the weekly auctions on the market place. A good horse may often be picked up (in times of peace, of course) for £6 to £8, and, though he may be an ugly beggar to look at, he can do almost anything that is asked of him, and will outlast many a handsomer-looking animal.

What He Was Looking For.

From the Chicago Post.

"I tell you, sir," he said, "the girls of today are not properly educated. Before I marry I want to find a girl who is able to cook."

"Yes," returned the other, disinterestedly. "Don't you?"

"Can't say that I care particularly about that."

"What kind of a girl do you want, then?"

"What kind do I want? Oh, I want a girl who is able to hire a cook, and incidentally a butler and a coachman and a footman and all the rest that go to make life comfortable."

Held Up.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Passenger—"Give me three of those bananas. How much?"

Train Boy—"Fifteen cents."

Passenger (handing over the money)—"You are not as spectacular as the James boys used to be, young fellow, but you do it more thoroughly."

NORDACH'S CONSUMPTION CASES.

How Patients Are Treated at a Black Forest Sanitarium.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

At the end of a drive of about ten miles in one of the most beautiful of the Black Forest valleys, suddenly at a turn of the road there comes into view the famous Nordach sanitarium for the cure of consumption. Some one has said very truly that any one who died of a disease below the diaphragm spends the days of his illness in gloomy despair, with little hope of recovery in this world, and much foreboding as to the after life. But very different are the feelings of those who suffer from troubles that have their origin in the chest cavity. And very eagerly does the poor cough-tired mortal grasp at the straw held out to him in the information that the dread disease from which he suffers may be cured. The very nature of his malady makes him optimistic, and the first glimpse of the two-storied building of pine wood, in the midst of the forest, gives him a thrill of happy anticipation. It is a big building that he first sees, that reminds him of the Noah's arks of his childhood days. It seems to be all windows, and during the year they are only closed in the most severe weather. The willing, eager patient shivers a little as he thinks of the warm furnace-heated rooms to which he has been accustomed.

The valley is over 1,350 feet above the sea level, and is protected from the winds of the north by high mountains whose sides are covered with dark, odorous pine trees. To the south and southwest it is open, that the warm winds may have full sweep. The pretty little huts of the peasantry may be seen here and there in the distance, and beautiful, indeed, is the view spread out before one, hill, valley and mountain side, and the soft skies making a perfect picture that is made only more perfect by the quiet over all the soft silence, unbroken except for the hum and whirr of nature. Winding paths intercepting the wide road indicate the way trodden to the three hospitals. In different parts of the valley are these houses which contain only bed rooms.

The Speise-Saal is the large building, and about five minutes' walk from it is the second hospital building, which also is noticeable for the long rows of open windows. The chief building is the Anstalt, which is the Noah's ark-like place one sees first. Another building is a small Catholic chapel, which, however, is little used, and as the distance is too great to walk to the nearest place of Protestant worship the inmates content themselves with occasional services, when a minister is among the inmates. For hygienic reasons such gatherings of the inmates are discouraged.

Presently the inmates appear, walking so slow that one concludes at first that there must be some disease of the locomotor muscles prevalent. This is familiar to the patients as the Kur-schritt, and the gait at which one proceeds indicates the degree of recovery. The only person who walks with the swing and the stride of other men is the doctor.

The first interesting event at the "cure" is the invitation to the dining room. This is a long hall, with the table the full length of it, arranged very tastefully and situated in a thorough draught. In fact, there are no windows in the frames during the greater part of the year. Looking at the brown, happy faces of those seated around the table one can scarcely realize that only a short time ago the majority of them were confined to the beds in the hospital, which no one is allowed to leave until he has conquered by rest, good food and fresh air the consuming fever, and has maintained a normal temperature for some time.

Besides German and English, there are many other nationalities at the board. There is the amusing babel that is made by the Russian, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish and American, and the best of good fellowship prevails, each being dependent on the others for companionship. The topics of the day are as lively a source of interest as in the haunts of the more fortunate. At every plate is a glass holding about a pint of milk, and this must be drunk by the patient, the persistent little serving maids insisting and refusing anything else until the doctor's orders have been carried out. It is useless to try to bribe them, although the story goes that a man with a camera once succeeded in getting exemption upon the presentation of the girl's photograph. The next day, however, she was as inconsistent as ever. The great object aimed at was the proper proportioning of the different kinds of food rather than the quantity taken, which varies from three to six German pounds a day for each patient, including liquids, and this seems excessive to those accustomed to the usual diet of an egg and something light, like chicken broth. Inexorable as the doctor is, he is also exceedingly kind, and it is interesting to watch him as he sits at the table encouraging, and, in fact, almost feeding, those too week to submit willingly to the heroic diet.

The most surprising thing about the place is the utter disregard of the patients for weather, and the fact that they will venture out even in the rain, without wraps. There is no rule in this respect, but a sort of unwritten law which makes the patient soon lay aside all wraps. There is not a great amount of walking done, and rapid walking is forbidden, but the patients loiter about or sit and watch the villagers on their way to church or to work, and, above all, rest.

Monday is "weighing day" at the hospital, and every one in his turn takes his place in the weighing chair, and as he keeps his own count, decides whether he has lost or gained during the week. The result of this test determines what the treatment for the next week shall be with reference to the amount of exercise and the quantity of food taken.

For breakfast there are coffee, tea, bread, butter, eggs, bacon, meat and the inevitable pint of milk, which is part of every meal. After breakfast one may walk or do as he chooses, so that he returns in time for the hour's rest required before each meal.

The temperature of the patient is taken four times a day and marked on a chart.

Every one must take the prescribed amount of food and exercise.

No one must walk quickly without permission and the rest hours must be strictly kept.

Windows must be kept wide open all the year, night and day, and no visits may be paid to the rooms of the fever patients without the permission of the physician. These are the rules, not written, but rigidly kept nevertheless.

The doctor examines each patient once a month, and visits him three times a day in his own room.

The amusements are croquet and the camera in summer and tobogganing and snowshoes in the winter, and there are few indoor amusements, as these are not encouraged.

One wonders how the patients can possibly brave the weather into which they calmly go without even wraps, and it is believed by those who have studied the subject that the practice of leaving the windows open all the year produces this indifference.

"How long is it going to take to get through with this case?" asked the client, who was under suspicion of housebreaking.

"Well," replied the young lawyer, thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks to get through with it, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about four years."—Green Bag.

Woman, Why?

You have sallow skin, Pimples, Eruptions, Discolorations. Why resort to cosmetics and powders to hide the effects? Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills regulate the system and restore to the cheek the healthful, rosy bloom and peach blush of youth. From one to two pills a dose will clarify and purify the complexion in short order. 10c. for forty doses. Sold by F. S. WILLIAMS, 9th and F sts.; EDMONDS & WILLIAMS, 3d and Pa. ave. 79

TATTOOING OUT OF FAVOR.

The Bertillon System of Identification the Cause of It.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

Warden C. C. McClaughrey of the Wisconsin state prison says that the Bertillon system of measurements is away ahead of the achievements of Sherlock Holmes in the detection of crime. Under the direction of Dr. F. G. Messer this system is well in hand at the Waupun prison. It was devised in 1880 by M. Alphouse Bertillon, the well-known French anthropologist, who figured in the Dreyfus case, and was introduced in Paris in 1882.

The Bertillon system was first introduced in this country by Maj. McClaughrey, father of the warden of the Wisconsin prison. Maj. McClaughrey was then warden of the Illinois state prison at Joliet. Matthew Wilson McClaughrey, a younger brother of the Wisconsin warden, installed the system at the Waupun prison and at the central police station in this city. For many years he has been engaged in identification and detective work, completing his education as an expert in Paris under M. Bertillon. Mr. McClaughrey was injured while installing the system at the Wisconsin prison, a convict who was being measured striking him on the head.

Since the introduction of the Bertillon system there has been a waning of the tattoo fad. There was a time when a tattoo mark was regarded as indispensable by men who made law-breaking their business. They considered it a sort of a charm, and believed that to a certain extent the indelible ink figures that adorned their breasts or arms made them immune to arrest. But that day has gone by. The clever modern crook knows that the tattoo is a hoodoo. Under the Bertillon system of registration of the marks upon a man's body it is a certain clue to the identification of prisoners.

"There is one peculiar thing about tattoo marks," said a member of the state board of control recently. "Some time ago, when the board was hearing prisoners at Waupun, I took occasion to ask every man who came before us if he had any tattoo marks upon his body. Most of the men had, but I took notice that the real clever criminals had fewer marks than the bungling fellows. I learned that most of the prisoners had been tattooed by the same man. It seems that the fellow made a practice of securing short jail sentences in various places, and while in jail tattooed his fellow-prisoners, accepting whatever amount of money they were able to pay. You'll never see a flag design tattoo on a real tough man. For some reason the fellow who is real vicious doesn't like to have the national emblem pricked into his skin. He much prefers an anchor or a serpent."