SPECIAL NOTICES

Advertisements for these columns will be taken until 12:30 p. m. for the evening and until 8 p. m. for the morning and Sunday editions.

Advertisers, by requesting a numbered check, can have answers addressed to a numbered letter in care of The Bee. Answers so addressed will be delivered on presentation of the check only.

Rates, 1 1-2c a word first insertion; 1c a word thereafter. Nothing taken for less than 25c for the first insertion. These advertisements must be run consecutively.

WANTED—MALE HELP.

WANTED—AN IDEA. WHO CAN THINK OF some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write John Wedderburn & Co., Dept. V, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and a list of 200 inventions wanted. B—143

A FEW ENERGETIC, HUSTLING MEN CAN find steady, profitable work with C. F. Adams Co., 524 So. 16th St. B—894

WANTED, YOUR ADDRESS; WILL SEND particulars of how one man made $22,000 in five years; you can do the same by trying. Address P. O. box 5308, Boston, Mass. B—M299

$30 WEEKLY SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID salesmen for cigars; experience unnecessary; permanent position. The W. L. Kline Co., St. Louis, Mo. B—M314 A2*

RELIABLE MAN TO HANDLE AGENTS FOR Telephone Tablet and specialties. Pays $5,000 a year. Enclose stamp. Victory Mfg. Co., Cleveland, Ohio. B—M618 15*

WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

FOR GOOD AND RESPECTABLE GIRLS CALL Scandinavian Y. W. C. Assn. Home, 2918 Davenport street. C—M511 22*

WANTED, AT ONCE, WOMAN HOUSEkeeper; German preferred; small family. Address Robert Budatz, 1050 East Broadway, Council Bluffs. C—519-15

WANTED, A GIRL TO COOK AND DO GENeral housework at 2573 Dodge street; small family. C—M591 15*

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

HOUSES IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY. THE O. F. Davis Company, 1505 Farnam. D—144

HOUSES—BENEWA & CO., 108 N. 15TH ST. D—145

MODERN HOUSES. C. A. STARR 925 N. Y. LIFE D—146

CHOICE HOUSES AND COTTAGES ALL OVER the city, $5 to $50. Fidelity, 1702 Farnam St. D—147

HOUSES, WALLACE, BROWN BLOCK, 16TH and Douglas. D—148

HOUSES, COTTAGES & STORES, ALL PARTS of city. Brennan, Love Co., 430 Paxton block. D—149

HOUSES, FLATS. GARVIN BROS, 1613 FARNAM D—150

HOUSES FOR RENT. BEMIS, PAXTON BLK. D—151

LARGE LIST. M'CAGUE, 15TH & DODGE. D—152

TURKINGTON, 605 BEE BUILDING. D—103

FOR RENT—DETACHED EIGHT-ROOM MODern house. Nice lawn, 2611 Pierce st. D—472

LARGE LIST. F. D. WEAD, 16TH & DOUGLAS D—502—31

MODERN 8 ROOM HOUSE. HICKS AGT. D—497-15

TEN-ROOM HOUSE, MODERN IMPROVEments, 1811 Cass St. Inquire Reed Hotel, South Omaha. D—521—19*

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS.

FURNISHED ROOMS, 614 SOUTH 17TH AVE. E—362

3 FURNISHED ROOMS FOR HOUSEKEEPING for man and wife. Rent taken in board, 319 N. 17th. E—M363

FURNISHED ROOM FOR LIGHT HOUSEkeeping. Enquire 1924 Douglas St. E—520-15*

3 NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS; HOUSEkeeping. 1112 South 11th. E—557-20*

ROOMS FOR LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING. 122½ N. 15th. E—M556-16*

FURNISHED ROOMS; HOUSEKEEPING. 2623 St. Mary's. E—616 18*

3 NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS; HOUSEkeeping. 1112 South 11th. E—572—13*

FURNISHED ROOMS AND BOARD.

3 FRONT ROOMS WITH BOARD; MODERN; reduced rates. 613 So. 19th. F—876 M18*

FURNISHED ROOMS, BOARD, 2210 HARNEY. F—M925 M20*

HANDSOMELY FURNISHED ROOMS, GOOD board; rates reasonable. The Rose, 2020 Harney. F—M441 20

MODERN BRICK, FROM $3.50 UP. 516 N. 19TH. F—M522 a6*

ROOMS AND BOARD. 1724 DOUGLAS ST. F—485 16*

THE MERRIAM, 25TH AND DODGE. F—M594 27*

DESIRABLE ROOMS AND BOARD. 212 S. 25TH st. F—M589

ALBANY, 2101 AND 2103 DOUGLAS; ROOMS furnished or unfurnished; excellent table; transients accommodated. F—M611 20*

A FURNISHED PARLOR. 1913 DOUGLAS. E—M619 15*

FOR RENT—STORES AND OFFICES.

FOR RENT, THE 4-STORY BRICK BUILDING at 916 Farnam st. This building has a fireproof cement basement, complete steam heating fixtures; water on all floors; gas, etc. Apply at the office of The Bee. I—910

WANTED—TO RENT.

WANTED TO RENT, TEN ROOM HOUSE IN good location, with stable. Apply to E. W. Gannett, Brown Block. K—M563-16*

STORAGE.

OM. VAN. & STORAGE. 1415 FARNAM. TEL 1559 M—154

PACIFIC STORAGE AND WAREHOUSE CO., 908-910 Jones. General storage and forwarding. M—155

WANTED—TO BUY.

6 OR 7-R. HOUSE AND PAY $500 CASH AND some clear Holt Co. meadow land. W. L. Selby, 234 Board of Trade. N—104

I WILL PAY CASH FOR ALL KINDS OF junks; guarantee satisfaction as to weight. A. B. Alpirn, 107 S. 10th. N—556-A4*

WANTED, CHEAP FOR CASH, GENTLE horse and phaeton. Call Saturday eve and all day Sunday. 1128 South 26th st. N—518 15*

WANTED—A GOOD SECOND-HAND BICYCLE in good repair. Address G 23, Bee. N—522-15*

2D HAND FURNITURE AND STOVES. Brown's, 102 S. 14th. N—M615 A18*

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

HARDWOOD CRIBBING, HOG AND CHICKEN Fence, cheaper than "all wire." C. R. Lee, 901 Douglas. Q—156

BEST SEED SWEET POTATOES, $1.25 PER bbl.; all sorts. Address Theo Williams, Omaha. Q—M585

NEW BICYCLE, GUARANTEED, FOR ONLY $35. Nebraska Cycle Co., 15th and Harney. Q—M336 M15

CHICKEN, HOG AND LAWN FENCE; ALL wire; cheaper than wood. Wire Works, 463 S. 14th. Q—346—M-f

OPEN BUGGY, $20; TOP BUGGIES, $18 TO $60; good surrey, $75; another at $45; good phaeton, $75; nice open trap at less than cost. Drummond Carriage Co., 18th and Harney, opp. court house. Q—M364 A5

HORSE CLIPPING MACHINES & CLIPPERS; standard make; all kinds repair; clippers ground prompt attention. A. L. Undeland, 106 S. 14. Q—254-A4

PURE PLYMOUTH ROCK EGGS PER SETTING 50c 922 N. 26th St Q—347—A-3

COLUMBIA BICYCLE; FIRST-CLASS REPAIR; only $40.00. B. R. Hastings, 212 S. 14th st. Q—M434

INVESTIGATE, THE FAMOUS BORN STEEL range; 6 holes; complete; $22.50. Brown's, 102 S. 14th. Q—M614 A13*

CLAIRVOYANTS.

MRS. MARY FRITZ, CLAIRVOYANT, 317 N. 16th. S—M672 M18*

MASSAGE, BATHS, ETC.

MME SMITH, 1121 DOUGLAS, ROOM 5; MASsage and steam baths. T—M466 15*

MRS. DR. LEON, ELECTRIC MASSAGE BATH parlors; restful and curative. 417 S. 11th st., upstairs. T—M454 20*

PERSONAL.

$25.00—RUPTURE CURED—TILL MARCH 15 for $25.00; no pain; no detention from business; we refer to hundreds of patients cured. The O. E. Miller Co., 717 New York Life Bldg., Omaha. U—159

OMAHA DENTAL COLLEGE, 12 & PACIFIC STS Teeth filled with gold, amalgam, tin, guttaperch, cement, and plates made for cost of material only. Teeth extracted and cleaned free U—162

BATHS, MASSAGE. MME. POST, 219½ S. 15TH. U—160

VIAVI FOR UTERINE TROUBLES, 346-8 BEE Bldg. Physician, consultation or health book free. U—161

I CURE WRINKLES, BALDNESS AND SUperfluous hair. 326 Chamber of Commerce. True Co. U—M798 M 15*

$25.00 REWARD WILL BE PAID AND NO questions asked for the return of pocketbook, containing rings, etc., lost at 26th and Harney or between that and 26th and Howard. Address F 66, Bee. U—M329

MISS TERRILL HAS REMOVED HER DRESSmaking parlors to 2d floor, Paxton block, 16th street; elevator. U—M462 A8*

MONEY TO LOAN—REAL ESTATE.

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED OMAHA real estate. Brennan, Love Co., Paxton block. W—163

ON OMAHA PROPERTY, LOWEST RATES; building loans wanted. Fidelity Trust Co. W—168

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES. THE O. F. Davis Co., 1505 Farnam St. W—164

6 PER CENT MONEY TO LOAN ON OMAHA property, Neb. farms. W. B. Meikle, 1st Nat'l Bk W—165

BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION.

SHARES IN MUTUAL L. & B. ASS'N PAYS 6, 7, 8 per cent when 1, 2, 3 years old; always redeemable. 1704 Farnam street. Nattinger, Sec. 182

HOW TO GET A HOME OR SECURE GOOD interest on savings. Apply to Omaha L. & B. Ass'n, 1704 Farnam. G. M. Nattinger, Sec. 183

CARPET CLEANING.

CHAMPION CARPET CLEANING CO., CARPET beaten, scoured and renovated; refitting and relaying carpets a specialty; new management. 718-720 South 14th street, Omaha, Neb. Tel. 655. 563 M-17

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING.

A. C. VAN SANT'S SCHOOL, 513 N. Y. LIFE. 179

AT OMAHA BUS. COLLEGE, 16TH & DOUGLAS. 180

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

ELOCUTION, MRS. W. N. DORWARD, 623 N. 19 —M981 Mch22*

ASTROLOGY.

PROFESSOR A. MASERY OF EGYPT, PALMistry and astrology, the wonder of the age; past, present and future told or no charge, at 2026 Harney st., Omaha, Neb. 503—18*

WATCHMAKERS.

HARD TIME PRICES: WATCHES CLEANED, 75c; genuine main spring, 75c; watch crystals, 15c; clocks cleaned and repaired cheap; spectacles and eyeglasses half price; eyes tested free; work warranted. Ashbel Patterson, 1611 Farn'm. 892 M22

BEST WORK AND LOWEST PRICES. FOREman for Max Meyer & Bro. Co. for ten years. Main springs, 75c; watches cleaned, 75c, and all other work on the same scale. E. Ketterer, Manufacturing Jeweler and Engraver, 216 S. 15th St., upstairs. 522—26

As ocean tides that ebb and flow,
Our faithful carriers come and go,
As ships bring freight from o'er the sea,
Just so may ads bring wealth to thee.

(R. B. Wallace.)

ANTHONY LOAN & TRUST CO., 315 N. Y. L.; quick money at low rates for choice farm loans in Iowa, northern Missouri, eastern Nebraska. W—167

WE WILL HAVE $200,000 TO $300,000 TO LOAN in April, May, June and July on first-class improved Omaha property in sums of $1,000 to $10,000; want applications at once; lowest rates on best loans. Fidelity Trust company, 1702 Farnam st. W—M877

CITY LOANS. C. A. STARR, 925 N. Y. LIFE. W—166

LOANS ON IMPROVED & UNIMPROVED CITY property. W. Farnam Smith & Co., 1320 Farnam W—176

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED OMAHA property. Pusey & Thomas, 207 First Natl. Bank Bldg. W—169

FARM LOANS, ONE TO TEN YEARS; LOWest rates. Garvin Bros., 1612 Farnam st. W—M465 A8

$100 TO $2,000. F. D. WEAD, 16TH & DOUGLAS. W—502—31

MONEY TO LOAN—CHATTELS.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FURNITURE, PIANOS, horses, wagons, etc., at lowest rates in city; no removal of goods; strictly confidential; you can pay the loan off at any time or in any amount. OMAHA MORTGAGE LOAN CO., 306 So. 16th St X—170

MONEY TO LOAN, 30, 60, 90 DAYS; FURNIture, pianos, etc. Duff Green, room 8, Barker blk X—171

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE, ABOUT 2,000 LBS. MINION TYPE, 700 lbs. agate, 150 pair two-third cases, 40 double iron stands for two-third cases. This material was used on The Omaha Bee, and is in fairly good condition. Will be sold cheap in bulk or in quantities to suit purchaser. Apply in person or by mail to The Bee Publishing Company, Omaha, Neb. Y—713

MY PROFITABLE AND WELL ESTABLISHED printing business, with two newspapers, German and English, well equipped steam printing office, brick office building and another adjoining frame building. I offer for sale; no agents wanted. For cash price address M. O. Gentzke, West Point, Neb. Y—M514 15

FOR RENT, IN COUNCIL BLUFFS, MEAT market and fixtures; doing good business. Address A 10, Bee office, Council Bluffs. Y—M612 16

FOR EXCHANGE.

50 ACRES IN IOWA, $1,500. Stock hardware, $1,500. Flour mill. Clear lot for horses. Wanted— Grocery business and grain elevator. F. D. Wead, 16th & Douglas. Z—501—13

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

HOUSES, LOTS, FARMS, LANDS, LOANS—Geo. P. Bemis Real Estate Co., Paxton blk. RE—172

KOUNTZE PLACE HOMES AT 50C ON THE dollar; $2,250, $3,500 to $6,500; see photos at 16th and Farnam, Morse bldg. J. J. Gibson, 514 First National bank bldg. RE—173

PARTIES WANTING ACRE PROPERTY, IN tracts of from five to forty acres, near the city, desirable building lots or homes of from five to ten rooms, at very low figures, should see Potter & George Company, S. W. cor. 16th & Farnam streets. RE—M430 31

OMAHA SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS BOUGHT for cash, taken at par for choice 1st mortgages or taken at par in exchange for real estate at present low values. G. G. Wallace, Brown block, 16th and Douglas. RE—829

SNAPS—
66x120 feet; price, $10,000; near 15th and Dodge Sts.
45x66 feet; $2,700; near 16th and Capitol avenue.
Corner, 100x165 feet, east, Hanscom park; $350.
Near 27th and Manderson streets, full lot, 50x125 feet; $400.00. John N. Frenzer, opp. P. O. RE—M366

ABSTRACTS. THE BYRON REED COMPANY. RE—172

5-R. COTTAGE AND LOT, 26x132 CITY WATER, $750.00, half mile south of depot, a bargain. F. D. Wead, 16th & Douglas. RE—500—17*

8-R. HOUSE, SPLENDID CELLAR, BATH & closet, full lot, $1,600; $500 cash, balance 7 per cent.
12 acres just outside city limits, near Miller park, $2,400.
East front lot, 40th St., between Farnam and Leavenworth, $500.
F. D. Wead, 16th & Douglas. RE—501—13

TYPEWRITERS.

GET THE BEST TYPEWRITERS; SUPPLIES, repairs. United Typewriter & Supplies Co., 161 Farnam st. 469 on 2d

LOST.

LOST, WEDNESDAY, NEAR 26TH & HARNEY streets, ladies' leather pocket book, containing 5 rings, keys and money; finder will return to Bee office and receive liberal reward. Lost—103.

LOST, ST. BERNARD, BROWN AND WHITE, 10 months old, answers name of Major; liberal reward for return to 1709 Jackson. Lost—M578 16*

FINANCIAL.

LIFE INS. POLICIES BOUGHT. W. F. HOLDEN 292

SEWING MACHINES AND SUPPLIES.

NEW HOME, HOUSEHOLD AND WHITE sewing machine office, 1514 Cap. Ave. Tel 1574. 181

PHYSICIANS.

DR. W. R. HOBBS, 2816 SHERMAN AVENUE. Resumed practice. Telephone—Office, 1476; residence, 374. —M269 31*

FURNITURE PACKED.

GET M. S. WALKLIN'S PRICES ON FURNIture packing, repairing, upholstering; mattresses made and renovated; 2111 Cuming. Tel. 1331. 178

MUSIC, ART AND LANGUAGE.

GEORGE F. GELLENBECK, BANJO, MANDOlin and guitar teacher. Room 412 Bee Bldg. Tel. 238. 100

PAWNBROKERS.

H. MAROWITZ LOANS MONEY, 418 N. 16 ST. 184

BICYCLES.

NEW $100 FOWLERS $65; MIDLAND, $35. Bicycles repaired. Omaha Bicycle Co. 265—

FARM FOR RENT.

DAIRY FARM, 4 MILES S. W., FOR RENT; 80 acres; fine buildings. D. C. Patterson, agent, 1623 Farnam. —M598

SUES & CO., PATENT SOLICITORS, Bee Building, Omaha Neb. Advice and Patent Book FREE

SOAP BUBBLES STRANGELY MADE.

A Remarkable Scene Witnessed in the Pennsylvania Oil Region.

About half a mile above Franklin, up the Erie railroad track, relates the Oil City Blizzard, is to be seen one of the most curious sights in this country and one which the reporter would not believe existed until yesterday, when he went there with a friend.

Approaching a small, sluggish stream, we were surprised to see rising from the surface of the water a number of bubbles, which glistened in the sun like glass. It was a beautiful sight. The iridescent spheres revolving swiftly after the manner of soap bubbles, floated rapidly upward, some breaking at a height of ten or twenty feet, others soaring away above the tree tops and out of sight, resembling, more than anything else, gorgeous toy balloons. These bubbles were all sizes, from an inch in diameter to more than a foot. They were apparently much stronger and a great deal more brilliant than ordinary soap bubbles.

A gas line and an oil line had passed under the run at this point, within a few inches of each other, and in each pipe was a small leak. The digging and refilling of the trenches had made a dam which held a few barrels of stagnant water. There was some alkali in the muddy bottom, which, in combination with the oil, formed saponule, a kind of soap. This, while not being a perfect soap, was sufficiently saponaceous and cohesive to make beautiful bubbles when churned by the escaping gas. The fact that the bubbles were full of gas caused them to ascend more swiftly and the presence of the oil made them more brilliant, many colored and unusually beautiful. The bubbles are rising constantly and can be seen by any one who desires to take a walk out to where they are.

The strength of these bubbles may be imagined from the fact that small twigs, leaves, etc., had been floating on the surface of the water and were carried up in the large bubbles.

When dizzy or drowsy take Beecham's pills

FROM ANGEL TO DEMON.

By Samuel W. McCoy.

At the age of 18 Marcia Barrett was an ideal beauty. She was one of those favored daughters on whom nature seemed to have lavished her charms—a creature all brightness, grace and sweetness, sent into the world to carry sunshine and gladness wherever she went. Her dark eyes were large and lustrous, and through them could be seen the kindness and simplicity of her heart. Her silken hair was of an auburn color, and fell in wavy tresses to her waist. Her skin was soft, white and clear, with sufficient crimson in each cheek to indicate perfect health. Her lips were cherry-red, and when parted with a smile they revealed her ivory-white, well-shaped teeth glistening like rows of pearls. Her throat was full and round. Add to this the fact that her body was perfectly symmetrical, every lineament adding to the sum total of beauty, a superb carriage, grace in every movement, and you have some idea of this charming young woman.

Marcia was fully aware of her striking beauty, but this is not a matter of wonder since half of the young men in her circle of acquaintances were on their knees to her.

On her debut into society she at once became the uncrowned queen of the little social world, and other beauties who had hitherto reigned supreme were thrown into a shadow by her superior charms. Her quick wit, sunny disposition and delightful, girl-like manners, won all hearts to her.

In the throng of admirers, who constantly swarmed about this lovely girl, was a young gentleman named Harold Reed. He was handsome, well educated, came of an old and worthy family, and held a high and responsible position in the business world. So far in life he had escaped the charms of the gentler sex, but at first sight he fell deeply in love with pretty Marcia. Her transcendant beauty and queenly grace kindled the fire in his breast, and it burned with such fervor that it all but consumed him. With what ecstatic joy he perceived that the woman he loved looked kindly on him. She liked him very much—more than any other of her countless admirers—and she did not hide it from him. In those many little artful ways, peculiar to women, and so readily understood by a man in love, she told him that his affection was reciprocated, in a measure, at least. His honest heart was filled with unspeakable joy. As he pressed his suit, with what rapture did he feel that he was loved in return, and that he would soon possess the object of his adoration! How bright all the world seemed to him now! How delightful was life! Everything looked beautiful to him, for a man who is loved where he loves sees only the sunny side of the world.

O, beautiful Marcia! What a good and great talent has been given you! A smile from you causes a heart to overflow with gladness, and sends a ray of sunshine out into the world, an immeasurable influence for good.

Business was now a matter of secondary importance to happy, infatuated Harold Reed. He thought of little else but the blissful days when he should call Marcia "wife." He lived only for her. The trivial things that had commanded his attention were unnoticed now. He had given himself up completely to the pursuit of this fair creature, and his success was so plainly apparent that his friends openly congratulated him upon it.

Thus Harold lived for months—the happiest of men. True, he had not openly declared his love to the beautiful girl and formally asked for her hand, but he knew that she read his heart as if it had been an open book.

During this time Marcia, too, was happy. She had been awakened to the power that lay in her beauty and to see herself idolized had a strange charm and fascination for her. She was conqueror and her field of conquest was in the hearts of men.

She well knew that Harold adored her and in a way she returned his affection. She loved him, but not with that ardor with which a woman should love the man she would make her husband. She daily expected him to unbosom himself and ask for her hand. What would she answer? Could she forego the pleasures the world had in store for her and take up the duties of a wife? Could she, who had just begun to taste the sweets of conquest, give them up so soon? Could she, for the sake of one man, barter away years of triumph so great, so enchanting that to enjoy it for a single day scores of women would have sold themselves into purgatory?

One night Harold stood at the piano listening while Marcia sang. Her voice was as sweet as that of a nightingale. On this night she sang as she never sang before, or at least Harold thought so. The rich music entered into his soul and fanned the flame of his love to a yet fiercer heat. The singing ceased, yet he still heard that sweet voice. To everything else he was dead and only knew that his heart was full. Coming upon Marcia at an opportune time and place, almost before he was aware of it and scarcely knowing what he did, he poured out to her in eloquent words the story of his love and asked her to become his wife.

This sudden outburst of a full heart did not surprise her. She had calculated on it. Again she reflected: "He asks me to give up all my pleasures for him. I was made to shine, and he asks me to obscure my light for his sake. It is asking too much of me." Then she turned to him and said in a low, firm voice:

"No, no! It cannot be."

Poor Harold's face became pallid. He was stunned. For a moment he contemplated the cold beauty before him, and then, his head dizzy and his whole body trembling, he reeled and staggered from the room. The lofty castles he had erected came down with a crash. His happy dream was at an end. His hope was gone. His very life was crushed within him, and henceforth his struggle was to be that of a heartbroken man. Had this beautiful woman thrust a dagger into his heart it would have been an act of mercy compared to the cruel stab of her words, which must embitter and blacken his whole future life, as the worm that eats into the heart of a tree embitters the wood.

When Marcia was alone in her room that night she stood before the mirror and contemplated her great beauty. She felt then, more than ever before, her power over men.

"How greatly I have been blessed," she thought. "Beauty is my talent, and it would be wasting it to give myself up to the dull duties of a wife. No, no, I must shine in the world and enjoy my conquests."

Notwithstanding the fact that she secretly enjoyed the overthrow and discomfiture of poor Harold, because it showed the extent of her power, her head lay heavily on the pillow that night. She felt herself guilty and her conscience upbraided her. But she had not loved deeply, and as she saw no more of Harold, he was soon forgotten.

Another young man received the beautiful girl's attentions. Even as Harold had done, this new lover basked in her smiles while she led him to the great height from which he, too, was thrown into the abyss of despair and misery.

Still another, and another, fell victims to Marcia's unsurpassable beauty and charm. In return for their blind, mad love their hearts were bruised and broken—their lives filled with bitterness.

Infatuated with her sense of power, Marcia continued her wicked work, and was able to exult over the ruin and desolation she wrought without being punished by her conscience. When she had sent Harold Reed from her, a crushed being, she had recoiled from the thought of the deed. But, like an executioner, who, at the beginning of his career would become faint-hearted at sight of a drop of blood, with a little practice at his awful work is able to chop off a human head without a quaver of a nerve or a thought of pity, so Marcia's cruel heart soon delighted in her work of destruction.

A few short years flew by, Marcia was now three-and-twenty. What a wonderful change these fleeting years have wrought in her. The cruelty of her heart and her wicked ambition had gained the mastery over her body no less than over her mind. Those beautiful features were distorted even as her maiden innocence and purity had been supplanted with selfishness and its kindred evils. The transformation had been slow, unobserved, and therefore sure. When alone in her room, standing before the mirror, her face rid of the false smiles and forced cheerfulness she was now compelled to wear as a mask, and she looked at herself as she really was, she shuddered at what she saw. Her eyes, her mouth and lips, her brow, all assumed a demoniacal expression, and the gladsome smile was replaced with the grin of a fiend, gloating over wicked triumphs. She would turn in horror from the glass, exclaiming:

"What evil spirit possesses me that my face of which I was once so proud has now the expression of demons and devils?"

Had she looked into the innermost recesses of her heart she would have found the cause for the transformation of her features. There she would have seen unfaithfulness, cruelty and the wicked ambition to ensnare men, only to rejoice in crushing them. A wise Creator never intended a black heart and a condemning conscience to go with an angel's face. To look beautiful one must be beautiful. What a price poor Marcia had paid for her five short years of conquest!

By a mighty effort and as a result of much practice before the glass she managed to continue to shine as a beauty. Night after night her real ugliness was hidden under a mask of deceptive smiles and an outward show of kindness. But to be a constant and successful deceiver is a very trying task and it was always with great relief that she reached her room after these nightly ordeals. There she could be alone, and with no human eye to observe her she could throw off the mask.

No one can doubt that such a life must be a miserable one. She began to think that she was the most unhappy creature on earth. But her cup was not yet full. She had a vague fear that her heart was dead within her, for, though she had many handsome, accomplished and worthy men in the list of her suitors, none of them awakened in her breast a spark of love. She tried to love, but could not. Must she pass the remainder of her life in loneliness and misery because she had not the power to love? The thought haunted her night and day, and brought her even more anguish than the terrible transformation she saw when she stood before the mirror. She had done worse than to bury her talents—she had put them to a wicked use—and she must reap as she had sown.

About this time a man named Lawrence Wylie made his appearance in the little social world, and he immediately became one of the number who paid homage to Marcia Barrett. It was whispered about that he was wealthy, and that he was descended from a good family. These rumors were sufficient to give him entrance into society. He had dark hair and eyes, was tall, straight, and well formed. He was young and would have been handsome but for a sinister expression that sometimes showed on his face despite his continual outward show of gentleness and affability. He lived in magnificent style and was considered a very clever fellow.

Something in this man touched a cord in Marcia's heart, and kindled there a feeble fire of love. With what joy she hailed the return of those feelings of which she had thought herself no longer capable! A new life seemed to open up before her—a life worth living. Her love waxed stronger and her joy was great. She resolved never again to trifle with love. She would marry this man and spend the remainder of her days in such a way as at least partly to atone for her misdeeds.

As the day set for the wedding approached she began to feel that after all her life was to be a happy one. She loved this man passionately, and never doubted his attachment for her. She began already to be happy again, although, many times, the fiend, over which she seemed to have triumphed, tempted her to discard this, as she had her former lovers, and enjoy the sight of his anguish and misery. But her better nature made a heroic struggle. She well knew that should she trifle now, the power to love would leave her, never to return, and her future life would be but a dreary waste—her heart desolate. Now it was not always a forced smile that played on her face, and the task of hiding the monster that had possessed her was no longer so hard. To her, as she stood before the glass, it seemed that her old, natural beauty was returning.

The wedding morning came. It was a beautiful day in June. The sun shone brightly, the air was full of the sweet scent of bud and blossom and the gladdening songs of birds. All nature seemed to smile and Marcia felt that it was a propitious sign for her. Was heaven so kind that she, who had caused so much misery in the world, was now to enter upon a life of sunshine and bliss?

The arrangements for the wedding were on a scale of magnificence befitting the marriage of one who had been an idol in the social world. For five and one-half years she had reigned as queen of beauty and now that she was to be married the event must be attended with due pomp and circumstance. The large house was filled with guests. Men and women of wealth, influence and distinction were there. The rooms were lavishly and richly decorated. Money was not spared. Everything that could add to the brilliancy of the affair was secured and Marcia felt that that day was to be to her a double triumph.

Her wedding trousseau was in keeping with her station and wealth. As she surveyed herself, arrayed in her bridal costume, she indeed presented an appearance of dazzling brilliance, and her breast heaved with joy and pride. Her face was wreathed in smiles this beautiful morning, her cheeks glowed, her eyes sparkled, her step was light. She felt that, for all her conquests, the hour of her great triumph was come.

The hour set for the ceremony was approaching, the guests were assembled, but the bridegroom had not arrived. "What if he should not come?" thought Marcia. As the idea flashed through her mind she turned deadly pale. Her face, that had glowed with happiness all morning, was instantly clouded with a dark expression, full of despair, hatred and desire for revenge. Her beautiful countenance was changed in a twinkling to the face of a fiend, and had any one beheld her at that moment they certainly would have been frightened.

"My God!" she exclaimed. "If he should not come! If he, whom I love so dearly, and in whom I have trusted so implicitly, should deceive me, dishonor me and humiliate me before all these people! They who would secretly rejoice at my discomfiture and gloat over it! To bring ridicule on me! I, who have soared so high, to be crushed at one blow"

These terrible thoughts overcame her, and, burying her face in her hands, she sank down on a couch. But she soon began to collect her scattered senses and to reason. It was absurd, she reflected, to have given herself up to such strange and unwarranted thoughts. Her lover had probably met with some accident that had detained him, and it yet lacked a full half-hour of the appointed time. Perhaps he was at that moment hurrying toward the house. Then she considered that she would make a very sorry appearance as a bride in such a state of distraction. So she composed herself and soon resumed her cheerful manner.

About this time there arrived at the house a young gentleman who had been considered a particular friend of Lawrence Wylie. Soon after his arrival a very strange rumor was set afloat in the house and spread quickly to every one present. It was to the effect that the man who was that day to have taken Marcia Barrett for his wife had fled from the city. This stranger who had enjoyed the society of the best people had, at the last moment, been discovered in his real character—that of a base villain and hypocrite. Besides being an impostor he was a rascal of the first water. He had concocted a scheme which was rendered easy by the position he was allowed in the social world, by which he was to have defrauded a business firm out of some thousands of dollars. For some reason his plans miscarried at the very last, and his schemes were revealed to the police. However, he had heard that the officers were on his trail, and made good his escape.

The whole house was thrown into confusion by the startling intelligence. Marcia's family and friends were shocked and humiliated. Even those who had secretly envied and even hated the handsome woman, because of her beauty, were humbled by the thought that they had all been more or less victimized by the perfidious Wylie. He had not carried off their gold, but he had passed among them as a gentleman and had been received into their houses as a friend and honored guest. Mrs. Barrett, Marcia's mother, fainted outright. Mr. Barrett, being better able to control the tempestuous emotions aroused by the sudden news, left the house to find if the story were true. The police confirmed the rumor.

Before taking his flight the heartless fraud indited a few words to poor Marcia, fully disclosing to her the cause of his sudden departure, and telling her that she would never see his face again. While the guests in the drawing room were just beginning to recover from the amazement and consternation into which they had been thrown, this letter reached her.

She broke the seal and at a glance read her fate. With a shriek, like the bitter cry of despair from the depths of a lost soul, she sank to the floor.

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A few months later had you visited a certain madhouse, where we see the true type of the demon in human form, and passed up and down the long corridors, looked through the iron bars into every cell, you would have found the most diabolical, fiendish, ghoulish looking face, in all that house of evil, to be the face of the once beautiful Marcia Barrett. She had sown with a free hand and her harvest was abundant. She had been given a great and good talent, but had used it to her own destruction.

Current Literature

Five short stories are embraced under one cover and named after the first, "The Last Recruit of Clare's," by S. R. Keightley. The first of these, bearing above title, tells of the siege of Rayonville, wherein the Irish regiment in the employ of Louis XIV, of which Dillon is then lieutenant, distinguishes itself, and Mahoney, a sergeant, saves a little orphaned boy who becomes the pet of the regiment at once. The description of the death of the boy and of Mahoney is the climax of the story. Dillon reappears in two other tales, "The King's Favor" and "The Knees of Fate," the latter giving an account of Dillon's accidental discovery of one of Madame de Pompadour's state secrets and his immediate restoration to favor and prosperity. Harper & Bros., New York. Megeath's.

"When Hearts are True," by Fannie E. Ostrander, is a story full of heart-trying suspenses that end with a removal of the clouds that darken two lives. The lovers both believe themselves free at the time of wooing, though the hero, Lawrence Arlington, has a wife he does not love. Though sorely puzzled over the problem of the binding sacredness of marriage when there is no love in the union, they decide an a renunciation of each other. The unloved wife, fortunately for them, dies and the two lovers are happily united, the happier for the course they had adopted. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

In "Natural Law in the Business World," Mr. Walter W. Felts endeavors to trace the evils of the day to violation of what he interprets as the "natural law" of trade. Mr. Felts is remarkably lucid and often eloquent in the fervent zeal with which he pursues his theme, but a lack of sound conception of fundamental principles leads him astray, landing him as an exponent of some prevalent isms rather than as a creator of harmony in industrial science. Thus, he largely engages in denouncing trusts, an alleged corner of the money of the country, protective tariffs and speculative land ownership as the primary evils, mixing brilliant truths with gross misconceptions and impractical remedies. Published by the author, 112 Fifth avenue, New York.

The third part of Manie Sands' "The Opposites of the Universe" is devoted to a discourse about God, in which imaginary parties participate. The writer states his object in the work "to demonstrate that the universe is a whirl of opposites, and that these opposites, such as love and hate, good and evil, light and dark, etc., are eternal, which implies that they are neither creatable nor destroyable, when the whole kosmos is considered." Both sides of the questions involved are discussed with fine discernment. Peter Eckler, New York.

John Strange Winter's new story, "Grip," gives us a rather improbable bull dog, whose young Yorkshire master comes from a family in which that name runs as a hereditary motto. George Somers prides himself upon his inveteracy, and when his sweetheart jilts him for a titled Frenchman he decides upon vengeance. For eight years he nurses the determination to kill his rival, and through all sorts of difficulties makes his way to his victim, then suddenly he falls in love with a younger sister of his old sweetheart and all ends happily. Stone & Kimball, New York. Megeath's.

"The Story of the Chosen People," by H. A. Guerber, comprises a series of tales derived from the Old Testament, told from a purely secular standpoint, simply as historical stories, without any reference to their doctrinal or religious significance. The book is well adapted for supplementary reading in schools, the narrative being written in the simplest style and easily within the comprehension of pupils in the third and fourth reader grades. It is beautifully illustrated by twenty-two full page reproductions of celebrated paintings, and by numerous small cuts, and by sketch maps of Jerusalem and the Holy Land. American Book Company, Chicago.

The green and yellow heroines with floral soubriquets who have been afflicting us with their unnaturally hued lives and nauseating frankness must go! The sensitive mind of the constant reader has decreed it. For Phroso is here—sweet, womanly Phroso. With Phroso to read about one cares no more for any world but hers. To make her acquaintance properly, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has devised most clever dialogue, very exciting adventures, and thrilling climaxes to carry one suitably and effectively to an intimate and appreciative friendship with Lady Euphrosyne of Neopolia. After Lord Charles Wheatley has bought the beautiful island called Neopolia, situated in the Mediterranean, with Rhodes, the nearest land, 100 miles away, he finds that the natives are not so good-hearted and unsophisticated as represented. Enraged at the sale of the island by its owner, their lord and ruler, the Neopalitans begin an obstructive campaign immediately upon the arrival of Wheatley and his friends. The new owner has no idea of relinquishing without a struggle a purchase upon which £375,000 have been paid and gives notice of his intentions. So there are the materials for a rattling good tale. Add a scheming, villainous relative of the murdered lord of the island and the beautiful and charming daughter of the same lord and the story becomes a romance of first water, which it most assuredly is, but which it might not be with anything like the same success were it not the facile pen of Mr. Hawkins which takes the characters through their parts. The ingenuity and harmony of the plot strike one more forcibly during the period of reflection than at the time of reading, which is a strong test for a story's structure. "Phroso" is as great a romance as "The Prisoner of Zenda," with the accent on the adventure element and with a more satisfactory, though not so dramatic, a finale. However, the next to the last chapter sets the heart beating fast, but Phroso and her English—but that's telling a story which is too good to be told. The book is elaborately illustrated by Wechsler and bound in handsomely decorated cloth. Frederick A. Stokes company, New York. Megeath's.

"In the Old Herrick House and Other Stories," by Ellen Douglass Deland, contains in all three stories, the first, "In the Old Herrick House," telling how Elizabeth Herrick lived alone in