

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

WANTED—MALE HELP. An idea, a man who can think of some simple thing to patent.

WANTED, LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES. For district managers and solicitors for the city.

WANTED, MEN TO LEARN THE BARBER TRADE. Only eight weeks required.

WANTED, OIL SALESMAN TO SELL. Our lubricating oil and greases.

WANTED, SALESMEN IN EVERY TOWN. City and country commission.

WANTED, MEN TO LEARN THE BARBER TRADE. Only eight weeks required.

WANTED, GIRLS FOR ALL KINDS WORK. 16 to 18 years, Canadian only.

WANTED, GIRL FOR HOUSEWORK. One call, 232 California street.

WANTED, AN EXPERIENCED NURSE GIRL. For family; call with reference.

WANTED, GIRL TO WORK. Call at northeast corner Twentieth and I streets.

FOR RENT—HOUSES. In all parts of this city. O. F. Davis Company.

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FURNISHED ROOMS AND BOARD.

MODERN BRICK ROOMS AND BOARD. 235 West 14th St.

FOR RENT—UNFURNISHED ROOMS. 235 North 14th St.

FOR RENT—STORES AND OFFICES. 235 North 14th St.

AGENTS WANTED. For the Star Incandescent Gas Light Company.

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PACIFIC STORAGE AND WAREHOUSE CO. 235 North 14th St.

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MONEY TO LOAN—CHATELAIN.

MONEY TO LOAN 30, 60, 90 DAYS. Furniture, pianos, etc.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FURNITURE. Pianos, horses, wagons, etc.

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ASTROLOGY.

PROF. A. MAREY OF PITTSBURGH. Astrology, palmistry, etc.

FOR RENT—HOTELS. HOTEL FOR RENT OF 20 ROOMS.

PASTORAGE. HOTEL FOR RENT OF 20 ROOMS.

FURNITURE PACKED. M. R. WALKER, FURNITURE PACKING.

TYPEWRITERS. J. L. STANTON, TYPEWRITERS.

WANTED—TO BORROW. WANTED, \$1,000 ON REAL ESTATE.

MASON WORK JOBBED. J. P. HEALY, 132 CLARK STREET.

MUSIC, ART AND LANGUAGE. GEORGE P. GELLENBERG, BANJO, MANDOLIN.

FINANCIAL. LIFE INSURANCE BOUGHT.

SUES & CO., PATENT SOLICITORS. Advice and legal work.

ELGIN & KENWOOD BROS. Patent and mechanical work.

NEGLECTED GOOD THINGS. Refreshing drinks and nutritious foods.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. GREAT BARGAINS IN HOUSES AND LOTS.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. I HAVE BUYERS FOR A NUMBER OF NEAT.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. SNAP ON 15TH ST.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. KOUNTZE PLACE BARGAINS.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. BARGAIN, ONLY \$300 FOR LARGE LOT.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. AS OF OLD WE NOW OFFER HOMES.

THREE SCENES: POSTSCRIPT

BY GEORGE GRAHAM ELY.

"The fact is," said my young friend Theodore Hilliard, Jr., "I believe that the long novel has had its day."

"And yet it is the common supposition of a misguided public," suggested, without enthusiasm, for the subject did not excite me.

"The common supposition is a ready-made article not always to be taken without investigation," returned Hilliard cheerfully.

"I hold that the short story is to literature what the snapshot is to photography. Either, at the hands of a man with a sensitive eye, it gives a glimpse of something definite, static, electric, living; something that impresses you by its vividness and by the force of its actuality."

"Impressiveness and force are good enough in their way," I conceded, leaning back comfortably, and taking in with a satisfied glance the effect of harmony and beauty for which Hilliard's room, as it was, was so admirably abounding in elegant and luxurious appointments.

"I am sure I don't see what trees have to do with it," said Emily, rising; "and if we are going to ride to Roxbury this afternoon we would better be getting into our habits."

"All the world's a stage," and the principal difference between its performers and those of the playhouse is that in life the waits are longer between the acts.

"Five years have made the youth a man, and the girl has become a woman, and the young man and woman are now in the prime of their lives."

"You have always said you intended to devote yourself to your work," he admitted; "but a girl's life is usually so busy that she has no time to think of anything but her own duties."

"I am sorry for you now, Teddy," she returned, seriously, "but, after all, this can't be everything to you. You have your own work, just as I have mine, and in that you can be happy, at first. By and by you will find that it is not so simple as you think."

"I confess to a greater readiness to read it, since you assure me it is short, and that I should care to read it. You have your own work, just as I have mine, and in that you can be happy, at first. By and by you will find that it is not so simple as you think."

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Every corner of her large and well-equipped study. Only prosperity could have given the indefinable air of elegance to all the appointments of the room and to the dress and bearing of its occupant.

"While she sat, in this attitude, in the pleasant room so silent in its brightness, a stiff paper fluttered from her hand to the floor and lay at her feet. It bore the announcement of a marriage that had taken place in the city. The bride was the daughter of the man to whom she had given her 'final' answer on the hillside near her home, hundreds of miles, away, at that time. Since that time she had been a widow, and she had been a widow for some time.

"The fire burned brightly and silently on the hearth; the stillness was unbroken. At length she raised her head, and in those few minutes her face had changed so much that it seemed scarcely to belong to the same woman whose personality had impressed itself so vividly upon everything about her."

"For myself, it is all over," she whispered; "but there is still my father. He is toward of me and loves me for his sake." A soft knock at the door and a maid entered, carrying a little silver tray.

"The other letter, written a few days later, was from her father's agent in California, giving the particulars of the latter's death. It spoke of a cable message which he had sent her, and which she had not received; it told of the disposition which had been made of her father's few effects.

"Then Sylvia turned, with a strange and marked calmness, to her desk. From a card she selected a letter, and from it she took a small tablet and, dropping them one by one into a curiously shaped goblet half full of water, she looked at her reflection in the light with unshaking hand and watched the opaque whiteness dissolve. Then she walked to the mantel before the grate, with the glass in her hand, and stood there looking down, once more, into the heart of the few remaining embers. Finally, with a sad little smile, she raised the goblet to her lips and held it there for an instant—then, suddenly, with the old-time characteristic shake of her bright head, she inverted the glass so that its contents fell upon the hearth. She stood up straight and lifted her eyes and her face was illumined by the light of a beautiful courage and resolve.

"No, I will not," she said, in a clear, resonant voice. "To pay this debt of his, to clear his name. For honor's sake!" The pencil words on the scrap of paper Hilliard had written were unrecalled, came and passed the one sublime moment of her life, and her early question was answered.

"The reason I have been permitted to know so intimately some of the details of Sylvia Wayne's life is that she afterwards became my stepmother."

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS. WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.



"Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, writing an exact man and advertising the successful man."

—Baconized by R. B. W.