

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ ABCDEFGH

I belong to the Alphabet Club.



You have been waiting for our announcement

So do I Do you?



Vertical column of letters B through R on the left side.

Vertical column of letters K through R on the right side.



ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ ABCDEFGH

You are invited to be present at our reception and banquet—a feast of letters—in the pages of the Bee Saturday, Nov. 11th. If you know the alphabet, Come. R. S. V. P. The Alphabet Club.

Decorative border of repeating letters around the invitation text.

THE LOCK OF YELLOW HAIR.

A Story of a Jealous Wife and Her Homely Husband. By W. BERT FOSTER.

Certainly there was nothing about Abram Smollett to suggest the gay Lothario. He was the most commonplace, not to say plainest, looking of mortals, a respected member of the Board of Trade and a thorough business man. I don't suppose any woman excepting Smollett's wife ever looked twice at him; and yet Mrs. Smollett was inordinately jealous.

morning in a most bewildered state of mind and an empty state of stomach. Lydia's actions so worried him that he could not keep his mind on his business. He was irritable and generally fractious and the red-headed young man suffered accordingly. About noon Charlie Paget, an old friend and a good lawyer, came in. Charlie's eyes twinkled, but his manner was solemn.

"What is it? That I've sold C. B. & Q. short? That yarn's stale," snapped Smollett. "No, sir. Something more serious than that."

"I know it isn't any business of mine," Charlie hastened to say, with a deprecatory wave of his hand; "or wouldn't it be had I not know you so long. But as a personal friend—"

mentioned "one box of checks for Dan Fleury." The total receipts for that day were \$163.80. On August 20 the receipts were \$235.65, of which \$199.10 was Helena business, \$11.40 Blackfoot business, 60 cents Confederate Gulch and \$24.65 Silver Bow.

as the glass is ground away. The expert grinder, holding a sheet of glass against the roughing wheel in the manner, will grind a true bevel, with a perfectly straight line along its inner edge, and he brings the side bevels together with a perfectly true angle at the corners.



The Big One—I know yer ain't said nothin' 't, but I know I'm wearin' a straw hat in October, an' warns you kids dat if you so guy it a bit I'll push yer faces in sur fur you'll haffer take soundings to locate 'em.