SPORTING GOSSIP OF WEEK

Omaha Fans Would Like to See Good Foot Ball Game.

NEBRASKA MANAGEMENT GETS HUNCH

Big Games Used to Draw Big Crowds in Omaha and Would Do So Again if Played Here.

Talk of the renewal of foot ball relations between Kansas and Nebraska brings to mind the fact that the people of Omaha would like to see a first-class game during the season, and there are many reasons why the management at Lincoln should give the metropolis that game. Time was when Omaha was one of the best paying foot ball towns in the west, and it would still hold that reputation if games between the better teams were put on. Lawrence is too small a town for one of the Kansas-Nebraska games, and the match would have to be played at Kansas City or Lincoln or Omaha. While the annual games were on between Kansas and Missouri, Kansas City was a corking good town for these games, and yet Omaha has just as large a college contingent as Kansas City has. Why not have the games played at Kansas City and Omaha? A good crowd was out to see the Creighton-Nebraska game when it was a foregone conclusion that it would be simply a matter of how big a score both would be satisfied with, and this is proof positive that there are many lovers of the gridiron sport in this city who would turn out for a game between evenly matched teams of the higher order. A game between Nebraska and a team of equal strength would easily draw 8,000 people in this city. Small prejudice should not be permitted to keep the Nebraska team from playing in Omaha. Last year an offer of $2,000 was made for the Nebraska-Iowa game, and yet it was played at Iowa City, where the receipts were about $700. According to the official balance sheet of the university foot ball expenses, the receipts of the Knox game were $953; the Colorado game drew $613 and the Grinnell game $326. It would seem the part of good management to transfer one of these games to Omaha, where the receipts could be doubled or trebled.

The University of Kansas plays several of its games at Kansas City, and thus increases its revenues considerably over what they would be if played at Lawrence. Wisconsin plays one of its big games at Milwaukee, and Michigan tries to arrange several games in the larger cities. It looks like a neglected opportunity for Nebraska to fail to start the idea of playing at least one of its big games at Omaha, where the receipts would soon be sufficient argument. Omaha is proud of Nebraska's foot ball team, and the followers of the gridiron sport in Omaha rejoice just as gleefully as those in Lincoln when a winning is made, and they would not be slow to demonstrate that point if given a suitable opportunity. When foot ball was first inaugurated at the university the game in Omaha with Iowa was relied upon to pull Nebraska's finances even on the year and later, when games with Missouri were arranged with Omaha, the crowds still continued to come. Nebraska sold the Missouri game to Tukey for $900 several years ago and then, in spite of the fact that the game was played on the Ames-avenue park, which had a very poor fence around it and was hard to reach on the car lines Tukey made over $800 for himself. Frank Crawford once bought a Nebraska-Iowa game and made $1,400 profits after paying Iowa and Nebraska all expenses. Omaha has a good population to draw from when Council Bluffs and South Omaha are considered, and a good game properly advertised would bring in a barrel of money to the management. The Creighton-Nebraska game was scarcely advertised at all, except for a few complimentary notes which the newspapers gave, and still, when all knew that it was to be a one-sided affair, there was a good crowd. Let Omaha have a good foot ball game and the crowds will turn out.

The Milwaukee Sentinel is not at all downhearted over the defeat of the Wisconsin team by Eckersall and calls the game a "technical defeat." It says: "With a team capable of following the instructions of such a master coach as King, with a line built up by the genius of Holt, with conditioning such as Kraenzlein can give, with a splendid spirit back of the men, and, withal, fairly good material, it is to be hoped that Wisconsin, forgetting this one technical defeat by Chicago, may go forward to victory in every other contest of the season and once more attain to its old position as champion of the west! It can do it, and it is about time it did!"

Foot ball men will hardly agree with the term "technical defeat," for it has been the aim for years to make the game more open, and when work like that of the Chicago team, aided by the kicking game of Eckersall, wins games, it is a boost for the open game. Stagg's team played an open game throughout the entire time and won on a slippery field against the old and compact formations of the Badgers. It has been the idea of the rules committee for years to make the game more open and the success of the open game, demonstrated as it was by a signal victory, goes a long ways toward boosting that idea.

The Omaha High school foot ball team is doing better than any team which the school has had in the field for several years. The direct opposition of the faculty seems to have been removed and the boys are given some encouragement in getting together a first-class team. The Omaha Driving club park, on Sprague street, has been secured for the exclusive use of the boys and this makes a good place for the games, being but two blocks from the car line. Cadets, and even the girls, are encouraging the boys by their presence, and the faculty members of the athletic board are rendering every assistance to make the team a success. Games are played regularly and the attendance is an encouragement to work and strive to build up a team of which all students at the school on the hill may be proud.

Local horse lovers have expressed themselves as well pleased with the exhibitions given by the Omaha Driving club for the season which has just closed, and they expect next year the matinees will be fully as entertaining. Many of the same horses will be seen on the track next summer, and some of the horse owners will have new entries. This year's season was considered a very successful one. There was a good attendance at the first matinees and the interest did not wane until cool weather came. Entries were numerous and the race goers were assured of seeing four or five good events every time they attended. Horses were entered from Omaha, South Omaha and Council Bluffs, and there was always strong but good-naured rivalry for honors. The grand stand at Sprague Street park afforded cool and comfortable seats for the afternoon, and between the races music was furnished by an orchestra. Fred Nash, J. W. Carr, T. C. Byrne, and others of the management deserve much credit for the entertainment afforded the public.

In view of the fact that recent wars have conclusively demonstrated that a soldier who cannot swim is so much dead timber in the command, and that the United States now refuses to graduate from West Point or Annapolis cadets who are unable to swim, no Cornell student will be credited with a passing mark for the spring term's drill who has not previously passed an examination in swimming satisfactory to the professor of physical culture. This order, just issued by Captain Frank A. Barton, commandant of the corps of cadets of Cornell university, practically makes swimming a requirement for graduating from Cornell. Military drill is required of all male students in four year courses. The rule is thus far-reaching in its effects, and makes Cornell the only college in the country to require a swimming test for the satisfactory completion of its courses.

Writing in Outing on the foot ball rules situation, Caspar Whitney says in part:

With so much of a serious import touching one of our manliest and most worthwhile games it is regrettable that some one of the committee has not been big enough to rise above the school boy resentment harbored against those who love Rome more than Caesar, and tell why the committee thus flies in the face not only of public desire but of common sense. At present the committee is a living example of the late Commodore Vanderbilt's widely advertised opinion of the source of his vast wealth. "The public de damned," said the founder of the Vanderbilt millions when a considerate railway official was presenting a case for reform where the people's rights were disregarded; and "the public be damned," said also the foot ball rules committee when it closed its ears to the intelligent and wide-spread request for rule revision that would relieve foot ball of its stupid and dangerous features. Not only the "public be damned" but the college faculties, the parents, the boys and the game itself also "be damned" said the committee, and Mr. Dashiell, the chairman, despite the fact that Camp has probably forgotten more foot ball than the chairman ever knew.

Now for the health of the game, and the health of American college sport, and the well being of Young America—there is one urgent need that foot ball be relieved of much of its smashing tactics, and the play opened and diversified. This is not only, but even largely, because of physical danger to the players—though that alone is sufficient to demand change—but the present style of play is too brutal, and put too great a premium on mere beef to constantly recruit which destroys more and more the spirit and the purpose of student games. This side of the question, the really serious side, does not at all appeal to the committee busily concerned with its amour propre and respective team prospects in the present season. No doubt it is human for men to think first of self interest—but that does not succor the game, nor reflect creditably upon the committee into whose keeping the game has been given.

When a body of gentlemen for one reason or another fall out of sympathy with those who have called them to a duty it is customary the world over for them to withdraw without being requested to do so. There are some members of the foot ball rules committee of whom little in the way of higher appreciation of their duty was expected. Of several others, notably Prof. Dennis of Cornell and Prof. Fine of Princeton much along this line was naturally expected. How these two gentlemen or the universities of these two professors can reconcile their retention of faculty office with their retention on the foot ball committee is something that I leave for the explanation of Presidents Schuman and Wilson. So far as the public now knows Mr. Camp is the only man on the committee who responded to the appeal for rule revision, and while we respec him for his attitude we would have respected him still more if on so important a question he had signified his lack of sympathy with the committee's stupid indifference to its duty by resigning and making public his reasons for doing so.

It is no pleasure for me to write in this vein, and certainly there is not a man on the committee for whom my feelings are not the kindliest; but as I have said before, the well being of college sport, the health of our games, the wholesomeness of our boys in the play—means more to me than all of the committees and chairmen and professors that ever grew and went to seed by the wayside.

We have heard enough talk—now we want to see something doing—and quickly.

More than might be imagined here in the west, the greatest interest is taken in the future movements of the University of Michigan men. Unfortunately, there is still no prospect of Michigan being able to meet any of the eastern teams, although Yost is very anxious to do so. It would be interesting to see how westerners would compare in their methods and tactics with the good teams of the east and whether the large scores which have been made are the result of meeting weaker minor elevens or because Michigan is a better scoring machine than can be found in the east. It is unfortunate that Michigan cannot meet some of the larger eastern colleges, but all of them already have such hard schedules that they cannot take on another game as hard as a contest with Michigan would prove.

President Ban Johnson of the American league has come out in favor of a 140-game schedule for next season. No reform which the leaders of base ball could bring about would be more popular than a reduction in the length of the playing season. As it is now the first month or two of the season is sure to furnish a preponderance of bad weather, which causes a useless number of postponements which pile up at the end of the season and often change the result of the pennant race, as many teams which approach the end of the season with an apparently good chance for the pennant lose out because their pitchers cannot stand the strain which piled up postponed games put upon them. A shorter season would please players and spectators alike and not take away greatly from the profits of the owners, for the season before May 15 is not conducive to large gate receipts, though the expenses go on just the same.

Of all the teams which are getting an early start in obtaining players for next year Cincinnati is the most prolific of rumors. The one which most closely concerns eastern followers of the game is that Roger Bresnahan is being traded from the Giants to the Reds. The rumor is as yet unconfirmed, but is also undenied and continues to exist with great persistence. After his work in the post season series the local fans would regret to see Bresnahan leave the Giants' ranks, and if McGraw lets him go they may be sure that there is a reason. Another deal in which Cincinnati figures is the exchange of Steinfeldt and Sebring for Weimer of the Chicago club.

Ben Shibe, the venerable president of the Philadelphia Athletics, has gone everybody one better on the proposition to consolidate the American and National leagues. He not only knocked this idea out, but forsees a third major league.

"There is no doubt but what the prosperity of base ball this year will have the effect of inducing other leagues to expand, and it looks as though there is room for all," said Mr. Shibe, while discussing the base ball situation the other day.

"What has caused this great prosperity in the national game? Rivalry, of course!

"We never had such crowds when there was only one major league in the field, and you say for me that I will stake my reputation upon it that there will never be a consolidation between the American and the National leagues so long as Ban Johnson is at the head of our organization. He believes in a healthy rivalry between the two big leagues, and the great success of both organizations this year bears out the conviction. Another organization, national in its scope, could easily be formed without a conflict with either of the present big leagues, and I believe that it will come. There are enough big ball towns east and west to form another big league without breaking into cities already occupied by the National and American leagues, and from the talk I hear coming from some of these centers there is very good reason to believe there is something doing looking to the formation of a third major league."

The New York American league base ball team will be managed again next season by Clark Griffith, who has already decided on the makeup, allowing for the probability of the spring developing some wonderful discoveries. The pitchers will be Puttmann, Orth, Clarkson and Chesbro, and the catchers will be Connor, Kleinow and Thomas. The last mentioned was obtained from the Providence team of the Eastern league. Chase will play first base, Laporte second base, Elberfeld shortstop, William third base, Hahn left field, Conroy center field, and Keeler right field. Frank Farrell, one owner, is willing to spend all the past season's profits in order to get together a pennant winning team. He has already spent more than $12,000 this fall in this attempt. The principal need is for one or two good pitchers.

Based on the statement and action of Andrew Rudolph, representing several of the owners of the Detriit base ball team, Toledo baseball men are making the broad statement that the Toledo team has a great chance to be in the American league next season. Rudolph is hot after the Toledo franchise, and has offered almost enough to buy. Bill Armour, also interested, apparently thinks well of Toledo. It It is a fact that Detroit, with a winning team, lost money, while Toledo, with a tailender, made big money. This was largely because of the Sunday ball played in Toledo. Judging from these facts, it looks as though an effort would be made to get the franchise and then transfer the Detroit Americans to Toledo. This is of course entirely unofficial information, but when sifted down in connection with the strenuous efforts of the Detroiters to get control, it bears the earmarks of truth.

The Omaha Commercial college players are rapidly moving along toward the point where they fixed their intentions when the season first started. Their goal has been crossed only twice this season, all the other games have been shutouts for the opposing teams and decisive victories for the Omaha Commercial college. W. J. Woods, manager of the second university team of Nebraska made a special trip to Omaha Tuesday for the purpose of arranging a game with the Omaha Commercial college, Saturday, November 11. The contract for the game is signed, and the Omaha Commercial college will be pitted against the second strongest team in Nebraska. The Omaha Commercial college team will probably be handicapped by the loss of Captain Baker, quarter-back, but nevertheless intend to go into the game with intentions of keeping down the score as small as possible.

CATARRH IS MORE THAN A BAD COLD—

IT IS A DEEP-SEATED BLOOD DISORDER.

Catarrh is not merely a stubborn or protracted cold, as some people seem to think, but it is a deep-seated and dangerous blood disorder, more generally affecting the body than any other disease. Hardly any part is exempt from the trouble; it attacks the head, throat, stomach, bowels, kidneys, bladder, lungs and other members, and often completely undermines the health.

Like all blood diseases, Catarrh comes from poisons and impurities accumulating in the blood. The refuse matter of the body, which should be expelled as nature intends, is left in the system because of a sluggish condition of the different parts. Then the blood, as it circulates through the body, collects and absorbs the foul matter, becoming polluted and unfit for properly nourishing the system. When the blood is in this unhealthy condition the contracting of a cold starts the secretions by irritating all the delicate linings and inne tissues of the body. Thus the mistaken idea that Catarrh is a severe cold or a disease of the mucous membranes which can be cured with sprays, washes, lotions, etc., is formed. Catarrh is always worse in Winter because of the cold, damp, changing weather, which makes every one more susceptible to cold; but it is in no sense a disease that is dependent on climatic conditions for its real cause.

It has more disgusting and unpleasant symptoms than any other disease, besides being a very serious disorder. There is a constant ringing and buzzing noise in the ears, a thin watery discharge from the nostrils, headaches are frequent, filthy, stringy matter drops back in the throat requiring constant hawking and spitting, and often much effort to dislodge it, the breath has an offensive odor, slight fever comes and goes, and gradually the entire health becomes affected. So thoroughly does the blood become filled with the catarrhal matter that the kidneys and bladder are diseased, chronic dyspepsia or Catarrh of the stomach develops, appetite and digestion are weakened and the disease often settles in some vital part, usually the lungs because of the constant passage of poisoned blood through them, and Catarrh terminates in Consumption, the most fatal of all diseases.

I had Catarrh for about fifteen years, and no man could have been worse. I tried everything I could hear of, but no good resulted. I then began S. S. S., and could see a little improvement from the first bottle, and after taking it a short while was cured. This was six years ago, and I am as well today as any man.

I think Catarrh is a blood disease, and know there is nothing on earth better for the blood than S. S. S. Nobody thinks more of S. S. S. than I do.

Lapeer, Mich. M. MATSON.

To expect to cure Catarrh with sprays, washes, inhalations, tobacco remedies and such treatment is a great mistake—it is treating the effect instead of the cause. This treatmen does good in as much as it gives temporary relief and comfort to the sufferer, but is in no way curative, because it does not reach the real seat of the trouble, which is in the blood, and while experimenting with such things the patient is losing valuable time and allowing the disease to make dangerous headway.

To cure Catarrh permanently the blood must be thoroughly purified and the system cleansed of all poisons and at the same time strengthened and built up. Nothing equals S. S. S. for this purpose. It attacks the disease at its head, goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. removes every particle of the catarrhal poison from the blood, making this vital stream pure and fresh. Then the inflamed membranes begin to heal, the head is cleared, the hawking and spitting cease, every symptom disappears, the constitution is built up and vigorous health restored. S. S. S. also tones up the stomach, aids the digestion and acts as a fine tonic to the entire system, and being made entirely of roots, herbs and barks will not injure the system in any way. Catarrh sufferers are invited to write our medical department for book treating on this disease and ask for any medical advice they wish, no charge for either.

S.S.S.
PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

The Mystery of the Musgrave Ritual

(Continued from Page Two.)

Ritual would then be fulfilled. And the shadow of the elm must mean the farther end of the shadow, otherwise the trunk would have been chosen as the guide. I had, then, to find where the far end of the shadow would fall when the sun was just clear of the oak."

"That must have been difficult, Holmes, when the elm was no longer there."

"Well, at least I know that if Brunton could do it, I could also. Besides, there was no real difficulty. I went with Musgrave to his study and whittled myself this peg, to which I tied this long string with a knot at each yard. Then I took two lengths of a fishing rod, which came to just six feet, and I went back with my client to where the elm had been. The sun was just grazing the top of the oak. I fastened the rod on end, marked out the direction of the shadow, and measured it. It was nine feet in length.

"Of course the calculation now was a simple one. If a rod of six feet threw a shadow of nine, a tree of sixty-four feeet would throw one of ninty-six, and the line of the one would, of course, be the line of the other. I measured out the distance, which brought me almost to the wall of the house, and I thrust a peg into the spot. You can imagine my exultation, Watson, when within two inches of the peg I saw a conical depression in the ground. I knew that it was the mark made by Brunton in his measurements, and that I was still on his trail.

"From this starting point I proceeded to step, having first taken the cardinal points by my pocket compass. Ten steps with each foot took me along parallel with the wall of the house, and again I marked my spot with a peg. Then I carefully paced off five feet to the east and two to the south. It brought me to the very threshhold of the old door. Two steps to the west meant now that I was to go two paces down the stone-flagged passage, and this was the place indicated by the Ritual.

"Never have I felt such a cold chill of disappointment, Watson. For a moment it seemed to me that there must be some radical mistake in my calculations. The setting sun shone full upon the passage floor, and I could see that the old, footworn, gray stones with which it was paved were firmly cemented together, and had certainly not been moved for many a long year. Brunton had not been at work here. I tapped upon the floor, but it sounded the same all over, and there was no sign of any crack or crevice. But fortunately, Musgrave, who had begun to appreciate the meaning of my proceedings and who was now as excited as myself, took out his manuscript to check my calculations.

"'And under,' he cried. 'You have omitted the "and under."'

"I had thought that it meant that we were to dig, but now, of course, I saw at once that I was wrong. 'There is a cellar under this, then,' I cried.

"'Yes, and as old as the house. Down here, through this door.'

"We went down a winding stone stair, and my companion, striking a match, lit a large lantern which stood on a barrel in the corner. In an instant it was obvious that we had at last come upon the true place, and that we had not been the only people to visit the spot recently.

"It had been used for the storage of wood, but the billets, which had evidently been littered over the floor, were now piled at the side, so as to leave a clear space in the middle. In this space lay a large and heavy flagstone, with a rusted iron ring in the center, to which a thick shepherd's check muffler was attached.

"'By Jove!' cried my client. 'That's Brunton's muffler. I have seen it on him and could swear to it. What has the villain been doing here?'

"At my suggestion a couple of the county police were summoned to be present, and I then endeavored to raise the stone by pulling on the cravat. I could only move it slightly, and it was with the aid of one of the constables that I succeeded at last in carrying it to one side. A black hole yawned beneath, into which we all peered, while Musgrave, kneeling at the side, pushed down the lantern.

"A small chamber about seven feet deep and four feet square lay open to us. At one side of this was a squat, brass-bound wooden box, the lid of which was hinged upwards, with this curious old-fashioned key projecting from the lock. It was furred outside by a thick layer of dust, and damp and worms had eaten through the wood, so that a crop of livid fungi was growing on the inside of it. Several discs of metal, old coins apparently, such as I hold here, were scattered over the bottom of the box, but it contained nothing else.

"At the moment, however, we had no thought for the old chest, for our eyes were riveted upon that which crouched beside it. It was the figure of a man, clad in a suit of black, who squatted down upon his hams with his forehead sunk upon the edge of the box and his two arms thrown out on each side of it. The attitude had drawn all the stagnant blood to the face, and no man could have recognized that distorted, liver-colored countenance; but his height, his dress and his hair were all sufficient to show my client, when we had drawn the body up, that it was indeed his missing butler. He had been dead some days, but there was no wound or bruise upon his person to show how he had met his dreadful end. When his body had been carried from the cellar we found ofrselves still confronted with a problem which was almost as formidable as that with which we had started.

"I confess that so far, Watson, I had been disappointed in my investigation. I had reckoned upon solving the matter when once I had found the place referred to in the Ritual, but now I was there, and was apparently as far as ever from knowing what it was which the family had concealed with such elaborate precautions. It is true that I had thrown a light upon the fate of Brunton, but now I had to ascertain how that fate had come upon him, and what part had ben played in the matter by the woman who had disappeared. I sat down upon a keg in the corner and thought the whole matter carefully over.

"You know my methods in such cases, Watson. I put myself in the man's place and, having first gauged his intelligence, I try to imagine how I should myself have proceeded under the same circumstances. In this case the matter was simplified by Brunton's intelligence being quite first-rate, so that it was unnecessary to make any allowance for the personal equation, as the astronomers have dubbed it. He knew that something valuable was concealed. He had spotted the place. He found that the stone which covered it was just too heavy for a man to move unaided. What would he do next? He could not get help from the outside, even if he had some one whom he could trust, without the unbarring of doors and considerable risk of detection. It was better, if he could, to have his helpmate inside the house. But whom could he ask? This girl had been devoted to him. A man always finds it hard to realize that he may have finally lost a woman's love, however badly he may have treated her. He would try by a few attentions to make his peace with the girl Howells, and then would engage her as his accomplice. Together they would come at night to the cellar, and their united force would suffice to raise the stone. So far I could follow their actions as if I had actually seen them.

"But for two of them, and one a woman, it must have been heavy work the raising of that stone. A burly Sussex policeman and I had found it no light job. What would they do to assist them? Probably what I should have done myself. I rose and examined carefully the different billets of wodd which were scattered round the floor. Almost at once I came upon what I expected. One piece, about three feet in length, had a very marked indentation at one end, while several were flattened at the side as if they had been compressed by some considerable weight. Evidently, as they had dragged the stone up they had thrust the chunks of wood into the chink, until at last, when the opening was large enough to crawl through, they would hold it open by a billet placed lengthwise, which might very well become indented at the lower end, since the whole weight of the stone would press it down on to the edge of this other slab. So far I was still on safe ground.

"And now how was I to proceed to reconstruct this midnight drama? Clearly, only one could fit into the hole, and that one was Brunton. The girl must have waited above. Brunton then unlocked the box, handed up the contents presumably—since they were not to be found—and then—and then what happened?

"What smouldering fire of vengeance had suddenly sprang into flame in this passionate Celtic woman's soul when she saw the man who had wronged her—wronged her, perhaps, far more than we suspected—in her power? Was it a chance that the wood had slipped, and that the stone had shut Brunton into what had become his sepulchre? Had she only been guilty of silence as to his fate? Or had some sudden blow from her hand dashed the slab crashing down into its place? Be that as it might. I seemed to see that woman's figure still clutching at her treasure trove and flying wildly up the winding stair, with her ears ringing perhaps with muffled screams from behind her and with the drumming of frenzied hands against the slab of stone which was choking her faithless lover's life out.

Here was the secret of her blanched face, her shaken nerves, her peals of hysterical laughter on the next morning. But what had been in the box? What had she done with that? Of course, it must have been the old metal and pebbles which my client had dragged from the mere. She had thrown them in there at the first opportunity to remove the last trace of her crime.

"For twenty minutes I had sat motionless, thinking the matter out. Musgrave still stood with a very pale face, swinging his lantern and peering down into the hole.

"'These are coins of Charles the First,' said he, holding out the few which had been in the box; 'you see we were right in fixing out date for the Ritual.'

"'We may find something else of Charles the First,' I cried as the probable meaning of the first two questions of the Ritual broke suddenly upon me. 'Let me see the contents of the bag which you fished from the mere.'

"We ascended to his study, and he laid the debris before me. I could understand his regarding it as of small importance when I looked at it, for the metal was almost black and the stones lustreless and dull. I rubbed one of them on my sleeve, however, and it glowed afterward like a spark in the dark hollow of my hand. The metal work was in the form of a double ring, but it had been bent and twisted out of its original shape.

"'You must bear in mind,' said I, 'that the royal party made head in England even after the death of the king, and that when they at last fled they probably left many of their most precious possessions buried behind them, with the intention of returning for them in more peaceful times.'

"'My ancestor, Sir Ralph Musgrave, was a prominent cavalier and the right-hand man of Charles the Second in his wanderings,' said my friend.

"'Ah, indeed!' I answered. 'Well, now, I think that really should give us the last link that we wanted. I must congratulate you on coming into the possession, though in rather a magic manner, of a relic which is of great intrinsic value, but of even greater importance as an historical curiosity.'

"'What is it, then?' he gasped in astonishment.

"'It is nothing less than the ancient crown of the kings of England.'

"'The crown!'

"'Precisely. Consider what the Ritual says. How does it run? "Whose was it?" "His who is gone." That was after the execution of Charles. Then, "Who shall have it?" "He who will come." That was Charles the Second, whose advent was already foreseen. There can, I think, be no doubt that this battered and shapeless diadem once encircled the brows of the royal Stuarts.'

"'And how came it in the pond?'

"'Ah, that is a question that will take some time to answer.' And with that I sketched out to him the whole long chain of surmise and of proof which I had constructed. The twilight had closed in and the moon was shining brightly in the sky before my narrative was finished.

"'And how was it then that Charles did not get his crown when he returned?' asked Musgrave, pushing back the relic into its linen bag.

"'Ah, there you lay your finger upon the one point which we shall probably never be able to clear up. It is likely that the Musgrave who held the secret died in the interval, and by some oversight left this guide to his descendant without explaining the meaning of it. From that day to this it has been handed down from father to son, until at last it came within reach of a man who tore its secret out of it and lost his life in the venture.'

* * * * * * * *

"And that's the story of the Musgrave Ritual, Watson. They have the crown down at Hurlstone—though they had some legal bother and a considerable sum to pay before they were allowed to retain it. I am sure that if you mentioned my name they would be happy to show it to you. Of the woman nothing was ever heard, and the probability is that she got away out of England and carried herself and the memory of her crime to some land beyond the seas."

(The End.)

The Popular Effervescent Cure for Constipation

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Biliousness, Disordered Stomach

Contains no heart depressing, dangerous drugs.

Promptly effective. No griping or unpleasantness. Of such unusual excellence that it has been *sold on merit more than 60 years.*

At Druggists, 50c and $1, or by mail from THE TARRANT CO., 44 Hudson Street, N. Y.

URICSOL

Rheumatic Specific.
Kidney and Liver Stimulant.
The most Successful Remedy before the public. Does not Injure the Stomach. Call for Free Booklet on Treatment and Diet for Rheumatism, at Sherman & McConnell Drug Store, 16th and Dodge Sts., or drop a postal to URICSOL CHEMICAL COMPANY.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED, ELDERLY MEN

If you are weak, no matter from what cause; undeveloped; have stricture, varicocele, etc., My Perfect Vacuum Appliance will cure you. No drugs or electricity. $5.00 cured & developed. 10 days trial. Send for FREE booklet. Sent sealed. Guaran'd. E. S. DETMER, 158 Nassau Block, Denver, Colo.

U. S. Gov't Guarantees

Every Dollar it Mints worth 100 Cents. It also guarantees our Whiskey which is Bottled in Bond in its Pure Natural State, under law of March 3rd, 1897, passed by Congress and signed by the President. Therefore every bottle of

Sunny Brook STRAIGHT Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND

is bottled under direct supervision of Gov't Officials and sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP"—proof of its age and purity. Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair. Avoid Whiskies not Guaranteed by U. S.

SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.

RED + CROSS WHISKEY

4 FULL QUARTS for..... $3.00

Express charges prepaid.

Recommended by the leading physicians and used in all prominent hospitals.

The Red Cross Whiskey enjoys today the best of reputations and stands above all in quality and purity.

References: FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF OMAHA OR ANY EXPRESS COMPANY.

Western Distilling Co.,

716 So. 16th Street

OMAHA.

Sole Owners. Orders from states west of Nebraska will be shipped by freight.

FOR 30 YEARS DR. McGREW

has made a SPECIALTY of all forms of diseases and disorders of

MEN ONLY

His facilities for treating this class of diseases are unlimited. His remarkable cures have seldom been equaled.

Over 30,000 Cases Have Been Cured. 20 Years in Omaha.

His FREE BOOK tells the nature and causes of every disease with which men may be afflicted. Out of respect for society and the city in which he lives, the doctor refrains from naming in the family newspaper the various diseases of men that he is called upon to treat. This information can all be found in his book.

His Home Treatment has permanently cured thousands of cases and every day is proving what a great good can be done for men at small cost. Medicine sent in plain package.

Fees Light. Consultation Free.

Office Hours—8 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. Sundays, 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Call or write. Box 766. Office 215 South 14th Street, Omaha, Neb.

SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY

Relieves Kidney & Bladder troubles at once. Cures in 48 Hours all URINARY DISCHARGES

Each Capsule bears the name MIDY

Beware of useless counterfeits.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray. The new Vaginal Syringe. Injection and Douche. Best—Safest—Most Convenient. It Cleanses Instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. MARVEL CO., 44 E. 23d ST., NEW YORK.

For Sale by SHERMAN & McCONNELL DRUG CO., Cor. 16th and Dodge Sts., Omaha.

J.P.

Those suffering from weaknesses which sap the pleasures of life should take Juven Pills. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent post-paid in plain package only on receipt of this adv. and $1.

Made by its originators C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass.