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and is making our place his headquarters where he will hold daily receptions. A CONGRESS OF DOLLS FROM ALL NATIONS is in session in our toy department, representatives from all parts civilized and uncivilized doldom. DESIRABLE AND SUITABLE PRESENTS for the older ones are always hard to find. We have acres of choice goods ready for the bargain reapers, among them are PLUSH GOODS, TOILET CASES OF ALL KINDS, CELLULOID NOVELTIES, FINE LINEN SETS, TABLE COVERS AND SPREADS, FINE SHOES and other staple goods in fine quality that make desirable and acceptable presents and our prices are dwarfs and our values giants.

IMMENSITY, POPULARITY AND SUCCESS

Three great links in the long chain which draws the people to the big store every day. If you are not already in the procession, step in line and wend your way towards The Fair Store for your holiday goods. Early buyers have the advantage of a larger stock from which to make selections, more of the clerks' time at your disposal to show you around and quote you prices. When the rush and jam starts there isn't much pleasure in shopping.

Very Truly,

RICHARDS BROS.

THE FAIR.

RICHARDS BROS.

[CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.]

The thought which proved such a fund of merriment was the idea that his man up stairs had proved himself just as human as ordinary criminals, since he had left behind him the very telltale mark which he had boasted would not be found after he had committed his crime. Externally, however, there was no sign to show that Mr. Barnes was in any way excited. He calmly asked at the desk for Mr. Mitchell, and sent up his card just as any ordinary visitor might have done. In a few minutes the hallway returned with the curt message, "Come up."

Mr. Barnes was shown up one flight of stairs into a suit of two rooms and a bath overlooking Twenty-third street. The room which he passed into from the hall was fitted up like a bachelor's parlor. Comfortable stuffed chairs and two sofas, a folding reading chair, an upright piano in mahogany case with handsome piano lamp beside it, a carved center table on which stood a reading lamp, cigar case in bronze, photo album, handsome pictures on the walls in gold frames, elegant vases on the mantel, an ornate clock, a full sized figure of a Moor carved in wood serving as a card receiver—in fact, everything about the place was significant of wealth, luxury and refinement. Could this be the den of a murderer? It seemed not, unless there might be some powerful hidden motive, which would make a man who was evidently a gentleman stoop to such a crime. According to Mr. Barnes' experience such a motive must involve a woman. As yet there was no woman in this case, save the corpse which he had just left. All this flashed through the detective's mind as he noted his surroundings in a few swift glances. Then he heard a voice from the next room say:

"Come in, Mr. Barnes. We must not stand upon ceremony with one another." Mr. Barnes, in answer to the invitation, crossed into the adjoining room and noticed at once that the sleeping apartment was as luxurious as the parlor. Mr. Mitchell was standing in front of a mirror shaving himself, being robed in a silk morning wrapper.

"Pardon this intrusion," began Mr. Barnes. "But you told me I might call at any time, and—"

"No excuse necessary, except from me. But I must finish shaving, you know. A man can't talk with lather on one side of his face."

"Certainly not. Don't hurry. I can wait." "Thank you! Take a seat. You will find that armchair by the bed corner to be comfortable. This is an odd hour to be making one's toilet; but, the fact is, I was out late last night."

"At the club, I suppose," said Mr. Barnes, wishing to see if Mr. Mitchell would lie to him. In this he was disappointed, for the reply was:

"No; I went to the Casino. Lillian Russell, you know, has returned. I had promised a friend to go, so we went."

"A gentleman?"

"Are you not getting inquisitive? No; not a gentleman, but a lady. In fact, that is her picture on that easel."

Mr. Barnes looked and saw an oil painting representing a marvelously beautiful head—a brunette of strong emotions and great will power, if her portrait were truthful. Here was a significant fact. Mr. Mitchell said that he had been to the Casino with this woman. Wilson claimed that they had gone to the house where the murdered woman lay. It would seem that Mr. Mitchell's friend must live there, and thus he had gained access the night before. Did he know that the other also lived there and did he go into her apartment after leaving his companion? As this passed through Mr. Barnes' mind his eyes wandered across the bed. He saw a waistcoat, upon which he observed two buttons similar to the one which he had secreted in his pocket. Stealthily he reached his hand toward the bed, but his fingers had scarcely touched the waistcoat when Mr. Mitchell said with-out turning from his shaving:

"There is no money in that waistcoat, Mr. Barnes."

"What do you mean to insinuate," said Mr. Barnes angrily, withdrawing his hand quickly. Mr. Mitchell paused a

moment and adopted a thier's steady methods if you are sensitive. When I invite a gentleman into my private room, I do not expect to have him fumbling my clothing while my back is turned.

"Take care, Mr. Mitchell, you are speaking to a detective. If I did stretch my hand toward your clothing, it is with no wrong intent, and you know it."

"Certainly I do, and what is more I know just what you were wishing to do. You must not get angered so easily. I should not have used the words which I did, but to tell you the truth I was piqued."

"I don't understand."

"I don't want you to have you treat me just like an ordinary criminal. That you should think I would let you come in here and make whatever examinations you have in your mind right before my very eyes wounded my pride. I never should have turned my back upon you except that I faced a mirror. I told you I know what you wished to do. It was to examine the buttons on my vest, was it not?"

Mr. Barnes was staggered, but did not show it. Calmly he said:

"As you know, I overheard your conversation on the train. You spoke of having a set of five curious buttons and—"

"Pardon me, I said six, not five." Once more Mr. Barnes had failed to trap the man. He suggested five, hoping that Mr. Mitchell might claim that to have been the original number, thus eliminating the lost one.

"Of course you did say six, now I remember," he continued, "and I think you will admit it was not unmutual curiosity which led me to wish to see them, that—that—well, that I might recognize them again."

"A very laudable intent. But, my dear Mr. Barnes, I have told you that you may call upon me at any time and ask me any questions you please. Why did you not frankly ask me to show you the buttons?"

"I should have done so. I do so now." "They are in the vest. You may examine them if you desire it."

"Have you it with you?" "May I see it?" Mr. Barnes hesitated a moment, wondering if he risked losing the button by handing it to him. He decided to give it to him and did so.

Mr. Mitchell looked at it closely, as though an expert, and after several moments of silence he tossed it carelessly into the air, catching it as it came down, and then said:

"This would make a pretty situation in a play, Mr. Barnes. Follow me. Detective discovers crime and finds curious button. Goes straight to criminal and boldly tells him of the fact. Criminal admits that he has but six buttons out of seven and asks to see the button found. Detective foolishly hands it to him. Then criminal smiles blandly and says: 'Mr. Detective, now I have seven buttons, and my set is complete again. What are you going to do about it?'"

"And the detective would reply," said Mr. Barnes, falling into the humor of the situation, "Mr. Criminal, I will just take that back by force."

"Exactly. You catch the spirit of the stage picture. Then fight between two men, applause from the gallery, and victory for either party, as the author has decided. That is the way it would be done in a play. But in real life it is different. I simply hand you back your button thus," handing button to Mr. Barnes and bowing politely. Then he remarked: "Mr. Barnes, you are welcome to that. It is not a part of my set!"

"Not a part of your set?" echoed the detective, dumfounded.

"Not a part of my set. I am sorry to disappoint you, but as it is, I will even explain, for I sympathize with you. I told you the set was originally seven. So it was, but the seventh button has the head of Shakespeare on it. All seven were given to me by my friend, but as I could wear but six I returned to her this odd Shakespeare button, which I had made into a breastpin, and kept the others, thus reducing the set of buttons to six. The seventh is no longer a button, you see."

"But how do you account for the fact that this button which I have is plainly a portrait of your friend and a counter-part to those on your vest?"

"My dear Mr. Barnes, I don't account for it. I don't have to, you know. That sort of thing is your business."

"What if I should decide to arrest you at once and ask a jury to determine whether your original set included this button or not?"

"That would be inconvenient to me, of course. But it is one of those things that we risk every day—I mean arrest by some blundering detective. Pardon me, do not get angry again. I do not intend to arrest you. I am quite sure that you are too shrewd to arrest me."

marvelous faces which defy art. Every feature is a departure from recognized standards, and yet the result is nobility and beauty of the highest type. Only nature herself can produce such effects. Through an imperfect countenance she sheds the rays of an illumined soul, till all faults are obliterated, forgotten. We poor artists cannot hope to supply on our cold canvas what so singular a face must have to make it beautiful." Nevertheless he did paint the portrait, the one which the detective had seen in Mr. Mitchell's room, and he had succeeded at least in suggesting the marvelous effects of character, revealing itself through the features. Other painters had failed, perhaps because they attempted less than he what they attempted.

This description also gives a hint of the woman herself. A combination of all the softer emotional elements, she dominated self and others by a supreme will. She was rarely disobeyed by suitor or by servant. That she had engaged herself to marry Mr. Mitchell had surprised the entire circle within which she moved, and yet perhaps the secret of his success lay in the simple fact that he had had the courage to ask for her, and to do so in a loving but masterful way which plainly showed that he anticipated no refusal or coy hesitancy. His wooing had been of an impetuous whirlwind kind, and he was affianced to her within a month of their acquaintance.

It was this fact which had caused the most comment. Mr. Mitchell moved in good society, but he was a newcomer, and now that he had captured the prize of the matrimonial market all were asking "Who is he?" a question which none seemed able to answer. He was a sonneteer, and that single fact had shed about him a halo of attractive light which had blinded the eyes of those who feebly attempted to look deeper.

Mrs. Remsen had protested when Emily had announced her engagement, but Emily had replied, "Mother, I have given my word," and the discussion was ended. A few moments later she had affectionately seated herself at her mother's feet, and, after tenderly kissing her, whispered: "I love him. He is my king," and then buried her head in her parent's lap. Few women argue against an appeal of that nature. Thus Emily and Mr. Mitchell became engaged, after which he came and went much as though he were the master of the house. Why not, since he had become the master of his mistress?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pale, thin, bloodless, should see Dr. Sawyer's Uratine. It is the greatest remedy in the world for making the weak strong. For sale by F. H. Longley.

Andrew Debney, the Nance county wife-murderer, is now occupying quarters in the Norfolk hospital for crazy folks.

Dr. Sawyer—Dear Sir: I can say with pleasure that I have been using your medicine, and will recommend it to all suffering ladies. Mrs. W. W. Weatherhead, Augusta, Ga. Sold by F. H. Longley.

The village trustees of Litchfield voted to give the band boys \$100 to invest in silver-plated "bugles."

Pale, thin, bloodless, should see Dr. Sawyer's Uratine. It is the greatest remedy in the world for making the weak strong. For sale by F. H. Longley.

Hartington has voted to build a new and better school house on the site of the one destroyed by fire.

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This train will leave Omaha, 8:10 A. M.; Ogden 1:30 P. M. next day; San Francisco 8:45 P. M. second day, and Los Angeles 10:00 A. M. the third day, carrying through Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Car to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Be sure and ask for tickets via "The Overland Route."

E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.

U. P. TIME CARD. Taking effect November 17th, 1895. EAST BOUND—Eastern Time. No. 2, Fast Mail, Departs 9:00 a m. No. 4, Atlantic Express, 11:30 p m. No. 6, Local Passenger, 6:30 a m. No. 28, Freight, 7:10 a m. WEST BOUND—Western Time. No. 1, Limited, Departs 2:55 p m. No. 3, Fast Mail, 11:05 p m. No. 17, Freight, 1:50 p m. No. 23, Freight, 8:00 a m. No. 5, Local Passenger arrives, 8:00 p m. N. B. OLDS, Agent.

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Stealthily he reached his hand toward the moment before replying, deliberately made one or two more sweeps with his razor, then turned and faced the detective. "I mean, Mr. Barnes, that you forgot that I was looking into a mirror."

"Your remark indicated that I meant to steal."

"Did I? I am sorry. But really you