from camp ever night,

HE FELL TWENTY-FIVE FEET.

And Death Finally Came to Relieve His Sufferings.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. T. H. MOFFAT.

Ray took Has an Exciting Midnight Risce With a Pair of Determined Highway Rol bers.

John Madson, a young man about twentyone years of age, who was employed as a painter in the Morse dry goods company's new store, met with an accident last Thursday morning which resulted in his death

Madson was engaged in painting the interior of the elevator shaft at the second floor and was standing on a ladder which rested on a board placed across the shaft in such a manner that the end of the board projected about two feet beyond the crossbeam in the

center of the elevator shaft. Another man was occupied in the same way Immediately above Madson and called to the latter, "Lock out for your eyes, I am going to move my plank." Madson replied, "Walt until I get down," and stepped off the ladder onto the end of the plank, which projected over the beam and was unsupported. The plank tipped up and Madson fell a distance of about twenty-five feet, striking the heavy beam and gearing of a freight elevator in his descent, and failing heavily to be bottom.

His comrades ran to him at once and asked if he was badly burt. He replied that his hip and legs pained, but otherwise he felt

The injured man was taken to St. Joseph's hospital, and the men about the building did not suspect that their fellow workman was red, consequently nothing was

Madsen was a single man with no relatives country, his parents living in Den-The Swedish Evangelical mission at Twenty third and Davengort streets, of which he was a member, took charge of the remains, and the funeral was held yesterday afternoon from that church, the men in the building where Madson was emdoved contribution towards the expense of the Deputy Coroner Coulter viewed the re

mains and inquired into the circumstances surrounding the man's death. He decided that an inquest was not accessary.

MORTUARY.

Death of T. H. Moffat, Secretary Bankers' and Business Men's Ass'n.

Thomas H. Moffat, died very suddenly at his late residence, 1112 North Twenty-fifth street, at 1:45 o'clock yesterday morning.

Mr. Moffat left town for his home Tuesday evening at 5 o'clock. He was apparently in good health, though really had been suffering from a cold for several days. He attached but slight importance to it and was absent from his desk only during the afternoon of Monday last. After reaching home he took a short walk, and upon returning home complained of feeling sick. His wife suggested that he send for a doctor, but the suggestion was unbeeded, because during life Mr. Moffat had had but little use for the attention of physicians. About 11 o'clock he was taken with a heavy fit of coughing and a heavy sensation about the throat. Dr. Parsons was called, prescribed and retired. The medicine did not have the desired effect. The doctor was recalled and Mr. Moffat asked: "Doctor, what's the matter ! Am I ner-

"You are not," replied the physician.

'You are a sick man.' The patient was afforded all the reilef within the power of the doctor. The heavi-ness about the threat continued. He finally ceased to speak and in twenty minutes died. He was attended only by his wife and little daughter Marcia, the suddenness of the attack rendering it impossible for his demise to be anticipated and to procure the attenuance of Mr. Moffat's many friends.

The cause of death, the doctor announced, was apoplexy of the lungs.

When the news of Mr. Moffat's death reached the business district yesterday, which it did about the time the banks and which it did about the time the banks and mercantile houses were thrown open, it shocked every individual who had been acquainted with the doceased. Many treated the announcement with disbelief, seemingly holding that a usun of Mr. Moffat's physical appearance, energy and vitality could not pass away in so short time. The feeling of in-credulity, however, faded away, giving place

credulity, however, faded away, giving place to heartfelt regret.

No man it may be safe to state was so well and favorably known by the business men of this city. He had had dealings with all of them. He was minutely acquainted with their business affairs, was the repository of their secrets, their source of information in a business of the secrets, their source of information in a business of their secrets, their source of information in a hundred different ways and their counsellor in doubtful transactions, when, without him, some would have made moves which would have reacted against them. He met them on equal terms, looked after their interests, which were also the interests of Omaha, and in return was esteemed by them as but few are esteemed in the exciting and couplex relations of commercial life. The feeling therefore on the pet of those who knew him is that of personal bereavement, which, without doubt, will find some means of expression before the last and rites of his burial shall hundred different ways and their counsellor perfore the last sad rites of his burial shall

Thomas H. Moffat was born in St. Louis in 1843. He was educated in the public schools, completing his business education in Bryant & Stratton's commercial college in the sixtles. On December 20, 1851, he enlisted as private for three years in A company, First regiment Missouri state militia, He was regiment Missouri state minta, He was discharged as commissary sergeant on April 18, 1863, and became chief cierk in the office of the provost marshal general's office, department of Missouri, He served in this capacity until June 25, 1865. He also served in the same capacity on the galf until July 4, 1864. In 1865 he went to Chicago, where he entered the service of the Western news company as correspondence Western news company as correspondence clerk and remained with that institution for a number of years, helping to establish a number of its branches throughout the west. The office of the company which was opened here a number of years ago was tendered him by the president of the company, John R. Walsh, but declined. Shortly before the great Chicago fire in 1871

Shortly before the great Chicago fire in 1871
he separated from the news company, went
into the bag business with a large firm there
and remained with them for three years.
He then became the city reporter for R. G.
Dun's commercial agency at that place, in
which capacity he served until 1885. During
this service he became acquainted with all
the leading firms of the city and found many
consental and warm freends among the lead.

congenial and warm friends among the lead-ing newspaper writtrs of that time.

In 1879, on December 22, he was married to Miss Marcia Palmer who, with the little daughter above referred to, survives him in sorrow and in tears, In 1886 Mr. Moffat and his family removed

In 1886 Mr. Moffat and his family removed to Omaha, where until about six months ago, he acted as city reporter for the branch of R. G. Dun's agency at this place.

Two years ago, he became the commercial editor of The Bur. The excellence of his reports, his knowledge of all lines of business his urbanity and reliability made him welcome in every commercial house, the result being the admirable market page which for some time past The Bur has presented to its readers.

readers.

When the bankers and business men's association was organized Mr. Moffat took an active interest in the undertaking and so great was the confidence of those interested in the enterprise that he was unanimously elected secretary, a position which he held up to the time of his death. Mr. Moffat was not a member of any secret

ociety, although at one time he had been con-Recently, however, he had made applica-tion for admission to General Grant post, G. A. R., in this city and the same was shortly

The deceased has no relatives living save, possibly, an uncle in Portland, Ore., named Henry Dernow. His brothers and parents are buried in St. Louis. The latter were of southern origin and it is presumed that some

vicinity of New Orleans.
Mrs. Moffat has telegraphed her aunt, Mrs. Hashfor of Chicago, who will arrive today.

The funeral will take place this afternoon, at 4 o'clock, temporary interment being in Prospect Hill cemetery, pending the decision of the heart-broken widow as to where the remains of her husband will find permanent semilars. permanent sepulture.

An elegant line of pants at Block & Heyman's, 109 N. 16th

CHASED BY HIGHWAYMEN. A Neck-and-Neck Midnight Race After Ray Cook.

Mr. Ray Cook, the popular brakeman on the Belt line dummy train, had an experience with highwaymen Saturday evening which he is not likely to forget for some time.

His friends had noticed for the past few days that Ray seemed very nervous and was startled at every sudden noise. His face had lost its wonted ruddiness, and his friends were alarmed at the sudden change.

The object of all this solleitude, however, muintained the most obstinute slience on the cause of his condition until Tuesday night, when his feeling overcame him and he told the

Mr. Cook stated that on last Saturday evening he had attended a "pie" party in the northern part of the city and was detained until after the street cars had stopped running. He started to walk home and had reached Twenty second and Grace streets when two men approached him from behind and called to him to halt, displaying goodsized by the streets as they want to have a street when two men approached him from behind and called to him to halt, displaying goodsized by the street was they want to have the street when the street was the street zed bludgeons as they rapidly approached

the belated pedestrian.

Instead of halling Mr. Cook started at a 2:40 gait, which was accelerated by the thought of his month's pay which he had in his pocket. The pursued turned south on Twentieth street with his pursuers close be-As the party neared Charles street the noise made on the wooden sidewalk roused the neighborhood, but not the peliceman on that

eat. One of the residents ran out with a re-olver and shot three times, but did not hit any of the flying men. The shots aroused the policeman, who appeared on the scene about fifteen minutes afterwards, according to the testimony of a gentleman who lives in the neighborhood. Meantime Mr. Cook continued his headlong light, breaking all records for long-distance running, until the corner of Seventeenth and

Nicholas streets was rea hed, when he cluded his pursuers and fell exhausted to the ground rom the anusual exertion of running eleven ocks at his best gait. Mr. Cook was unable to describe his assallants, except in a general way, and was so overcome with his exception and fright that he is scarcely able to attend to his duties.

It has finally leaked out that Officers Whaln and Shoop had an exciting chase on the

me evening at about the same place where Mr. Cook made such excellent time. These two keen eyed protectors of innocent humanity met some one at a late hour and commanded him to halt. Instead of halting, the fellow made off like a professional sprinter, and the two officers followed him as fast as they could pull their feet up. But the game was too swift for the pursu's, and afterofring several shots to ware him over into lowa or South Dakota the officers gave up the chase, firmly believing that they had been chasing one of the most and dangerous thugs that ever set

When passing 109 N, 16th notice the black novelties in our show window. Block & Heyman.

JOE MILLER RETIRES.

The Douglas County Jailer Ends Eleven Years' Service.

September I will see an important change apon court house hill-top. After lo! these many years of official life a the capacity of county jailer, Jerome S.

Miller steps down and out. Mr. Miller's successor will be Patrick Lynch, who has been serving as deputy jailer turing the past six months by appointment

of Sheriff Boyd.

By those most closely interested the change s said to be brought about as solely the re-

An unusual amount of political pressure is said to have been bearing upon Sheriff Boyd ever since he won his office, to remove repubitean Miller and put in his place a democratic somebody. Appreciating the fact that what-ever people might say about Miller he cer-tainly pessessed the gift and experience of a good disciplinarian of widely acknowledged reputation, and further appreciating that it would be to his. Boyd's, own best interests as a new officeholder, to personally learn all about the various affairs coming within the range of his responsibility, Mr. Boyd undoubtedly held Mr. Miller more for the purpose of subserving personal ends than with any idea of standing out against the wishes and demands of his democratic constituents.
For eleven long years—and that's a good

while when spent within the walls of a prison—Jailer Miller has continuously heid the office he is now so soon to vacute. Much of that time, in early years, he did all the work alone. He remained up and among the men all day and slept with one eye on them at all day and slept with one eye on them at night. Many of the most celebrated and desporate criminals of America have passed through his hands, and not only this but several of them have been in his charge for weeks and months at a time. He has been the victim of half a hundred murderously planned surprises on the part of villainous guests, but never has he yet heen beginn in any of the surprises on the part of viliainous guests, but never has he yet been beaten in any of the games which these guests have put up on him. During all these eleven years while jail deliveries have occurred in connection with nearly every other county prison in the country, as is shown by a record in this jail, no such thing has ever been successful under Mr. Millor's rearms. Mr. Miller's regime.

The admirable disciplinarian powers of Jailer Joe, as he is best known, together with the sensational writing done regarding him have resulted in the publication of lengthy sketches of his life and experience together with his portrait in nearly every paper of note throughout the country, while copies of some London and Paris papers now on file at the jail show that he has received very flatter-ing introductions to the people across the

After a vacation season Mr. Miller will en gage in the detective business for which if a wide and thorough knowledge of criminals counts for anything, he is certainly

well adapted.

Mr. Lynch has made many friends since coming into the jail as deputy and he is a gentleman who seems to be well qualified to be at the head of its affairs. Before his appointment as assistant jailer he was book-keeper at the Willow Springs distillery, and prior to that he held a similar position with the Union Pacific railroad company. He is gental and whole-souled, and last but not least is nearly twice as big as Mr. Miller.

Wanted-Corn-Please send quotations to W. C. Ritchie, Hermosa, Custer

A Choice List of Summer Resorts,

In the lake regions of Wisconsin, Minsota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities preeminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in

the northwest-the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway: Oconomowoc, Wis. Minocqua, Wis. Clear Lake, Iowa. Lake Okobol, Iowa.
Spirit Lake, Iowa.
Spirit Lake, Iowa.
Frontenac, Minn.
Lake Minnetonka,
Minn. Waukesha, Wis. Polmyra, Wis. Tamahawk Lakes,

Ortonville, Minn. Kilbourn City, Wis., Prior Lake, Minn., (Delis of the Wis-White Blar Lake, consin.)

Beaver Dam, Wis. Big Stone Lake, Da-Madison, Wis. Rota. Beaver Dum, Wis. Eota.
Marison, Wis. Eota.
For detailed information, apply at ticket office, 1501 Farnam street, Barker block.
F. A. NASH, Gen. Agent.
Dass Agent. J. E. PRESTON, Pass. Agent.

We have just received new styles in black shirts. Block & Heyman,

THE PET SNAKE SAVED HIM.

Remarkable Adventure of a Ranger on the Texas Plains.

CARRIED THE MESSAGE TO CAMP.

This Man Would Undoubtedly Have Perished if Bobo Hadn't Made His Danger Known to His Companions.

In 1880, while a member of E company of the Texas State Rangers, says a writer in the New York Sun, I was ordered up into Presidio county with a sound of men to follow Victorio's murderous band of Apaches. After the death of that famous chieftain in the Candelera mountains, Chihuahun, Mexleo, the remnant of the band recrossed the Rio Grande, and my command. trailed them into the Sierra Diabolo, just across the line of New Mexico, killed several and brought three prisoners back to Fort Davis, the seat of Presidio county. It was feared that the scattering hostiles would unite again and make another raid into Texas, and to be prepared for an invasion of that sort I was ordered to go into permanent camp at Mooskie's ranch, which is about eight miles from the post.

Before we had been established at the old post a week our camp was overrun with salamauder rats, a small rodent resembling the common field mole, but a trifle larger. The pests created great have among our forage, and as corn was high-priced and hard to get we seriously considered abandoning our camp, as it is almost impossible to get rid of salamanders once they establish them-selves in a place. One of our Mexican erders suggested a way out of the diffidry. He assured us that the king snake er prairie runner was death to salaman ders, and a few of these reptiles turned loose in camp would soon rid us of the corn-eating rats.

On the big prison plain beyond Mitro benk, at a point where the Southern 'acide railroad now crosses, was known to be a favorite haunt of the snakes, and a scout of men were ordered out to capture a few. The boys were gone two days and returned with a score or more of the reptiles. The squirming let were released in the old ranche and in two days' time and dispatched the last salamander. After their food supply became exhausted the snakes disappeared, and, as they can travel like a ace horse, probably made their way back to their old haunt on the prison plain. One big fellow had been trampled that he was left behind when its fellows migrated, and speedily became a great pet. It ultimately recovered, but evinced no inclination to leave. We christened his snakeship Bobo, and it soon became as tame as a kitten. Bobo was very fond of milk, and as we had an abundant supply, a neighboring ranch-man giving us all that we could carry away, the snake was always given a big of its favorite beverage every

Bobo had the freedom of the camp, and every man in the command was its friend. In the morning when the horses were sent under guard to graze, Bobo would accompany the herders, coiling up like a lariat about the horn of one of the men's saddles.

Sometimes the snake would make a trip to Fort Davis with a ranger, but it travel as fast as the average horse, would reach the ranch in time for its evening

There was an abundance of game, deer, antelope and elk in the vicinity of our camp, and one day a big horn, or Rocky Mountain sheep was started up by the Davis mountain, but it escaped before a shot could be had at it. I was particularly fond of hunting, and anxious to bag a big horn. Without saying anything of my purpose I left camp early one morning with the determination of bringing in the horns of the big sheep, if I stayed away a week.
Reaching the foothills of the Davis

range, I entered one of the numerous canons which traverse "it, and, trotting along, kept a sharp lookout for big horn sign. The canon in which I was riding had ages before been the bed of a might river, and I was obliged to watch sharply for natural wells, hundreds of which pierced the old bed of the stream. Night overtook me, and I had not yet seen the faintest signs of the quarry. I began to took about for a suitable camping place. where there was grass and water, and, as twilight is very brief in that latitude, urged my horse into a brisk canter. Darkness came on very quickly, and I was soon surrounded by an inky gloom. Suddenly my horse pulled up so sharply that I threw myself back in the saddle to keep from being pitched from my sent, and then I found myself falling, with the

horse beneath me. There was a shock and for a moment I was stunned. When I recovered consciousness I found that my horse had tumbled down a natural well, thirty feet in depth, and had been instantly killed. I was considerably shocked, but fortunately no bones were broken. It did not take me long to realize the seriously uncomfortable nature of my position, for

plainsmen think quickly.

The well into which I had fallen was perfectly round. Its sides were as smooth as glass, and it was two far from side to side for me to climb out by the use of elbows and knees.

I was in a stone prison, a dungeor from which there was no escape without help from the outside, and as I realized this a drop of rain splashed in my face and I heard the distant rumble of thunder. A storm was coming on, and in ten minutes' time, if there was a heavy fall of rain, my trail would be obliterated. I tried to calculate how long I could hold out before a search party would come after me, and gave it up when I considered how unlikely it was that anything but the merest accident would bring the searchers to this particular I was in a tight hole in more ways than one, and the thoughts that came to me in the next two or three minutes were decidedly solemn ones. Suddenly a cold, clammy body touched my hand, and I heard Bobo's familiar hiss. I spoke to the reptile, and it climbed up my body to my shoulder. Where it had managed to secrete itself all this time I could not at first imagine, until I remembered that on the morning previous I had found his snakeship in one of my saddle pockets, to which it had crept for shelter from the cold night

"Poor Bobo," said I aloud, "we are companions in misery, and if I am not mistaken our bones will eventually lie together here, mixed up with those of my herse. Anyway, I'll take a smoke." I filled my pipe and struck a match. The bright light annoyed Bobo, and rais-ing its head, it reached out toward the side of the well. Before the match went out it had got upon the smooth stone and was wrigging its way toward the top. I don't know what made me think of it, but I suddenly remembered Bobo's fond-

ness for milk and dislike of staying away

Before the reptile was beyond my reach, I pulled it back, determined to make it the means of getting me out of A very cluteresting petition was filed the well. I twined its body about my neck, and by the use of endearing phrases and an occasional stroke of the and quieted the reptile. Striking another match, I tore a leaf from my note book, and hastily scribbled a few lines

befallen me; and locating as well as I Munford, Charles H. Grasty and L. R. could the canyon in which it had happened. I enclosed this note in a piece of a Times boom, and tells how Chairman buckskin cut from my tobacco pouch, and then, with a bit of wire twisted from the ring of my rinta, bound the little packet to Bobo's tail. I drew up the wire so tightly that it must have cut into the flesh, for Bobo tried to strike my hand and hissed

angrily. Satisfied that the packet would not come off, I held the reptile against the wall and released it. Quickly Bobo erawled to the top, although somewhat hampered by the little wired-on packet, and was off. It seemed an eternity, that night of anxious suspense, but towards morning I fell asleep, doubted up over the dead body of my horse. When I awake the sun was shining directly overhead. I had just taken a drink from my canteen when I heard the clatter of hoofs, and

knew that relief had come. I drew out my six-shooter and blazed away in the well. There was a volley of answering shots and presently the boys were grouped around the edge of the well, chaffing me in a good natured way. A rope was lowered and after sending up my saddle, bridle, and rifle, I was also hauled up, somewhat stiff and sore, but about as thankful a man as could be found. Bobo had made straight for the camp and had reached the camp some time during the night. It was not until merning, however, that the packet bound to its tail was noticed. As soon as it was taken off and my message read a scout at once started out after me.

The carbonic acid in Cook's extra dry imerial champagne is one of the best remedies for colle or diarrhosa.

To Buy Sullivan a Home.

Friends of John L. Sullivan are negotiating for the purchase of a residence to present to the champion, says a Bos-ton special to the Chicago Tribune. The estate which they have in view is the P. Ames property on Main street in South ngham, the most picturesque portion of that ancient town and in close proximity to the residence just given to King Kelly, the ball player. The house is of recent structure, of the colonial style of architecture, three stories nigh, set back a short distance from the road, and is considered one of the most valuable pieces of property in the town. It is situated on a slight elevation and commands a fine view of Hingham Harbor and the surrounding country. The in-habitants of this Purlianical town, who swear by the beards of their forefathers. and who are the most conservative or the New England coast, are much disturbed at the prospect of having the slugger in their midst. Kelly swallowed with a murmur, but Sullivan didn't go down so easily and many are the indignant protests heard. stated that a counter movement is on foot to purchase the estate and any other that the friends of Sullivan may have in

1602. Sixteenth and Farnam streets is the new Rock Island ticket office. Tickets to all points east at lowest rates.

A Soft-Hearted Thief.

Charles Frank, alias Charles Hermann, who was arrested here by Detective Stone for the larceny of a watch from a farmer in attendance at the Reelsville picnic, was released on \$300 would never stay away from the camp over night. As soon as the sun had set it would scuttle away, and being able to sent by express to Sheriff Vestal of this city, and on the next mail the following letter was received: Indianalolis, Ind., August 3, 1890.-

Mr. Vestal: Dear Sir-I send you by express tonight the watch that I took at Reelsville yesterday. I return it to clear an innocent man whom you have in jail and whom I do not wish sent to prison, for God knows there are enough of innocent men in prison now. The marshal was not on the right track when he ran down the railroad. I had made good my escape before that Yours. THE RIGHT THIEF.

Nervous debility, poor memory, diffidence, sexual weakness, pimples, cured by Dy. Miles' Nervine. Samples free at Kuhn & Co.'s, 15th and Douglas.

On Her Daughter's Grave. Early the other morning the sexton at Highland Lawn cemetery found a woman lying across a grave, says a Terre Haute, Ind., dispatch to the Chicago Times. He went up and tried to arouse her, but to no avail, and then he discovered that she was apparently dying. The woman, who proved to be Mrs. Plina Oldham, was removed and it was found that she had taken morphine. Two years ago her daughter killed herself by morphine and the mother was trying to end he Oldham is in a critical condition.

We will sell fine

KANSAS CITY BOOM HISTORY.

Allegations Made by a Deluded Invester from Pennsylvania.

in the circuit court which throws much light on the incubation of booms, says a Kansas City dispatch to the Chicago Herald. The plaintiffs are Samuel J. other match, I tore a leaf from my note book, and hastily scribbled a few lines describing the the accident which had had they ask \$200,000 damages from Dr. Munford, of the present manufacturer's committee, encouraged the location of industries at Kansas City not long ago. Shoop conducted a car factory at Dauphin, Pa., in June, 1888, as he asserts, when through the blandishments and promises of Dr. Munford and Mr. Grasty he located in the Blue Valley. He alleges that these gentlemen promised in a written contract, certain pieces of real estate and that after he located they refused to allow the contract to go on re-cord and they mortgaged and sold the promised land, and for the space of two years, diligently sought occasion out of malice to injure him and the company in which he was the principal stockholder, and that through their bad faith and evil actions the company was forced to assign last mouth. The petition alleges that a scheme was hid to cause him to move to Kansas, boom their property, and accomplishing that much they planned to get hold of his property for their personal profits.

The Snake Drank Baby's Milk. A big black snake was found coiled up the other day in the swinging cradle in which Mr. and Mrs. John D. Fredericks' baby was quietly sleeping says a Carlisle Pa., special to the Globe-Democrat. Mr. and Mrs. Fredericks are occupying their mountain cottage near Pen Mar. The baby was placed in the crable by the servant girl who left it for a time. When she returned she found a black-snake coiled up at the baby's feet. A nursing bottle from which the snake had taken all the milk was lying be-tween the serpent and the baby. The girl's screams aroused the household and frightened the snake, which tried to get away, but was killed by Mr. Fredericks. The baby was not injured.

The Prolific Panana.

Of all the vegetables which furnish neurishment to man the banana is the most prolific. A single cluster often contains 160 to 180 pods and weighs from sixty to eighty pounds. Humboldt says that a piece of land 120 square yards will produce 4,000 weight of fruit, while the same area will rarely produce more than thirty pounds weight of wheat or eighty pounds of potatoes.



or other poisons in Swift's Specific (S. S. S.)

AN EATING SORE Henderson, Tex., Aug. 23, 1889 .- "For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongos. I was treated by the best local physicians, but obtained no relief, the sore gradually growing worse. I concluded finally to try S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles. You have my cheerful permission to publish the

above statement for the benefit of these similarly afflicted." C. B. McLenone, Henderson, Tex. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseasesmailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

HIRES BEER.

The Purest and Best Drink in the World, Appetizizing, Delicious, Sparkling and the Best Blood Purifier and Tonic, A Package [liquid] 25c, mokes 5 gallons.

EVERY BOTTLE Guaranteed, Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it and take no other. See that you get HIRES.

THE ONLY GENUINE. Made by C. E. HIRES, Philadelphia, Penn.

For Old and Young. Tutt's liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

are wonderful, causing them to form their functions as in youth. Sold Everywhere. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

MAX MEYER & BRO.,

Are selling more watches than all the rest of the Omaha Jewelers put to-gether? But no wonder LOOK AT THEIR PRICES. SOLID GOLD Fine Gold filled WATCHES AmericanWatch as low as \$15, es for ladies or and all the gents, only grades \$14.75, would from \$25 up. Worth double be cheap at \$25 the money. Nickel Watches, \$2.50, \$3.75 and S5. All of these watch es are Stemwinders and nre war ranted good timers,

Solid Silver Watches, ladies or gents, from \$5.75 up. Wathes Clocks Remember the Place.

MAX MEYER & BRO., Cor. 16th and Farnam St., Omaha, Neb

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Mosquito Bites, Stingsoffnsects, Inflammations, Hemorrhages,

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AVOID IMITATIONS

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Boils, Burns, Wounds, Bruises, Catarrh, Soreness Lameness

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KING OF COCOAS -- " ROYAL COCOA FACTORY."

Kings are but men, but all men are not kings. Therefore, when the King of Holland says, as he did by deed of August 12, 1889, that he is greatly pleased with

VAN HOUTEN'S GOCOA. "BEST & GOES FARTHEST,"

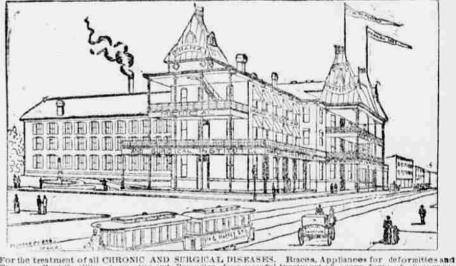
and, entirely unsolicited, grants the manufacturers the sole right of styling their works the Royal Cocoa Factory, a significance attaches to the act which would not were he not "every inch a king."

Recorded and the second and the seco

NO GURE! NO PAY. Dr.DOWNS 1316 Douglas Street, Omaha, Neb.

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