## GLIMPSES OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Interesting Phases of Human Nature as Exhibited in Great Cities.

GALLANT BROKERS OF NEW YORK.

They Throw Kisses at Lady Spectators in the Gallery-The Elevator Affected Her Stemach-A Horse Trader's Conscience,

Now York World: An old time broker of the stock exchange waxed indignant over his breakfast at Delmonico's the other morning about the abuse which has been showered upon some of the members of the board by the papers on account of their boisterous gallantry to a lady in the gallery. "If they threw her kisses," the elderly broker said, "and waved their hands, I did not see it, and I was on the floor at the time. Even if they did, I fail to see what there was of such an insulting nature about it all. The trading is lax and times are not particularly bright. If the boys can get a little fun out of life it should be allowed to pass as a holiday lark and not talked of as a tragedy. The whole spirit of the board has changed during the past fifteen years. The new order of brokers have adopted the quiet, intense, smileless and thoughtless manners of professional gamblers, and they go about their business in a cold-blooded and tranquil way that suggests the dealer at a faro table. There are a few good-natured, whole-souled and jolly brokers left, and the best thing that the governors of the stock exchange can do is to encourage them. A little nonsense now and then can do no possible harm.'

New York Times: The elevators in some of New York's tall buildings are run at a speed calculated to disquiet the nerves of people who are not accustomed to them. One of the cars in the Equitable building the other day was sent down, as the conductor expressed it, "for all she was worth." There were several ladies among the passengers, and one of them, a gentle-faced, silvery haired "grandma," was particularly dis-turbed. She had given a half-smothered cry as the car dropped story after story, and when she stepped with the others out upon the stone floor of the rotunda her face was covered with tears and sobs shook her slender form. The young man who accompanied the old lady endeavored to calm her with reassuring words, but for some minutes they were quite unavailing. At length the tears ceased, and she was able to an swer, though in a voice that was still faint and trembling, the anxious ques-

tionings of her companion.
"No, John, I ain't sick," the sympathetic group that had gathered around heard her say, 'and I wasn't very much scart."
"Then what makes you cry so?" asked

the man.

"I know it's foolish," she answered. "I knew it's foolish," she answered,
"but when that thing went down so awful
fast it gave me a feeling right here,"
and she placed a thin hand just below
her heart, "exactly like I had the day
your father died. Oh, John, John, it's
brought it all back again!"

Detroit Free Press: The owner of a boarding stable in the northern part of the city advertised a horse for sale. one morning a man appeared and

asked to see the equine.
"See here," said the owner as he squared off at him. "I like to have a fair understanding about things. Now then, is it for you or some one else?"
"Some one else."

"Do you know all about a horse or nothing at all?" "I know every crook and turn about a

horse, sir. "Oh, you do? All right. We now understand each other, and I'll show you

the beast. In ten minutes a sale had been effected and the horse was being led away.

"Why did you care whether he was green or posted?" inquired a man who

"Made a great deal of difference to me," replied the late owner. "The horse is spavined, pigeon-toed and weak in the back. Had he been an amateur I

should have felt bound to tell him." "But he knew all about the horse."
"Exactly, and therefore knew nothing. Easiest sale I ever made to any-

New York Tribune: George Scribbler had saved up \$20 with which he intended to buy a nice Christmas present for his wife and some toys and candies for the babies. He took the money from his writing desk the day before Christmas and started out to make his purchases. So engrossed was he with thoughts of what he intended to buy that he did not observe two "light-fingered" gentlemen, one of whom jestled against him in the crowded street, while the other one neatly extracted his purse from his pocket with the \$20 which he had pinched himself so much to save.

He went into one of the large stores in Twenty-third street, selected the goods he wanted and felt for the money to pay for them. The pecketpay for them. The pocketbook, of course, was gone. He felt hurrically in every pocket, but there was no trace of the wallet. Like a flash he remembered the man who had jostled against him and re-called how queerly he acted. His pocket had been picked. Visions flashed before him of the disappointed faces of his wife and two little girls when they got up in the morning to learn that Santa Claus had forgotten them entirely. He felt for his watch. Luckily the pickpockets had not secured that.

"Put those things on the shelf for a little while," he said, "and I will return for them.

That wife and the little ones got their Christmas presents that year and a pawnbroker in Sixth avenue had this entry on his books: "George Scribbler, gold watch, \$20."

New York Star: I have noticed recently that a great many more pipes are being smoked on the streets by well dressed men than used to be. While in an up-town tobacconist's store I asked what in his opinion had led to the manifest increase in the number of pipe

smokers. "There are two reasons," he said. "In the first place the McKinley bill has so appreciably increased the cost of good cigars that a good many men, especially young ones, have taken to pipes as a matter of economy. In the second place, pipe-smoking is English, you know, and the English craze has struck this town pretty heavily. New Yorkers who go to London find the public places crowded with men who smoke pipes and when they come home they at once apo the easy-going Londoner."

New York Star: I was talking with a salesman whom I knew in one of the big Broadway clothing houses the other day, when a keen-eyed, smartly dressed young man, with the general air of a New Yorker, entered. He was followed by fifteen newly landed Spainards, to whom be commenced about the state of by fifteen newly landed Spainards, to tion that we are all mad. That's a story whom he commenced showing various as old as the hills and is true. We call

suits. "There is a man who makes more money than any other salesman in the store," said my friend. "He only sells on commission—gets 10 per cent and drums up his own trade. He speaks Spanish and French fluently, and has an acquaintance with every purser of a Spanish-American or French ship that ruus into New York. These he meets as they land, gets acquainted with the wants of as many of the passengers as he can reach, and steers them around to business houses with which he has made connection. These Spaniards whom he has in tow are not dressed suitably for the climate here, and nearly every one of them will want a new suit and an overcoat. Maybe they want shoes and underclothing and other articles. They spenk little or no English and are very glad to secure his services, especially as he was recommended by the purser, with whom they had formed mething of an acquaintance. He will also find them a hotel or rooms as they wish, introduce them into some good restaurant and put them into the way of enjoying themselves in comfort during their New Year visit. This looks like a wealthy lot of young men that he has in tow now, and I have no doubt that he will make fully \$50 to \$75 in commission from them today and to-

Chicago Tribune: "Bless meif I think hiengo has many pretty women," said S. Caripini, a merchant from Belgium, who has spent some time in London.

"I walked along one of your principal thoroughfares today," he continued, and although I saw many women out shopping I failed to see many who could claim beauty. The clear, white, deli-cate complexion was lacking. I saw lots of red noses, and some with pimples on them. Then again the majority of the women powder so elaborately that it is disgusting. They do not appear to understand how to apply cosmetics. Then, again, the ladies wear diamonds when out shopping. Why, that is simply atrocious. I observed a handsomely dressed woman step out of her carriage in front of one of your large retail dry goods shops the other day. Two big diamond earring; probably worth \$2,000 or \$3,000, were in her ears, and as her sealskin clouk was not tight at the throat I also noticed a large diamond brooch. Another large diamond-probably a three-carat stone—surrounded with pearls, was there. Such a display of bad taste you never would see among the women of London or Madrid. Not even the women who have to respect for themselves would attempt to attract attention by such a lavish display of jewelry. I cannot understand how a woman of good breeding can make such a display of herself. In London and Madrid the women do their shopping in the most modest attire and never dream of wearing jewelry. I not only noticed this indecent display of finery in hicago, but in New York. In Boston the majority of women I observed word no jewels while on their shopping excursions. Take it altogether the women of Chicago impress me as being lavishly dressed, and several women especially who had ugly faces, wore scarlet hats. as if to attract attention to their ugli

New York World: In a show window on Twenty-second street a Singhales belle sits for several hours every day filling sample boxes with some kind of tea, for which the maiden from Ceylon is a sort of auxiliary advertisement. She is young and very good looking, judged from a Caucasian standpoint and may not be more than twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. Short of stature and well rounded, she deserves the extensive attention she receives, though she might receive more if she did not supplement her native costume of dark calico with a red and white striped shirt that covers several incomes of her plumparms and conceals the reft breast, which under the tropical sun is always exposed to public gaze. Her dress comes over the left shoulder only, being draped to the right side in the manner of a sash. Her hair is jet black, and her complexion that lemon-tinted shade which a shoe assumes after the polish is faded from it for several weeks. On her wrists are numerous brass and silver bracelets, in her ears huge umbrella-shaped pendants of gold and turquoise, and in the left side of her nose a gold collar button. She smiles graciously upon the women who stand to look a her, and is withal as complacent in her conspicuous position as a Hester street belle in a dime museum beauty contest.

New York Times: A friendly little deg that lives in a comfortable home in Ninety-fifth street, west of Ninth avenue, has a master with a resourceful mind. The fact that the aforesaid master, when not too busy arranging investments for his surplus cash, does a little newspaper work, perhaps accounts for the resourceful mind. Late the other forenoon this gentleman opened the front door of his residedce prepared for his customary saunter to the elevated station. A snow drift from two to three feet deep completely covered his door-step. His wife at his elbow suggested that he go down stairs and get the snow shovel, but he treated the sug-gestion as a playful jest. After contemplating the snowbank a few seconds, he whistled for his dog. An animated bundle of hair came tumbling into the hallway, "Oolah!" spoke the master, "do you want to go for a walk? With a quick bark of delight the tittle dog plunged out of the door and rolled down the steps to the sidewalk. Then after a good deal of kicking and rolling about, the animal regained his feet, and, obeying his master's call, se ambled up the steps and back into the house. Again he was sent out and called back with the same snow-scattering result, and, as he seemed to enjoy it, the act was repeated for even a third time. Thus was an open path down the steps made for the man with the resourceful mind. Oolah's "walk" was postponed until a pleasanter

Chicago Tribune: Your real, genuine, first class detective seldom opens his mouth to tell you his theory or opinion, for the reason that the genuinearti cle detective, especially in a private gen cy, s seldom known as such except to the head of the concern. The writer was where he obtained the opinion of a genuine detective about "mysterious disappearances." "They may be mysterious for a while," he said, "but they nearly all come out alike: Woman, whisky, cash-one of the three, sure as you live, It is the rarest thing in the world that a missing man never returns. Unless he s murdered and the body well secreted the missing man will either return to the place from which he disappeared or squeal from his hiding place. Experience and observation with this class warrant me in this assertion.

Chicago Tribune: Doctors do not like to talk to newspaper men, for good reasons. Doctors are custodians of the best stories in existence, and when a newspaper man can worm one of these stories rom such a source it is too good to keep. But of course the physician must be kept in the dark. Even then the physi-cian does not like to talk, because he is afraid his name might come out. One of these specialists was talking in his reception room the other day, and he made this statement:

"There is nothing new in the proposi

the insanity that is at large latent in-sanity. If it doesn't come in contact with a shock or some disease it may remain latent until death stops the machinery. I know men in business who are liably to go to pieces, mentally, if the unexpected happens. I once knew a man who was a cashier of a bank, and I had it from those who knew his work that no more competent and accurate man ever held a place. But I had been his physician and his father's before him and I knew that the man was mad. His insanity was only asleep. So well did I know him that I warned him to keep himself free from such excitement as would result from a certain disease. As I had feared, that disease finally made its appearance in the country, and the man blew out his brains as soon as he heard of it, although the case was 2,000 miles away." New York World: There is a picture

of perfect contentment furnished in the attitude of the "L" road locomotive engineer as he lolls back in his seat with his feet extended towards the front window of the cab, and apparently, without twisting a muscle of his body, but sim-ply by the mere stretching forth of one hand, controls the speed and direction of his iron horse. His ease and comfort are the rewards of the years he spent in gaining his experience and attaining his skill. The fireman is always busy with flaring torch and handful of waste cotton or long-billed oil can, burnishing or lubricating the machinery, and it is only occasionally that he can find time to swing out of the locomotive cab and help the engineer to flirt with the coquettes in the second or third story windows. But the fireman will be an engineer himself some day, and then somebody else will be oiling and rub-bing the machinery. The picture, visible a hundred times a day on the Third and Sixth avenue roads, exemplifies an evolutemary process that exists in every walk of modern life.

New York Tribune: "Say, boss, give me a few pennies to buy something to eat, will you?" said a ragged urchin to a man hurrying through Mail street at 6

o'clock Christmas eve. Now the one appealed to had just been buying Christmas presents for a score of sisters, cousins and aunts, to say nothing about the numerous rattles, dolls, etc., which he had bought for the members of his own immediate family, and consequently he was feeling rather

poor. "Can't do it, sonny," he said rather gruffly, as he hurried on. The boy assumed a tone half sorrowful, with a touch of independence in it, and said to the retreating figure:

"Boss, I hope you have a merry Christmas, The man stopped, turned round, dug his hand into his pocket and handed the urchin a quarter. Then he hurried on

Ten minutes later the same urchin entered a hallway where half a dozen street arabs were assembled. "Hi, Jimmy!" he yelled, as he entered, "see what de bloke give me. (Showing the quarter.) Let's play 'craps.' "

The senior proprietor of this paper has been subject to frequent colds for some years which were sure to lay him up if not doctored at once. He finds that Chamberlain's cough remedy is reliable. It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs, and restores the system to a healthy condition. If freely used, as soon as the cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it greatly lessens the attack and often cures in a single day what would otherwise have been a severe cold.—Northwestern Hotel Re-porter, Des Moines, Ia.

Fulphur Mining in Mexico.

Mouval Los Tanos of Chihuahua, Mexico, has been visiting friends in this city recently, says the Kansas City Times. Mr. Los Tonas is a Mexican mining en-gineer. He told of his descent into the erater of Popocatepetl, the volcano which is now practically extinct.
"I went down into the crater of the

mountain farther probably than any other man to examine the sulphur mines," said the young Spaniard. "Very few persons of the United States have even made the ascent of this mountain. It is worse than climbing the Matterhorn. It costs about \$50 in the first place, takes several days and is very exhausting. I was let down into the crater the same way as the Mexican miners who dig sulphur at this elevation of 18,000 feet—by means of a windlass and a rope. The mouth of the crater is more than half a mile across. The mine is owned by General Ochoa, who lives in the City of Mexico. I saw there and examined carefully thousands of tons of the purest sulphur ever mined. When Cortez and his soldiers visited that country they needed sulphur for gunpowder and ascended the mountain for the first time in its history, the natives said. I tell you it must have taken a vast amount of nerve to go up an unknown mountain like Popocatipetl and then descend into the mouth of that volcane. I think, everything considered, it beats anything I ever heard of in his-tory or fiction. The natives who gather the sulphur now only secure small packages of it, which they fasten to their backs. They then slide down the snow on the mountain after the manner of the woodcutter of France. For this venturesome work they get about 20 cents per day.

Bad drainage causes much sickness, and bad blood and improper action of the liver and kidneys is bad dramage to the human system, which Burdock Blood Bitters rem-

Pooks in Chains.

In Europe, long before the days of printing, books were fastened to shelves or desks in libraries and churches to guard against their being stolen and also to prevent one student's gaining an unfair advantage over another by secur-ing the loan of a book from a too amiale librarian, says the Globe-Democrat. The libraries of the English universities were chained until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when, on account of the incon-venience of using them, the chains were removed. It is recorded that at King's college a man was paid £17s, in 1777, for nine days labor in taking the fetters off the college books. According to The Antiquarian, there are, however, a few chained libraries still remaining in England. The largest of these is at the cathedral church of Hereford, and is the one genuine survival of an old monastic library. It consists of about two thousand volumes, of which 1,500 are chained. There are five book-cases, and

the remains of two others.

The catalogue, which is also chained, classifies the books, many of which are in manuscript, in eight divisions. Each chain is from three to four feet long, according to its position, so that every volume can be placed on the reading desk. In the center of these chains are swivels, which are useful in preventing their entanglement.

Hereford possesses the latest, as well as the oldest collection of chained books in the kingdom, the library of 285 vol-umes, which was bequeathed to All Saints' church as late as 171.

A Roman Monte Carlo Proposed. A project has been submitted to the Italian government for establishing a casino on the Monte Carlo line at Frescati, which is within a drive of Rome. says London Truth. 'The tables would be open only to members of a "club," to which, of course, everybody with money to lose would obtain easy admission.

A CHAMPAGNE BOOMER.

He Invades the Sacred Precincts of a Club andis Taken in Hand.

One of those young men who serve as agents and touts for certain brands of champagne and who use their social connections to help them out has made himself so obmoxious at one of the best clubs up town says the New York Even-ing Sun, that he has been called before the house committee, who threatened him with expulsion. The waiters were called up at the same time as partici-pants in the crime, and were told that hey could remain only on probation. It seems that for some time past a number of the younger members, who have hardly enough money with which to pay ther club dues, have been giving a series of expensive dinners in the main dining room of the club, and have occupied the center table conspicuously and with a great deal of noise and laughter, and a most objectionable advertisement of the fact that they had more champagne than was good for them.

It was their custom to offer a bottle to the other members who came in to dine, though they wanted to show a friendly feeling and to have others share in their joy. But it was noticed that the champagne which they so gener-ously had passed about was always of particular brand-the brand for which the club member was the agent. Not only was it offered freely in this way, but the members have been greatly annoyed by having it forced upon them by the waiters, whether they or-dered that brand or not, and with a persistency that showed intention and not a mistake. The members finally began to complain and the house com mittee grew suspicious and investigated the matter, only to find that every waiter in the employ of the club had been tampered with and was receiving pay to serve and push and recommend the wine agent's brand of champagre. They were accordingly brought up be-fore the committee and told that they would be discharged if they attempted to tout for the wine again, and the member himself had to beg for his member-ship, which he came near losing. Now the impecunious youths go thirsty and content themselves with reading the advertisements for champagne in the papers, and the wine agent drinks been and says he likes it.

HER FATHER'S BOOT.

It Gave Him His First Lift in the World.

"It was one Thanksgiving day about fifteen years ago that I got my start in the world," said a well-dressed, comfortable looking man at the Griswold house to a Detroit Free Press man. "How was that?" asked one of the

party.

'I lived with my parents in a small town in Ohio. When about eighteen years old I became smitten with the pretty daughter of one of our neighbors. My case was a desperate one, and I am willing to admit that I made a fool of myself. I haunted her home like a ghost; I was there every day, barely going home long enough for my meals, After graduating from the high school my father secured for me business oppor-tunities in Cleveland, but I could not stay away from the village in which lived my charmer, and in less than a month I

was back, worshiping at her shrine. "Matters ran along in this way for a year and I gave promise of never amounting to enough to earn the salt I ate. ate. I remember that Thanksgiving day of which I speak I spent the afternoon at my inamorata's home, and lingered in the evening until an unusual

"The clock had just struck 12 when the girl's father walked into the parlor with determination stamped on every lineament of his countenance. For-bearance had ceased to be a virtue with him, and he had resolved to resort to heroic treatment. Without speaking a work he seized

me by the coat collar, and before I knew it I was on the front step. Here he paused long enough to give me the hardest kick that ever a mortal man received. I have ridden bucking broncos and taken headers from bicycles since that day, but I have never experienced another sensation like it. "I left the place that night vowing

vengeance. At first I thought I would burn the house, but the next day my feelings had modified and I started for Cleveland, where I worked in a wholesale house. I succeeded from the first, and ten years later I went back and married the girl, receiving her father's blessing. I will always maintain that my father-in-law gave me my first lift."

George Campbell, Hopkinsville, Ky., says: Burdock Blood Bitters is the best prepara-tion for the blood and stomach ever manu-

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Picture of Factory Children.

President Compers of the Federation of Labor says: "Our centers of industry with their mills, factories and work-shops are teeming with young and innocent children, bending their weary form with long hours of dainly drudgery, with pinched and wan cheeks, and emaciated frames, dwarfed both physically and mentally, and frequently driving them to premature decay and death. The innocent smile of youthful happiness is soon transformed into wrinkles and other evidence of early decay. The life's blood of the young of our land is too frequently sapped at the foundation. The hope of a perpetuity of free institutions is endangered when the rising generation is robbed of the opportunity to enjoy the healthful recreations of the play-grounds ,or the mental improvements of the school house.



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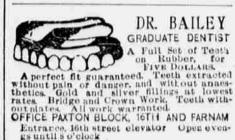
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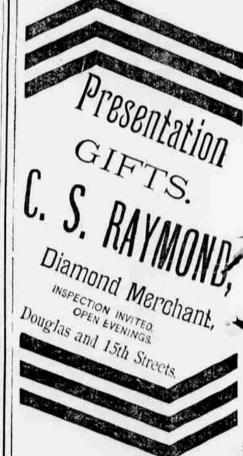
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