BY ROBERT BARR.

Author of 'The Face and the Mask," "In the Midst of Alarms," Etc. 

John Kenyon, deserted by his only friend or board, made no complaint, nor did he endeaver to make up for his loss by finding new acquaintances. He was not a man who

formed friendships readily, but fate was kind to him, and had already set about adjusting the balance of profit and loss; moreover fate, who likes to do things in a fitting manner, used the deserter as an instrument. Wentworth's conscience seemed to be troub-

"There is nothing you wish to talk with me

about is there, Kenyon?" asked Wentworth on one of these occasions, looking down at his friend scated in his deck chair.

"Nothing whatever." "Then you don't mind-" "Not in the least," interrupted Kenyon,

with a smile. "I want you to do some energetic thinking about our mine, you know, so that you will be ready to open the campaign when we reach London. Thinking which is worth anything is best done in solitude, Kenyon, so I will not bother you for an hour or two."

Again Kenyon smiled, but made no reply, and Wentworth departed. The elderly gentleman whose chair was

next to Kenyon's looked around at the young man when his friend mentioned the mine and "Are you Mr. Kenyon, the mining expert?"

he asked, when Wentworth walked away. "I am a mining engineer," answered Ken-

yon with some surprise.
"Did you go out to Canada to report on mines there for the London syndicate?"
"Why do you ask?" said Kenyon, all his native caution being aroused in a moment, on

native caution being aroused in a moment, on hearing the astonishing question.

The elderly gentleman laughed. "Because I am, in a measure, responsible for you," he said. "I am lat. Longworth—John Longworth, of the city—and a member of the London syndicate. Two names were proposed—Scotton's and yours. I voted for you; not that I knew anything about you, but some of the others seemed yers anylous that Scotton. that I knew anything about you, but some of the others seemed very anxious that Scotton should go, so I thought it best to vote for you. Therefore, you see, as I said before, I am partly responsible for your being here."

"I hope you will not be dissatisfied with the result, Mr. Longworth."

"I hope not myself. I can see that you are a cautious man, and those who recommended

a cautious man, and those who recommended you vouched for your capabilities, so with caution and capacity a man should succeed. I intended to visit the properties, but I was detained so long in the west that I did not have time to go north. How did you find the

you complimented me on my cau tion, Mr. Longworth, I should be sorry to for-feit your good opinion by answering your

"Quite right; quite right," said the elderly gentleman, laughing again. "That's one for you, and a good one, too. I must tell that to my daughter; and here she comes. Edith, my dear, this is Mr. Kenyon, who went out to examine our mines. Curious, isn't it, that we should have been talking about them this very morning. Mr. Kenyon, I call my daugh-ter my confidential man of business; she has been all over the world with me. I never make any investments without consulting her. so I warn you that she will ask you more insidious questions about the mines than I

John Kenyon had risen to his feet to greet the girl and to offer her his chair. "No, thank you," she said, "I want to walk. I merely came to see if my father was all right. I was very much disappointed that we did not go to Canada this time, as I wished to see something of the snow-shoeing ogganing there.

no tobogganing where you were?"
"Oh, yes," said Kenyon; "even out among the mines they had a toboggan slide, on which one trip satisfied me; and on several journeys I had to wear snow shoes myself. How interesting," said the girl. And, next thing John knew, he was walking the deck with her, relating his exeriences. This walk was the first of many, and from that time forward Kenyon did not miss

his friend Wentworth. Edith Longworth can hardly be called a typical representative of the English girl. She had the English girl's education, but had not the training of the average English girl. She had lost her mother in which makes a great difference in a girl's training, however wealthy her father may be; and Edith's father was wealthy, there was no doubt of that. Ask any city man about the standing of John Longworth, and you will learn that the "house" is well thought of. People said he lucky, but John Longworth asserted that there was no such thing as luck in business—in which statement he was very likely not correct. He had large investments in almost every quarter of the globe. When he went into a thing he went into it thoroughly. People talk of the inadvisability putting all one's eggs into one basket, but John Longworth was a believer in doing that very thing—and watching the basket. Not that he had all his eggs in one basket, or in even one kind of basket, but when John Longworth was satisfied with the particular variety of basket presented to him, he put a large number of eggs in it. When

anything was offered for investment-whether



"GEORGE, THAT WOMAN IS A FRIEND. and then the chances were that he would disregard the advice given. He was in the habit of going personally to see what had been of-fered to him. If the enterprise were big enough, he thought little of taking a voyage to the other side of the world for the sole purpose of looking the investment over.

When Edith Longworth was pronounced finished as far as education was concerned she became more and more the companion of her father. She went with him on his long journeys, and so had been several times to America, once to the Cape and one long voyage, with Australia as the objective point, had taken her completely around the world. She inherited much of her father's shrewd-ness, and there is no doubt that if Miss Longworth had been cast upon her resources she would have become an excellent woman of business. She knew exactly the extent of confidante in a way that few women are with their male relatives. The old man had great faith in Edith's opinion, although he rarely acknowledged it. Having been together so much on such long voyages they naturally became, in a way, boon companions. Thus Edith's education was very unlike that of the ordinary English girl, a training which caused her to develop into a different kind of

other had lived. The friendinip between Edith Longworth and John Kenyon ripened so rapidly that on the day Wentworth had his last disquieting interview with Jennie Brewster they also were discussing mining properties, but in somewhat different fashion. Kenyon confided to the girl that his own hopes and fears were

wrapped up in a mine.

After completing their work for the London syndicate the young men had transacted a little business on their own account. They visited together a mica mine, which was Wentworth's conscience seemed to be troubling him, because he left his old friend so much alone going east, whereas they had been constantly together on the trip westward; therefore he considered it his duty to make an apology to Kenyon every morning, before placing himself for the rest of the day under the fascinating influence of Miss Brewster.

"There is nothing you wish to talk with me

for which they were mining. Kenyon was scrupulously honest—a quality somewhat at a discount in the mining business—and it seemed to him hardly fair that he should take advantage of the ignorance of Von Brent regarding the mineral on the dump. Wentworth had some trouble in overcoming his friend's scruples. He insisted that knowledge always had to be paid for, in law, medicine or mineralogy, and therefore that they were perfectly justified in profiting by their superfectly justified in profiting by their su-perior wisdem. So it came about that the young men took to England with them a three months' option on the mine, which means that for three months they were to have the privilege of buying the property at a certain figure named in the legal document which was called in the mining language, the

"option,"
"Well, I am sure," said Miss Longworth, when Kenyon had given her all the details, "if you are confident that the mine is a good one you could see no one who would good one you could see no one who would help you more in that way than my father. He has been looking at a brewery business in which he thought of investing, and with which he has concluded to have nothing to do, so he will be anxious to find something reliable to take its place. How much would be required for the purchase of the mine you mention?"

"Exactly. She Rivers had failed." "George!" said "George!" said is companion's arm

Admitting that-what then? "I trusted a woman-imbecile that I am; and now-now-I'm what you see me."
"Has—has Miss Brewster anything to do with it." asked Kenyon, suspiciously, "She has everything to do with it."

"Has she—rejected you, George?"
"What! That girl? Oh, you're the idiot now. Do you think I would ask her?"
"I cannot be blamed for jumping at conclusions. You must remember 'that girl,' as you call her, has had most of your company during this voyage, and most of your good words when you were not with her. What is the matter? What has she to do with your trouble?"

Wentworth paced up and down the narrow limits of the stateroom as if he were caged. He smote his hand against his thigh, while Kenyon looked at him in wonder.

"I don't know how I can tell you, John," he said. "I must, of course, but I don't know how I can."

'Come on deck with me." "Never."

"Come out, I say, into the fresh air. It is stuffy here, and, besides, there is more danger of being overheard in the stateroom than on deck. Come along, old follow." He saught his companion by the arm, and partly fragged him out of the room, closing the loor behind him.

"Pull yourself together," he said. "A lit-le fresh air will do you good." They made their way to the deck, and inking arms walked up and down. For a long time Wentworth said nothing, and Ken-yon had the tast to hold his peace. Suddenly Wentworth noficed that they were passing back and forth in front of Miss Brewster, so he continued his walk around to the other side of the ship. After a few turns up and down he said: "You remember Rivers, of

"He was employed on that vile sheet, the New York Argus."

'I suppose it is a vile sheet. I don't remember ever exeing it. Yes, I know he was connected with that paper. What then? What has Miss Brewster to do with Rivers?" "She is one of the Argus staff, too."
"George Wentworth, you don't mean to tell me that!'

"And is she here to find out about the "Exactly. She was put on the job after "George!" said Kenyon, suddenly dropping his companion's arm, and facing him. "What

"I thought of asking \$59,000 for it," said have you told her?"

Kenyon, flushing as he thought of his te-



"EDITH, MY DEAR, THIS IS MR. KENYON, WHO WENT OUT TO EXAMINE OUR MINES."

merity in doubling the price of the mine and adding £10,000 to it. However, Wentworth and he had estimated the probable value of the mine, and had concluded that selling it at that price, which would give them £30,000 to divide between them, they were selling a mine which was really worth very much more, and that would soon pay tremendous dividends on the £50,000. He expected the young woman would seem rather impressed by the amount. He was therefore very much surprised when she said; "Fifty thousand pounds! Is that all? Then

I am afraid my father would have nothing to He deals only with large busi nesses, and a company with a capital of but f50,000 I am sure he would not look at." "You speak of f50,000," said Kenyon, "as though it were a trifle. To me it seems an

"You are not wealthy, then?" said the girl, with apparent interest. "No," replied the young man, "far from

"I will speak to my father, if you like, bu I doubt if it would do much good. Perhaps William might take it up. You have not met my cousin yet, I think?" "No. Is he the young man who sits next to you at table?"

'Yes. Except when there he spends most of his time in the smoking room, I believe. He is in father's office in the city, and we are both very anxious that he shall succeed in business. That is why father took him with us to America. He wants to interest him and it seems almost impossible to interest William in anything. He does not like Amer-

'I didn't like their beer myself," admitted "Well, I shall arrange a meeting between you and William, and then you can talk it over. I know father would be pleased if he became interested in forming a mining com-

pany, or in anything in fact."

After Edith Longworth left him Kenyon waited where he was for some time, hoping Wentworth would come along, so that he might tell him of their possible new partner, but the young man did not appear. At last Kenyon rose and began to search for him. He passed along the deck, but found no trace of his friend. He looked for a moment into the smoking room, but Wentworth was not there. He went downstairs to the saloon. but his search below was equally fruitless. Coming up on deck again he say Miss Brewster reading a paper-covered novel.

"Have you seen my friend Wentworth?" he asked the young woman. She laid the book, open faced, upon her lap, and looked quickly up at Kenyon before

answering.
"I saw him not very long ago, but I don't know where he is now. Perhaps you will find him in his stateroom; in fact, I think it more than likely he is there." With that Miss Brew. ster resumed her reading. Kenyon descended to the stateroom and opened the door. Wentworth sat upon the plush covered sofa, with his head in his At the opening of the door he started and looked for a moment at his friend, apparently not seeing him. His face was so

gray and ghastly that Kenyon placed his hand against the wall for support as he saw it. "My God! George," he cried. "What's the matter with you! What has happened? Tell me. glassy eyes for a moment, but did not answer. Then his head dropped again in his

hands, and he groaned aloud,

"My dear fellow, how could you be --"
"Oh, I know-I know. I know everything you would say. Everything you can say I have said to myself and ten times more and ten times worse. There is nothing you can say of me more bitter than what I think about myself.

"Did you tell her anything about my re "I told her everything, everything! Do you

understand? She is going to telegraph from Queenstown the full essence of our reports of both our reports." "Heavens! this is fearful. Is there no way

you would try to prevent her sending it?"
"If you think you can prevent her, I wish you would try it. "How did you find it out. Did she tell

am really very sorry for him. I am more sorry than I can tell."

"Then," said John, "won't you—"

"No, I won't, so we needn't recur to that phase of the subject. That is what I am "Oh, it doesn't matter how I found it out. I did find it out. A man told me who she was; then I asked her, and she was perfectly

frank about it. She read me the report

"Yes, read it to me, and punctuated it in my presence—put in some words that I sug-gested as being better than those she had used. Oh, it was the coolest plece of work you ever saw."

"But there must be some way of preventing her getting that account to New York in time. You see, all we have to do is to wire your people to hand in our report to the directors, and then her report is forestailed. She has to telegraph from a British office and it seems to me that we could stop her in some way. "As for instance, how?"

I don't know just how at the moment, but we ought to be able to do it. If it was a man we could have him arrested as a dynamiter or something, but a woman, of course, is more difficult to deal with. George, I would appeal to her better nature if I were

Wentworth laughed sneeringly. "Better mentworth laughed sheeringly. Better nature?" he said. "She hasn't any, and that is not the worst of it. She has 'calculated,' as she calls it, all the possibilities in the affair; she 'calculates' that we will reach Queenstown about Saturday night. If we do she will get her report through in time to be published on Sunday in the New York he published on Sunday in the New York Argus. If that is the case, then see where our telegram will be. We telegraph our people to send in the report. It reaches the office Saturday night and is not read. The office closes at 2 o'clock, but even if they got it and understood the urgency of the matter, they could not place the papers before. they could not place the papers before the directors until Monday morning, and Monday morning it will be in the London

financial sheets. 'George, that woman is a fiend." "No, she isn't John. She is merely a clever American journalist, who thinks she has done a very clever, good piece of work, indeed, and who, through the stupidity of one man, has succeeded, that's all."

of one man, has succeeded, that's all."

"Have you made any appeal to her at all?"

"Oh, haven't I? Of course I have. What good did it do? She merely laughed at me. Don't you understand? That is what sho is here for. Her whole voyage is for that one purpose, and it is not likely the woman is going to forego her triumph after having succeeded—more especially as somebody else in the same office has failed. That's what in the same office has failed. That's what gives additional zest to what she has done. The fact that Rivers has falled and she has succeeded seems to be the great feather in her cap."

"Then," said Kenyon, "I'm going to appeal to Miss Brewster myself."

over the situation. Thinking, however, did paper, finding that Rivers had failed after over the situation. Thinking, however the situation. Thinking have the structure of the promises that the structure of the promises that the structure of the s had, she could easily write out another. She had the facts in her head, and all that she needed to do was to get to a telegraph office and there write cut her message.

Meanwhile Kenyon took a few turns up and down the deck, thinking deeply on the same subject. He passed over to the side where at the table. Fate seems to have played at the table. Fate seems to have played right into her hand and placed her beside him, They became acquainted, and, unfor-tunately, my friend has told her a great

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troubling you. You have passed three or four times wishing to sit down beside me, and

yet afraid to venture. Is not that true?"

"And he has gone off to his stateroo

in your hands, and you imagine you can come here to me and, perhaps, talk me out of send-

ing that dispatch to the Argus. Isn't that

'That is about what I hope to be able to

do," said Kenyon, mopping his brow.
"Well, I thought I might just as well put

you out of your misery at once. You take things very seriously, Mr. Kenyon, I can see

tion on either of you, because your friends

will be sure that if you had known to whom

Kenyon smiled grimly at this piece of com-

"Now, I have been thinking about some-thing since Mr. Wentworth went away. 1

here for, and, no matter what you say, the dispatch is going to be sent. Now, it is better to understand that at first, and then it

will create no trouble afterward. Don't you

"Probably," answered the wretched man.
"Well, then, let us start there. I will say
in the cablegram that the information
comes from neither Mr. Kenyon nor Mr.
Wentweth"

Wentworth."

"Yes, but that wouldn't be true."

"Why, of course it wouldn't be true, but that doesn't matter, does it?"

"Well, on our side of the water." said

Kenyon, "we think that the truth does mat-

me," she said, "what little tact you have. How does it concern you whether it is true

you who tells it, so you are free from all blame. Indeed you are free from all blame, anyhow, in this affair; it is all your friend

"Oh yes, it would," she said, nodding con-fidently at him. "You must not flatter your-

self because Mr. Wentworth told me everything about it that you wouldn't have done just the same, if I had to find it out from

you. All men are pretty much alike where

"Can I say nothing to you, Miss Brewster,

"No, you cannot. I thought we had settled

which will keep you from sending the mes-

that at the beginning. I see there is no use talking to you. I will return to my book,

which is very interesting. Good morning, Mr.

Kenyon felt the hopelessness of his

project quite as much as Wentworth had done, and thrusting his hands

had done, and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, he wandered discon-

solately up and down the deck.

As he went to the other side of the deck

with you about it."
"I am sure if there is anything I can do to

see two men dealing with one women are

"No, not you, Miss Longworth. I wish i ere, then we would have no trouble."

"Oh, thank you."
"You see, it is like this: When we were Quebec—I think I told you about that—

the New York Argus sent a man to find out what we had reported, or were going to report, to the London syndicate."

"Yes, you told me that."

"Rivers was his name. Well, this same

perfectly helpless."
"Ah, who is the one woman—not I, is it?"

Perhaps you may suggest something. You

help you I shall be most glad to do it.

women are concerned.

sage to America?"

Kenyon.

Wentworth's fault; but still, if it hadn't been Wentworth, it would have been you."

Kenyon looked up at her incredulously.

If there is any falsehood it is not

Miss Brewster laughed heartily.

mines, hasn't he?"

"I am afraid I do."

anything about the mines."

think that is the best?"

Wentworth.'

hat.

down the deck, thinking deeply on the same subject. He passed over to the side where Miss Brewster sat, but on coming opposite her had not the courage to take his place beside her. She was caimly reading her book. Three times he came opposite her, paused for a moment, and then continued his hopeless march. He saw that his courage was not going to be sufficient for the task, and yet he felt the task must be accomplished. He didn't know how to begin. He didn't know what inducement to offer the young woman for foregoing the fruits of her ingenuity. He felt that this was the weak point in his armor. The third time he paused in front of Miss Brewster; she looked up and motioned hirsto the chair beside her, saying: deal about the mines, which she seemed to have an interest in. Or rather, she pretended to have an interest in him, and so he spoke, being, of course, off his guard. There is no more careful fellow in the world than George Wentworth, but a man does not expect that a private conversation with a lady will ever appear in a powerage." will ever appear in a newspaper."
"Naturally not." "Very well, that is the state of things. In some manner Wentworth came to know that this young woman was the special corre-spondent of the New York Argus. He spoke "I don't know yourvery well, Mr. Kenyon, but I know who you are. Won't you sit down beside me for a moment?" The bewildered man sat down on the chair she indicated.

"Now, Mr. Kenyon, I know just what is satisfied to the control of to her about it, and she is perfectly frank in saying she is here solely for the purpose of finding out what the reports will be, and

that the moment she gets to Queenstown she will cable what she has discovered to New "Dear me, that is very perplexing. What have you done?"

"Quite true."
"I knew it was. Now I know a so what you ave come for. Mr. Wentworth has told you what the trouble is. He has told you that he has given me all the particulars about the made a clumsy attempt at an appeal also, but it was of no use. I feel my own helpless-ness in this matter, and Wentworth is completely broken down over it." think over the matter, and has left the affair They walked up and down the deck in silence for two or three turns. Then Miss Longworth

looked up at Kenyon and said:
"Will you place this matter in my hands?" 'Certainly; if you will be so kind as to take any interest in it." "I take a great deal of interest. Of course, you know my father is deeply interested in

also, so I am acting in a measure for "Yes; my plan is simply this: The young oman is working for money; now, if we can

"Why, of course you do. The publication of this, as I told Mr. Wentworth, will really not matter at all. It will not be any reflecoffer her more than her paper gives, she will very quickly accept, or I am mistaken in the kind of woman she is." "Ah, yes," said Kenyon; "but we haven't you were talking you would never have said the money, you see.' "Never mind, the money will be quickly

forthcoming. Don't trouble any more about it. I am sure that can be arranged." Kenyon thanked her, looking his gratitude rather than speaking it, for he was an unsteady man, and she bade him goodby until she could think over her plan. That evening there was a tap at the stateroom door of Miss Jennie Brewster, me in," cried the young woman.

Miss Longworth entered, and the occupant of the room looked up, with a frown, from "May I have a few moments' conversation

with you?" asked Miss Longworth. (To be Continued.) RELIGIOUS.

After more than sixteen years of litigation the contest over the will of Bishop Ames, Methodist Episcopal, has been settled. The children are to have equal shares of what is

left of the estate. Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, pastor of the Old South church, Boston, who has just re-turned from a visit to Europe, gives it as his opinion that the American press is inferior in ability to the British press. The Church of Our Savior at Moscow was mpleted only a few years ago, and sur-

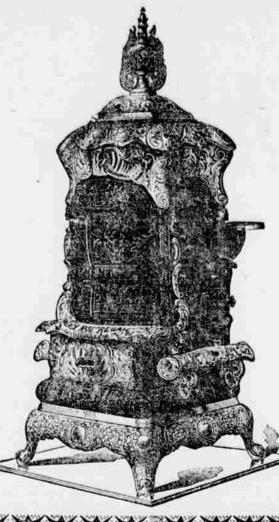
passed in brauty any church of modern times

It was built to commemorate the deliverance of Moscow from the French, and it cost about \$4,000,000. At Westfield, N. J., Rev. J. B. Jennings has succeeded, by the aid of the courts, in re-taining the rectorship of Grace Episcopal church against the wishes of the congregation and Bishop Scarbrough. Lately he has been preaching to empty pews and the parish has been preaching to empty pews and the parish has become so involved in debt that the sheriff has been ordered to sell the church. This, it is expected, will oust Mr. Jennings.

"Some members of this congregation are a lot of icicles and I am tired of trying to thaw them out." It was in these words Rev. E. C. Hancock of the Broadway Methodist church at Camden, N. J., announced his intention to resign. The "icicles" have been withing a charge of resigns for some wishing a change of pastors for some The body of the congregation refused to let Mr. Hancock leave and the conference insisted on his trying to patch up disagreements. At this he failed. There is a scheme

to try to freeze out the icicles and retain the minister. Mr. Berthold Tours, the well known poser of Anglican church music, is broken down physically. Mr. Tours, who is nearly 60 years of age, was the son of a Rotterdam organist, and studied at Leipsic and Brus-sels. In his early days he was successful in Italian opera, and then became a teacher and composer. On Sir Joseph Barnby resign-ing in 1878 the post of chief musical to Novello, Tours was selected for the post. He is an able musician and was complimented by Gound on his planoforte arrangement of

The Redemption A Chicago paper has been investigating th religious views and affiliations of the gov-ernors of the states and territories, and finds that twenty-nine of them are church mem-bers and that ten more attend services regu-larly, although not professedly religious. There are more Presbyterian governors than of any other denomination, only one Baptist, one Christian, three Unitarians, four Meth-odists, five Congregationalists and five Episco-



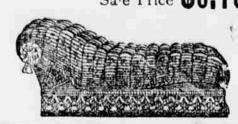
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