

Send in Your Name.
The great mercantile establishment of Omaha, Hayden Bros., is preparing its fall lists for free catalogues. The big demand for these exhausts editions of over one hundred and fifty thousand. This means an enormous expense to the big establishment, but as the great field they cover enables them to buy in immense quantities, they make prices that secure them orders on nearly every book sent out. Send in a postal card request for their clothing circular with samples, and as soon as issued it will be sent to you free. Hayden Bros. will be glad to quote you prices on any goods you need. Call at the Big Store when in Omaha. Every convenience is provided for visitors free of cost.
When in the city see their stock of Harness, Whips and Horse Supplies.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, at the request of numerous business organizations of Baltimore and Philadelphia, has arranged for a ten days' stop-over at each of those cities under the usual procedure of the passenger depositing the ticket with the ticket agent upon his arrival. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad now grants ten days stop-overs at Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snow-storm.
No need of this snow-storm. As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

Ayer's Hair Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this; it prevents their formation. It has still other properties; it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more; it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address: DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Perhaps the most popular stone just now is the turquoise, \$35 not being considered an out of the way price to pay for quite a small stone, provided the color be good. Grease or water spoils these stones entirely, and this is the reason that people with moist skins can seldom manage to keep the stone a good color for any length of time.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

A volume of clippings valued at \$2,500 is to be presented to Admiral Dewey upon his arrival. The book contains between its solid silver covers a wealth of pointed matter, from profane editorials on the admiral to humorous poetry regarding him, and from the comments of the president and cabinet down to the jokes of street gamins.

Well Groomed Women.
A pretty shirt waist, properly laundered with "Faultless Starch," makes a woman look sweet and wholesome and adds greatly to her attractiveness. Try it. All grocers, 10c.

A time-honored joke, gray haired in the west, has struck Wall street. It is the conundrum, "What is the difference between a pessimist and an optimist?" the answer being: "An optimist is one who believes in a mascot, and a pessimist is one who believes in a hoodoo." The venerable chestnut excites the risibles of the busy Wall street gamblers inordinately.

FIT'S Permanently cured. No size or no connection after five days' use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$1.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 511 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Man is not a candle that burns out, but a lamp that God refills.

"Your hair is getting thin, sir," said the local barber to a customer yesterday afternoon. "Yes," replied the gentleman addressed. "I've been treating it with anti-fat. I never liked stout hair." "But you really should put something on it," persisted the tonsorial artist, in a most earnest manner. "I do every morning," returned the customer. "May I ask what?" inquired the barber. "My hat," said the patron. Thereafter was silence.—Freepost Journal.

The men who make the world are the men who are not on the make.

LOVE AND LAW.
By the author of "BONNY'S LOVERS"

CHAPTER IX.
She was seated in the breakfast room, and alone, when I entered it the next morning. She was pale and subdued, but the languor had gone from her manner, and an unmistakable crimson dyed the pure ivory of her cheek as she greeted me. Now, then, the explanation was coming.
"I-I want to speak to you, Mr. Fort," she said hurriedly, with her eyes on the ground. "I-I wish to consult you professionally."
I bowed and waited patiently. What was coming? Miss Branscombe turned to the window and back again.
"It is—about the will," she went on. "I want you to tell me what I can do—legally—to alter it? I know that my dear uncle"—falteringly—"has made me his heir."
"You will believe, Miss Branscombe," I could not help saying, "that I had no power, even had I the wish, to alter this."
"Yes," she said, with another blush. "I believe it. I ought not to have asked it of you. But now what can I do? I want to give Forest Lea to my cousin."
"That is impossible," I replied.
"Impossible—how? It is mine, is it not?"
"Yes, but it cannot be alienated—that is, it belongs to you and your heirs."
"I can make my cousin my heir. I can execute a—a deed of gift." Mr. Charlie had instructed her well!
"I believe not. I must look over the will again to be quite sure, but I think—I fancy—by its terms, you have no power to make a deed of gift. Will you let me have the will?"
"I? The surprise was well feigned, if not real. "The will?"
"Yes; it is in the black bag which you exchanged by mistake for your own yesterday," I explained boldly. It was possible that she had not yet dis-



"MY CLOAK!" SHE EXCLAIMED.
covered the substitution—just possible—and in her presence my faith was capable of any stretch.
Her eyes—fixed full upon me—expressed nothing but the most unqualified amazement.
"That—I exchanged—yesterday?" she repeated slowly. "What do you mean, Mr. Fort?"
"I had made the plunge; I was bound to go on."
"When you left the carriage at Molton Junction yesterday," I replied, "you took with you my Gladstone bag in place of your own. You have not discovered the mistake, evidently. I will restore you your own property; it is up to you."
"Stay," she said, as I was about to leave her. "I have not the least idea what you mean. I was not at Molton Junction yesterday; I have no black bag." Mr. Fort, why do you speak so strangely? I do not understand you."
Her nervousness had disappeared; she was simply astonished, not as yet indignant—that was to come presently.
"I hardly know, Miss Branscombe," I replied, "what you wish me to say. If it were not for the bag, which, as you must see, is imperative I should recover, I should not allude to our meeting of yesterday."
"Our meeting!"—and now her tone was tinged with hauteur, and she drew herself up with a dignity which set well on her. "We met here, last evening, for the first time since my uncle's death. No, not for the first time," she corrected herself hastily, as the remembrance of that rencontre at the side door evidently recurred to her, and a deep flush mounted to her white forehead. "It was our first meeting yesterday, and I know nothing of a black bag, or of my uncle's will."
"Allow me," I said quietly, as I left the room. In a couple of minutes I returned with the cases held—the Gladstone—in one hand and her dust cloak and book in the other.
"You left these," I said, presenting the last-mentioned articles, "behind you in the carriage."
"My cloak!" she exclaimed, and, examining the volume, "This is mine, too; but I have not seen either of them for some days. And this bag I never saw in my life."
I bowed. What else was left me? It was evidently Miss Branscombe's pleasure to ignore the occurrence of yesterday, and how could I press it on her? She was exceedingly displeased; she rang the bell for her maid.
"Will you take these away?" she said to the woman, pointing to the cloak and the book.
"And the bag," I suggested with a persistency which was as stupid as it was useless.
The woman looked at the Gladstone, then at her mistress, and then at me. "Shall I give it to Austin, or take it to your room, sir?" she asked civilly.
My eyes were fixed upon Miss Branscombe. She stood, her slight figure still drawn up in dignified silence, and her face turned away, as if she had no more to do with the subject.
The maid waited. She was a small, dark woman, just past her first youth, with, as I noticed now, a certain keenness of expression beneath the well-trained civility of her manner—a person of experience, I could judge. A quick conviction came to me as my eyes met hers—this woman was in the secret, whatever it might be. She was Nona's confidante and assistant. Nona was indeed helpless in the hands of her unscrupulous cousin and this artful Abigail.
"Shall I give it to Austin, sir?" repeated Woodward; and at that moment Miss Elmste entered the room.
"What is it?" she exclaimed. "Your bag? Oh, I am so glad you have found it, Mr. Fort! How did it get back?"
"Unfortunately, this is not my lost property, Miss Elmste," I explained. "It is—the lady's."

man who had filled so honorable a place among them were duly received at the Lea, and left it again with little gratification of their curiosity as to the next owner.

I had made searching investigations at Molton. I had exhausted every means at my command in the unsuccessful attempt to trace the missing will. I lingered at Forest Lea for an opportunity of making one more effort toward inducing Miss Branscombe to solve the mystery of which she undoubtedly held the key. It came—the opportunity—upon me suddenly, and strange to say, by Miss Branscombe's own action.
It was the day after the funeral, and I was gloomily pondering the awkwardness of the situation, when a shadow across the French window, which stood open disturbed my meditations. I looked up to find Miss Branscombe, alone, looking in upon me. I rose instantly.
"You have something to say to me. Will you not come in?" I said impulsively, answering a certain appeal in the wistful eyes—they looked larger than ever out of the pale, sad face.
She came in at once and stood on the mat just within the door.
"Mr. Fort," she said, "you are going away tomorrow, Cousin Emma tells me. Have you found the—the will?"
"No," I answered; "it is still missing."
"It was in the bag which you lost?" she asked.
"Yes," I returned, briefly.
"But there is generally more than one copy of a will, is there not?"
"Generally; but in this case there had not been time to make another copy."
"If it should not be found, what will be done?"
"I can hardly tell; there are two or three courses open. But it must be found, Miss Branscombe—I tried to speak severely. "It is incredible that such an important document should be accidentally missing for any length of time, and in the face of the efforts I am making to recover it."
"But if it should be really lost, then I cannot inherit my uncle's estates? Is it not so, Mr. Fort?"
"In that case," I admitted, "there would be—ahem—difficulties."
Never was a man in a more painful position. Here was I, under the eyes of the woman I loved, forced either to play her hand—which was showed, in her simplicity, all too plainly—or to perjure myself in order to save her. My lawyer-like tact and presence of mind utterly deserted me.
"The will must be found, Miss Branscombe," I repeated weakly. "Its suppression amounts to—felony!"
My voice faltered as I uttered the veiled threat; I felt like a brute—with that pathetic glance full on me, too, and the droop of the young figure in its clinging black garments, telling so eloquently of past and present suffering, straight to my heart. My darling—how could I torture her? She bore my last stroke without a change of countenance; she could not well be paler, it is true, but the eyes still looked unflinchingly into mine. My brutal insinuation—as I now felt it to be—had passed her by.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN ECCENTRIC MAN.
The progressive corporation of Bath has just placed a commemorative tablet upon the house in Lansdown crescent once occupied by William Beckford, one of the strangest characters who ever spent his declining years in the renowned English city of the hot springs. His tomb and monument are such conspicuous objects on the heights of Lansdown and the most casual visitor can hardly avoid becoming familiar with some of the eccentricities of this great dilettante.
Beckford, who is best known as the author of the Arabian tale "Vathek" (written in one sitting of three days and two nights), claimed descent from the Saxon kings. He inherited vast wealth and expended it in the most lavish fashion, building a wonderful house at Fonthill, in Wiltshire, which cost over a million. Presently the evil days came—vast sums lost in Jamaica through depreciation in the value of his estates and lawsuits resulting therefrom led Beckford to sell Fonthill at a ridiculous price and to retire to Bath broken in health and fortune.
Here he spent the rest of his days a recluse, shut up with his books and fancies. One commodious house would not suffice to hold his treasures, so on either side were purchased, one being connected with a covered way on the second floor, which can still be seen. His passion for building unassuaged, Beckford erected a great tower on the hill a mile above his house wherein to study, and when he died his remains were laid above the ground at the foot in a granite sarcophagus which was prepared during his lifetime. The property was then sold for a tea garden, but his daughter, the duchess of Hamilton, repurchased it and to save it from desecration gave it to the rector of Walcot as a cemetery. The tower has just been repaired and it is once more possible to enjoy the wonderful view from the summit which is 550 feet above sea level.

Boys of the Olden Time.
Boys have always been boys. There is no doubt that Shem and Ham pitched coppers or played jacks on the shady side of the ark, while Noah, who couldn't find them, had to feed the stock himself, or that David held up two fingers to Jonathan when he saw him across the block and that they therewith went in swimming in the Jordan against the express prohibition of their mothers.—Mississippi Journal.

Up-to-date doctors have for some time sounded a warning against the all too common invalid diet of "toast and tea." Few things, they say, are harder for the weakened stomach to digest than hot buttered toast. Now the physicians' warnings have received reinforcement from the French chef at Sherry's, who says: "I am no doctor, but if I were I would not let my patients eat hot buttered toast. I fully believe it causes as much indigestion as hot griddle cakes. In this country the average woman eats hot toast with quantities of butter on it every day."

New Inventions.
M. M. Ferguson, of Des Moines, has been allowed a copyright for an engraving of the plans and specifications of his invention entitled "The Sunshine Hog House."
J. Schooner, of Staceyville, has been allowed a patent for a window that is composed of sections hinged together and connected with the top of the front bow of a folding buggy top in such a manner that it can be folded and retained in the top when not in use and also readily unfolded and combined with an apron to close the front of the top as required to protect persons from wind and rain.

W. H. Idham, of Ottumwa, has been allowed a patent for a compound rotary engine of simple and peculiar construction that may be considered the pioneer of a new species in the art. The application as prepared by it was allowed without altering an iota.
We prepare drawings and specifications and do all the work required in preparing and prosecuting applications for patents.
Consultation and advice free.
THOMAS G. ORWIG & CO.,
Solicitors of Patents.
Des Moines, July 15, '99.

The room for improvement is usually a spacious one.
For Lung and chest diseases, Pico's Cure is the best medicine we have used—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.
Your opportunity is balanced by your obligation.

Files of Pat.
Many kinds of files—itching, bleeding—all painful, terrible tortures, but all are quickly cured by the cares Candy Cathartic. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.
A creed works better as an engine than as a track.
Cut Rates on All Railways—P. H. Philbin
Ticket Broker, 1505 Farnam, Omaha.

It is not history alone that has room for the heroic.
Selling Patents.
Last week there were issued 435 patents to citizens of the United States. Of this number 140 had sold either the entire or part of their interests in their inventions before the patents were issued. This would show that more than a quarter of the inventors have been successful, and is probably an indication why so many applications are filed in the Patent Office. It is certainly safe to assume that at least 10 per cent of inventors, who were unable to sell before they had their patents issued, will be able to dispose of their inventions now that they have been secured by a title. Amongst the largest concerns buying patents were the following:
Lanston Monotype Machine Co., Washington, D. C.
Weilsbach Light Co., Gloucester City, N. Y.
Boitz Typetting Machine Co., Herman, Mo.
Bradley Stencil Machine Co., Ansonia, Conn.
Pratt & Whitney Co., Hartford, Conn.

Inventors desiring information as to procuring or selling patents should address Sues & Co., Registered Patent Solicitors and Attorneys at Law, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.
Wanted—Cash Buyer.
Grocery business, established ten years; large cash trade; well selected stock; furniture and fixtures; horses and delivery wagons; at invoice, or wholesale price—good-will thrown in; owner selling account health; rare opportunity for right men with about \$10,000 cash. W. H. Russell, sole agent, 615 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.
Five-year loans, real estate, rentals.

The University of Michigan is to have a new \$200,000 general laboratory and science building. The plan is to have it the largest in the country and to combine within it ten laboratories that are now scattered about in cramped and insufficient quarters on the college campus.
\$15.00 Per Week.
We will pay a salary of \$15.00 per week for man with rig to introduce Perfection Poultry Mixture and Insect Destroyer in the country. He can furnish employment on the commission for local agents everywhere. Address with sample, Perfection Mfg. Co., Parsons, Kan.

In all stories of the wheel the punctuating period brings it to a full stop.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.
No man knows the right way so well as the one who has once been misled.
\$118 buys new upright piano, Schmolzer & Mueller, 1313 Farnam St., Omaha.

If truth is a broom one end is to hold and the other to sweep with.
God shines after the storm and the raindrops of tears become diamonds.

NEBRASKA OXYGEN CO., 442 Chamber of Commerce, OMAHA, NEB.

OXYGEN THE POTENT ELIXIR OF LIFE
The Element That Thrills Through All the Universe of Animated Existence and Fills the World with Health, Joy and Happiness.
Oxygen, applied by means of the "PERFECTED OXYGENOR KING," will banish every ill to which flesh is heir. Oxygen is the most abundant of all the Elementary Substances; yet in man has been slow to utilize this most valuable property—this health-giving force that fills the air. Scientific Research has unlocked the Mystery which hitherto shrouded it. The Wonderful Discovery, whereby all diseases may be conquered by flooding the patient's system with copious streams of this rich life-giving element in free atmospheric form. The Oxygenor is an instrument sold for scientific and by correct application makes its possessor master of disease. Its timely application will cause you to get well as easily as you get sick. Its field of usefulness covers every known complaint in the category of disease. It cures without medicine or electricity, with the oxygen of the air, and without indigestion. It enables mankind to utilize a benign law of Nature. The Oxygenor causes the body to rapidly absorb the Oxygen of the air through the skin and membranes, which creates the most heroic functioning of every organ of the body; which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, and destroys Bacteria, Bacilli and all disease germs. Write for descriptive book.
NEBRASKA OXYGENOR CO., 442 Chamber of Commerce, OMAHA, NEB.

Little Clarence: "The funny-bone is in the elbow, isn't it, pa?" Mr. Callipers: "Yes, my son." Little Clarence: "Well, pa, is that what makes people laugh in their sleeves?"—Puck.
One thing lacking: Ethel: "How harmonious the color of everything in this church is!" Margaret: "Yes, excepting the sexton. Why doesn't he wear stained glasses?"—Harlem Life.

Jones: "Are you going to pay me that account?" Smith: "Not just yet." Jones: "If you don't, I'll tell all your other creditors that you paid me!"—Stray Stories.
A woman without arms has been married at Christ church, New Zealand. The ring was upon the fourth toe of her left foot. A similar marriage to this was performed at St. James' church, Bury St. Edmunds, in 1832.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.
The man who takes his whisky straight usually takes his walks otherwise.

Coe's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it!
The August Century will be a mid-summer and travel number. In the former character, its special feature may be said to be a group of papers on tornadoes and thunder storms. The first of these is a graphic description, at first hand, of the tornado that visited Kirksville, Missouri, last spring. This was seen from his doorstep by John R. Musick, an author living in that city, and as it considerably changed its course, which at first was straight toward his house, he had an extraordinarily good opportunity to observe its actions and devastating effects. Some of its pranks seem hardly credible, but are vouched for by trustworthy witnesses, some of whom, together with a horse, were swept up and carried hundreds of yards through the air, without suffering the slightest injury. A learned paper on tornadoes in general is contributed by Prof. Cleveland Abbe of the weather bureau; and a kindred theme is helpfully discussed by Prof. John Trowbridge of Harvard, in "Powerful Electrical Discharges," and by Alexander Jay Wurts, of the Westinghouse company, in "The Protection of Electrical Apparatus Against Lightning."

When interest is at variance with conscience, and pretense that seems to reconcile them satisfies the hollow-hearted.
[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM No. 78,465]
"I was a sufferer from female weakness. Every month regularly as the menses came, I suffered dreadful pains in uterus, ovaries were affected and had leucorrhoea. I had my children very fast and it left me very weak. A year ago I was taken with flooding and almost died. The doctor even gave me up and wonders how I ever lived."
"I wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's advice at Lynn, Mass., and took her medicine and began to get well. I took several bottles of the Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and can truly say that I am cured. You would hardly know me, I am feeling and looking so well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me what I am."—MRS. J. F. STRETCH, 461 MECHANIC ST., CAMDEN, N. J.

How Mrs. Brown Was Helped.
"I must tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than any doctor.
"I was troubled with irregular menstruation. Last summer I began the use of your Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles, I have been regular every month since. I recommend your medicine to all."—MRS. MAUGIE A. BROWN, WEST Pt.

PERIODS OF SUFFERING GIVE PLACE TO PERIODS OF JOY

Doesn't your boy write well? Perhaps he hasn't good ink.
CARTER'S INK
IS THE BEST INK.
More used than any other. Don't cost you any more than poor ink. Ask for it.

CANDY CATHARTIC
REGULATE THE LIVER
Carcarets
V. AVI HOME TREATMENT for the diseases of women renders examination, surgical operations and hospital unnecessary. The philosophy of the treatment is explained in the "V. AVI MESSAGE" sent by mail to any address. V. AVI COMPANY, 315 Hill building, Omaha.

MARRY RICH Send 10c for NEBRASKA OXYGENOR, NEB. MAGAZINE, 5 pages, 5c copy. For more information send 2c to MARRY RICH, NEBRASKA OXYGENOR CO., 110 FURNACE ST., OMAHA, NEB.

W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 30—1899