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Men's New Model Sack Suits at \$15 \$30

They are the same sort of suits your tailor would charge \$25 to \$50 for. We stand ready to prove this, if you so wish, but you will be able to see it for yourself the moment you examine these splendidly hand-fashioned suits. Not a new style nor fabric is missing—If you want the best there is in ready-for-service garments, then don't fail to come here.



GREISEN BROS.

Congregational Church.

Sunday school..... 9:54
Morning worship..... 11 a. m.
Y. P. S. O. E..... 7 p. m.
Evening worship..... 8 p. m.
Of the morning Rev. O. E. Givits of Omaha will preach. Of the evening the following programs will be rendered:
Organ prelude.
Gloria.
Invocation.
Anthem—The Sun Goes Down—Choir.
Hymn.
Hymn.
Prayer.
Duet—The Lord is My Shepherd; Mrs. Rathburn, Mrs. Nichols.
Announcements.
Solo—What are These that are Arrayed; Miss Bird Dodda.
Scripture.
Duet—I Will Give You Rest; Mr. and Mrs. Erenkin.
Offering.
Solo—Selected; Morris Whitmoyer.
Anthem—Lord, Thy Mercy Streameth; Choir.
Hymn.
Closing prayer.
Postlude.
Mr. E. Kienzel will preside at the evening service. We invite you to these services. WM. L. DIBBLE, Pastor.

Walker Township.

We had a fine rain last week and crops look very good.
Ed Nelson was visiting Miss Minnie Swanson Sunday afternoon.
John Swanson drove his cattle to his pasture in Woodville township Tuesday of last week.
August Dahlberg and wife, P. F. Johnson and family, were visiting at Swan Nickelson's Sunday afternoon.
We were wondering what made all the dust raise Tuesday morning of last week but when we came to find it out it was Theodore Salestrom that kicked up his heels so high that it made the dust fly. All on account of that his wife presented him with a new boy that morning, but Theodore will soon get over that and we will have nice weather again.

OMAHA CURRENT DEFLECTOR CO.
212 SOUTH 12TH STREET, OMAHA, NEB.
Patent Current Deflector
SAVED BY THE PATENT DEFLECTOR

Central Meat Market

THIRTEENTH STREET
OPPOSITE THE PARK

Now Open and Ready to take care of all customers

BOTH TELEPHONES 33

M. C. CASSIN

North Theatre

Thurs. May 20

BURWOOD STOCK CO.

Direct from Burwood Theatre of Omaha

Presenting

"The Girl From Out Yonder"

They are playing it in Omaha now and scoring a great success. Read the Omaha papers and judge for yourself.

Prices 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c

INDICTMENT OF THE FURNACE

Victim Gives a Few Thoughts on the Strange Customs of Dweller in the Depths.

A furnace is part of the furnishings of the basement of a house. It is a large, obese structure, with a frank and readily opened countenance, and an unappetizing appetite for coal, which appetite increases as coal increases in price. When coal is about seven dollars a ton, a furnace will be finicky and picky in its appetite, demanding only a few shovelfuls now and then, but when coal roams up into the altitudes of financial affairs, the furnace will be as eager for it as a girl is for hothouse grapes and imported melons in January.

The duty of a furnace is to heat the house wherein it may be. It stands, however, between love and duty. It loves the coal so much that it neglects its duty at times. When the mercury goes down and sulks at the bottom of the bulb the furnace will grow sad and moody, meditating upon the good old summer time, and will quite forget that there are heat pipes running aimlessly through the walls. But let a warm wave come along and the furnace will grow repentant and say to itself that it will make amends. Immediately all the windows have to be opened and people four blocks away get out their summer apparel.

A furnace will burn one ton of coal and produce therefrom four tons of ashes, which accumulate in the corner of the cellar until a colored gentleman comes along and offers to carry them out for a king's ransom. The hearth Hottentot has a hard time, and doubtless deserves aid, but he does not have to struggle with the furnace problem nor endure the cold, calculating stare of the coal man.—Chicago Evening Post.

MAKING A SURE THING OF IT.

Proprietor of Curio Store Ready with a Suggestion That Would Surely Save Time.

William Weston, manager of the Tabor Grand theater, tells this one: On one occasion David Belasco cast an actor for a certain role in which he had to play the part of a Cossack officer and every one knows how particular Belasco is concerning detail. "You must hunt up a Cossack sabre," said he. "Not an ordinary sword, but the real thing." So the actor man started out on a still hunt through all the curio stores for the weapon. After a fruitless quest he arrived at a junk shop kept by an ancient Hebrew at Baxter street.

"What can I do for you?" queried the proprietor.

"I'm with Belasco," said the actor man, "and I'm looking for a Cossack sabre."

"Wait a minute." The ancient one rummaged diligently through a pile of old scraps and could not find the desired implement of warfare. He finally came forward with a rusty dagger. "Here's is what you want," he exclaimed, intent on making a sale.

The Thespian again explained that nothing would suit but a Cossack sabre.

"What do you want to do with it, myne friend?" persisted he of the tribe of Benjamin.

"I'm with Belasco and I have to use it in a part where I kill a man on the stage."

The old Jew's face lit up like a birthday cake. "Vy was it that you not tell me this before?" he exclaimed, in delighted tones. "It is that you should kill a man on the stage, eh? Well, here, at's the matter with this pistol? Dake it, my friend you can kill him twice as quick with it."—Denver Post.

Was the King's Fiddler.

James Blair, widely known throughout Scotland as the king's fiddler, has passed away at Aberdeen, aged 83 Blair and his father, Willie Blair, had been connected with the royal family as players of strathspeys for over 60 years, and James trained the prince and princesses of that day in the art of Highland dancing.

For years James Blair acted as the special gillie of King Edward, with whom and Queen Alexandra he was a great favorite.

Too Realistic.

Mrs. Gramercy—If you want a nice hall rug why don't you get one of those tiger skins with the real head on it?

Mrs. Gayboy—I never could use one of those things in my hall. You don't know how imaginative my husband is every time he comes late.

Knows Better Now.

"My wife was willing to go any where with me before we were married, and now I never can get her to go out with me."

"Probably she used to think you were respectable."—Houston Post.

DIDN'T GET HIS AERIAL SPIN.

Mr. Simpson Meant to Drop in and See His Daughter.

In the matter of aviation an eccentric individual, who sought to make a flying start from the new Queensboro bridge in an aerial spin to Hartford, Conn., with the intention of dropping in on his daughter, thinks he has the Wright brothers and the Silver Dart beaten.

His flying machine consisted of an antiquated bicycle to which was attached an immense canvas umbrella, and in the rear of the machine was a propeller made something after the fashion of the wings of a small windmill. He trundled his machine up the north promenade to the bridge, and then unlimbering his umbrella, proceeded to couple up his propeller. Watchman Bernard O'Brien got interested.

"Goin' to take a little spin?" inquired O'Brien.

"Yep," returned the aviator; "just a little jaunt to see my daughter."

"Got your permit?" asked O'Brien.

"Sure," returned the unknown, handing out an old card on which was printed bridge statistics.

"That don't go," replied O'Brien. "Hada'n't you better postpone your trip for a day or so?"

But the individual wasn't inclined to postpone his trip, so O'Brien called to his assistance Patrick Leddin and Henry Borsch, who are employed on the bridge. They finally got the aviator and his contrivance off the structure and turned him over to Policeman Kelly. The man gave his name as Leroy Simpson of 3458 Third avenue, Manhattan. In order to make sure that he would not seek some other opportunity of making his flying start for Hartford, the bridge men confiscated his apparatus.—New York Times.

Joy of Living.

As the years multiply and the end draws near each day, our thoughts are apt to turn often to questions as to what part of our present being shall exist in that other life beyond the veil; and we anxiously ask ourselves whether we are doing anything to prepare ourselves for that change, which will be so infinitely greater than any transformation through which we have hitherto passed, and we can but wonder whether any of our past experiences shall have their counterpart in the world to come. And yet we cannot help feeling that some of our earthly joys have been so pure, and have come so directly from the hand of a kind and loving father, that it seems but reasonable we should expect to find their counterpart in the future; and we think with Bradford Torrey: "It is good to have lived our day and taken our peep at the mighty show. Ten thousand things we may have come so directly from the hand of a kind and loving Father, that it is good to have loved natural beauty, to have felt the majesty of the trees, to have enjoyed the sweetness and beauty of the flowers, and the music of birds—so much that least has not been vanity nor verization of spirit."—Charleston News and Courier.

Passing of the Drum.

The dispatch from Russia to the effect that Emperor Nicholas has signed an order abolishing the use of drums in the army in time of war will serve to call attention to the fact that the drum has been rapidly passing out of use in the armies of the world. It was long a picturesque feature of all military movements, and had its recognized place not only in parade and on marches, but on the battlefield itself. It is still little more than half a century since Daniel Webster, describing England's greatness, declared that her drumbeats never ceased. It was at that time, almost, if not literally, true. But England's drumbeats are ceasing, and have, indeed, almost wholly ceased. There is no use for a drum on a firing line of modern warfare, and the movements of bodies of men on the march or on parade can be much better directed by the bugle. In Russia, it appears, the drummers are to be taught to shoot, which will doubtless appeal to military men everywhere as the most practical use to make of them. The drum and the drummer boy are passing away along with many other features of the old-time pomp and circumstance of war.

Health and Mountain Climbing.

If women (and men, too) would take suitable exercise, eat moderately and slowly, and get all the fresh air possible, they would not in middle life acquire figures so ungainly, feel so averse to physical effort, or drop off with heart failure. Even stair-climbing is better than nothing; for the last year or two, though there is an elevator, I have done four flights several times a day. Reasonable mountain climbing will bring or preserve health, joy and youth up to really old age. It does not require great muscle and brawn, nor the overtraining which strains the organs and compels continued exercise or collapse. Its victories over nature leave no sting; the paths are open to all.—Annie S. Peck in Collier's.

What She Wanted.

Old Lady—I'd like to get a pair of shoes, young man.
Clerk—Yes, ma'am. Want something for everyday wear?
Old Lady—Yes; and I want them good and stout.
Clerk—Well, here is a good shoe—an extra strong shoe. It has been worn a great deal this winter.
Old Lady (interrupting)—Look here, young man, I don't want a shoe that has been worn this winter, or any other winter. I want a new pair.

Stamping Out Opium Smoking.

From Honan, China, a correspondent writes: "Most of the opium planted in the autumn was destroyed and the land was put under wheat. The officials say that when the plant has bloomed out they will make another search and if any poppy is found on the land that grows it will become official land. The shape for selling the drug are now limited. No one is allowed to smoke except at home. While I was staying at an inn the official of the place, in making his round of the land to see if any lawless fellows were

lodged there, saw a man smoking in the room where I was and at once forced him to blow out his lamp. But almost as soon as the official was gone the smoker began again. At one of these towns the official is an opium smoker. He has signed the pledge that he has given up the practice, but at the same time the report is abroad that he has man kerosene oil cans full of the stuff stored away for his own use. While this is true, he is pressing the work of making others stop and not many days ago he put the wooden collar on six men for ten days because they had been found smoking."

HARD LOT OF MOUNTAINEER.

On Land So Poor That the Easiest Kind of Crop to Raise Was Beyond Him.

It was on a lonely road in the mountains. A weary rider was slowly making his way up the steep mountainside, pausing now and then to rise in his stirrups and look about in search of some sign of civilization. Suddenly a turn in the road brought him face to face with a hank, saw-toothed mountaineer, seated upon the top rail of the snake fence which bounded a poor little farm which had found lodgment on the mountainside.

The rider paused. "Can you tell me how far it is to Big Stone gap?" he inquired.

The mountaineer's lips moved in answer, but no sound reached the rider's ears. He moved over nearer to the fence and repeated the question. This time he could barely distinguish a whispered word or two in the farmer's answer.

"What's the matter with you?" he inquired, dismounting and walking over to the fence where the old man sat. "Can't you talk?"

The old man looked pityingly at his questioner for a moment, and then, climbing down from his seat on the rail, he walked up to the traveler, and, putting his grizzled face close to his ear, whispered, hoarsely:

"Yis, I kin talk, but the fact is, stranger, land is so poor in these parts that I kain't even raise my voice."

GREAT PRODUCTION OF SALT.

Twenty-Five Million Barrels of This Indispensable Condiment Made in America Last Year.

There has been a big increase in the production of salt in the United States in the last ten years. Close to 25,000,000 barrels were produced in this country last year, which was in excess of any such period previous. Possibly the largest domestic source is in New York state, in the vicinity of Syracuse. Michigan probably comes next.

Salt originally is in the rock form or in a solution in sea water or brine springs. The former is obtained by quarrying or mining and by solution. With the latter water is poured over the salt until the mineral is saturated and is then brought to the surface by pumping. The brine is boiled down in large pans.

The finest salt is boiled at a temperature of about 107 degrees centigrade. Commercial salt, fishing and bag salt are produced in successively larger pans and at increasingly low temperatures. Finer salt is raked out of the pans at much shorter intervals; in the case of the finest, two or three times a day.

Effective Hint.

Many amusing stories have been told of the famous pianist, Prof. Leschetzky's way of dealing with pupils who did not please him, and the following is one of the most characteristic. A certain player who was studying under him had such a vigorous style, and thumped the piano so hard, that the professor lost all patience. After repeated reproofs, which failed to be effectual, Leschetzky rang the bell. To the servant who answered it he said, with a dangerous quietness: "Bring some bandages immediately, please; we require them for the piano." After that the pupil played less noisily.

Satisfied with the Sample.

Robert has lately acquired a stepmother. Hoping to win his affection, this new parent has been very lenient with him, while his father, feeling his responsibility, has been unusually strict. The boys of the neighborhood, who had taken pains to warn Robert of the terrible character of stepmothers in general, recently waited on him in a body, and the following conversation was overheard: "How do you like your stepmother, Bob?" "Like her? Why, fellows, I just love her. All I wish is I had a stepfather, too."

Eggsactly.

Rooster—How came this orange here?
Chicken—Why, that's the orange marmalaid.
Rooster (severely)—Chickens that joke on serious subjects become spring broilers at any season of the year.

Women's Whims.

A woman always gets cross when she has to get up to get her husband in, but she doesn't mind it at all to get up and let the cat out.—Atchison Globe.

Uncle Allen.

"I suppose a man never begins to feel really old," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "until he happens to catch his boy in the act of shaving himself."

Failure.

Wherever there is a failure there is some giddiness, some superstition about luck, some step omitted, which nature never pardons.—Emerson.

He Knew.

"Pop, what is meant by circumstances over which we have no control?" Tommy's Pop—"Modern children, my son."

Nothing to Him.

Johnny—"The camel can go eight days without water." Freddy—"So could I if ma would let me."—Harper's Bazar.

ALLOWANCE NOT RIGHT WORD.

Writer Objects to Term Applied to Sum Wife Shall Receive from Her Husband.

"An allowance is a mighty fine thing which a man knows just how much is coming in, but I don't like that word 'allowance.' Who are you to 'allow' your wife to have money? You endowed her with it as soon as you married her. It's just as much hers as yours. In the partnership she and you are equal—if you married the right sort of woman. 'Allowance.' Just due' would be better. Give her her just due the first of every month and relieve her of the humiliating necessity of asking so selfish a creature—perhaps I should say thoughtless a creature—as you for money.

"I've talked with a good many wives, and they don't like to ask for money. Many of them do not realize that they have a perfect right to it, while some of them have too much spirit to ask for what is their due.

"The trouble in most cases is that so many husbands have the 'lord and master' idea of their position, and they like to feel that it is for them to say what disposition shall be made of the money that they earn.

"But remember that in the great middle class, of which American life is largely composed, the wife works as hard as the man does, and, while he does work for which another pays him, she does her work for love; and so, if he's a decent fellow, he will never force her to ask for money; he will be glad to share it with her."—Charles Battell Loomis, in Smith's.

WRITE LETTERS TO YOURSELF

Advice for Getting a Grip on Feelings. Adapted for the Quick Tempered.

Fuzzy-mindedness is just as likely to attack our feelings as it is our brains. Feelings tend all the time to be vague and irresponsible; they must be subjected to the same clearing process as our thoughts; they must be sifted, judged, criticized. The thing I must try for is the ability to "externalize" my feelings and judge them squarely. The best rule I know for getting a grip on them is this: "Put them on paper." Make a written statement of your feelings—not for the literary benefit of posterity, but for your own profit right here and now. Take the case of sudden anger. The stimuli toward shutting the jaws tight and closing the hands go out instantly from the lower brain. But remember the formula. Get a sheet of paper, take a pencil, and write down the cause of your anger, whether it be justified or not, and what appears to be the best way of treating it.—From Dr. Luther H. Gulick's "Mind and Work."

Making Cigars.

In the cigar factory the bales are opened as needed. The tobacco required for the day's work is first dampened and then goes to the strippers, who remove the stem and mid-rib of the leaf. The leaves are classified into wrappers and fillers, and turned over to the cigarmaker, who, with no other tool than a knife, cuts out his wrapper, shapes the filler in the hollow of his hand and deftly rolls the material into a finished cigar. There are cigar-making machines, but these are employed only for making the cheaper grades of cigars from domestic tobacco. It is a peculiar fact that despite the wonderful progress of mechanical contrivances in all lines of manufacture, the better grades of cigars are made to-day exactly as they were a hundred years ago.—Bohemian Magazine.

Wonderful Longevity.

One of the most curious instances of longevity is found in Miss Louisa Courtenay's "Notes on an Octogenarian." A witness in a will case in which Belvidere-Ker, the great English conveyancer, was engaged, was asked if he had any brothers or sisters. He replied that he had had one brother who died 150 years ago. The court expressed incredulity, and documentary evidence was produced in support of the statement. This showed that the witness' father, who married first at the age of 19, had a son who died in infancy. The father married again at the age of 75, and had a son who lived to appear in the witness box at the age of 94, and made the above startling statement.

And All Unrepeated.

Lord Granard, at one of the many dinner parties that preceded his marriage to Miss Ogden Mills, said of the impoverished nobility of the old world:

"What a German friend of mine said of his family is true of too many families."

"My friend was a graf. I was visiting his castle on the Rhine. He showed me there one day many proofs of his race's antiquity."

"Dear me," I said, stifling a yawn, "I had no idea you went back so far."

"He pointed proudly to an old steel bound chest of black oak."

"Why, my boy," said he, "I've got bills in there dating back to the twelfth century."

Cruel Suspicion.

"Bliggins is a great reader. He is invariably buys a newspaper before getting on a street car."

"I have noticed the paper," answered Miss Cayenne. "But I am not so sure he reads it. Maybe he holds it up because he's too polite to see a lady standing."

The Musketeers of Success.

"I owe my success in the walking line," says Edward Payson Weston starting out at 71 on his pedestrian trip across the continent, "to just three things. They are pride, principle and pluck. If you haven't any of these, don't try any real long walking."

"This is good advice, sound and sentimental. It might be extended to other pilgrimages than those from salt water to salt water. Pride, principle and pluck are the three musketeers that every man needs in his service."

HOSE HOSE HOSE

We carry a complete stock of all kinds of Rubber Garden Hose, ranging in price from 9 cents to 20 cents per foot.

Do not fail to examine our Magic Endless Hose, we will cut this hose any length up to 500 feet in one piece, without couplings or splices.

Just the thing, if your present hose is not long enough to reach where required. So get a piece of "Magic" the desired length. No extra charge for cutting or couplings.

We also have a complete line of Lawn Sprinklers, Hose, Nozzles, etc.

Try a section of our one-half inch Hose—more quality for less money.

A. Dussell & Son

Eleventh Street

MUST'NT MISS VISITING TOM.

Cheerful Prospect Ahead for Traveler, No Matter Which Course He Elects to Follow.

A New Englander, traveling on foot to attack the southern mountains, studying the people, asked a man whom he met to direct him to a certain cabin at which he had been advised to stay overnight. "Going that?" said the man. "Well, Tom's a first-rate, take him just right, but he's mighty queer."

"What do you mean?" asked the traveler.

"Well, it's like this, and the man looked at the stranger in a calm, impersonal way. "He'll be setting out side, most probably, and he'll see you coming; he'll take a good look at you, and if you don't suit him, he may set the dog on you."

"If he don't, and you get to talking with him, and say anything he don't just like, he throw you down and tromp on you. But if you're too careful in your talk, on the other hand, he's liable to take you for a spy and use his gun just and listen to explanations afterward."

"But it's no use trying to get by without stopping," concluded the man, with evident relish of the prospect he was opening up to the stranger. "If you was to undertake that, 'twould be all up with you, for he'd think you was proud and biggity."

"If you want to come out of the mountain whole, don't go past Tom's cabin without stopping, whatever you do!"—Youth's Companion.

WOMAN HAS SPIDER FOR PET.

Somewhat Remarkable Taste Displayed by Wife of Prominent English Churchman.

The dean of Carlisle's pet spider, which he mentioned in a recent speech at Carlisle, is in an ante-room at the deanery.

"Mrs. Barker discovered it," said the dean in an interview. "I have been asked to photograph it, but it is in such a position that this cannot well be done. At present it is in a dormant state. Mrs. Barker comes and tells me about it every day, and she is waiting for the time when it will spin its little web."

Asked what would be done with it then, the dean replied: "Oh, she will continue to take care of it." Although most ladies have a horror of spiders, Mrs. Barker is specially fond of them.

"But all animals," added Dr. Barker, "are a source of delight to us. Flocks of birds come to our gardens, and including sparrows, tom-tits, robins and raven. Mrs. Barker goes into the garden in the morning, whistles, and at once the birds will collect round her. She feeds them with sweet meat and bread. We have rings suspended from the trees for the tom-tits, and we have placed artificial nests in the trees for them."

Dr. Barker quoted Bishop Butler in support of his belief that animals have a future life. "Why should they not?" he asked. "A dog thinks and reflects. Look at the flight of birds. Who knows what is passing in the intelligence of these animals?"

New Man Out of a Job.

The New York Times has an interesting editorial on the "Woman Out of a Job." This is not the business woman seeking a position, but the so-called home woman. There was a time when the girl made her wedding clothes and the expectant mother fashioned dainty garments for her first born. Now trousseau and layettes can be bought ready made much better and cheaper than they can be manufactured at home. The mother does not rock her baby to sleep, as that is forbidden; nor does she rock the cradle, for there are no cradles. It is unsanitary to cuddle the baby, and it is put to sleep by itself. Women living in "two rooms and a bath" are companions for their husbands, and not helpmeets. The exigencies of modern life make this enforced idleness necessary, and what wonder that women want something to do? It is foolish to tell them "to go back to their homes," such as they are, for they are only "out of a job" in them.

Dolly Wan't Brave.

Little Grace went into her mother's darkened chamber in search of her doll. She ran out so very fast that her mother said: "What makes my darling run so? Is she afraid?" Whereupon the little one exclaimed, "No, but my doll is."—Dellator.