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"Dat Nigger Jack."

[BY M. G. M'CLELLAND.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

One morning in the early days of freedom, old Aunt Nancy, an humble retainer of the R—— famly, came up to "de big house" to call on the white folks, and also to "ax ole Mis' fur one cup o' sugar, a makin' o' coffee, an a mouf'ul er meat." After a chat in the kitchen she made her way indoors to make known her wants and have a few moments' conversation with the ladies before wending her way homeward.

When the chickens, garden, pigs, and weather had been duly canvassed, and discourse threatened the flag, Miss R—— bethought her of a rumor which had reached her that morning, the mention of which would the conversation the necessary fillip.

"What's that I hear, Aunt Nancy," she questioned, about your having been to the bureau with complaints? What was the matter?"

"H'm," grunted the old woman, warily, "who tole you I bid dar, honey?" Then with a sudden burst of confidence, "Yes, missie, I bin dar, an' much good it done me. Dat ole burea ain't nothin', Miss Mary, I kin tell you dat much dout winkin' nary eye. I went dar, 'bout dat niggar Jack, an' I never got no saterfaction out'en de trip, n'other."

"Well, honey, bein' as you's arter hearin', I don't keer if I does," responded Aunt Nancy, settling herself comfortably and folding her arms up in her apron, as was her custom when indulging in a narative. "It happen long o' dat fine ham o' mine, whar I bin savin' up t'well big meetin' time, when some o' de furren delegashun o' preachers is gwine to kongregate at my house enduring de 'sociation. Dat nigger Jack, you min', Miss Mary, he ain't got no 'ooman folks t'all fur to do nothin' t'all fur him, so he gin'erally go 'bout lookin, mighty sorry an' nasty, 'cepten some o' de neighers wash him an' patch him up a little. Well, chile, one mornin' las' week I'se settin' in de chimbly corner, rockin' and studdin' 'bout big meetin' time an' de strange folk whar comin', an' all like er dat. Arter while I got up out'en my cheer an' step over to de cupboard an' fetch down dat ham of'en de topmos' shef fur to git er little sniff o' de goodness o' it. T'were dat brown and temptin' it fa'rly make my mouf water. De skin was tu'ned up at de cornders, showin' ov de fat, an' all roun' der hock an' knuckle bone I had done rub pepper an' lasses fur to keep de skippers out. I say to mysef, ses I, 'Nancy, dis yer is de lubbios' scrop o' bacon dis side de white folks' smoke-house; an' come bim meetin' you takes dis ham an biles it, den you sprinkles sugar 'pon top en it an' brown it a little in de oben, arter dat you dress it off in sprigs o' oa'sly, an' t'wont nary nigger in de country hab sich a dish fur to sot de preachers down to,'

"While I talkin' to mysef dat peacible by de cunboard, who dis come dodgin' in de cabin but Nigger Jack, wid er little bundle o' rags in he han' an' grinnin' and grinnin' same as a 'possum.'

"Mornin', A'nt Nancy,, ses he, duckin he haid an' sottin' dem roguish eyes o' his'n 'pon my ham.

"'Mornin,' I snap back, short as piecrus', turnin' roun' for to lock de meat up.

"'Det's a pow'ful fine piece o' bacon, A'nt Nancy,' ses Nigger Jack, perlitely.

"'Taint none de better fur ye' praisin,' ses I, fastenin' up de safe do'. Now, what you come arter, Jack?—kase I well knows t'want jes' manners whar fotch you, kase you ain't got none.'

"'Lordy, A'nt Nancy, you pintly is peart an' jumbersome dis mornin. Clare of you ain't 'bout de cutest han' at guessin' I ebber see in my life!' ses dat outdacious darkey, an' den he took de gigglements mighty bad, an' he giggle an' he giggle t'well I git clear out er pashunse wid him.

"'Hush yo' mouf, nigger!' I ses, Ses I: 'You do jus' like you ain't got no sense, you does. Shet up dat snuggling an' tell me what you want.'

"Den Jack, he onwrop de bundle, he did, an' shuck out two pizen nasty shuts an' a pa'r summer breeches mighty nigh es black es de back.

"'A'nt Nancy,' he ses, ses he, sorter sateful like. 'I jes drop in fer to see of I couldn't git you to wash one shut fur me to war at de pignick Sad'day, I ain't got nary clean one.'

"'Go 'way fum hore, nigger,' I ses, ses I, 'I shack wash yo' shut to sabe yo' life.'

"'Lord, now, A'nt Nancy,' ses he, don't go for to talk dat way, ef you please marm. I ain't got nobody fur to wash my shut, an' I shame fur to go to de pignick dutty like I is. I gwine take one gal long'er me, too. A'nt Nuncy, please, marm, wash my clo'es kase I 'bleeged to to hab some clean ones ones, an' I allus clar's dar ain't narry 'ooman in de country kin tetch you in de doin' up o' shuts an' collars an' pocket-hau'chers.

"Well. Miss Mary, he beg so hard an' talk so fa'r, dat I jes tole hin he mout lef de bun'el, and arter while I put de irons on an' wash dem clo'es an' done 'em up like dey was white folks. I 'clar, Miss Mary, dem clo'es look mo samer den a preacher's when I got done wid 'em.

"'Sad'day mornin' I was up in de lorf shellin' corn, when here comes Nigger Jack after de close. He holler up: Wkar is dey?' and I holler back: 'Des is layin' 'pon de eand o' de lead o' my big chis,' and I holler back dat he's 'mighty welcome, kase thanky's all de pay I gwine to see out'en him.' Ben he went away.

"Pres'eny I come mown to put de dinner-pot on, an' went to de cupboard for a scrap o' middlin' to drop in it. When I unfasten de do', fus thing I done was to 'zamin de top she'f arter my ham; I look, and den I look. Den I jump back and rub my eyes hard; den I jump forreds an' rub my eyes harder—bless the Lord, de ham was gone! De she'f was empty an' de bacon was 'parted—dat nigger Jack done stole it! When I come to a leetle out en de shock I was powerful mad. De hot water kittle, when she was sizzlin' an' bilin' and bublin' ain't mo more ef'en her balance den I was. I cry some, an' I holler some, but dat sorter tu'n my pass'shun into steam an' make me spile for a 'sploshion. so I put my bonnet on right straiaht an' took out up to Mars'r Dr. Wilson R——'s house, an' tole him all 'bout it, an' he 'vised me to go to de bureau man."

"What did the officer do for you, Aunt Nancy?"

"I gwine tell 'bout it right now, honey, kase dat bureau man want nuffin. I was mighty t'ore up in my mind Miss Mary, 'long er dat bacon, and I 'low t'was de biz'ness o' dat bureau man to help me kill dat sorry nigger, or to cripple him some way. Well, I went in a sorter office room, where a man in fine blue clo'es sot writin' in a big book, an' I wait an' I stan', an' I stan' an' I wait, an' de man ain't takin' no notice.

"'Mornin' marster,' I ses, ses I, arter I done kurtey an' make my respecks.

"'Mornin,' he ses, sharp an' keerless, like be jest as leeve bite yo' haid off es not, an' druther, too. 'What kin I do fur you dis mornin'? Look sharp, now, I'm in de biggest sort o' hurry. An', my good 'ooman, you musn't call me mars'r, kase you ain't got no mars'r now.'

"'No, sar, I knows dat,' ses I, 'eber sence freedom come out, but dat ain't de pint. De pint o' dis conbersashum, mars'r, am—'

"'Quit callin' me mars'r, old lady!' de officer 'ruptedf mighty touchous. 'I done tole you you ain't got no mars'er; dat's all done away wid.'

"'What I gwine to call you, den?' ses I; 'kase I bleeged to call you somethin,; ef I don't calls you some title it 'rupts de conbersashum.'

"'Call me cap'en,' he ses, ses he.

"Well, den, Mars'r Cap'en,' ses I, 'I come down here fur to tell you 'bout dat nigger Jack—'

"'Who is Nigger Jack?' he axes, 'ruptin' ov me agin. 'What's he name?'

"'Dat he name,' I 'spond back; 'he ain't got no entitle 'cept jes Nigger Jack. He po' white folks' nigger; dey don't hab no entitle.'

"'What he done?' ax de officer. Den I took an' how dat sorry varmint come down to my house an' stole my ham. 'Is you done anything, he want'er know, and I ses: 'No, sar, I ain't, kase fus' I didn't believe de meat was gone, an' den I cried, an' den I get mad, an' walked myse'f off to Mars'r Dr. Wilson R——, an' fus' he tole me: 'Go to de deble,' den he tole me to come to you, an' I done come an' please, mars'r, I want my ham, ef you please, sar.'

"De bureau man he thought, an' he thought, den he scratch he haid, an' stretch hissef back in he cheer, an' gigle. Arter dat he gin me three sojers an' tole me fur to kar 'em down to Nigger Jack's house and make sarch arter my ham. Well, Miss Mary, I took dem biggerty sojers, snigglin' an' makin' fun at me, all de way down to Nigger Jack's cabin. When we got right mos' at it, here come Nigger Jack, jumpin' out de shanty an' takin' up de railroad track wid de ham in he han.' An' dey shoot at him, an' dey shoot at him, an' couldn't nary one ob 'em bit him, kase he hop an' jump so peart. Dey shoot, an' dey shoot, an' he run, an' he jump, an he jump, an' he run—blickety, blickety—an' I wish to de Lord dey had been kill dat nigger, an, I could er bin got my ham."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The finest alterative and anti-bilious medicine on earth, is *Samaritan Nervine*. $1.50.

"The doctors said my child *must* die with spasms, *Samaritan Nervine* cured him." Wm. E. Tanner, Dayton, Ohio. At druggists.

RUSSIA'S HUNGRY MOUJIKS.

The Problem that is Presented to the Czar by Millions of Unprotected Peasants.

A correspondent of The New York Sun writes from St. Petersburg: Twenty-two years have passed since the great emancipation edict was proclaimed here, and yet to this day the serf question remains practically unsolved. When freeing the serfs, the czar liberator announced that they would be given land enough to sustain them, and to enable them to pay all the taxes. No doubt that was a very wise plan, and in Russia there was, and still is, more than enough free state land to carry the imperial project. Yet the late autocrat was impotent to fulfil his solemn promise. Like the negroes who expected "forty acres and a mule," the Russian peasants are to this day waiting for the "golden charter" that is to endow them with plenty of land. "More land!" is the cry of the freed serfs, and this cry demands the attention of Russian statesmen far more urgently that the Eastern, the Panslavistic, the Roman Catholic, or the Hebrew question. A deep fermentation is now going on in the very heart of Russia, and, if it remains unchecked or unreleived, it will in time, like an earthquake, upset the foundations of the autocratic regime. There is looming up a new spectre which frightens the very Nihilists. Russian history shows that the moujik, while he has land enough to feed upon, is the most docil being in the world, but when derpived of land he becomes a monster. The anti-Jewish riots plainly show that the teeth and claws of the monster are growing.

In 1861 25,000,000 serfs were liberated, each male adult receiving about eight acres of land. By his work on this patch the freed serf had to sustain his family, pay the state, paovincial, and local taxes, and lay by enough to redeem his land from his former master. Now that was more than even the free moujik could accomplish. What was the result? His family was hungry, his taxes were in the arrears, his gronm-up boys had to learn some other trade than farming; they had to lexve and swell the labor market, which was a new feature in Russia. For his arrears he was flogged. While he was yet a serf, flogging was bad enough, but to be free and yet have to submit to flogging was too bad; and the moujik get angry. One year his cow was sold to pay the taxes, the next year he lost his horse in the same way. Then he had only a bare patch of land and his bare hands with which to sustain his family and the empire. In his dispair he began to frequent the vodka-shop, and the villagers began to grumble and to talk of transferring his allotment to some other reliable peasant. And so our free Ivan is adjudged as a useless and superfluous man, at least in his own village. As the "golden charter" does not appear, Ivan comes to the conclusion that he had better migrate to some place where land is plentiful, and so, along with his emaciated wife and hungry children, he joins a party of other useless men like himself, who go either to Siberia or Caucaucus. How bitterly he weeps when leaving his dear native place, where his parents and ancestors lived, worked, and died!

This is the sad story of millions of freed serfs, and we must keep it in mind in order to understand the present troubles of the czar's country. There is another great class of superfluous moujiks. As we have seen, every adult serf received eight acres of land, and the communes were composed of serfs, each having exactly the same allotment. But during these twenty years the population has increased from 20 to 30 per cent, while the amount of land remains the same. It is exceedingly hard and painful, yet the old villagers can not help admitting that their grown up sons ar superfluous, and must go. Thus we touch upon the causes which have originated the great migration of the peasantry, a migration that baffles all the pigmy efforts of the czar's creatures. Around the czar there are many courtiers, knights, generals, diplomats, and administrators but there are no statesmen equal to the present great occasion. And so the peasant formation goes on unchecked, unguided, daily increasing in scope and strength.

According to the official statistics for 1880, in the Kursk province there were 192,000 superfluous peasants, in the Voronije province, 125,000; in the Pottava province, 389,000; and so on, and there are over fifty provinces now bending under the burden of unemployed moujiks. The Czar's own government admits that there are at least 5,000,000 unemployed peasants in Russia, and yet this patriarchal government does nothing to enable these peasants to become useful. Recently about 5,000 peasants from different provinces of Russia arrived in the city of Tomsk, Siberia. They were penniless, sick and on the point of starvation. The local authorities did not know what to do with them. They telegraphed to this city for instruction. The minister of the interior sent a circular to the provincial governors asking for information on the subject. Owing to the dog-days the governors postponed their reports until fall. Meanwhile many of the emigrants died from starvation, others ran away at their own risk, mixing with the Siberian exiles, and the rest were sent home. The tramping moujik is a new character in Russia.

There are many administrators who blame the freed serfs themselves for all their troubles. But intelligent and impartial investigators give us these instructive facts: As a rule, the taxes imposed on each peasant's allotment far surpass his income from it. In order to clear off his taxes the peasant is obliged to do other work besides farming. But such a practice is very detrimental to the farmer's interest. Russia is pre-eminently an agricultural country. If agriculture proves not to be a paying business, then state bankruptcy follows. Besides, not every peasant now has a horse or a cow. The number of sheep and hogs in the moujiks' possession is also alarmingly small. It may gladden the hearts of vegetarians to learn that Russian peasants nowadays use no animal food. They cannot get it. If a moujik gives up his farm and becomes a hired laborer, he can earn only from 30 to 50 rubles per annum, which is hardly enough to clear the taxes, and his family must take care of themselves. There are freed serfs who have saved enough to increase their allotment by purchase, but these are only lucky exceptions to the rule.

In view of the present hard condition of the freed serfs, some Russian writers and administrators have come to the rash conclusion that the great reforms of the late czar did not materially improve the condition of the country. Nothing can be more foolish than that. Only he who remembers the former serfs can understand what a wonderful change has occurred in the intellectual and moral status of the peasantry. Compare chattels and men! If I tell you that there are thousands of freed serfs who have obtained a university education and now figure as doctors, lawyers, writers, professors and engineers, it is only a weak indication that I give you of the improvement in the condition of former serfs. Mr. Gubonin, trustee of the cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, where rest the remains of the czars, from Peter the Great down to the liberator, has recently restored that cathedral at his own cost, and the expense was 500,000 rubles. He was a serf. Shevehenko, the greatest writer of Little Russia, was a serf. Jellaboff, the genius of terrorism, the leading spirit of the regicides, was a serf. A score of other terrorists who have died for the Russian republic were serfs. The word "master" is gone from the language of the freed serf. In the free movements and bold looks of the free serf you will easily read: "I am my own master. Don't touch me!"

What is to be done to save the country from the unemployed moujiks? Instead of forming useless and costly committees, the czar had better listen to the wise suggestions of the freed surfs themselves. They ask that the government land, instead of being granted to courtiers, ministers and generals, be sold at a low rate to the peasants, who are now styled superfluous, and could thus form independent village communes. They ask, also, that their farming implements and working cattle be no longer sold to pay the government taxes. These demands are wise, pure and moujik-like; but the czar will not endorse them, for by doing so he would sign his own abdication in favor of popular government. No, no; he will rule in his own fashion, at least until the superfluous millions of moujiks, instead of migrating to Siberia, march upon his capital

DIASTATE, which is necessary to the digestion of farinaceous food, is lacking in toothless infants; hence the great mortality where they are fed on the so-called old-fashioned foods. To meet this want in rearing hand-fed children, Mellin's Food has been prepared, and is now thoroughly established as the best nutriment for infants and invalids ever known. All druggists have it.

Coleridge.

This is the way the Burlington Hawk-Eye treats Lord Chief Justice Coleridge:

Well, Lord Coleridge, chief justice of England, is here. He is accompanied by his son Gil. Full name is Gilbert but we always call him Gil. They expect to be the guests of the Burlington bar or boat club, they haven't decided which. The party come ashore in Elbridge Gerry's yacht. Lord Coleridge is six feet old, about sixty years long, and shaves his face clean every day, including the Sabbath. His baggage was passed ashore without examination, under the disguise of luggage, a name applied to it by himself. He does not know much. He calls his valises "bags" and his trunks "boxes," and spoke of a baggage car as a "luggage van." He is not so intelligent as he looks. He was nearly choked to death at luncheon, by swallowing a large H, which he insisted on putting on his oyster, although he was told repeatedly that it wasn't lem-tum to do so. On being shown a dude he remarked that he committed several of them to the asylum for life just before leaving England. He had one of the best lay-outs for an extended lunch route ever organized on this continent, the banquets being located all the way from New York to Oregon, both in Canada and the United States.

His ludship was very much surprised on learning that the marquis of Lorne was not governor of the United States.

"Had we no governor, then?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," we said.

"And who was governor if the marquis was not?"

And we told him, Ben Butler, He was just about the governorest governor that ever governed, we said. And his ludship was pleased, and he said he had never met Governor Butler, but had read his "Analogy" and "Life of Hudibras."

He said he had a letter of introduction to a man named Greeley, a repouter on some newspaper he undeastood. After luncheon his ludship called a cab and ordered the driver to take him to Kansas, and was greatly disconcerted on being told that the cabs only ran as far as the Grand Central depot, and that Kansas was at least 35 miles out of the city. He expects to remain in this country three weeks. He would return to England tomorrow, but will be detained somewhat longer, collecting material for a history of the United States, which he is going to write.

DO NOT STORM THE SYSTEM,

WITH VIOLENT CATHARTICS THAT RACK AND TEAR AND WEAKEN THE UNFORTNUATE INVALID, BUT TONE THE STOMACH, RELIEVE THE BOWELS REGULATE THE LIVER AND REFRESH THE NERVES WITH **TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT** WHEN THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF ILLNESS APPEAR. A MORE DELIGHTFUL EFFERVESCENT DRAUGHT IS NOT TO BE FOUND, AND A MORE POTENT REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS CONSTIPATION, NERVOUS HEADACHE, COLIC AND GENERAL DEBILITY, DOES NOT EXIST. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"Who held the pass of the Thermopylae against the Persian host?" demanded the teacher. And the editor's boy at the foot of the class spoke up and said: "Father, I reckon. He holds an annual pass on every road in the country that runs a passenger train."

SCROFULA. A medicine that destroy the germs of Scrofula and has the power to root it out is appreciated by the afflicted. The remarkable cures of men, women and children as described by testimonials, prove Hood's Sarsaparilla a reliable medicine containing remedial agents which eradicate Scrofula from the blood. 100 doses $1.00. Sold by all dealers. C. I. Hood & Co. Lowell Mass.

Materials shot of two colors are very fashionable, as well in cottons and woolens as in silks. Besides being shot, they are often checked, dotted or brocaded with patterns in chenile or velvet, if silk; or printed merely, if cotton or wool.

Hear Him.

"*I feel new.* I was afflicted with sick headache and general debility, but *Burdock Blood Bitters* brought about an immediate improvement in my general health. I consider them the best family medicine in the market." Adolph Lalloz, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dresses of either silk or satin are growing beautifully less in numbers upon the promenade, and in their place are seen the more appropriate and sensible costumes of serge, cheviot, tweed, cashmere, and cloth—the tailor-made suits forming by far the leading styles.

North Pole Expeditions,

Prize fights, lotteries, walking matches, and balloon ascensions are usually humbugs of the worst sort. *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is not a humbug. It is a quick cure for aches and prains, and is just as good for a lameness.

Now kerchiefs for the neck, with mouchoirs to correspond, are made of pale yellow washing silk, embroidered in gayest colors in designs of bees, humming-birds, roses and buds and large butterflies with brilliant colored wings.

Don't be Faint-Hearted.

If you are in trouble look up, hold on, give the blues good by. If you are in pain, have a lameness, have an ache of any kind, go to the druggist and ask him for *Thomas' Eclectric Oil.* It will do you good every time.

Shirt-tail Bend, Whisky Flat, Puppytown, Wild Yankee Ranch, Squaw Flat, Rawhide Ranch, Loafer's Ravine, Squitch Gulch, Toenail Lake, are a few of the names of places in Butte county, Cal.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Tonic for Overworked Men.

Dr. J. C. Wilson Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used it as a general tonic, and in particular in the debility and dyspepsia of overworked men, with satisfactory results."

A Boston speaker who alluded to his candidate as "the war horse that snuffed the battle from afar," climbed up to the composition room with a club after reading it in the paper as "the ward boss that snatched the bottle from the bar."

SAMARITAN NERVINE NEVER FAILS. IS UNFAILING AND INFALLIBLE IN CURING *Epileptic Fits, Spasm,* Falling Sickness, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Syphilis, Scrofula, **and all Nervous and Blood Diseases.**

☞To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Prostration, Irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys, or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulent, *Samaritan Nervine* is invaluable.

☞Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained a sinking system. $1.50, at Druggists.

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

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A regular graduate in medicine. Over sixteen years' practice—twelve in Chicago.

Authorized by the state to treat Chronic, Nervous and Private diseases, Asthma, Epilepsy, Rheumatism, Piles, Tape Worm, Urinary and Skin Diseases, Seminal Weakness (night losses), Sexual Debility (loss of sexual power), etc. Cures guaranteed or money refunded. Charges low. Thousands of cases cured. No injurious medicines furnished even to patients at a distance. Consultation free and confidential—call or write; age and experience are important. A BOOK for both sexes—illustrated—and circulars of other things sent sealed for two 3 cent stamps. FREE MUSEUM. 51 m&eod-w

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KIRKWOOD.

This is a new and beautiful addition to the city of Omaha, situated in the north part of the city, fronting on Sherman avenue, and is the most desirable location, for residences, that has been placed on the market for years. BEDFORD & SOUER.

Kirkwood.

This property is divided into regular size city lots and acre lots which will be sold at reasonable prices and on easy terms. BEDFORD & SOUER.

KIRKWOOD.

Fronting **700** feet on Sherman Avenue. This property cannot fail to be desirable and will be rapidly taken up and improved. No hills to climb, no ravines to cross, in getting to KIRKWOOD addition. Remember, when you buy a lot in this addition, you will not have to pay an amount equal to first price to grade your lot before building.

Kirkwood.

Street cars will be run to this addition at an early day. These lots will double in value in **12** months. Call at our office and see plat and make selections early. BEDFORD & SOUER.

KIRKWOOD.

Elegant Building Sites and at half the price of any other lots in the city of equal distance and location, on the best street in the city.

BEDFORD & SOUER,

14th Street, bet. Farnam and Douglas.

Improved Property.

No.
6 $3,500—12 room house, cor. 13th and California streets, 6 closets, cellar, city water, outhouses, etc.
7 $2,700—6 room house on N. 13th street, closets, cellar, cistern, well, etc. BEDFORD & SOUER.
12 $2,500—Good six room house on Davenport, bet. 23d and 24th, two story, closets, pantry, cellar, cistern, well, fruit and shrubbery, stable and outhouses.
15 $3 100—Full size lot on McCandlish place, with two frame cottages, one 5 room, one 3 room. For sale or exchange.
16 $2.100—Good two and a half acre lot with five room cottage, brick cellar, well, fruit trees, etc.
17 One of the best three story brick business houses on Farnam street. Terms private.
18 $3,900—New 7 room house on N. 18th street. All modern improvements. Good location. Cheap.
19 $5,300—New two story house, Queen Ann style. All modern improvements, city water, lot 100x100.
22 Two full lots St. Mary's avenue and 20th, with 3 houses. Will be first class business property. Terms easy.
24 $4,750—Lot 66x96, with two houses. Cheap.
30 $2,500—Two houses in Nelson's addition, on Center street. Outhouses, cistern, fruit trees, etc.
32 Business house and lot on Douglas street, bet. 14th and 15th. Terms easy.
34 New 8 room house on Chicago, bet. 24th and 25th. All improvements.
35 Two new houses, one six and other 8 rooms. First-class and modern improvements. Terms Easy.
36 $2,700—Lot 100x132, College Street, Redick's subdivision, new 5 room house. Well improved.
38 $2,500—Lot 50x150, Convent street, 6 room cottage, large basement suitable for rooms, barn, etc.
39 $2,300—6 room house, Thornell's addition barn, well, cistern, good improvements, $500 cash, $1,800 on long time.
42 $4,200—7 room house on Davenport, bet. 16th and 17th.
45 Lot 175x500 on Sherman, large house, barn and other improvements. Lot without improvements is worth the money we ask for it.
47 Two new houses and two full size lots on Park avenue. Hot and cold water, and all modern first class improvements. Houses would cost what we ask for whole. Extra good bargain.
48 $2,600—Lot 82x150 cor. 17th and Center, house 4 rooms, barn, water, trees, outbuildings.
49 $2,600—Five room house, 18th bet. California & Webster. Nice property. Terms easy.
50 $1,500—Lot 9, block 8, Shinn's 2d addition. One and a half story house. Terms easy.
52 $3,000—Good 7 room house on Sherman. Modern improvements, stable, well, cistern. A bargain.
53 $6,000—Full lot, one 8 room and one 5 room house, new, 5 blocks from the opera house. Very cheap.
62 $1,500—Splendid lot on Dodge, near 11th. Cheap
63 $3,000—Large house and small cottage. Excellent location, full size lot, Davenport, near 19th.
85 $4,000—Lot 60x260, good 6 room house, modern improvements, near business, on Sherman ave.
$7,000—Two full lots, with two good houses, 25th and Chicago. (Will sell separately for cash.)
92 $1,500—Two lots, 126x140, with house stable etc. Barker's sub-division.
93 $1,000—Lot and a half, good house, Redick's subdivision, (corner.)
95 Lot with 7 room house, Chicago, bet. 13th and 14th.
101 1,500—Lot and 5 room house, Morbach's addition, well, cistern, etc. Everything in good repair.
102 $950—Lot and 4 room house, Izard, bet. 16th and 17th.

Unimproved Property

FOR SALE BY BEDFORD & SOUER.

No.
2 $1,000—Lot 60x127, Indiana and Division.
8 $700 each—Two lots 66x132 each, on 11th. Cheap, and 2 lots 66x132 each on 10th.
11 $260 each—7 lots in Yates & Reed's addition.
23 $7,200—12 full size lots, Hanscom Place, one block west of Park avenue.
$850 each—Two lots on Park avenue. Bargains. Business lots on Dodge, between 11th and 12th.
31 $400—Lot in Shinn's addition, on Seward street.
33 $3,000—Full lot, Reed's 1st addition, on 25th and Chicago.
46 $5,000—Six good lots in Hanscom Place. Bargains.
54 $3,000—Lot 50x120, on Farnam, near 20th. Ver cheap.
56 $225—Good lot in Lowe's addition. Cash.
59 Four acres in West Omaha.
60 $550—Lot in Isaacs & Selden's addition.
65 Two lots 14th and Leavenworth, (business lots.)
67 $325—Lot 12, Allen's sub-division 51x110. A bargain.
68 $175—Lot 4, block I, Lowe's 1st addition. Good location.
69 $1,500—Fine lot, Reddick's addition, Park ave.
84 $400—52 feet of block M, Shinn's addition. Fine view.
86 $2,200—Lot 44x60 on 16th. Business property, worth twice the price asked.
94 $3,500—Full size graded lot on Chicago, bet. 13th and 14th.
98 $800—Good lot, high location, south 10th.
100 $6,000—33x132 on 10th, bet. Harney and Howard.
103 $750 each—Two extra good lot in Hanscom's addition. Goodhigh location.

Bargains in Farms & Lands

No.
10 $27 per acre—160 acre improved farm, near Creston, Iowa, 10 acres woodland, 45 acres corn, 25 acres Timothy and Clover.
13 $4,000—40 acres 3-4 of a mile west of Ft. Omaha, two houses, two barns, gran