

GREATEST SIGHT IN OMAHA.

A Single Store That is a City in Itself.

THE BOSTON STORE

Sixteenth and Douglas, Omaha.

Over a Million Dollars Worth of Goods on Extra Special Sale During Fair Week—Most Wonderful Bargains—Most Wonderful Attractions—A Most Wonderful, Brilliant, Dazzling and Gorgeous Electric Illumination Display at Night—This Electrical Display Alone is Worth Coming Miles to See.

The very first place that Omaha people take their friends to visit is the Boston Store; by all odds the greatest mercantile concern in the West. The immense crowds which through the place all day long are in themselves a most interesting sight; but still more interesting to those who come from out of town, are the

Really Wonderful Bargains which astonish everybody at every turn they make.

Boston Store, therefore, invites you to visit the store early and often—in fact every day of your stay in Omaha. We have fitted up special reception, waiting, reading and toilet rooms in our store for the especial comfort of our out-of-town customers, all absolutely free and without charge of any kind to any body. You can write your letters, meet your friends, wash up and make yourselves generally at home in our visitors' rooms, and we will take care of your satchels and packages, give you a check for them, all without costing you a cent.

Then when you are ready to do your shopping, we will offer you

A Chain of Bargains so great, so astonishing, so really wonderful that you will hardly be able to realize that you are buying goods; it will seem to you as though they are being given to you as a present. Never, so long as we have been doing business, have our buyers been able to secure so many things, so many good values, as they have during the past sixty days. Our immense building, with its four stories and basement, covering a block, is one mass of bargains. In justice to yourself you must visit Boston Store and do your trading and shopping there.

Boston Store practically sells everything. We sell dry goods, silks, satins, velvets, cloaks, jackets, capes, wraps, millinery, boots, shoes, rubber boots, rubber shoes, lace, embroidery, corsets, linens, ribbons, hosiery, blankets, comforts, bed-spreads, tapestry, draperies, fancy goods, carpets, rugs, oil cloth, matting, muslin, sheeting, trunks, valises, umbrellas, fans, men's furnishings, women's underwear, drugs, hats and caps, notions, crockery, glassware, tinware, cutlery, jewelry, candies, teas, coffee and spices, stationery, books and toys and a fine restaurant in basement.

BOSTON STORE, 16th and Douglas.

The Atlantic Monthly for September will contain two important articles bearing on the political campaign—one on "The Election of the President" by the historian John B. McMaster, and the other a very striking paper on "The Problem of the West" by Professor Frederick J. Turner, of Wisconsin. He traces the apparent Eastern and Western sectionalism and maintains that the true American is the man of the Middle West. The economic reasons for a divergence of opinion, on the currency question for instance, are so clearly indicated that the article is particularly illuminating as a study of opinion as shown in the present campaign.

Iowa farms for sale on crop payments. 10 per cent cash, balance 3/4 crop yearly until paid for. J. MULHALL, Waukegan, Ill.

"What, no more tongue?" asked the talkative matron of an old acquaintance. "Why, you used to be very fond of it."

"Yes, I know, replied the absent-minded man. "And I like it still."—Washington Times.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WASSLOW'S SCORPIO STRIP for Children Teething.

A small piece of candle may be made to burn all night by putting finely powdered salt on it until it reaches the black part of the wick. A small, even light may be kept in this way.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Old-fashioned brocade makes lovely waistcoats for tailor gowns.

Only 116 divorces have been granted in Canada in twenty years.

There are altogether over 113,000,000 women in India.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



BY M.T. CALDOR.
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

"Tom," said Mr. Vernon, in a thick, broken voice. "I'm not going to be a hypocrite, least of all with you. I have not looked into that book since I was a young man. I do not love it. Had you brought me a Shakespeare, I should have hailed it more gladly than a chest of gold; but a Bible—keep it, Tom, I do not want a Bible."

Tom had dropped his hold of the chest to clasp the little book closely to his breast. His eyes glowed; his rough face kindled into enthusiasm.

"What, sir, with all your learning and knowledge you don't understand the value of a Bible? Why, I, that have such a hard time a-spelling out the words, knew its worth long ago. How are we going to live here all alone on this heathenish island? How are we going to bring up two immortal souls without a Bible? How are we going to die a ship for a cruise that has no return voyage? Oh, sir, I don't believe in my own ears—how could you have lived all these years without a Bible?"

A gloomy stare was his only answer. "Poor soul, poor soul!" continued Tom, in a soothing, chiding voice, such as he would have used to a wayward child. No wonder you've been so sorrowful and benighted. Pears to me I see the Lord's hand in this. He don't mean to lose so useful a servant as you ought to be. He's put you here where your fine false books shan't hurt, and has left you only one to read. Here it is; take it—oh, sir, take it, for poor Tom's sake—for your boy's sake."

Here Tom's voice failed, and fairly sobbing, he thrust the book into the unwilling hand and darted into the woods.

Mr. Vernon's face was fairly ghastly beneath his struggling emotions. Bidding the children help Tom unload the rat, he turned and strode, not in Tom's direction, but toward the hills, into whose verdurous depths his tall form speedily disappeared. They did not see him again that day. Late in the evening, when perturbed and anxious, Tom was just setting out to find him, he made his appearance. The intense brightness of tropic starlight showed Tom his face. It was like a sea over which a storm had passed or a green valley where a hurricane had swept. There were traces of great struggles, of mighty forces battling fiercely, scattered wrecks, uprooted growths of many years' mistakes and sin, the blackened mark of the lightning's scathing, the exhaustion and weakness of intense excitement—but his eye shone clear and bright, like the sun that has dispersed the clouds; the air was purified, the tempest over.

"Tom," said he, holding out his hand, "my brother, my best friend, your hand has smitten the hard rock, and the waters have gushed forth. Here is your Bible. I will read it every night, and you shall teach us three children its divine meaning, its holy encouragements, its beneficent forgiveness."

Even as he spoke he staggered and caught at a tree for support.

"You are weak and overcome, sir," said Tom, anxiously. "You have fasted all day, I fear. Let me help you to the house and give you a little of the brandy."

"Fasting and humiliation are for such as me," answered he, "but I believe through your blessed influence the light is breaking. Yes, let us go in. Tonight, Tom, for the first time these many years, I have prayed with my whole heart and strength and soul."

Nothing more was said, although Tom laid awake half the night listening in sorrowful sympathy to the restless tossings, the stifled sighs and gushing tears that came from the bamboo couch behind him. Toward morning he fell asleep, and when he awoke, there, at the head of the other bed sat Mr. Vernon, his pale face no longer cynical and gloomy, but irradiated with peaceful joy, as he bent, utterly absorbed, over the sacred volume.

"All right," said Tom, joyfully, as he slipped away noiselessly to find the children busily following Mr. Vernon's hint, and preparing a breakfast for their slumbering friend.

"We'll have a little change shortly," said he, devouring, to their infinite satisfaction, with much relish, the nicely-peeled bananas. "I saw some fine fish and lots of wild ducks yesterday; and, alongside of Walter's pig, I calculate we'll be ready for foul weather. Plenty of work will keep us all busy and happy too, thank the Lord."

Which communication was reiterated when Mr. Vernon came out from their log retreat and joined them on the green.

"Ah, sir," said Tom, "I feel more reconciled to this the more I think on't. Jest this beautiful spot is right for a body to spend his last days in. We'll not be hankering after worldly goods and forget to look to the harbor we're drifting to. I shou'dn't mind seeing old England again and my good sister Honor. You see, sir, she and I was all there, and so we kinder set more by one another than common folks. I'll warrant the poor soul has cried her eyes red many a night for wanting to see me, and 'twill be a dreadful stroke when she knows the ship's lost. But one of these days she'll know everything; 'tain't so long, anyhow, this 'ere life of ours. Besides, Honor's a mighty

smart woman; she'll take care of her self and other folks too. I wish she'd a-had all the wages the ship owed me, but, lawful heart, who knows—perhaps the good Lord's rewarded her with great things by this time. I hope she'll get a kind, good husband to make my place good. I ain't going to worry, anyhow—I'll be happy here where the Lord's put me."

"You've always done so, I suspect, my brave-hearted Tom, and a useful lesson have you taught me; and here now is my hand to join you now in the bargain—to do the best and be the best we can."

"Not most like for the sake o' them," ventured Tom, nodding toward the children, "but for that"—lifting his eyes reverently upward.

"Ay, for that," answered Mr. Vernon, grasping the outstretched hand. And so the compact was sealed.

Two months saw a great change in our island. A newly-paved walk led up from the water to the green; a comfortable, commodious, if not luxurious, dwelling peeped romantically from the embowering vines whose luxuriance hid the roughness of the log foundation. Carefully tended flowers had been transplanted to its little plot, and within the house was tastefully arranged the pretty, ingenious bamboo furniture upon which Tom was never weary of descending, declaring that no one but Mr. Vernon could have produced anything so good to use and pretty to look at.

Everything that was saved from the ship was used to deck the pretty parlor, which was sometime to be given up entirely to Eleanor's use; and there was a shelf filled with the treasures Tom had concealed until his quick perception was satisfied that they would not be able to injure the preciousness of Mr. Vernon's Bible—a Shakespeare, a dictionary, an old history, and "Faulkner's Shipwreck," besides a quaint old-fashioned novel and an almanac that Tom declared to be worth all the rest.

Outside, just far enough to suit Mr. Vernon's fastidious taste—which Tom respected, though he could not understand it—was the former's especial pride and delight, where he whiled away in placid satisfaction many an idle half hour—the pig-pen, whose unruly inhabitant had been secured by stratagem of war that had delighted Walter hugely. Beyond that was set a large coop with some half a dozen wild ducks, and in a pen built over a small pool lounged in the sun three or four fat turtles.

Here was Tom's field of congenial labor, although in no wise did he neglect any other branch of the business, as Walter facetiously termed it. Indeed he most industriously and tenderly had he watched the few hills which he had planted with the corn found scattered round the ship's hold—a forlorn and hopeless task, as he was finally obliged to confess, for in that latitude of prodigal sterility the hope and comfort of sterile regions refused to grow.

Another useful task had the worthy sailor performed; he had nailed the flag caved from the sinking wreck—field reversed as a signal of distress—upon the top of the tallest tree on the hill behind them, saying as he did so:

"There! if only one of our British frigates get sight o' the old flag calling for help, I'll be bound they'll tack and come many a knot out o' the way to see what's wanted."

CHAPTER V.

TEN years have passed since the "Petrel" lay a broken wreck, dashing to and fro, on the coral reef of the little island. Still the patched and yet tattered flag floats off from the cocoa tree on the hill, and still the little log dwelling, now enlarged, and a perfect bower of glossy vine and gorgeous blossom, stands beneath the grove of palm and coconut. At the door of the "Retreat"—a name Mr. Vernon had given it at first—sat that gentleman himself. Time had added sad furrows to his forehead and scattered silver threads plentifully in his dark hair, but the face itself was most essentially changed. Could that benign, tranquil countenance belong to the cynical misanthrope who railed at the fate that saved him from a watery grave? Ah, the well-worn book clasped in his thin fingers betrays the secret of the change. Tom's Bible has become a valued and abiding friend; the tempest-tossed spirit is moored safely to the Rock of Ages, has found the peace that the world cannot give and cannot take away. Mr. Vernon's eye was raised quietly from the book as a merry whistle and measured tread broke the stillness, while Tom—our same rough, bright-faced Tom—came trudging down the hill with a pole hung with bread-fruit on his back.

"You are home early, Tom. Where are the children?"

"I didn't have to go so far as I expected. Walter has got a nice string of fish, too—reg'lar beauties. I didn't catch the pig in the trap this time, but the other I reckon will fetch him. Oh, the children, they stopped at the rock Walter calls Nelly's Throne, and

as I come along I see—well, no matter, but I can't help laughing to think we're calling them children. I begin to think they're getting along to be young folks mighty fast."

Mr. Vernon started up and said hurriedly, while a shade crossed his forehead:

"I will go and meet them."

"What's the matter now, I wonder?" soliloquized Tom, removing the odd affair, half hat, half turban, to wipe his moist forehead. "I'm sure there's no need o' meddling with honest love-making; it's lawful for a magistrate to marry a couple, and since we hain't a parson, why won't Mr. Vernon do jest as well?"

Meanwhile Mr. Vernon had taken a path which led him up a cliff which jutted over the water. He paused a moment in involuntary admiration of the scene before him.

The huge white rock of coral formation rose out of the embowering green like a throne indeed, and all around it, catching here at a tiny stalk, there at a down-reaching branch, festooned vines, whose brilliant-hued flowers seemed like garlands flung at the feet of royalty. Overhead canopied the feathered spray of the impossibly graceful palm tree, and below, far below, foamed the surf, dashing its frothy columns against the coral piers that supported the rock, and above all spread out the intense blue of a tropic sky, arching down afar off to meet the line of distant sea. Yet it was not upon inanimate nature that Mr. Vernon's mild gray eye dwelt so fondly, but on the graceful living tableau—the crowning charm upon the coral rock—for there, sitting lightly as a bird upon its perch, was a slender, willowy form, not round enough for childhood and too aerial for womanhood. A thin robe of thin muslin, gathered by a girle at the waist, fell down upon the rock, hiding from an illusive veil such rose-tinted, naked feet—slipped clear from the awkward sandal—as Aphrodite herself might have envied. The round white arm, resting carelessly on the rock, supported a head whose youthful grace and loveliness no maid's mirror ever rivalled. The sunny ripples of curls overflowed with their ring of bronzed gold the vine that garlanded her head; the clear eyes shone with a deeper blue than the starry blossoms knotted in her breast; the sweet lips mocked saucily with their vivid carnation the pale rose of the cheek. And this was little Ellie! The transformation was as marvelous as that which changes the hard, call coil of green into the wonderful beauty of the newly-opened rose.

No wonder there was a look of almost idolatrous affection in the dark eyes of the handsome youth who reclined carelessly at her feet. A sigh escaped Mr. Vernon as with newly-opened eyes he read aright the language of his son's face. For ten years had these children been his pupils; from his hand they had received the invigorating draughts of knowledge; in his steps they had followed to the outskirts of the immortal fountain of Science; for them had he delinked the beautiful sights his artist's soul drank in so eagerly; and, more than all, tremblingly, solemnly had he knelt with them before the Throne of Grace. All his acquired gifts and natural genius had been exerted to the utmost to atone to them for the deprivations of their lot, and he, their guide, their teacher, their closest friend, had been blind to their inner lives, and had needed the voice of sharp-eyed Tom to point it out to him.

He strode a step forward, and then paused again, for Eleanor was speaking.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

\$600 FOR A SAUCEPAN.

Highley Kept His Money in a Rag Bag, and His Wife Sold It for Rags.

Fletcher Highley, a farmer living near Liberty, Ind., received several hundred dollars last week from the sale of some stock and placed the money in his wife's rag bag for safe keeping, fearing that thieves might find it if it were known to be about the house. The repository seemed such a safe one that he added his gold watch and one belonging to his wife. Saturday he was away from home, and a peddler calling, Mrs. Highley sold the rags for half a cent a pound, and received a tin saucepan valued at 20 cents. When Mr. Highley returned in the evening and was about to deposit a few more dollars in the rag bag he found it empty and his wife reported the sale of the rags, and showed the saucepan with the expectation of having her shrewdness complimented.

Mrs. Highley was horrified to learn that the bag contained \$600 and her husband's watches. Mr. Highley started after the peddler yesterday and found him near Richmond. He professed to know nothing of the money and the watch and said that the rags had been shipped to an eastern rag firm. Mr. Highley has wired the firm.

A Condensed Style.

Here is a composition from a progressive schoolboy: "One day I was in the country, I saw a cow and hit her with a rock, a dog bit me, a sow chased me, I fell out of a wagon and a bee stung me, and the old gobbler flapped me, and I went down to the branch and fell in and wet my pants." Here is a whole novel for you in seven lines.—Ex.

Had a Host of Relatives.

Ninety "blood relatives" followed to the grave the body of Samuel Cooper of Pottawatomie county, Kansas, and one son, with twenty descendants, was absent. The surviving descendants number 150. The old man died singing a Methodist hymn.

No bird of prey has the gift of song.

Sun Cure For Women.

Its "sun cure," which is rather heroic treatment in this kind of weather, is what a prominent physician recommends for women who spend most of their time indoors. "A window sun bath is better than nothing," he says, "but having made up your mind to try the sun cure, do it with a will. Walk the sunny side of the street, choose the sunny side of the street cars and trains and sit, stand, walk or lie in the sun at all possible times and seasons. If you can get only one hand or foot in the sunshine, do that much, and whenever possible let the sun rest on your hair. The hair is a wonderful conductor of the health-giving currents, and when you take your sun bath let it hang loose in the brightest rays you can find. Do as the ancient Grecian women did: Lie in the sunshine with your hair spread loosely over your face, and it will show you the effects of this treatment directly. The unpleasant dryness which always follows winter weather and furnace or steam heat will disappear, and it will grow glossy and strong again."

A New Illuminant.

A London correspondent of the Manchester Courier publishes a remarkable account of a new illuminant, which, if all that is said of it is true, will push both gas and electric light very hard. For its production no machinery is required save that contained in a portable lamp neither larger nor heavier than is used with coal oil or paraffin. This lamp, it is declared, generates its own gas. The substance employed is at present a secret, jealously guarded by some inventive Italians. The cost is declared to be at most only one-fifth of that of ordinary gas, and the resultant light is nearly as bright as electric light and much whiter. A single lamp floods a large room with light. The apparatus can be carried around nearly as easily as a candlestick and seems both clean and odorless.

A Billion of Coins.

To gain an idea of a billion of coins place a \$5 gold piece upon the ground and pile upon it as many as will reach twenty feet in height. Then place numbers of single columns in close contact, forming a straight line and making a sort of wall twenty feet high, showing only the thin edges of the coin. Imagine two such walls running parallel to each other and forming a long street. It would be necessary to keep on extending these walls for miles—nay, hundreds of miles—and still be far short of the required number, and not until we had extended our imaginative street to a distance of 2,286 1/2 miles that we shall have presented for inspection a billion of coins.

The Songs Did It.

It is now asserted that Moody and Sankey's hymns caused the persecution of the Armenians by the Turks. "Onward, Christian Soldiers," read in the Turkish language, breathes a martial spirit and is apt to be taken in a literal sense as an exhortation to fight the Turk. It is suggested as a possible explanation of the charges against Prof. Troumanian that what was supposed to be his revolutionary language was the quotation of some such hymn. The revivalists and the sweet singer in Israel should be sent to Yildiz Kiosk to explain that they sing in a Pickwickian sense.—Literary Digest.

How to Grow 40c Wheat.

Salzer's Fall Seed Catalogue tells you. It's worth thousands to the wide-awake farmer. Send 4-cent stamp for catalogue and free samples of grains and grasses for fall sowing. John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis.

McClure's Magazine for September will contain a paper on Dr. W. T. G. Morton, the discoverer of anesthesia, by his wife. Dr. Morton's discovery established painless surgery, and Mrs. Morton's paper is the intimate personal history of a heroic battle for a new idea. It has special interest at this time, because in October there is to be a public jubilee in honor of Dr. Morton's priceless service to humanity. The paper will be fully illustrated. S. S. McClure, & Co., New York.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chubbiness, Piles, Ac. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Constant thought will overflow in words unconsciously.—Byron.

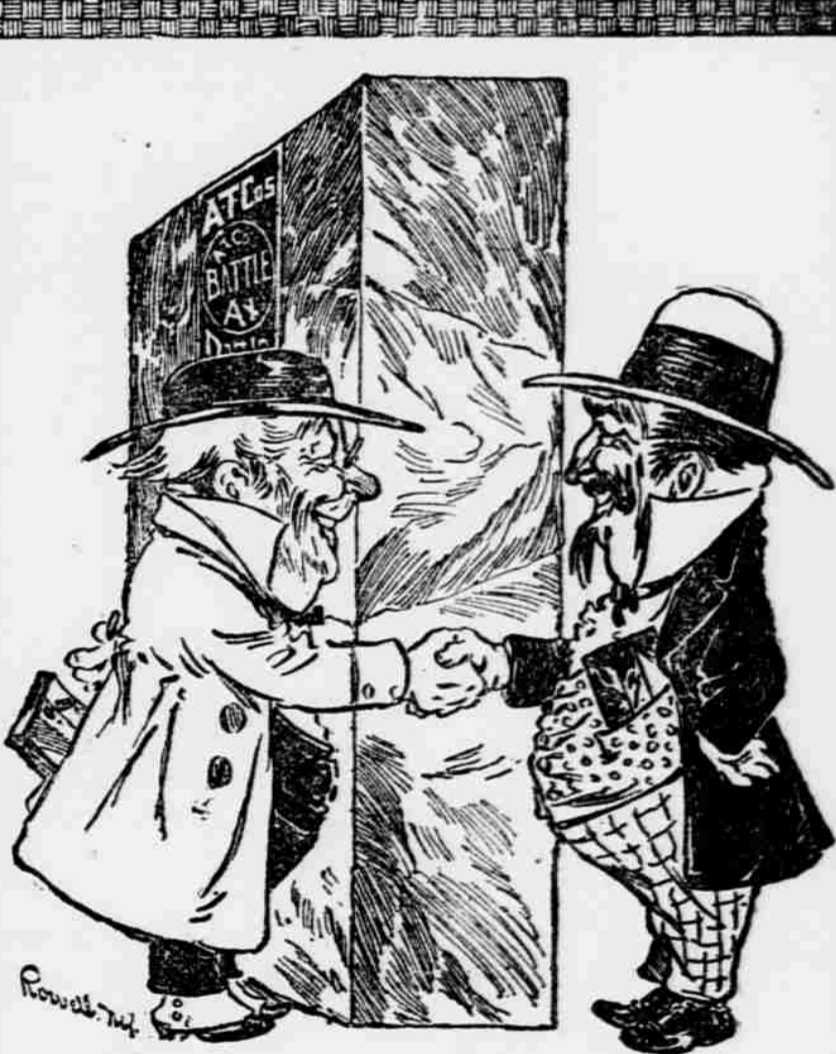


"Pretty Pill" says "Pretty Poll"

She's just "poll parrotting." There's no prettiness in pills, except on the theory of "pretty is that pretty does." In that case she's right.

Ayer's Pills

do cure biliousness, constipation, and all liver troubles.



The Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina

Battle Ax & Plug

"BATTLE AX" is the most tobacco, of the best quality, for the least money. Large quantities reduce the cost of manufacture, the result going to the consumer in the shape of a larger piece, for less money, than was ever before possible.

You Know Columbians

You think you'll save a few dollars at the start in cheaper bicycle buying—perhaps you get what you pay for, but you don't get a hundred dollars' worth—the real value is in the cost at the end of the year—the best costs less, lasts longer, doesn't bother you while it lasts—certainty is always worth its price.

Columbia Catalogue, free at our agencies—by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

Pope Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn.