

A LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

By "The Duchess."

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"Yes! and this time with a vengeance!" says Dulcinea, wrathfully. "He insists on my keeping my engagement with Sir Ralph, in spite of the fact that I decline to go on with it!"

"You!" Andy pauses and twists her round so as to get a good view of her. "What's up now?" says he. "You decline to go on with your engagement! Why? What's the matter with Sir Ralph?"

"That isn't the question," says she, vehemently. "I refuse to discuss Sir Ralph with you or anybody. What has to be considered is, whether I am to be sold, yes sold, against my will to anybody!"

"Keep your hair on," says her cousin, blandly. "There's something behind this slave-market business, isn't there? I never heard a word of it until that young friend of yours fell into the bog, and was dragged out by some inconsiderate person by the hair of his head, and brought home to be nursed by you."

"I don't know of any one who fell into a bog, and was pulled out by his hair," says she, coldly.

"Look here, Dulcinea," putting her down on a mouldering rustic seat, let's give a name to it. Eyre is the bogged one's name. And I expect he has been making love to you—eh?"

"At all events, he isn't like some people!" exclaims she, with a little frown. "He doesn't lecture and scold and trample on me from morning till night!"

"We shall now proceed to give a name to the trampler," says Mr. McDermot. "Anketell! And so you want to throw over Anketell and marry Eyre? Is that what it comes to?"

"No, not exactly."

"Then you want to throw over Anketell, and not marry Eyre. Is that it?"

"No, not quite."

"Then, my good girl, what is it? If you could throw just one ray of light upon the mystery, I might be able to see you home."

"Well, it's this, then," says she, with a sudden touch of passion. "I won't submit to be ordered to marry any one, and certainly not a tyrant like Sir Ralph! Why, if you could have heard him yesterday! But never mind that. The fact is, Andy, that Mr. Eyre asked me to marry him; and I didn't say yes because—Well," sighing, "never mind that, either."

"Is there," asks Mr. McDermot mildly, "anything I may mind?"

"Yes—this," says she, her anger growing. "He then sent for me."

"He? Eyre? Just like his impudence!"

"He is not impudent; and it was father who sent for me."

"To give you a good scolding, I hope."

"If you hope so, trying to rise, there is no use in my going on with this explanation."

"Yes, there is—every way. I'm sure to come in handy, sooner or later, and therefore it is necessary the plot should be laid bare to me. Come, go on! Do! We can have our little war later. What did the governor say to you?"

"That I should marry Sir Ralph, whether I liked it or not; that nothing should prevent my keeping my engagement with him. He," paling, "gave me to understand that if I loathed Sir Ralph I should still marry him."

"But you don't loathe him."

"I'm not sure, I," passionately. "I am actually certain that he has backed up father in this matter, and if only to punish me for being—you know—a little!"

"Yes, I know," nodding.

"Well, to punish me for that, he, too, is in the plot to compel me to marry him."

"What rot!" says her cousin forcibly, if inelegantly. "That isn't a bit like Anketell. You must be out of your mind to talk of him like that!"

"You don't know him as I do. You think he is fond of me. Now, I, raising her head and gazing at her cousin with glowing eyes, "I know that he detests me!"

"Come in and have your head shaved! Come, quickly. Typhoid, I should say, to look at you."

"Nonsense! There, don't go on like a lunatic! I mean every word I say. The very last interview I had with him he was rude, and cutting, and indifferent, and cruel, and—"

"He must have forgotten to pay a compliment or two," says her cousin, thoughtfully.

"You can jest if you like," says Dulcinea, rising now with determination. "I did think, Andy, casting a reproachful glance at him, that I might have hoped for sympathy and help from you!"

"I don't think I understand it," says Andy, carefully. "You want to marry Eyre, and you don't want to marry Anketell. Is that it?"

"No, shortly, I don't want to marry either of them."

"Certainly not! All I want is to be free. To let Sir—let father see that I am not to be commanded to marry any one! Andy," coaxingly, help me. Speak to father—do! Help me to break off this engagement."

"And so let you free to marry that whippersnapper upstairs with his black, black eye! No, I won't!" says Andy, with decision. "Sir Ralph is worth a dozen of him! Do you think I don't see through you? You have fallen in love with that Italian, who looks quite absurd without the monkey and the organ, and you want to pretend that all you desire is freedom."

"Yes, refuse to help me, then?" asks Dulcinea, looking suddenly very tall, and very white, and very earnest.

"To your hurt—yes."

"Very well, then. Since you have all forsaken me I shall act for myself. I shall let you and father and Sir Ralph see what I can do unaided."

"It's going to be a fine evening for fireworks," says Mr. McDermot, contemplating the sky with a thoughtful air. "Great display! Unlimited variety! Magnificent effect! And smoke—much smoke!"

CHAPTER IX.

"Thou didst delight my eyes, Yet who am I? Nor first, Nor last, nor best, that durst Once dream of the for prize, Nor this the only time Thou shalt set love to rhyme."

How dark it is walking along this silent road! Dark, though only 6 o'clock. How quickly the day dies when it is December! Such a moon as this is hardly worth talking about; and yet, without it, obscured as it is, how much more dismal would the night be! Was there ever before so silent a night? Are all the dogs in the farmsteads dead? There is no sound at all, anywhere, save the stir of sea in the starlight, far, far below, down there where all things seem to sink into one.

Bridget—what is Bridget thinking now? Has she found out she is gone? No; not yet. It is early, really, though it looks so late. Oddly enough, it is to the servant the girl's mind first turns; as in her mad, angry folly she runs along the road that leads to the little wayside station of which Eyre had spoken to her. Her hint to Andy that she would let her and father and cousin see what she could do is now in process of full completion. When Eyre had suggested to her to run away with him and be married by special license, she had certainly, at the moment, though seeming to dally with the idea, no real intention of following it up. But Sir Ralph's unfortunate coldness of the day before, her father's stern command, and, finally, her cousin's mocking determination not to help her to her folly, had been all too much for her childish pride. She had revolted, once for all. She would show them!

Eyre's last words about the 6:30 train, his earnest, really honest expression as he spoke, had lingered in her memory, and, waiting, locked up in her own room, she had, when night grew, dressed herself in her warmest clothing, and slipping out at the side door, began her journey to Denygra station.

Was there ever so long a mile, or a road so deserted? At first she had prayed that no one might see her on her way to the station; but now she would have given a good deal to hear the sound of cart-wheels, or the joggling of a farmer's horse. But there is no fair anywhere to-day in the neighborhood, and so the road remains empty and quiet.

The moon, coming out at last from behind a bank of dark clouds, serves only to heighten, rather than to lessen, her sense of loneliness. Now each hillock and tree and bunch of furze takes shape and action, and threatens to attack her on every side. The terrors of the night are great to those who know nothing of it, safe within carefully closed doors of house or carriage. To Dulcinea, running along through the dull darkness, a sense of despair, mingled with active fear, is uppermost.

"Silence, how dead; and darkness, how profound!"

In vain she tells herself that it is not really night; that it is only 6 o'clock; that a few months ago, this very hour and time and darkness would still be called day. It is, with a sigh that grows into a sob of passionate relief, that at last she sees the lamps shining in the little station before her, with, over there a quarter of a mile to the left, the glimmering lights of the small town that has given its name to the station.

Hurriedly she enters it, and, reaching the dim platform, that seems enveloped in a cloudy mist, stands irresolute. Only for a moment, however, Eyre has come to her, has seized her hand, is drawing her into the fuller lights beyond.

"Let us stay here," says she in a choking tone. "No one can see us here. And—Oh, a little wildly, it was a long walk! How far—how far I am from home!"

"You are nervous," says he, sensibly; "and it is my fault. I forgot, when I suggested to you that the walk here was only a mile, that it would be undertaken in midwinter. It never occurred to me that 6 o'clock would mean night at this time of year. You must try to forgive me that. What is that you have? Your bag? Give it to me."

The station is such a minor one that, at this hour, it is given up to absolute solitude—almost. In the far distance a sturdy farmer is trudging to and fro, puffing and blowing, and seeking, by eager munchings from the gate to the station-house, to keep some warmth in his body; and just here, where Dulcinea stands, a laborer goes by on his homeward way; and there—over there, where the gloom is thickest—stands, by all the worst luck in the world, Ralph Anketell.

He had been lurching in this part of the neighborhood during the afternoon, and, expecting a parcel by this train, had decided to wait and take it with him. He had seen Eyre's arrival, and wondered at his punctuality, the train not being due for a quarter of an hour or so, had felt a sense of satisfaction in the thought that he was really leaving—a thought justified by the amount of luggage lying on the platform; had designedly withdrawn so far into the shade that he should be unseen by him, not feeling equal to a tête-à-tête with the man he suspects to be his rival; and had seen Dulcinea's nervous entrance, and Eyre's eager greeting her.

It is shaking her. It grows too dreadful to be borne. Eyre is talking to her; she is conscious of that; but no word he utters is clear to her. To go back, to go back!—that one thought, and that only, is beating like a hammer in her brain; but behind it and through it came another—the oddest one, surely—that if she goes she will never see Anketell again.

Presently the mists of her brain clear a little, and she can wonder within herself. Eyre is still talking—kindly, no doubt, and soothingly; but it doesn't seem of any consequence at all what he is saying. Ralph! what will he think when he hears she is gone—gone? What will he think

then? She trembles. She becomes for the first time conscious that she is cold—so cold; it must be the night air. To for one instant imagine their meeting involuntary would be to know himself a fool; and when he sees Eyre possess himself of the small bag that Dulcinea carries, he knows the truth as surely as though all the world were crying it within his ears.

Numbered—stuffed—chilled to the heart's core, he stands watching the girl to whom he has given every thought and desire of his life, willfully making havoc of them.

"Nervous?" says Dulcinea vaguely, staring at Eyre as if hardly understanding him. It has come home to her that certainly he does not understand her. Nervous! is that the word for this awful pain that is tugging at her heart? Oh, what madness had brought her here?

A sense of fear—distinct—clutching that is making her shiver like this. She must go back. She will. Even the dull lights in the station are beginning to and to her terror. Surely—surely everybody is looking at her, wondering about her, gossiping about her!

Yet the one person who in reality is looking at her with an anguish unspeakable is the one person unsuspected by her.

She sighs heavily, as one might whose mind is made up after a long conflict. She throws up her head. Eyre is still speaking.

"We shall not have long to wait now," he is saying; "the train is just due. Come, we had better move a little this way."

"I can't!" She pauses, and looks straight at her companion, a terrible misery in her eyes. It seems as if speech had deserted her. "I won't go any further," she gasps at last, painfully.

"You mean?" questions Eyre, as if not able to grasp the truth that lies so plainly in her white face and gleaming eyes. As he pauses for an answer the shrill whistle of the approaching train cleaves the sharp, crisp air.

"Forgive me," says the girl, trembling in every limb. "I—I thought I could do it, but I can't. I'm frightened—I—"

"I told you you were nervous," says he. "And I know it is a wrench; but surely, darling, it is best for you; you have so often told me how unhappy you were—"

"I must have lied to you," says she solemnly. "Lied. Not meaning it—intentionally; but because I didn't know. I know now. I must go home; I must."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DUEL TO THE DEATH.

Between an Old Gray Rat and a Sleepy Pigeon.

Before the sun had begun to light the streets a pigeon fluttered down from the top of the Federal building and began to search for the seeds and crumbs which chance had scattered.

All day she tracked the muddy stretch of Postoffice Square, of Water and Devonshire streets, and when night was falling tired and footsore, she flew back to the lofty granite coping where she always slept. She nestled her head in the warm feathers on her breast and dreamed of days when leaky corn wagons passed through the city streets, and when the hay market made her ancestors fat.

But the pestilence which walketh in darkness was astir, says the Boston Herald.

Between the floors of the Federal Building, in his nest of rags and string, a great gray rat had slept all day. When darkness had come, and the upper corridors had ceased to echo the passing footsteps, he crept out in the search of food.

In commissioner Hallett's office he found a bit of bread. In the Law Library was an apple-core. But the two together were hardly enough to whet his appetite.

As he crept independent of doors and fastenings behind the plastering and between partitions, he found himself at a window opening on the granite coping. Some one had left the window open a bit and the rat crept out.

Two feet to the right of him was the sleeping pigeon. The rat eyed the ball of blue feathers closely and silently. He crept nearer and nearer, and he hesitated. It looked formidable, but he was hungry.

Finally, with one quick snap, he sunk his teeth into the bird's neck.

With a pitiful little squeak she spread her wings and tried to fly.

The rat's weight bore her down, but her wings lifted her enough to raise her from the coping and to carry her over its edge. The rodent kept gnawing at her throat. He had sunk his teeth so deeply that he was carried out into the air by the bird.

Eighty feet above the pavement the wings fluttered a moment in the effort to support both bodies. At the height of the second story the rat squealed loudly and let go. He struck the pavement heavily, crawled a little way and lay still.

The bird came down gently as she had lived. The coroner in the person of a collector of the night mail, viewed both bodies at 2 o'clock a. m.

Russian Brutality. The Odessa (Russia) Gazette says: "A few days ago a boy was found on the railroad track terribly shaken up and bruised. He said he had tried to steal a ride on a train going to Odessa where he wanted to join his blind mother. The conductors had found him and thrown him headlong from the car, which was running at full speed. The poor fellow died after a few days of great suffering."

The Moon's Pale Light. Poet—How beautiful, how enchanting is the moonlight! There is nothing in nature so poetical. How often have I sung the praises of fair Luna in my poems.

She—I guess that's what makes her look so pale.—Texas Siftings.

You can't convince a girl by arguing that a man is not an angel. The only way to convince her is to let her marry him.

BURIAL OF PEONS.

Treated With Even Less Consideration Dead Than Alive.

When in Mexico four years ago, while in Leon, I made a visit to Celaya. I will never forget the sight they showed me when leaving. In Mexico the peons have to pay \$25

that is the lowest price to bury one of their dead, and after three years the bones are dug up and laid in what I would call the place of souls

so that they can have the room for others. This place of souls is about forty feet square, eighteen feet high, three walls of brick, no roof.

Now, this inclosure was full of skulls, legs and arms, and Friend Warburton and another Mexican, his friend, handled them as you would shoes in a store.

I could not stand the taste and smell. I imagined that I felt the taste in my mouth for several days. I asked Mr. Heyser how it was that the country did not provide a place for the poor peons to rest. If they paid \$300 they could have a lot. Where could a peon, with 25 cents per day and a family of little peons to feed and clothe, save \$300? The most of the peons hire a coffin to be returned for a small sum, but those who can afford it buy a cheap black coffin.

Green Food in Winter. At no period of the year is it so important that provision should be made to furnish poultry with what is understood by the term "green" food, as during the Winter months.

Our fowls are now restricted for the most part, to close quarters and from this time to March or April all the green stuff our birds can obtain must be artificially fed to them—in the shape of cabbages, turnips, etc., or hay stored for this purpose. The latter is an excellent thing to vary the food with and in the absence of vegetables will be eaten eagerly either as rowen or dry chopped hay.

For breeding stock, this green food in some shape—in addition to the morning cooked meal and the allowance daily of grain—is an absolute necessity. Without it, says Poultry World, the eggs depend on for hatching will, in large proportion, prove infertile. For the health and thrift of adult birds, carried through the Winter, do not neglect this provision.

Deprived, as the housed fowls are after December, of the grass and herbage they covet, and which all through the Summer and Autumn they so readily obtain in their open range, they very quickly feel the lack of green food, if not provided with it as above suggested.

Report on Lumpy-Jaw. Dr. D. E. Salmon, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, gives the result of his recent investigation at Chicago concerning the disease of cattle known as "lumpy-jaw."

The report shows splendid results from the use of Potassium iodide. Over 180 affected cattle, many quite seriously, having large tumors about the head and jaw, were treated and afterwards 100 of them slaughtered. A careful examination of the carcasses and internal organs was made. Of the 100 animals killed 65 had been cured.

Dr. Salmon regards this test as indicative of the value of the iodide treatment. He answers the objection raised as to the utility of advising farmers to undertake the cure of their cattle with medicine costing \$3 a pound, by stating that in the experiments recently completed, not even the worst cases required doses of medicine costing over 7 cents daily, and in no case was more than one pound of medicine administered in the treatment of any one animal.

The reports show that the disease is not contagious. Twenty-one head of healthy cattle were kept in the closest contact with the diseased animals experimented upon, even to the extent of eating from the troughs soiled with the matter discharged from the tumors, without showing any signs of being affected by it.

The Egg-Keeping Experiment. The eggs were all wiped when fresh with a rag saturated with some antiseptic and packed tightly in salt, bran, etc. Eggs packed during April and May in salt, and which had been wiped with cotton-seed oil, to which had been added boric acid, kept from four to five months with a loss of nearly one third, the quality of those saved not being good.

Eggs packed in salt during March and April after wiping with vaseline to which salicylic acid had been added, kept four and five months without loss; the quality after four months being much superior to limed eggs. These packed eggs were all kept in barn cellars, the ordinary temperature of each box varying little from 66 degrees F., and each box was turned over once every two days. Little difference was observed in the keeping of the fertile or the infertile eggs, and no difference was noticeable in the keeping qualities of eggs from different fowls or from those on different rations.—New York Experiment Station Report.

Cattle that are housed in the barnyard and fed on a straw-stack will not be a source of much profit for the next few months. And the man who winters his stock in this way is not a stockman—but a scrub.

We have heard farmers say that they could not afford to keep good stock or follow improved methods. This is a fallacy. There is no farmer who can afford not to do these things.

Nebraska

CAN DO MANUFACTURING AS CHEAPLY AS ANY STATE IN THE UNION.

In the Norse Settlement of Gothenburg the Problem is Forever Solved.

While walking down Broadway in New York city about noon one day I saw a crowd of people that almost blocked the sidewalks on both sides of the street. They were watching a very large safe which was being hoisted by pulleys and ropes in front of a high building, evidently intended to be taken into the fifth story through one of the windows. It was at the fourth story and I stopped with the crowd and watched its hardy perceptible movement.

Suddenly, without warning, the ropes broke with pistollike report and the safe shot down through the air faster than my eyes could follow it. There was a great noise, the ground under my feet shook, the crowd surged backward, some falling under foot. Men and women screamed, and frightened horses plunged through the crowd. Every one was either awed or panic-stricken by the presence of great danger.

The safe had crashed through the pavement into a sub-sidewalk basement out of sight. The force of the fall had broken the great flag stones of the pavement for many feet on both sides. The plate glass windows were shattered and even the show cases on the inside of the basement store were ruined.

The fall had been about forty feet. It was a striking exhibition of the power of the falling of a great weight.

At Gothenburg, Neb., they have a direct fall fifty-three and a half feet of a body of water heavier than that enormous safe. It falls on a turbine water wheel of the latest and best make. This wheel supplies power enough to run dozens of the largest factories in the State of Nebraska, and furnishes it at less expense than the coal costs to run one factory in Omaha.

The Commercial Club at Gothenburg will promptly give information either about the town, the surrounding country, or the water power.

By electricity the power to drive the largest mill in the State can be transmitted or taken from this wheel on a wire not larger than a clothes line, one, two, three, six or a dozen miles away.

A few years ago this was not possible. Power had then to be taken from a shaft. Later a wire cable was successfully used for short distances, but now by electricity power can be transmitted under ground, under water, elevated in the air, in any direction, not only yards but miles.

We are passing from the time of steam to the time of electricity. Plans and estimates are now being made to use electricity instead of horses to draw the boats on the Erie Canal from Buffalo to Albany.

Every reliable water power in the country has been suddenly given a value almost inestimable. Either wood or coal is indispensable in making steam. Nebraska has no coal mines, no forests. Cost of freight makes wood not possible as a fuel and coal very expensive. The place that has a water power places will in the future do the manufacturing, will be the best markets and rapidly make the largest cities. The rush to Gothenburg, which has had its power plant completed but little more than a month, shows how keenly alive the Western people are to business advantages and commercial developments.

CHAS. J. WORTHAM.

Economical. He—My dear, why don't you try to be economical? I don't believe that Mrs. Lakeside is as extravagant as you are.

She—Perhaps not in some things. I understand she wore the same mourning dress for three husbands.

The proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for Catarrh and Cold in the head.

I have been afflicted with catarrh for 20 years. It became chronic and extended to my throat, causing hoarseness and great difficulty in speaking, indeed for years I was not able to speak more than thirty minutes, and often this with great difficulty. I also, to a great extent, lost the sense of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm all droppings of mucous has ceased and my voice and hearing has greatly improved.—Jas. W. Davidson, Attorney at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

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The greatest of all duties is the present one.

California Homes. To any party or parties intending to move to California: Should correspond at once with the undersigned, sole agents for the Pleyto Colony Lands. P. FRY & SON, Pleyto, Monterey County, California.

Toolhouses in Distant Fields. Where a farm is a large one a toolhouse at the corner where four fields meet in the part most distant from the house is a paying investment. It need not be large enough to hold a reaper or mowing machine, but of sufficient size to give shelter during a sudden shower to men working in the fields, and to save from loss their tools when they leave work at night. The first of this kind we saw was built for use in maple sugar making times, but was kept or rather rebuilt, after the maple orchard had been cut away.

A CITY'S GOOD FORTUNE.

St. Louis About to Receive a Million Dollars from Unusual Source.

St. Louis, Feb. 10.—Before the close of the year St. Louis will have received a million dollars which it will not know how to spend. The sale of the old city hall, and its contents which will be abandoned by all the city offices this summer for the new building in Washington Park, has been decided on, and the Union Trust Company, which will be sold, will probably over a million dollars, but the money obtained by their sale will have to be spent in buying other market place for the hucksters. City officials generally believe that this money should be spent in a park, but there have been a dozen ways proposed of spending it. The city may build a conduit system; it may have another great sewer along the bank of the River des Peres, or it may establish free baths. The money will not be enough for one of these objects, not all.

St. Louis was the first city in the United States that took from Germany the plan of teaching children in kindergartens and from here the plan spread all over the country. The whole week has been devoted by teachers of the city to the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the opening of the kindergarten work. Inhibitions of kindergarten here have been given in some of the schools each year and there were several lectures and essays on the system, among the one by Prof. William T. Harris, first superintendent of public schools here, and after that one of the teachers in the famous Concord School of Philosophy.

Visitors to the St. Louis Exposition this year, as well as the tourists at the World's Fair, will be surprised by the exhibit this city will make at the places of the excellent work its many training schools are doing. Education generally so well understood the superiority of the St. Louis schools, this kind that one-fifth of the space reserved at the World's Fair for this sort of exhibits has been given our manual training men, and they will make a much more complete display of the work at the local Exposition. The manual training classes here are attended by the sons of the wealthiest parents, and many a youth heir to a fortune, coming out of the University with his degree, is unable to build his own house without a father is to pay for it.

Signal Officer Hammon is a man of very original ideas, and all which has put into operation in the weather office here have proved to be of great advantage to the people living in the country. It is the farmer whom the Observer wants to benefit. He was the first to send out through the country the weather signals, whistles of the mills in the country that warned the farmer of approaching changes. He has just begun to collect weekly reports from all the wheat-growing sections of the West, showing how the weather is affecting the wheat in those parts. These reports he sends out free to the country towns and the farmers are thus kept advised of the crop prospects quickly and satisfactorily. snow is hurting the wheat in the Northwest, and is coming this winter the farmer learns of it two or three days before it gets to his fields.

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