BY A. CURTIS YORKE.

CHAPTER X-CONTINUED . "Father: how white your face is" Cyril said, after a minute or two tooking up curiously into the haggard white as cousin Charlie's was to-day when he was here. He was walting for you. I heard him tell Forguson so -but you did not come. He did not see me because I was behind one of the window-curtains. And do you know." continued the child, with an awed inflection in his voice. "I think he must be almost as fond of mother as you are; because he looked at her picture, that one over the mantelpiece. for such a long time, and then he sat down at the table and cried!-yes. he really did, father for ever so long, as if some one had hurt him."

Denham moved slightly, but he did not speak. A vague wonder fitted through his mind as to whether it were possible that he had ever felt jealous of Charlie Coringham's wellgraced guilty Olive Perhaps he had been, years ago - how many years ago! Centuries it seemed.

There was another long silence; then Cyril said in a perplexed voice: thought grown up men never cried. father?

"They do sometimes," said Denham, with a dreary smile.

Shall I, when I grow up do you sposo?" went on the little fellow. knitting his baby brows. "I hope not my son," answered his

father. looking sadly down at the carnest little face. "Do you sometimes, father?

you when you want to see mother very much indeed?" Denham did not answer. He lifted the boy from his knee to the ground; then he said, speaking with a painful

Cyril-I am very tired. I-I cannot talk to you to night. Go to nurse now. my boy. Good-night." He held the child to him as he spoke, and let his lips touch the closecropped hair.
'Good-night God bless you. I

hope you'll sleep well" said Cyril capidly employing his usual goodnight formula. His nurse always said to him and he ever since he could speak had always said it to his father and mother who had often smiled at the quantly sounding words from the childish lips. But to night they struck Denham's heart with a bitter sense of pain and mockery.

Cyril walked slowly to the door;

then all at once he ran back again and flinging his arm round his father's meck. barst into passionate tears.

Oh, I want to say gool-night to mother." he sobbed. "I want to feel her kiss me and call me darling. Oh, I do want her so.'

Denham grew deathly white. He soothed the poor little fellow as best he could then took him in his arms. and carried him up to the nurseries.

When he came down again, the moon had risen, and shone into the fast-darkening room-shone on Olive's pictured face as it hung above the mantelpiece, seeming to regard the tonely miserable man with a cold. mocking smile

Denham sat down at the table, and buried his face in his arms.

Harcourt Kennard, coming in an hour afterward found him sitting there still-the room unlit save by the moon, which shed a pale chill startled listeners with terrible ghastly gut over his bent head and motion. as Agura leaving Olive's portrait in deep shadow.

Kennard touched him tightly co

the shoulder, and he started to his feet with a hoarse cry.

I can see no one? he exclaimed incoherently—no one? Then, pressing his hand to his forehead, he went •Ah! it is you Kennard. You-startled me. I did not hear you

The door opened again, this time to

admit Ferguson with the lamp.

When they were once more alone.

Denham said in a broken, almost inaudible tones:

Have you - seen her?" There was something almost pitiful in the in-tensity of the look in his eyes as he spoke. 'Yes," answered Kennard briefly.

Did she -did she say anything Turther?"

"Nothing."
"Did she " went on the other, and there was a ring of agony in his deep voice — did she speak of —me?"
Kennard shook his head

Denham bit his lips nervously, and turned his face away.

There was a short silence: then Kennard said somewhat abruptly:

"I have been talking to Virrel today. He has just come home from St. Petersburg. He thinks as I do. that there is something about the aifair that none of us as yet understand: and he suggests'

What?" asked Denham in an exhausted kind of way, as the other

.That we should employ the valuable agency of clairvoyance." continued Kennard. Indeed, he has promised to secure the services of a lebrated clairvoyant at as early a date as possible. I asked him to do so; for I mean to get to the bottom of this affair. Yes I know you are sceptical regarding the science." he went on as the other made a gesture of impatience; "but I have good reason to believe in it: for by means of this same clairvoyance I was enabled to throw off a burden that was destroying me, body and soul."
Denham rose and walked up and

down that room once or twice; but he did not speak. "At any rate," resumed Kennard.

It is a chance, and in a matter of life and death we cannot afford to neglect

the frailest chance."

·Oh! in heaven's name, try any-thing—do anything—that you think

may clear my darling's name from this awful, hideous charge," answered Denham with passionate emphasis.

If there is anything in it at all, surely it is in a case like this where all other means have failed, that its value should appear. But I forget I always forget." he went on. wildly—thatshe herself tacitly acknowledges the crime. Nothing can save her. I wish to God they had proved it against me and spared her!"

CHAPTER XI.

With Bated Breath.
Virrel succeeded in securing the services of a young Irish girl who was, at the time I write, creating some stir in psychical circles by reason of her extraordinary powers of clairvoyance, which, indeed, in some cases had proved almost marvelous. She was quite young-eighteen at the most-with pale, sharp features, singularly deep-set eyes and a profusion of ash-colored hair.

It was 9:15 p. m.; a fine, dry night, but blowing a perfect hurricane. The windows of Virrel's sitting room windows of Virrel's sitting room shook and rattled eerily; it was one of these nights which, owing to a cortain state of the atmosphere. affect some peculiarly organized natures with a queer sense of depression and unrest

The room was but dimly lit; the heavy velvet curtains dividing it from the inner apartment (which Virrel used as a study) were closely drawn. The occupants of the outer room were Sir Keith Deaham, Harcourt Kennard and two dete tives-Simon Scott and an equally astute colleague.

Kennard looked pale and anxious. Denham was absolutely ghastly, and shaking like a woman. He had the look of a man on the brink of a serious illness. They were standing on the hearthrug looking down into the dull red depths of the fire; the two other men were sitting with folded arms and immovable faces at the other end of the room. A dead sience reigned -a silence which at last ecame oppressive and unbearable. Dennam moved suddenly.

"I-I an't stand this Kennard." he said hoarsely. "I must go."
At that moment Virrel appeared

between the curtains, and raised one hand with a beckoning gesture. Kennard put his hand within Denham's arm and led him into the inner room. The two detectives followed.

A faint, unearthly light was shed over the center of this room by a curiously-chased lamp, which as it burned, diffused a strange heavy fragrance. The young clairvoyante lay back in a large arm-chair, her face white and rigid, her eyes closed. her hands hanging limply at her sides. An elderly, gray-haired woman sat somewhat in the shadow. She was knitting; and her lips moved ceaselessly, though soundlessly. Virrel waited until there was perfect silence in the room, then took from his pocket-book a piece of short fair hair slightly tinged with gray, and bending over the unconscious girl with a few whispered words put it into her right hand, and held the left for a few moments in his

A curious hush fell over the room; the wind had suddenly died down, and only swept past the windows at

intervats in-long, sobbing moans. Presently the girl stirred slightly. and her lips moved in an unintelligible murmur. Then all at once she began to speak, her utterance clear, distinct and rapid. Edgar Ver-schoyle's life, from the date of his supposed death at the time of the railway accident was laid bare to the realism—his illness his subsequent detention in a lunatic asylum. his recovery, and finally his search for his wife which proved successful. The interview between the murdered man and the lady who called at the hotel in Dover street on that fateful Sunday night was given in a way that exactly corresponded with Barnes's state-ment. Only with this difference that where Barnes hal heard but scraps of the conversation, the clair coyante the bottle." now repeated, not only these scraps, but what came solore and after as well. Scott. who was carofully comparing the girl's words with his notes felt puzzled. and under the impression that he was assisting at something not altogether human"—as he put it. Lady Denham's appearance was then described too correctly, alas! to leave any doubt as to her identity. Afterward came the interview between Verschoyle and Sir Keith, which agreed in every particular with the previous evidence. At this Denham, in spite of his skepticism was staggered and confounded: for the girl mentioned one circumstance in connection with the interview which though trifling in itself, bore a cur ous significance. It was this: Dur ng their inter/ew Verschoyle had been slipping up and down his third finger a very peculiar signet-ring he wore—a large intaglio. representing a singularly repulsive looking death's head. Donham had noted it almost unconsciously. Twice the ring slipped of Verschoyle's finger altogether, and fell to the ground. The second time it rolled to Sir Keith's feet: and he, almost beside himself at the other's nonchalance. kicked it contemptuously toward its owner. The unconscious girl in her sweet monotonous voice described all this and also the appearance of the ring itself, with curious minuteness. Denham almost doubted his own ears. What strange power was this, that reproduced past scenes with such horrible fa.thfulness? He himself had forgotten the incident of the r ng until now: and he wondered, in

The girl went on, her tones becoming slightly more excited but still singularly sweet and clear:

become of that ring, for it was cer-

tainly not produced at the nquest.

He is in a room large and dimly lit with a shary conservatory. It is full of plants and delicate graceful A woman is with him, tall and slight. I cannot see her face-"

Hero Sir Keith uttered a sharp in-

voluntary exclumation. He was lean- FARM AND HOUSEHOLD. ing slightly forward in his chair, his hands opening and shutting convul-sively, a terrible, strained intensity in his face and attitude. Virrel raised his hand with a warning gesture; and the girl went on excitedly: 'I can see her face now—it is the

woman who called herself his wifewho said he should not escape her. Her face is pale and set, and her eyes are shining strangely, one of her hands is held behind her; in it she holds some sharp instrument. I can see the gleam of steel."

"Describe the instrument," said Virrel.

She hesitated, then said:

.It has a sharp, three-cornered blade, and a curious handle-two gold hands clasping a ruby heart. She is speaking rapidly and excitedly. He is quite calm. and a cruel sneer is on his lips. They speak so low, I cannot very well hear their words-Ah! now she cries. 'You will not?' I will not,' he answers. He turns aside with a careless laugh to brush something off his coat slee: e. In an instant she raises her right hand-I see the dagger flash-Ah, heaven! what has she done?-blood is flowing from his heart"-

A hoarse laugh from Denham interrupted her.
..My God!' he gasped fiercely,

springing to his feet- · I will listen to no more of this jugglery. It is a lie, I teli you. It is"——
But Kennard with a muttered oath,

forced him back into his chair again, and Virrel, leaning over him, made a few rapid passes with his hands. Denham struggled for a few minutes; then his eyes closed, his head fell back, and he lay still.

His cry seemed to have startled the sleeping girl; she moaned slightly and moved her head uneasily.

'Go on," said Virrel sternly.
"I can hardly see," she murmured after a pause. She-the womanshe is bending over him -she has taken a ring from his finger-I can see no more -no more -all is dark -' TTO BE CONTINUED. 1

WONDERFUL STRENGTH.

A Beetle That Propelled 112 Times Its Own Weight.

"Mr. Goose in his "World of Wonders," relates the following remarkable story of the strength of a beetle, and gives some ingenious comparisons: 'The three horned beetle has just astonished me by proving its wonderful bodily strength. When it was first brought to me, having no box immediately at hand. I was at a loss where to put him until I could find time to kill and preserve him. At last a happy thought struck me. There was a quart bottle of milk sit-ting on the table the bottom of the bottle having a hollow in it and large enough to allow my prize to stand erect in it. I soon put him in his glass prison and turned to my work. ·Presently. to my great surprise.

the bottle began to move slowly and then gradually settled down to a smooth gliding motion across the table. I instantly divined the cause. It was being propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect beneath. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three and one-half pounds. while the weight of the beetle could not have been any way near half an

.Thus I was watching the strange sight of a living creature moving 112 disadvantageous circumstances. better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this feat by supposing a lad of 12 years to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's cathedral, London. The bell weighs six tons. If a boy of the age mentioned could push within and cause the beil to glide along the pavement his strength would not be equal in pro-portion to that of the beetle under

Boys is hawrid. That's what all gurls sez. Thay don't think so but they sa so soz thay wunt get plaged. Boys likes to hav gurls think thay ur tuf. I lik tuf boys. Mi big sisstur sez tuf boys is the

best. Shes had speryunce. I hav never that of gettin married but Iv had lots uv chances.

Boys is yusful. They clim tres and steel things fur the gurl thay like best. Sicks diffurnt boys sez thay liks me best.

Gurls pretends thay donnt car fur boys. Gurls hoo sez thay doant car fur boys wunt go to heven. Guris mus tell the trooth if thay go to heven. Mi big sissur nevur wili go

After whil boys is men. When qoys get chune towbacks thay ar men. Boys is better than men.

Marbles.

Fond mother: "And so you think the Eigin marbles' the best Mr. Brush?" Our artist: 'Oh, yes! decidedly so." Fond mother: 'I should be so much obliged if you would get a few for my Johnny next time you're in town. Mr. Brush, if they're not too expensive. The dear child's always losing his."—London Fun.

The Variable Mother-in-Law. Ma-Extravagant saphoad! Two hundred dollars for a diamond stud!

Daughter-But he's going to have the stone matched for earrings for a confused kind of way; what had

Think of it!

Ma-What a thoughtful dear he is! -Jewelers' Weekly.

Jacob in Clover.

Jacob Gegley. living along the Perclomen creek, near Quakertown, Md. gathered enough feathers to make four good-sized feather beds after a flock of about 500 wild geese had spent the night in a swamp on his place on their way north.

WAYS AND MEANS OF ENJOY ING LIFE ON A FARM.

Clubs and Debating Societies—Symptoms of Hog Cholers-Clover Hay Worm-Au Acre of Hens-Pork Pointers and Household Helps.

Social Life Among Farmers.

Enough is written and suggested how to do farmers' work, how to sow or plant and how to reap and garden and how to buy or sell—in fact to do anything and everything to make money. And it is true that that is desirable. But that is not all of farm life. It is in order to take into consideration ways and means within reach of the poorest and humblest of how to enjoy life—not only to eat, drink and sleep, but to enjoy what-ever has been provided mentally, physically and socially.

Years ago farmers' clubs were in order. Farmers would meet at the district school house and discuss modes and methods of how to do this or that particular kind of work. But the farmers' wives and daughters were not "in it," so the clubs were invited to meet at private houses. The evening meeting was turned into a day meeting and the membership included a larger num-ber and the outside circle grew larger in proportion. The informal "talk" developed into essays. Music and refreshments were introduced and a right good time they had of it. Sometimes men of mark, successful men, visited these clubs, and editors and correspondents of agricultural and scientific papers addressed the clubs. The farm or nursery or dairy was looked over and many a mental note was taken and reduced to practice on other farms and the reverse was also noted and had it been written out it would have read: "Things to be avoided if you desire success." No farmer who loved his calling was ever the poorer for what outlay he made to entertain his neighbors and friends.

Well knowing that debating so-cieties are ridiculed, I hesitate not a moment to recommend their organization, especially for the younger members of the family, writes C. W. Murtfeldt in the St. Louis Republic. When properly conducted they are of immense benefit. Man is a social being; he needs rest and recreation His ambition should be directed in a proper channel. Looked at as an animal only, man is the only animal that laughs, and he should laugh; indeed, if he laughed more and oftener he would need less physic. Man need not smirk and snicker and grin continually, but when wit and humor incites, let him laugh heartily and loud as if he enjoyed it. The proverb says: "Laugh and grow fat."

Now, a good debating society does at times offer great inducements to exercise this faculty. Again, if good shall result it may and should incite to reading and study. "Wonder where that little fellow got all that information," you may here one or the other remark. Or someone else who came prepared will startle the society by exclaiming that a certain quotation was incorrect and he has the documents to prove it. Parliamentary rules are studied, not so much to govern that particular society, but to fit men for the common times its own weight under the most council or the legislature or the bar. Many a lawyer or judge got his start first in that direction from a local schoolhouse debating society.

The charm of social life in the suburbs is enhanced by clubs, where questions of the day are brought forward by essays and papers, which generally are discussed by members present. This kind of entertainment is possible in every neighbor-hood of intelligent people. Of course, such are readers and thinkers.

The simplest form of organization is all that is necessary, namely, a president and vice president, a secretary and assistant, and that is all. These duplicated insure one or the other's presence. If the secretary uses his office as he may, the reading of the minutes is often very entertaining, because there is no cessity of a verbatim report. It is best not to have refreshments unless the meeting is announced to be of a social nature and then only once in a while. There may be an executive committee to arrange for topics and places, and also a committee on No fees are required. It is music. hoped that these hints, briefly given, may induce many to employ the means at hand for social and musical improvement, and thus make the winters pass pleasantly and profitably.

Save This for Reference. Symptoms of hog cholera are de-

scribed by the Iowa state board of health as follows: The presence of the disease is indicated by a cold shivering, lasting from a few seconds to several hours; frequent sneezing, followed by a loss of appetite; roug! appearance of the hair, drooping of the cars, stupidness, attempts vomit, tendency to root the bedding to lie down in dark and quiet places, duliness of the eyes, often dim; sometimes swelling of the head, eruptions of the ears and other parts of the body; dizziness, laborious breathing, vitiated appetite for dung, dirty and salty substances, accumulation of mucus in inner corner of the eye. discharge from the nose, fetid offensive odor of the discharges from the bowels, offensive exhalations; diarrheal discharges are semi-fluid, of grayish green color and often mixed with blood. In many cases the skin on the belly between the hind legs, behind the ears and even the nose has numerous red spots which toward the fatal termination turn purple. As the disease progresses, the animal becomes slug- | for a few cents.

gish, the head droops with the nose near the ground, but usually will be found lying down with the nose hid in the bedding. If there has been costiveness, about two days before death there will be offensive fetid discharge; the voice becomes faint and hoarse; the animal is stupid, emaciation increases rapidly; the skin becomes dry, hard, and very unclean; there is a cold, clammy sweat, and death soon follows, with convulsions, or gradually by ex-haustion, without a struggle. In chronic cases, or those of long duration, the animal becomes weak, lies down most of the time, ests but little and has the diarrhea. These cases may linger for weeks, scattering the poison of the disease in the discharge wherever they go. -Colman's Rural World.

An Acre of Hens.

Go ahead and build one house that will accommodate 100 fowls. Put a partition through the middle and keep your fowls in two flocks of fifty Divide your acre into four yards and use the yards alternately. In the fall plow up two of the yards and sow to rye. As soon as it is up a few inches put your fowls in those yards. The rye will furnish green food until snow comes in winter wherever the fowls can get at the ground, and the first thing in the spring. Should the rye be likely to grow too high in the fall, just turn your cow in for, a little while oc-casionally, and let her feed it down.

Keep your hens on these yards until plowing time next spring, then turn them into the other yards where the grass will be nice and fresh. Plough under what is left of the rye and plant the yards to corn and sunflowers. We have kept hens in this way-fifty in a flock, 100 in one house -and there was not a case of sickness among the old fowls during the entire winter. 'And we made over \$100 in clear cash from the sale of eggs from those 100 hens, so we do not hesitate to declare that more than twenty-five fowls can be kept profitably in one flock. No, we didn't sell any of the eggs at fancy prices; they were sold at the average price of twenty cents a dozen. Ask yourself if you have an acre within the limits of your farm that pays \$100 or even fifty dollars.—Fannie Field in Prairie Farmer.

The Clover Hay Worm.

The farmer who finds in his mow the webs, of the clover hay worm should read and act upon the advice of Professor Osborn, of the Iowa agricultural college, who says: Where these webs are found I would advise a thorough cleaning out of the infested mow and burning of all the webbed and worthless hay containing the worms. Otherwise there will be developed an enormous number of moths to lay eggs in the coming seasons' erop of hay and the probability of worse damage another year than has occurred heretofore. It is exactly under such conditions, the holding over of masses of infected hay, that the worms find the best opportunity for increase, and, while it may involve some labor and apparent loss at the time, it may be considered, as next to throwing hay away to store it over a mass of hay previously infested, except that the upper portion will probably escape any serious damage. It is possible that worms could be killed by use of bisulphide of carbon without removing the hay, but I hesitate to recommend it, as I know of no case where it has been used for this pest and because of the danger connected with its use, especially in a barn where lanterns may be brought, making possible the ignition of the fumes.— Farmer's Review.

Pork Pointers.

Keep close supervision of the swine so that they may get all they want to eat and no more.

Some people seem to be afraid to apply whitewash to the hog pen. It is a good cleanser and is cheap. Don't complain that your sows eat

chickens and hens when you throw dead chickens or offal from them in the hogs' way. Why does the sow stray away from

the herd to find a secluded place to farrow? See to it that you have a quiet place provided for her. The small, unmarketable potatoes should be boiled, mashed and mixed

with bran and fed to the hogs. Don't allow anything to go to waste. In all litters are uneven, weak

and altogether unsatisfactory the sire is at fault; if but one or two litters are in such condition the fault is more likely with the sow.

Household Helps.

A neat laundry bag can be made of white Java canvas worked in block pattern with red embroidery cotton. Flatirons should be kept as far re-

moved from the steam of cooking as possible, as this is what causes them

Sandwiches can be made some hours before needed if kep t in a cool place snugly covered with a damp cloth. They should be piled clesely upon a dish. A good broom-holder may be made

by putting two large screws-nails will answer-into the wall about two inches apart. Drop the broom between them, handle downward. Any woman doing her own work

may so systematize it that it will be the easiest possible for her. She need not follow any other person's methods, unless they are the very best for her own conditions.

There is a false economy, which costs more than it returns; such as saving old medicine bottles, partially used prescriptions, the tacks from the carpet, or working days to save or make that which may be bought

Remit year money to George R He General Passengor Agent, Chicago waukee & St. Paul Railway, at C Ill., and the pictures will be sent pe to any specified address. They will handsome holiday gift.

Ceylon tea planters are making a organized attempt to obtain a sale for their tea seed in the London market. A parcel of seven bags of that article was offered at the drug sales recently, but no one seemed to know what to do with it, and although the broker declared that the drug was "a favorite medicine in China," the audience remained unmoved. Nevertheless that tea seed might have been worth purchasing for the sake of the bland oil which it contains, to the extent of about 35 per cent by weight, and which rewhich it contains, to the extent of about 35 per cent by weight, and which resembles olive oil in color and somewhat in taste. The seeds are about the size of a cherry stone, sub-globular in shape, and of a deep brown color. The all would be useful for burning or lubil cating.—London Chemist and Druggist.

Home Seekers' Excursion via the M. E

On Jan. 0, 1894, the M. K. & T. railway.

On Jan. 0, 1894, the M. K. & T. railway.

On Jan. 0, 1894, the M. K. & T. railway.

Will have on sale from all its northern may be supported by the state of the round trip. These tickets are limited to 30 day from date of sale and will permit a stooyer on the going trip at any point in the state of Texas, only within the final limit.

This is your opportunity to secure a home in the sunny south, where lands are cheap and harvests plentiful.

James Bakur.

G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, No.

Paola Montegazz of Florence has been recently giving his opinions in a German paper on the women of Europe. To the Spanish women he gives the palm for beauty. "The Spanish woman," he says, "is bewitchingly beautiful. She has small hands and feet, and large eyes, like the open windows of a sunburnt marble palace: a figure full of grace and life, and long, wavy dark hair. She is very religious, very ignorant, very jealous, sensitive, idle and proud."

The Western Trail
Is published by the Great Rock Island
Route, and is issued quarterly. It will be
sent free for one year by addressing Editor
Western Trail, Chicago. JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

Orchard Drainage. Orchard land needs to have the moist ure drained off after the frost is out of the ground. If well underdrained, clay soil, underlaid with clay is best.

has been proved by observation that ground so underdrained is but little affected by long spells of wet weather or by drouths, and success by fruit growing can be safely insured.

Whether level or rolling, each orchard should have a system of tile drains laid from three and one-half to four fee deep. Care should be taken in laying the tile with regularity. Any depression in the drain will be filled with deposit, and roots will find earth to take hold of and thus give trouble.

Go South Via the Wabash.

Tourists' tickets now on sale to all points.

Homescokers' tickets at half fare on excursion dates, Dec. 12th, Jan. 9th, Feb. 3th,

March 18th, April 10th and May 8th. For
rates or folders giving full description of
lands, climate, &c., call at Wabash Ticket
office, No. 1502 Farnam Street, or write
GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agt..

Omahs, Neb.

Cherries were known in Asia as far back

HAVE YOU GOT A DOLLAR!

HAVE YOU GOT A DOLLAR!

DO YOU WANT A JOB?

The railroads are going to employ 29,00 young men and women—they have to do so if you want a job we can help you; whether you are experienced or not. Clerks, Trainmen and Mechanics are constantly needed. Our Guide to Railroad Employment give all necessary information. Thousands have obtained situations in the same way. It is compiled by a prominent railroad man. It not as represented money refunded. They are selling fast, and only a limited number to be sold. You can make more money in a year by railroading than can be made anywhere else in face. Price 81, postage free; send orders to THE RAILWAY UTIDE & PUB. CO., 118 No. 16th St., OMAHA, NEE

OMÁHA BUSINESS HOUSES. Omaha STOVE REPAIR

GRAIN Bought and sold on margins. Write for Circular. Hawkeye Commission Co., No. 3 Now York Life, Onsha.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to F. & RUSTIS, Gen'l Pass, Agent C., B. & Q. R. R. Chicago, III. Second-Hand Breviet

**Body Type** For Sale Cheap.

We have one thousand pounds of brevis body type in good condition, made of sur metal by Barnhart Bros. & Spiads, manufacturers of the famous superior copper-mixed type. We will sell it fonts of 100 pounds or more, to be deliv-ered as soon as we get on bur ness, at the

25 Cents a Pound. Place Your Order Now

WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION, 94 West Jackson St. CHICAGO, ILL

40 BOOKS To introduce our light by the seribers. Sample copy and List of books Free Write this week. Homestead Co., 511 So. 12th St., Land of books Free Write this week. FREE Homestead Co., 511 So. 12th St., Land of books Free Write this week.

FOR Second Hand, 25 Horse Will be sold at a great Bar gain. Write H. C. AKIN, et Sur So. 13th St., Omaha Neb