

# Belgrave Mystery.

BY A. CURTIS YORKE.

## CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Then she became silent. Virrol, who was looking exceedingly pale, laid his hand for a few seconds on her forehead, and again took her left hand in his pressing his fingers on the wrist above the faintly-beating pulse. Then he said in a low voice:—  
"This woman whom you describe—can you put yourself in communication with her?—are you in sympathy with her?"  
The girl shuddered; then said, almost inaudibly, "Yes."  
Virrol set his lips firmly; he grew even paler than before; then he said in clear, steady tones, "Bring her here!"  
At this Strain Scott smiled sardonically.  
"Ah, she'll be clever if she does that," he said, with a shake of his head.  
In a few seconds the girl's face changed; she half-raised herself—her head bent forward, her right hand moving restlessly, as though in blind search for something as yet unseen. There was a breathless silence; the lamp burned lower; the dying wind sighed faintly at the window.  
It was a strange, weird scene. The richly furnished room, its corners scarcely visible in the ghastly lamplight—the young girl's colorless, clear-cut face, almost beautiful in its rapt intensity—Denham's helpless attitude, and white, unconscious features—Virrol and Kennard scarcely less pale—the rigid, motionless figures of the other two men—and the old woman knitting rapidly but silently in her corner—all might have been under some old-world spell.  
Quite a quarter of an hour passed. At the end of that time a bell rang sharply; and almost immediately swift light footsteps were heard ascending the stairs. The detectives glanced at each other and moved uneasily.  
And then a marvelous thing happened.  
The door of the outer room opened and but—the curtains were parted—and there in the midst of the draperies stood a slim woman's figure, the face so white and so pale.  
The detectives sprang to the feet, started out of all their professional self-possession; and Scott exclaimed in great excitement:  
"Lady Denham! By all that's wonderful!"  
A simultaneous exclamation of dismay broke from Kennard and Virrol. The latter dropped the clairvoyant's hand, and she sank back in her chair with a long sobbing sigh. Denham never stirred. Did he not know that his wife was so near to him?  
Slowly—slowly—the new-comer raised her veil, and disclosed the features not of Lady Denham—but of Felise Devorne!  
There was a petrified pause; then an amazed exclamation from the detectives, and a low fervent ejaculation from Kennard of, "Thank God!"  
Felise's eyes were closed, her hands slightly extended, her whole appearance that of a sleep-walker. Virrol raised his hand to enjoin silence, then taking Felise gently by the wrist he led her to a chair, and said in a voice that rang almost sternly through the quiet room:  
"Speak!—and tell what you know of Edgar Verschoyle!"  
She sat silent for a few moments, then she began to speak brokenly and uncertainly, and almost as though the words were forced from her against her will.  
As she spoke Kennard wrote rapidly.  
"I became acquainted with Edgar Verschoyle many years ago—eighteen or so perhaps, when I was a happy young girl. He was a gentleman, well-looking and rich. I—well, I was not a lady, I suppose, but I was pretty, he was pleased to say, and I loved him. He took me away from the peaceful little French village where I was born; and we went to Ireland, where he married me at a small town called Kildanagon. At least, he pretended to marry me. When he tired of me, which was soon, woefully soon, I found that there had been no marriage. Ten years ago I went to New York to be maid to Lady Denham, then Mrs. Verschoyle. She was sweet and good, and treated me as no other mistress had ever done; and I adored her. She was most miserable for her wretched husband ill-treated her cruelly, as he had once ill-treated me. He drank and gambled. They said he was mad. He may have been. He did not seem to care that I was in the house. He was as indifferent as though we had never met. And I—I never told my mistress. I kept my secret. They had no children. Well, he had gone on a journey and there was a railway accident. He was heard, was among the killed. We saw him as we thought, lying dead, his evil, handsome face disfigured beyond all recognition. And we thanked le bon Dieu for his death—I openly, my mistress secretly, for she was proud. Two years later, when we were traveling on the continent, my mistress married Sir Keith Denham. They seemed happy; enough, until one year ago—happy in themselves and in their son, little Cyril, the only child they ever had. Then I saw the old look of misery on my mistress's face, and I knew Sir Keith had brought it there. There were bitter words and scenes between them. He was jealous to madness of his cousin, Mr. Corringham, who I knew well, had loved Lady Denham first. Time went on and things grew worse; until one Sunday not long ago, I was crossing the Green Park, when, to my horror, I recognized, coming toward me, the man I believed dead and buried—Edgar Verschoyle. He recognized me, too, and made me stay to speak to him. He laughed

when I said we thought him dead; he said that he was coming to claim his wife, that he had been seeking for her for years, and that all his love for her had revived; that he had found out that she was married again, but that he would claim her before all the world. He talked to me for long and told me many things. I was paralyzed when I knew what his reappearance would mean for my beloved mistress and the little Cyril. For Sir Keith I did not care at all; I disliked him for his haughty looks and words to me. Nevertheless, though Sir Keith was not the husband for her, he was better than the other, for his faults were at least those of a gentleman. I implored Verschoyle to listen to me, but he would not. He said that on the morrow he would claim his wife, and that her son should never be Sir Cyril. At night I went to his hotel (for I followed him when we parted, and noted where he went). I entreated him with tears; but he laughed at me, that old, cruel laugh that had always maddened me. And then—then I tried to kill him. I failed that time; but—I waited. On the evening of Monday I heard part of his interview with Sir Keith. Afterward I met him in the hall and he ordered me, in his insolent fashion, to send my mistress to him. I refused. Later, I was in the library. He came in, and again ordered me to send her to him there, or he would claim her in the midst of her guests. A sudden thought struck me. I beckoned him into the room, saying I feared being overheard. Alone with him there—looking on his face with its cold, devilish smile—listening to his mocking words—I went mad. I stabbed him—stabbed him to his false, wicked death—with this!" Here she slowly drew from under the thick coils of her hair an exquisitely-fashioned dagger, its handle two golden hands clasping a ruby heart!

There was a horrified, speechless silence for perhaps ten seconds. Then Scott was heard to exclaim under his breath:  
"Oh, Lord!"  
"Hush!" commanded Virrol in a stern whisper. Then to Felise: "Go on."  
She moved the dagger slowly up and down two or three times; then she concluded in a low, changeless monotone:  
"When, after the inquest, I heard that suspicion was likely to fall on my mistress, the thought came to me to accuse Sir Keith. It seemed to me the only way. Thus she would be free—quite free of both. I perjured myself for her sake; and what was my reward? She ordered me from her presence as though I had been a dog—she said to me words no woman could ever forgive—she, this mistress whom I had adored, for whose sake I had committed crimes. And my love changed to bitter hatred. And now it is her turn to be scorned and humiliated! She shall die!" Here the speaker clenched her teeth. "She shall die a shameful death, and no one can ever know that the crime was mine—"  
At this moment, Denham, who had not been in a state of mind or body to remain long under even Virrol's powerful hypnotic influence, sprang unsteadily to his feet and fell back again with a heavy crash which startled Felise from her trance-like sleep. With a sharp scream she leaped from her chair and gazed round her with staring eyes, full of a quickening horror.  
"Where am I," she cried, excitedly.  
"What have I said?"  
"You have confessed in the presence of these witnesses to the murder of Edgar Verschoyle," said Kennard, sternly. "Here is your confession. Listen to it." He read it over slowly and deliberately, Felise watching his face as if fascinated, while he read.  
When he had finished, she shuddered violently, and let the dagger drop to the ground.  
"I am lost!" she shrieked wildly.  
"They know all, and now she has come to accuse me. Mercy—mercy!"  
She fell upon her knees before Kennard as she spoke, and shrieked despairingly:  
"Save me! Save me!"  
"You confess then?" was the inexorable answer.  
"Yes! Oh, yes!—I will—I do!"  
"Swear it—and sign this paper."  
"Will it save me?" cried the wretched woman. "If I confess all, and beg for mercy, will it save me?"  
"It is your only chance," said Kennard calmly, and with pardonable mendacity.  
A few minutes later, Felise had given the required proofs of her guilt; and, at a signal from Kennard, the two detectives stepped forward.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### He Was Very Young.

The class in meteorology at the University of Texas was up for examination.  
"Has the mean temperature fallen off during the past three centuries?" asked Professor Snore.  
Student—"I can't remember anything that happened so far back I only entered the university last year."  
—Texas Sitings.

### Music of a Master.

Rubinstein, when in the Caucasus, was in the habit of playing the piano for hours in the day, or rather night. Five or six hundred people used to assemble between 11 at night and 2 in the morning, listening with rapt attention and in religious silence to the flood of harmony created by the master.

### In Confidence.

Old Friend—"You should always take your wife into your confidence. Women appreciate that sort of thing."  
De Broker—"Oh, I do that—that is, I do."

### Old Friend—You tell her of your gains and losses I presume.

De Broker—"Um—I always tell her of my losses."

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### FEED THE WHEAT TO HOGS AND POULTRY.

#### It Has Twice the Feeding Value of Oats—Churning by Dog Power—Good Use of Straw—Horticultural Hints and Household Helps.

#### Feeding Wheat to Animals.

There is probably no agricultural question that comes home so directly to the farmer to-day as that of feeding wheat to stock or poultry. Will it pay to raise wheat and feed it to animals or poultry? With wheat at fifty cents per bushel, it is almost impossible for many farmers to make a fair profit from this industry, although in favored parts of the West and Northwest the large farmers claim that even at this price they can make a profit. But this is not true of thousands of others scattered throughout the East and West. Undoubtedly the last season has been an exceptional one, and prices are lower than they will be for many years again.

But the present low prices for the grain are having their beneficial results, says the American Cultivator. Many farmers are feeding their surplus wheat to stock and to poultry, who at other times could not have been induced to attempt this. They are learning by actual experience what nothing else could have taught them. As an illustration, one farmer this summer fed his wheat to the poultry, and he is so well pleased with the experiment that he asserts that not seventy cents a bushel would induce him to sell it in the market another year. He would feed it to his poultry, for by so doing he realizes at the lowest estimate \$1 per bushel in the summer time. He now intends to try the same experiment this winter, and he anticipates making the wheat pay him nearly \$2 per bushel.

Another poultry raiser has even deigned to buy the wheat direct from his neighbors at the city market prices simply to feed his poultry, and the results are so good that he has now laid in a stock of wheat for winter feeding instead of his usual rations. The fact is, there is no better food for making the hens lay than wheat, and this may yet be the food that we will give to our poultry. It also answers the purpose better than the best screened oats.

Then we have other farmers feeding their wheat to swine, and here, too, the results are satisfactory. Hogs are high this year, and the profit is certainly sure to be good. It will return \$1 per bushel to the owner to-day when fed to hogs, and this is much better than selling it in the market at current prices. It is estimated that two quarts of wheat equals in feeding value four quarts of oats, and the stock, as a rule, like the wheat better.

Now, here is an outlet for wheat that has never been given much attention, and one need not fear that wheat growers will have to go out of the business. Within a short time poultry raisers and stock owners are going to buy more wheat for feed, and all of the surplus will go in this direction, relieving the markets of the heavy stocks. The market prices will constantly advance, and those who must have the ready cash for their wheat will be benefited in the long run also. Farmers should feed wheat rather than sell it at to-day's prices.

#### Churning by Dog Power.

Outside of creamery localities there is a vast amount of butter churned by hand. Taking the country over, forty-five minutes for each churning is consumed in turning the crank. The women or children have to do this, for the lord of the house and dislikes the task himself. The dairy editor of the Orange Judd Farmer tells how he relieves the women folks of churning. He says: Now I don't want to breed discord in the family but when the wife or mother is losing half an hour to an hour and a quarter every churning day, something is wrong. If dairying is followed enough to make it pay, she must churn at least three times a week. To require this is outrageous. Why should a lazy dog stretch himself idly in the sun while a delicate woman wearily drudges at the churn? A dog power does not cost much. One hog will pay for it. The wife has the time left for wifely duties—time saved by making the dog pay his board. If you churn at home, have a churning room. The tread-power should stand out side. Connect the power and churn by means of a light shaft. As I write this the churn is running as steadily as if propelled by steam; the flop, flop of the cream is as regular as a clock beat. The dog is outside attending strictly to business. He once learned to shirk, and when he thought he had labored long enough for properly managed cream to be churned he would hang back and stop the churn. He don't do that now. It is not that his conscience pricks him, but that something else does if he attempts it. A dog's conscience is better than an average policeman's, but it is not equal to all demands. It sometimes needs stirring up. A thin wooden strip with shingle nails driven through, the points projecting, is a perfect "regulator." Put it across the power behind the dog so his heels will touch it should he hang back and you will find him as "diligent in business" there after as the man whom Solomon considered as fit to stand before kings.

Put the cream into the churn. Then put the dog into the power, and work commences and goes on until finished. The dog may dislike

#### Horticultural Hints.

Straw is cheap and makes a good protection for the young trees against rabbits.  
Trees should not be planted any deeper than they grew in the nursery.  
Spring is the best time to plant outdoor roses. It is also the time to prune roses.  
By gathering up and burning all prunings a great many insects will be destroyed.  
All branches infested with caterpillars should be cut off and burned during the winter.  
Horticulture is a good field for the poor man, for it does not take as many acres as for farming.  
It is a poor kind of business to set out young trees and then through neglect allow the rabbits to ruin them.  
Do not water house plants too often. When the pot is dry thoroughly saturate the soil and water in the morning.  
Growing the white bean is usually profitable. The quantity of beans used in this country is very large and constantly growing.  
The Concord grape, to name no other, is so easily grown that every farmer should grow his own grapes. Set a few vines next spring.  
Flowers have a softening and refining influence, and children should be allowed to come in contact with them much as possible in the home.

#### Household Helps.

The most delicate way to boil an egg is to pour boiling water over it and allow it to remain, without boiling, for ten minutes. It will be perfectly cooked.  
If it is necessary to bathe in hard water, add a few drops of ammonia, or prepare powdered borax in hot water and pour in a little. The borax can be kept bottled for use.  
When the piece of resistance is chicken don't ask a guest if he prefers white or dark meat; serve a portion of both. With roast it is customary to find out if he likes the beef rare or well done.  
A cooling, wholesome drink is made by mixing two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley with a quarter of a pound of lump sugar. Pour on it rather more than two quarts of boiling water. Add the peel of a fresh lemon. Let it stand all night, then strain, and it is ready for use.  
When you are heated don't bathe the face in cold water. After a journey give the face a hot bath, which will remove the dirt and coal dust which has permeated the skin; then rise in cool, but not cold water. At night before retiring bathe the face in hot water, then in cool, and wipe dry with a soft towel.  
When dampening clothes for ironing use water as hot as the hand can bear; sprinkle the linen, fold smoothly, roll up tight, and they will iron much easier. The hot water penetrates more readily, and it is not necessary to dampen so much as when using cold water. A clean whit broom, kept for this purpose only, forms a handy implement for sprinkling.

the work, but will do it, and is none the worse for it. Feed him immediately after his work. He accepts it as a legitimate compensation and enjoys it. Our experience has been such that the dog power is strongly recommended for churning where creameries are not convenient. There are plenty of good creameries here, and the dairy editor churls, not because he is forced to, but for the benefit of his readers who are obliged to churn and want the best and most economical way. Luckily there is no money lost in the work as I get as much profit from the milk as the best of the creameries' give their patrons.

#### Good Use of Straw.

I have a large yard to the south of the barn and into it goes all the straw from forty acres of wheat, stacked just as well as six men can do it. I stable all my stock and bed them to the knees every day from the time frosty nights begin until warm weather in spring. Some may object to this on account of the work; but I don't. After February, if I see that all the straw can't be got through the stable by bedding and feeding, I begin to cut off some and spread a layer over the yard as often as the stock have trampled the previous one. I turn my cattle out on nice days and feed fodder in the yard. In addition to the straw from forty acres of wheat, we cut twenty to twenty-five acres of corn and all of it goes into the barnyard. I sell no hay but buy four to six tons each year. I keep twelve cows, about eighteen sheep, six horses and two to twelve hogs, and if these animals are kept well bedded and if the stables are regularly cleaned each day there will be no straw for mulching wheat unless a man is a heavier wheat raiser than I am.

I make over 200 loads of manure per year by this system, and believe they will average 3,000 pounds each. I use all that can be profitably utilized for top-dressing wheat ground, harrowing it in as it is spread. We scatter it off the wagon, never piling up in the field. All too rough for top dressing is taken to the clover field and spread where it is most needed. It is put out the last thing after the wheat ground is plowed—generally about the middle of August. I have followed this system for seven years on this farm. A poor spot due to lack of fertility in the soil cannot be found. I don't think there is any use in spotting fields. By my system I can keep my land up without buying commercial fertilizers, so that I raise fifty to sixty bushels of corn, and twenty to twenty-five bushels of wheat per acre and plenty of clover.—Farmer's Record.

#### The Nilometer.

During the time of the periodical inundation of the valley of the Nile, a queer recording instrument known as the "nilometer," is hourly and daily consulted by a sluggish Egyptian officer, who, to judge from his motions and actions, cares but very little if the river keeps its bed or overflows the whole northern half of the African continent. But as it is the only labor he is forced to perform, and his bread and cheese usually depend upon proper execution of the duties assigned, the record is taken with scrupulous accuracy. This queer and ancient "thermometer of the Nile" (it dates back to 845 A. D.), is situated at the end of the island of Rhoda. It is simply an immense upright octagonal pillar standing in a well-like chamber, surrounded on four sides with strong walls provided with arched openings which allow the rising waters free access to the nilometer. The recording pillar is covered throughout its length and on all of its eight sides with cubits and digits nicely divided, painted with great precision, much resembling sections of a gigantic checkerboard. There is a huge staircase leading from above down to the bottom of the cistern in which the nilometer stands, the well-worn steps attesting to the immense number of times the instrument has been consulted.

#### A Simple Barometer.

A piece of string makes a simple barometer. Take a piece of string about fifteen inches long, saturate it in a strong solution of salt and water, let it dry and then tie a light weight on one end and hang it up against a wall and mark where the weight reaches to. The weight rises for wet weather and falls for fine. The string should be placed where the outside air can freely get to it.

#### An Electric Omnibus.

An omnibus driven by electric storage cells is now frequently seen steering its way successfully through the heavy traffic streets of London, and a Chinese company have placed upon the market an electric carriage to carry four people at the rate of seven miles an hour.

#### A Good Fe'nt.

"Do you mean to say that you intend to live in this miserable, lonesome place?"  
"Yes, and I'm always thanking God that there are no show windows here which would tempt my wife to squander my money."

#### The Fatal "Hashish."

Fifty-three per cent of the lunatics in the asylum of Bengal are there entirely as the result of using "hashish," a poisonous drug. In Egypt, Greece and Turkey the use of the drug is forbidden by a stringent law.

#### Record of the Bank of Venice.

The Bank of Venice conducted its dealings for 600 years with such honor that in all that time no hostile criticism or condemnation of its methods has been found.

## NEARLY TEN CENTURIES OLD.

#### Great Age of a Whale Washed Ashore on the Pacific Coast.

The largest whale which ever entered this harbor, and one of the largest ever seen on this coast, washed ashore at Tokelund lately, says the South Bend Herald. The news was immediately brought back by one of the morning steamers, and the afternoon passenger boats were crowded to their greatest capacity by the throngs who were anxious to see the monster.

The fish came in on the high tide, and lies just a little below Charles Fisher's bath house. It was alive and kicking and did not finally surrender its lease on existence for two days. County Attorney M. D. Egbert had taken along a tape line, and carefully measured the monster. The line showed an extreme length of 174 feet and 8 inches, with a "waist measure" of 161 feet and 6 inches. County Surveyor L. C. Vickery figured on the weight of the "animille" and pronounced this member of the balænoidea family to weigh 47½ tons and the blubber and whalebone to be worth, at current prices, oil \$9,795; bone, \$1,000; making a net total of \$10,795.

Attorney L. E. Grinn attempted to compute the age of the subject under consideration, and concluded, from the traverse lines on the baleen, that the fish had existed for 986 years, lacking fourteen years of having lived the longest term of whale life. The pectoral fins are two feet long and seven feet broad; the mouth is twenty-four feet long, the blow holes eighteen inches long, and the fifty bathers in the water at the time it came ashore say the noise was deafening and the spray ejected ascended at least fifty feet in the air. The thrashing of the tail upon the water in the struggle to regain the channel was heard at McGowan's cannery at the mouth of North river, four miles away. County School Superintendent L. W. Fansher furnished some historical facts in regard to the whale. Alfred the Great had been dead but six years when his whaleship first began to navigate the waters of the earth. The old boy was 120 years old when William the Conqueror was born, and may have been playing off English shores when he was crowned king. He was on earth at the time of making the great charter at Runnymede, he was middle aged when the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and probably looked upon the wars of Napoleon, the American revolution and civil war with many a sad sigh and shake of the head for the ruthless slaughter of humanity.

#### Omaha Business Houses.

It was in its first condition a packing box. It was about three feet long, rather broad, but quite shallow. It was being dovetailed instead of merely nailed at the joinings. The woman in whose hands it fell had an inspiration. The cover was knocked off and a carpenter fitted a cover on with hinges. Then she painted it black on the outside and white on the inside. When she had obtained the desired shade of inkiness she varnished the box. The hinges on the cover she gilded. A pair of brass handles were added to the sides and an ornamental brass lock adorned the front. The chest reposed in a bedroom window and held mad am's skirts without creating them. Madam's put a few curious looking cushions—a dull red one, an old blue one and one with bands of embroidery. And the popular impression is that the quaint looking chest is either an antique loom or a treasure from an antique shop.

#### Home Seekers' Excursion via the M. & T. Railway.

On Jan. 9, 1894, the M. & T. railway will have on sale from all its northern gateway tickets to all points in the state of Texas, at rate of one fare for the round trip. These tickets are limited to 20 days from date of sale and will permit a stay over on the going trip at any point in the state of Texas, only within the final limit in the sunny south, where lands are cheap and harvests plentiful.  
G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

#### The King of Italy eats only one meal a day.

There is not a civilized race that is so addicted to some form of stimulant.

#### Go South Via the Wabash.

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