MOTHER SONG.

cops the earth in moonlit blest; even the bouch above the nest; at ly daptes the whippoorwill as one faint note and all is still little darling high is long— while I sin; thy cradle song.

thy dreams the drooping flower har sweet breath from hour to h what is declarate the droping hour to hour, white the great moon spreads her wing to low, while fare the dear earth swings, p, little darling all night long whads shall sing thy slumber son ;

Cowers of the earth and of the air Shall have thee in their mother care, And hests of heaven, to ether prest, Bentlover thee, their last, thei best Hush little darling from the deep Some maraty wing shall fan thy sidep.

BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER IV-CONTINUED. "Fo' thar, roight a facin' me war th' bottle o' sleepin' stuff as 'ud stood all them seven year; I'd kep it t' mind me o' th' hell I'd lived in w' Seth. an' side o' the stuff war the milk, an' the cup out o' which Steve

had drunk that day. "Th' devil ses 'Pit some o' th' stuff i' his drink, an' he ll niver knaw, an' git him out o' th' way afore Steve be comed in.' Thar war na taste to t, nor more nor watter, nor na color. th' gipsies knawed that work too well fo' that, an' wi'my back t' Seth, I jest poured th' stuff into th' cup. an' th' milk to top o' un, an' I ups an' gies 't to 'un d'reckly.'

"There was no water in the cupboard?" I said.

"Watter?" said Judith, staring at me, "what for should I keep watter there? Wa-al, him tossed 't off to death, 'ceptin' Seth Treloar hisself.' wance, an' afore 'ee could count ten. him war asleep an' snorin', and out he slips fro' th' chair to th' groun' picks 't up (listenin' the whites fo' Steve's step) an' puts it i'my pocket. an' thin, knawin' he war safe naw for twenty-four hour, I looks at un and ses, Where iver num I

"There war th' secret bit room, on'y Steve allus went thar, when he comed in, an' I daurna pit him on th' elig. Just thin my eye catched th' ring on th' trapdoor. an' th' devil flashed it up t' me, 'Put un down i' th' cellar! 'Ee'll be gone in twelve hour, an' nuthin' 'ull waken he fur twenty-four, put un down i' th'

"If th' devil war quick. I war quicker. I catched up a coil o' rope car by, an' I had Seth Treloar roun' the shoulders i' a second, an' tied a knot ahind him, an' then I dragged un glong th' floor till I'd got un to th' trap door, an' opened un. but t'warnt so easy to let down; an' when I'd pushed his feet over, I knewed I'd got so difficult a job as air a woman

"I was boun' to take time, if I'd killed to wance (an' a' th' time I his hand." war listenin' fer Steve's step) so I giv' un a bit push, then rinned back an' jest dug my feet i' th' floor an' thrawed myself, till I war slantin' like a tree i' a storm, but th' dead weight o' un's body as him slipped thro' th' trap door nigh pulled mo tin' un down a inch at a time, bimeby I felt un touch th' groun', thin I dashes th' rope in arter un and bangs down th' door jest at th' very moment as Steve lifts th' latch, an' comed in.

al thrawed my apron over my head so as un couldna see my face. an' thinkin' I war frettin' anent leavin', he lets me alone, an' bimobe us has supper the gither an' so the

"And you could eat, drink and sleep with that drugged man lying mear in the vault at your feet?" I

"iss," said Judith. whose homely words and accent afforded the strongest contrast to the grandeur of her looks and gostures. "what harm had I done 'un? Him 'ud ha' woke up none th' wurse for what I'd gived 'un, as him had niver been th' wurse afore (often as he'd tooked 't unbeknown t' hisself), an' tha: war no ra.s below, an' th' place war dry an' sandy, an' I knawed he'd come to na harm. Yet I seemed feared like to rejoice too much, to git safe away wi' Steve 'ud be too much joy, an' as things comed out." she added bitterly, "'t war well I didna count my chickens too soon; I warnt to knaw as there war a fule wanderin' about th' warld meddlin' wi' things as God A'mighty didna mean to meddle in. He'd jest hev let 'em ravel themseles out, but you be wiser nor he, tho' naw you'd like t' undo the piece o' wark you'm made."

She paused a moment, and a rush of pain swept over her face as if some physical agony pressed her hard.

Eh, my lad (she put her hand on Stere's), an' us waited so lang, and o' our bit o' happiness wi' wan anither, we luv'd fu' money a year, afore us iver spoke but wi' our eyes, av. 'ee luv'd me when I war the sport o' that ne'er-do-well, Seth Treloar. ee i' my mind. An't' see 'ee war like a blink o' heaven, us niver got no nearer, but us war heartened up t' walk th' stony road apart. an' passed a' th' lasses by, but when th' even year war up, 'ee jest sed t' me. You'm mine naw, Judith,' an' I went to 'ee like a bird."

The helpless love, the profound dependence on him that spoke in her

voice, moved me deeply. She left her arm on Stephen's neck, then pulled herselt together, a single silvery sail.

and went on with her story.

"When mornin' comed. Stove an'

"Seth Treloar 'uil be hungry resting upon the boil, da k heal-'un comes t' hisself,' an' I set lan is farther away.

a bit o' bread an' fish t' one side, an' soon arter, us locked th' door shind us, an' war gone for iver, so Steve s'posed, fro' th' place whar I'd bin th' miserablest an' th' happiest

woman upo' airth. "But so soon as we'm got a bit forrards, ses I t' Steve. T've forgotten somethin', an' must rin back an' for sure I did rin, and catched up th' key fra th' bush, oped'th' house place. puts th' plate o' victuals side o' th' trap-door, an' opens 't an' sees th' rope hangin' to a staple as th' men used t' climb up by.
An' thin I looks at Seth,
lyin' as th' dead, an' all to wance it comed upo' me the sinfu' thing I'd adone, an' I ses to mysel, 'Sposin' him war niver to wake up? 'un do, 't 'ull be dead dark, an' him war allus a coward, like t' most

bullies, an' 'sposin' 'un dies o' fright?" "Someways I felt as if I war leavin' 'un to his death, an' yet I hadna got th' sperrit t' go to Steve' an' say 'Go yer ways, an' leave me an' th' child as is comin', t' th' marcy o' Seth Treloar! So I jes stole away. but I left my innicence ahind me, an' I niver knawed a moment more o' peace fro'

that day 't this. "Wa-al, you was i' th' train, 'ee knaws how I looked, an' 'ee saw th' box o' poison skip out o' my pocket, I'd niver gi'en 't a thought since I picked 'un up when 't falled out o' Seth's bosom. An' naw I've told 'ee th' truth, an' nuthin' but th' wan truth, but 'ee 'll niver make anythin' o' 't. Nicht an' day I've toiled t' puzzle 't out, but no wan 'ull iver knaw th' truth 'bout Seth Treloar's

He died of a dose of arsenic, sufficient to kill three men." I said, "as the post-mortem proved, also that an' a box falls out o' his bosom, an' I | there was no bruise upon him, or any disease whatever to cause death.'

"Iss." said Judith, looking at me from beneath those grand bent brows of hers, and with the divine stamp of truth on her lips and in her eyes, "'tis that beats me. Him war alive an' well when I put 'un in th' cellar. him war found jest as I'd left 'un, bound safe 'nuff, an' dead three days arter. But what for did 'un carry a box o' poison? Furrin' folks has outlandish ways, 'sposin' him used to' stuff as a medicine like, summit as I've heerd tell doctors gives poison t' sick folk t' make 'un well?"

"Doctors only give very small doses," said I, "besides, if Seth Treloar had been in the habit of taking it, why should he die of a dose of it then? He had no desire whatever to die, he was prosperous, healthy, he possessed money, was engaged in schemes to make himself richer, and you may take it for granted that he did not die of his own free will. Witness his attitude when found, the agony of his face, the evidence of his struggles, ignorant in the dark of ashed un too quick, him ud ha' bin the means of life and escape close to

"I canna argify 't," said Judith wearily, "'tis all dark t' me, on'y I knaws I'se as innocent o' his death as you be, but I'll die fo't all th'

"Could he have had an enemy?" I said as one thinking aloud, "some one who followed him here, and gave him the poison!

Judith shook her head. "It arn't possible," she said; "by th' doctor's 'count he died some-wheres i' th' night arter I comed away, an' th' locks an' window war safe, an' nobody knawed whar we'd put th' key. key. M'appen you'm none so much t' blame fo' yer thoughts o' me, thar's

Stephen's brown hand) as knaw I speak the truth." "No, I believe you too," I said, but without hope, for there was no hope in me

but wan i' th' wide warld (she kissed

And then I turned my back on the pair, bidding them make their farewells, and presently I called the turnkey, and soon found myself in the fresh air with leisure in which to ponder over those things that I had heard.

CHAPTER V.

Smuggler's Hole was empty, as it had been ever since its landlord discovered an un-looked for tenant, and when I told the worthy man I would take it for three months at a liberal rent, he scratched his head, and clearly thought me mad.

The place seemed to have been built out of uneven lengths of timber, cross-wise, any-wise, so that the existence of a secret door in the sitting-room wall would never have been discovered by any stranger save by accident. When my new landlord touched a spring, and showed a small shed or lean-to, containing a second door, and a grating about the height of my head, I was astonished, but easily understood that it had been devised as a means of escape for the smugglers when surprised by the excise officers.

Then he lifted the trap-door, and striking a match we both peered down as if half expecting to see Seth Treloar staring up at us, and gave it as his opinion that, but for this one little mistake of Judith's, she would have been an out and-out good woman. I got but little comfort from him, and yet my spirits rose as I turned my back to the hovel, and standing on the towering cliff, along the precipitous edge of which a narrow path wound sinuously to the little cove, below, gazed out at sea to where the orange line of sky just touched it, while betwixt them shone

From that wonderful orange the sky melted by imperceptible tints to me war stirrin' early, an' whiles I the translucent green that is never got th' breakfast him put up our matched by any earthly tint of grass bits o' things, an' un couldna guess or flower, and the quick cancing where er th' coil o' rope war got- lights and shadows on the waters ten to seemed to laugh in the sunshine, and whiles I war eatin'. I see to myseemed to laugh in the sunshine, and

"I will go back to the great sweet mother, Mother and lover of men, the sea!" I exclaimed aloud, and the loneliness and majesty of the scene did not appall me, or, at least, not yet.

The landlord evidently did not

share in my admiration for what was common to him as daily bread, and having recommended Jake as a general factotum, who would bring me supplies from the village, and volunteered to send him over to the hotel, half a dozen miles away for my belongings, he, with his usual Cornish courtesy, took himself and his pleasant sing-song voice away, evidently relieved to turn his back on the illomened abode.

Unutterably dreary in the chilliness of the spring evening looked the squalid room, and I shivered as I sat by the fireless hearth, in the chair that Seth Treloar had occupied not

so very long ago. But as my bodily discomfort grew, my mind concentrated itself the more intensely on Judith's story, till I seemed to see her coming and going about her night's work, exactly as she had told me, and if she were making the one great and fatal blunder of her life, me-thought she com-

And yet, what could my presence here avail her, her whom I had caught in the toils, with no power, to undo the thing that I had done, out of idleness, vanity and curicsity? There was only one chance, one

mitted it magnificently well.

hope, that if justified could furnish me with even the faintest ground for applying to the home secretary.

I should know what that chance and hope were worth soon and by a simple experiment that I meant to try the moment Jake appeared. Meanwhile, I lit my pipe, and smoked it for an hour or so, and finally fell

I was awakened by a loud knocking at the door, and for a moment. and in the half darkness, could not remember where I was.

"Come in," I shouted, but the door did not unclose, and, though I called out again, nobody replied. At last I lifted the latch myself. and there stood Jake verily laden like any beast of burden.

"I have been shouting to you to come in." I said, "didn't you hear?" "I'se bin a bit hard o' hearin' lately, mister," he said.

"How long?" I said sharply. "I doant know, it's jest growed upo' me, so my missus says.

"Come out on the cliff,"I said "and just where you stood on the night you saw Seth Treloar come home."

He went obediently enough, wondering. It was a wild evening, and the magnificent Lizard coast was fast being shrouded in the sea-mist that crept insidiously inward. Jake's figure looked dim, and tall, and lonely outlined against the sad grey sky, and far below him the monotonous rushing of the sea was broken by the booming of the waves, as they rushed into the little cave with a sullen roar.

"Kindly stay where you are," I said, "for hve minutes until I come to you."

He promised, and when I returned to the cottage, and one who had seen my conduct there would never question my right to Bedlam.

Standing by the fireplace I gave utterance to sharp, spasmodic cries, gradually ascending till they reached the point of shricks, into which I put my whole vigor, and my lungs were those of a normally vigorous man.

Having pretty well exhausted myleft him, and with all a fisherman's

contentedness at doing nothing.
"Well, Jake," I cried, "I have been hearing some queer noises—what did you hear?"

The man looked at me with ignorant, candid eyes. "Nothing, sir," he said, "but the

water pouring down the cliff yonder -it makes a power of noise-you can hear it right out at sea." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pugilistic Item.

Ambitious Sport-Could you take me and put me in training and make a prize-fighter out of me? Great Pugilist-Ain't you able to work?

"No, sir." "Have you got an education?"

"Yes, sir. "Well, I'll see. If yer able to write sportin' stuff about yourself and hain't strong enough to do hard work, guess we kin make a fighter of yer. We's kind of careful, dough, not to let fellows into the perfesh what kin make a livin' by workin.' See?"-Texas Siftings.

The Woes of This World. . The professional pessimist came into the office looking absolutely

cheerful. "Well," they asked him, "what is the new cause of complaint this morning?"

"I was thinking how unjustly things were arranged for a man who has a corn. It gets its worst mashing from the man who is too heavy to knock down."

It Might Work. Briggs-I think I have evolved a scheme for stopping the tipping

nuisance that will prove a success, if I can only get others to follow it. Braggs—Tell'it. quick. Briggs-Oh, it is simple enough. Whenever I give the waiter a tip I

explain to the cashier that it has left me short, and ask him to stand me off for the meal.

Educational Item.

"Which of your lessons do you like the most, Johnnie?" asked Mr. Harlem of his son Johnnie, who is a Columbia college student.

The singing lesson. That's the

one I'm excused from," replied

Poultry Pard.

Wanted-an income! is a frequent ery nowadays, says Mrs. Ida E. Tilson "Northwestern Agriculturist." A reliable acquaintance told me she cleared, through eggs and early chickens, \$80 off her fowls last year, starting with forty of them on a village place of three or four acres. Now most women, the writer included, think \$80 quite a plum. But before all my readers wanting incomes rush into poultry culture, let me say the friend referred to above is an energetic, saving woman, who, according to my favorite expression when describing such thrifty persons, could get a living on a desert island. The same industry and intelligence which bring a profit out of poultry ventures, would, if exercised in most other employments, probably command higher pay, and no money at all is to be made in the poultry business without much of that pluck, a pound of which, Gen. Garfield said. s worth a ton of luck. But poultry culture is available for many who can not leave home nor spend time to engage in independent pursuits; it needs only small capital, and as spring is a natural and very good time to start, we better at once take up that tender subject, the spring chicken, preparing his cage while we have leisure. It is a common practice to lay a box or barrel on its side, then drive down stakes in front, leaving just space enough for chicks to run in and out, thus keeping their mamma a prisoner until such time as they can do without her. Hens belong to the free, active bird family, so this above plan is incongruous, like the remark of a man who asked for an "empty barrel of flour to make me dorg a hin coop. Each brood of mine is given a roomy coop, 22x26 inches on its bottom, 22 inches high in front and 19 inches behind, its single slant roof securely shingled. The coop floor rests on low 2x4 pieces, raising it from the damp ground two inches, thus preventing rheumatism, one of those ailments human beings have incorrectly regarded as their own peculiar property. A door about two-thirds the height of slatted front, buttons up or lies down, and the coop back unbuttons to let biddy out. These coops have been por-trayed before, but I find nothing better to displace them. If housed during winter they will, like mine, last years, and in good repair, certainly prove rat, skunk, and dog proof. A dry goods

Feeding Table Birds.

box can be metamorphosed into such a

home; the hinges and handles are

leather, the button wooden.

A great loss is sustained on farms in general by neglecting to fatten table birds. Excellent authority says 'the bird is allowed its liberty, and frequently but a scanty living until How He Quoted Shakespeare Uselessly in the morning when the pot-pie is wanted, and the good wife feels of his bony frame and sighs, sometimes even wondering that it is not fatter. Every bird should be shut up in close, clean quarters, and fed for seven to ten days. Kept in confinement longer than this, most birds begin to pine, lose their appetite and decrease in the weight. The feeding troughs should be well scalded out daily, or should be well scalded out daily, or and in his address to the jury he every other day if the weather be and in his address to the jury he cold, and sharp grit kept within reach quoted very freely from "The Merof the fattening birds. Sweet oat chant of Venice." and wound up by meal and hot corn meal mash are among the best things to induce rapid self, I went out to the cliff, and fattening. The feed should be found Jake precisely where I had very slightly scalded. In this way every bird may be made to gain from one-third to one-half in weight without noticeable expense, and whether for selling or the table it means considerable profit. A little salt in the food once a day is also advisable.'

> Feeding Ground Meat to Hens. The usual way of feeding ground meat is to mix it with ground grain of some kind. This is unnecessary. It should be fed as a variety, and in a way to afford a change. There should be certain meals, on special days, for giving it to the hens. For instance, give it at night, on every other day, in a trough, unmixed with other food, so that the hens will have nothing but the ground meat for that meal. The next morning give some other food, as corn, and the following meal may be of wheat or cut clover. The ground meat may be given plentifully, if fed in this manner. Simply allow the hens to have all of it that they will eat, and they will relish it and find it beneficial. If fed on meat every meal, it may cause bowel difficulty; but given once every two days, it will not be in any manner injurious, and will prove of great assistance in inducing the hens to lay at this season of the year.-Ex.

PEAFOWLS .- Penfowls are simply ornamental and are not readily salable. They are not profitable on a farm, as the male is vindictive and destroys chicks and ducklings that may come in his way. The hen seldom begins to lay until at least two years old, and often not until three years of age, laying from five to sixteen eggs, which hatch in about thirty days. The young peafowl feathers very rapidly, and should be fed every two hours the first month; then four times a day until three months old, when it should be given three meals, requiring a large share of animal food, such as meat and bone. Otherwise they require the same care as young turkeys. Only the peafowl can raise them, as common hens wean them too soon.

Keep your laying hens busy. That is, give them exercise by throwing their grain feed upon the floor and covering with chaff, cut straw and the

We want persistent all year milk-ers. The first year tells the story.

FOR THE SAKE OF ECONOMY. Even False Syntax May Be Resorted To-

An Abortive Boston Attempt. The telegraph operators were telling stories again last night, says the Buffalo Express. The tall man who has held a key all over the country, had the floor.

"You see a good many jokes in the papers." he said, "about the culture of Boston and the habit people living there have of using big words and correct grammar and all that. Most of you think that these jokes have no foundation in fact. Now I know better. I was receiving clerk in the Western Union office there a good many years ago, and some of the messages handed in to me were corkers. One summer I had the cable window; One day two women dressed in black and greatly agitated came in and inquired the rate per word to London; I told them that it was twenty-eight cents. They consulted for a minute and then one of them asked for a blank. I told them where the blanks were, and one of them wrote a message. The other took it, and read it over two or three times. Then she came to the window and asked again how much it was a word to London. 'Twenty-eight cents,' I told her. She looked at the message dubiously. The other woman came up to her and said: 'Don't you like it?'

" 'No,' she said, 'I do not like it. That form is improper. You say that Charles suicided this morning when it should be said that Charles committed suicide this morning.'

... But,' said the other, 'if we put it in that way we will save twentyeight cents.

"The woman who objected turned this proposition over in her mind for a long time. Finally she said: 'I do not think that such syntax is excusable.

"The other took the blank and read the message a few dozen times. 'We are poor,' she said decisively, after studying it in all its phases, and we cannot save twenty-eight cents any casier.'

"This partially convinced the woman who objected. 'But what will your friends think?' she asked dubiously.

"I suppose they will notice it, but we cannot help that.' Then the two women retired to one corner of the room and had a consultation. After talking earnestly for ten minutes they wrote out another message. So help me, this is the way I got it: 'Charles suicided this morning. False syntax used because it is cheaper.

"And they paid me twenty-eight cents a word for it. All of which," continued the tall operator, "illustrates one of the curious ways in which a woman's mind works.

TOLD ON MR. BLACK.

a Law Suit.

"A good story is told of ex-Pension Commissioner Black," said A. T. Grundon, a Chicago attorney, to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Every one who knows Black is aware that he is one of the most dignified legal saving that although the plaintiff could demand his pound of flesh, the terms of his bond did not enable him to go beyond this. The attorney for the alleged usurer seemed very much amused at the line of argument Mr. Black was taking, and when that gentleman's peroration was concluded he rose and remarked, with somewhat of a pitying tone that Brother Black had recently held a brief in a dressed-beef case and that he had gotten the two cases mixed up, concluding by assuring the jury that there was no flesh in this case at all, but only money. A legal friend of mine, who solemnly asserts he was in court on the occasion, says the look of disgust on Mr. Black's face would have been worth a small fortune to any artist who could have reproduced it on canvas."

For a Christmas Dinner.

North Clifton in Nottinghamshire, England, is situated on the banks of the Trent, and boasts of one custom the like of which exists probably nowhere else in England. There is a ferry across the river, but if you and I gentle reader, wished to go from one side of the stream to the other, we could do so on payment of a fee. But the Cliftonians are a favored folk, and are entitled to the free use of the ferry on the condition that they give the ferryman and his dog their dinner at Christmas. As Christmas comes but once a year the boatman would seem to have made a very bad bargain. Let us hope he gets a generous meal and wish him a merry Christmas-not forgetting the dog.

She Remembered the Cat.

A Webfoot woman who started to jump into the Columbia river to drown herself suddenly remembered that she had left the cat in the pan-try, and hurried back home. She afterwards said: "The idea of my struggling in the water and thinking that the cat was licking the cream off my milk in the pentry at that minute was more than I couldbear!' -Walla Walla Statesman.

Science and the Bible.

Bobby-Aunt Nellie, what became of the swine that had evil spirits east into them in the Bible?

Aunt Nellie-They plunged headforemost into the sea, Bobby.

Bobby, triumphantly-Not a bit of it, auntie. They were made into deviled ham.



Almost Blind

Blood Purified and Sight Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla. "Three years ago, Clarence, three years old,

was taken with scrofula on the her gradually spread until it got into his eyes and he became almost blind. His head and neck were one mass of corruption, and we thought he Would Lose His Eyesight.

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