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HE SAW HIS ERROR.

But Then It Was All the Fault of Her Swell-Dressed Friend.

"I have just called, Miss Simpson, said the angry lover; "to say farewell; but before I say it I want you to know that I have discovered your falseness and I despise you for it!"
"Why, Billy, whatever is the mat-

"Oh, you know well enough. Maybe I didn't pass the gate last evening and see you with your head on au-other man's shoulder. Who is the happy man?"
"But Billy, I haven't seen any man

but you, dearest; honest I haven't." "No, I suppose not. Then, maybe, I am blind, deaf and dumb, and an ldiot. Maybe you didn't have com-

pany last evening?"
"No one, Billy, but my best friend,
Emily. No, I didn't and I think you are a wretch."

"And you didn't stand at the gate?"
"Oh, yes, we did. We were counting the stars in the big dipper-making wishes on them."

"Oh, yes, I suppose I was blind. Now, maybe you'll describe Emily to

"Why, she had on her Knox hat, her black blazer suit, a white shirtwaist, with a black satin tie, and a black satin vest. You know Emily, Billy."

Billy-Um-m! I see. And what might have been a modern tragedy was averted and Billy made up at once.

KNEW NEITHER.

A Reporter Has an Experience With an English Visitor.

A few evenings ago there chanced to be a distinguished visitor from the British isles at one of the Washington hotels, and to him the reporter sent up his card, putting his name just over the paper he represented, thinking the juxtaposition would establish the connection between the two with sufficient clearness. It has always done so with American victims. The bellboy who took the card tarried long-in fact, he stayed so long that a second boy was sent after the first, to see what caused the delay. In a little while down came both, No. 1 bringing the information that the tourist said he didn't know either one of the gentlemen, and begged to be excused.

Then the boy explained that the guest on being handed the card gazed at it awhile in silence, and finally went to his trunk and hauled out a book. For some minutes he hunted for the name of the reporter in his list of acquaintances, and then he began running through the P's, thinking it possible he must have met a Mr. Post somewhere in his travels. As his search wasn't successful in either case he got a second book and went through that with a similar result. That was why the bellboy tried the reporter's patience and that was why the message came that "he didn't know either one of the gentle-

ONE ON OSCAR WILDE.

Why Artist Whistler Couldn't Believe His Cat Had Had Kittens.

Everyone knows the story of Whistler's celebrated reply to Oscar Wilde's envious exclamation of delight of a clever sketch of the eccentric painter -how Oscar said, "Oh, Jimmy, how I wish I had said that!" and how Whistler answered, "Never mind, dear boy, you will"-but everyone does not know, says the Chap-book, how during the time that they were frinds, a kitten was given to Whistler, and that in token of affection and withoutjundue curiosity he had named it Oscar. Time passed and Whistler's wife invaded the studio one day with momentous announcement.

"Jimmy," said she, "did you know Oscar has kittens?"

"Impossible," said Whistler, laying down his brushes; "Oscar can't."
"Come and see," said his wife.

Together they went to where Oscar and the kittens lay. Mrs. Whistler looked at her husband, who stood for The Organ of Honest Sport in America a moment in amazement and dismay. "Never mind," he said, "they must

be plagiarized."

Saved by a Dog and a Drum In 1776 a ship was wrecked on the south coast of England, not far from Portsmouth. Fortunately, owing to the sharp wits of one of the sailors, all souls were saved. He got a drum that happened to be on board, repaired its defects so as to make it quite watertight, then fastened a rope to it securely, and tied the whole round a dog. Next he let the dog into the sea, and the noble animal succeeded in reaching the land. There some on-lookers seized the drum and hauled in the rope. By now a much stronger rope had been tied to the end of the first one, and by its means passengers and crew were gradually drawn ashore.

Complimentary.

A well-known professor of natural science married recently and took his young wife to a meeting of a learned society. Another eminent professor of the same branch took pity on the evident shyness of the bride, and came up to her; whereupon she, fishing for a little compliment, said: "I feel so out of place among all these clever people!" And he answered gallantly, as he thought: "Well, you know, scientific men never do marry clever wives!"

Oscar Wilde's Reply.

A story is being told that on the death recently of the great scholar, Walter Pater, the editor of a London evening paper telegraphed to Oscar Wilde to ask him to supply some per-sonal gossip about the dead man, who as known to be a friend of the exesthetic, whereupon Mr. Wilde wired back: "Leave the gossip to the jack-als, not the lions, of literature."

THE MISSIONARY MAN.

He Might Have Passed Muster Had He

young man who said he was a missionary about to start for that part of Africa where Mtesa of happy memory reigned, went into a Brooklyn clothing store lately and presented a letter from the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. The letter introduced the missionary, asked the clothiers to let him pick out a full wardrobe and to send the bill to the Y. M. C. A. This was all very satisfactory, and so the missionary was given the run of the shop. Among the things which he selected were one swallow-tail coat, three shirts with rose-pink bosoms, one pair of button patent leathers, one pair of patent leather pumps, one pair of lilac gloves, two pairs of tan gloves, one silk umbrella, one sweetbrier walking stick and one silk hat. "Won't you have some silk suspend-

ers?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, I will," said the missionary. When the purchases were made the clerk, who is an old-fashioned Presbyterian and knows something of missions, said: "Did I understand, sir,

that you were going out to Uganda?"
"Yes, Uganda, yes."
"And may I ask what church sends

"Oh, the Presbyterian church—the board of foreign missions."

The clerk felt a great heat crawling into his head as he thought: "And have I been such a chump as to give my hard-earned tithes for patent leathers and lilac kids and that sort of thing, when I thought I was assisting in the conversion of the heathen? By jinks, it's strange."

When the young missionary had gone the clerk had an interview with his employer.
"What!" cried the clothier, "swal-

low-tail coats and pink shirts in equatorial Africa! I believe he's a fraud!"
And so it proved. The Y. M. C. A. had not sent the young man, and when the clothes were delivered to him an officer was close by who arrested him. He was quite crestfallen and declared that he would gladly go out as a missionary rather than go to the peni-tentiary, but he could find no one who cared to send him to the heathen

"It was them patent leathers done the job for you, young man," said the officer who led him away to durance.

'Yes, and the pink shirt, d—n 'em," wept the youth. 'Why couldn't I have let well enough alone?"

THE AMERICAN BEAUTY. How This Exquisite Rose Was First

Found and Cultivated. There is an interesting story about the origin of the American Beauty. It was first grown in Washington, and here it attained its renown. The late Hon. George Bancroft, besides being a historian and scholar, was one of the first amateur rose-growers in America. Every year he imported cuttings from the leading flower-growers of Europe. The king of Prussia—when old Kaiser William was king—allowed the American historian to have a slip of whatever he might fancy in the royal con-servatories. Mr. Bancroft's gardener used to cultivate some of his roses in an old house away out on F, or perhaps it was G, street, above Twentysecond street, in the west end of the city. Mrs. Grant had a florist named Field in charge of the White house

conservatory. He was a rose-grower of rare merit and skill in his artistic One day he happened into the old building where Mr. Bancroft's gardener potted his plants and budded his roses. Over in a corner he observed a rose of a variety utterly unknown to him and of wonderful size and perfection in form and color. "Where did this form and color. Where come from?" he carelessly inquired of his rose-growing confrere. "Oh, it is an offshoot from some cuttings we imported from Germany," the man re-plied. It was evident to Mr. Field that the other did not in the least comprehend the value of the new plant. After some talk Mr. Field bought the cuttings he had seen for \$5. A year thereafter, when he had propagated his new purchase and become convinced that he had a new and very valuable variety of roses, which he named the American Beauty, he sold his find for \$5,000, the most wonderful result of the investment of \$5 on record. To follow his luck a little further, Mr. Field invested his easilyearned \$5,000 in lands near the city, which in a little less than three years were sold for \$50,000. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. In this

instance it certainly was.

Electric Lights in Alaska. A system of electric lighting is being put in at Juneau, one of the best known Alaska settlements—a place of 2,000 inhabitants. When completed this will be the first electric light plant in the territory. Electricity, however, has been used for some time in a limited way in the Alaska mines. Water power is abundant everywhere, and the current is generated on the streams and carried to the mines by

A Terrible Power.

Lady, to Chinese servant-John, is it true that you Chinese servants have a trade union? John-Yessee.

"Suppose I should discharge you without paying?" "We boycotte you."

"But suppose, instead of a Chinaman, I should get a girl?" "Chinee union payee policeman to nottee flirtee."

A Night Watchwoman

The common council of Steinhubel. Silesia, have elected, for the protection of the village, a night watchwoman. She is said to be stalwart and resolute and takes a motherly interest in various small boys who are out o' VALUABLE REMEDY.

Inhaling Cologne Water Will Check Asthma, so It Is Said.

Attacks of asthma may be brought on by the most varied and singular causes; different sorts of scents, the odor of raspberries, as was the case of Claude Bernard; the smell of hay, the vapor of a sulphur match that has just been lighted, the dust from oats or powdered ipecacuanha. One patient will have asthma in the North, but will be free from it in the South; another will have asthma in Paris, but will be perfectly well in Vienna; still another will have the most terrible attacks as long as he is in Egypt, but will be relieved as soon as he gets

It is generally admitted nowadays that the attack of asthma is due to a spasm of the inspiratory muscles, and that the origin of the trouble is some stimulation of the nasal mucous membrane. On the other hand it is also known that a vigorous stimulation of the mucous membrane of the nose may put an end to an attack of asthma; therefore in this purely nervous phenomenon the same cause may either bring on or put an end to the attack.

It is on this peculiarity that are based a certain number of methods of treatment of an attack of asthma, and the latest born of these methods consists in sniffing eau de cologne. My readers may remember that I made known to them the process whereby M. Roux of Lyons cuts short colds in the head and chest at their beginning. It consists in having the patients inhale by the mouth and nose for about two minutes and about four or five times a day about fifty drops of cologne water. It is now claimed that the same method will put an end to an attack of asthma.

BICYCLE BAND.

French Musicians Appear on the Streets Riding Wheels.

In Paris there are merry-go-rounds with bicycles attached, where the tyro can learn all the movements of cycling without falling off. One evening a band of forty musicians, returning home from a wedding dinner for which they had furnished the music, came upon such a merry-go-round and climbed into it.

As they had all been imbibing freely of the generous wines furnished at the wedding feast, nothing seemed to them more natural than to improvise a serenade as they whirled round and

The cornet went home with a terrible headache, and the bassoon dreamed that he was being sucked down into the maelstrom. But a few days afterward the leader convened the musicians and informed them that he

intended to found "the bicycle band." The result was that in a few weeks the Fanfare-Cycle, forty players on wind and string instruments, mounted on "bikes" of artistic mechanism, began to appear on the streets of Paris, and to spin merrily along the wide boulevards to the inspiring notes of the overture to "William Tell" or the martial melodies of the French military muse.

At first they confined themselves to the exterior boulevards, fearing the comments of the great throngs which gathered on the central avenues of Paris. But gradually they became bolder, and now one often sees them, formed by fours, majestically skimming the noiseless pavements from he Madeleine to the Bastille

Nothing Wasted in Paris

Even the smallest scrap of paper, that which every one throws away here, becomes a source of profit. Old provision tins, for instance, are full of money; the lead soldering is removed and melted down into cakes, while the tin goes to make children's toys. Old boots, however bad, always contain in the arch of the foot at least one sound piece that will serve again, and generally there are two or three others in the sole, the heel, and at the back. Scraps of paper go to the cardboard factory, orange peel to the marmalade maker, and so on. The most valuable refuse - that which fetches two francs the kilo-is hair; the long goes to the hair dresser, while the short is used, among other things, for clarifying oils.

A Dogs' Cemetery.

The Englishman's abiding affection for his four-footed friends receives another illustration In Hyde park, the holy of holies of the London park system, is to be found a dog cemetery. It adjoins the parkkeeper's lodge at Victoria gate, and contains at present about eighty graves. The cemetery appears to be a private speculation of the keeper, who takes the fees, provides the tombstones and performs the duties of a sexton. The ordinary charge for an interment is five shillings; the monuments of course, vary. The keeper shows one which is said to have cost five pounds. The duke of Cambridge has two dogs buried there, and he seems to have started this public institution.

Little Practice in That Line.

A Chicago man in Lexi ngton, soon after Garfield's death, was talking of the bungling of the surgeons, when one of the Kentuckians present remonstrated against the terrible treatment and its results. "Weil, a Kentucky surgeon would have done no better," said the Chicagoan. "You are right, sah," replied the other; "Kentucky surgeons know nothing about treating wounds in the back,

Better Times Coming

Farmer Brown, after fourteen hours at haying-Never mind, Tommy; hayin' don't last forever. Just remember that winter's comin' soon, an' nothin' to do but saw wood an' 'tend the cattle an' go to school an' study nights."-Harper's Bazar.

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

A Chicago Railroader Who Can Remember Car Numbers.

"Memory is a gift that seems to be very unevenly distributed," said G. L. Blackwell, a Chicago railroad official. "We have a man in the employ of our road who is blessed with the most wonderful memory I ever heard of. It is the duty of this man to keep account of the different cars as they come into the yard. When a train whistles he steps out on the platform, without either book or pencil, and takes a mental note of the cars as they go by. If any one happens to be standing near him at the time he is thus engaged he does not hesitate to enter into conversation with him, and when the train has passed he steps back into the office and makes a complete and accurate record of the train, beginning at the first car and ending with the caboose. Sometimes, just to test his ability, the men would get him to begin at the caboose and write the numbers the other way, or else begin in the middle of the train and work both ways. In any case he never has made a mistake that I know of. Car numbers, the names of the roads to which they belong and their relative positions in the train would always be recorded accurately.

THE BISHOP'S CIGARS.

He Smoked the Before, After and Brotherly Brands.

A man in clerical garb and with a handsome face walked along a Chicago street, looking at the show windows until he came to one which contained cigars and pipes, and such stock as a cigar dealer would display. The man in clerical garb and with a handsome face walked into the cigar store. He examined several brands and bought several. After the purchase the cigar man said to one of his loungers:

"That's Bishop-, of - church. He thinks I don't know what he is up to. I have a friend who knows the bishop's home life, and he told me about him and his cigars. Now he bought three brands here. One was very light, the second very heavy and the third is a cigar that you or I wouldn't buy unless we had to. I am told that the bishop calls them his 'before,' 'after' and 'brotherly.' The first he smokes just before he goes at his ecclesiastical work, whatever it may be; the second he puffs leisurely after his work is over and the third he gives to the visiting clergy who like to smoke. So you see the old yarn about carrying two kinds of chewing tobacco has a counterpart in high

A Brown Paper Magnet.

A very simple and interesting electrical experiment may be made with a sheet of brown paper, illustrating in a remarkable manner how the most astonishing effects may be produced by the simplest means. Take a sheet of coarse brown paper, and after holding it before the fire till it is perfectly dry, fold it up into a long strip of about two inches wide. The magnet is now complete. To exhibit its attractive power, cut some strips of writing paper about three inches long and about as wide as these lines, then place them upon the table, three or four together. Now take the magnet and draw it briskly under the arm three or four times; its electro-magnetism is instantly developed, and bepparent when held over the small strips of writing paper, for they fly up from the table toward the paper magnet veritably "by the wings of lightning."

How Sam Was Bleached.

A queer story comes from North Carolina. Sam Spence, a colored man of Union county was in the woods gathering wild grapes. He climbed a tree and slipped off. His foot became entangled in the vines and he was suspended in the air by one foot. Spence had to wait for assistance, which did not arrive for more than an hour. The blood all flowed toward his head, and after he was taken down he became very sick. Since that time all the wool on his head has pulled out and he is getting almost as white as a white man. His skin first began fading in spots, which have now spread all over his body.

Gone to Pot.

The origin of the phrase "Gone to pot," has been traced to an old story about a tailor of Samarcand, who lived near the gate of the city on the road leading to the cemetery. It is said that this knight of the shears had outside his cottage an earthenware pot, into which he dropped a pebble for every corpse that passed by, and at the end of each moon counted the number. At length the tailor himself died, and his neighbors remarked, "Poor fellow, he now is gone to pot also."

Philosophy of a Five-Year-Old.

A 5-year-Old Boston boy's ethical philosophy was brought out the other day, when his father told him how glad he was that he had been such a good boy all through Sunday, when he was left much to himself. The boy answered in a matter-of-fact way, "I haven't been thinking about good. I think I'm better when I don't think about it. I don't think of anythingnaughty or anything; I just think about what a good time I'm having."

The Odors and Color of Flowers. Plants with white blossoms have a larger proportion of fragrant species than any other; next comes red, then yellow and blue; after which, and in the same order, may be reckoned violet, green, orange, brown and black. The flowers of spring are white and highly fragrant; those of summer are red and yellow and less fragrant; those of autumn and winter are darker and with still less perLEGAL ADVERT

NOTICE FOR PUBL LAND OFFICE ATO

Notice is hereby given the named settler has filed noted to make final proof in superand the settler and that said proof will be register and receiver at November 16, 1894, viz:

WILLIAM ALLEN, H. For the NE % section 10, to 12 west.

12 west.

He names the following was the continuous residence by the following was and Barney Kearns, of O'M.

14-6

JOHN A. HAR NOTICE

NOTICE

H. S. Ballou & Co., defend notice that on the 7th dise.

H. S. Ballou & Co., defend notice that on the 7th dise.

H. Henry J. Hershiser, filed his petition in the dish county, Nebraska, against and prayer of said petitic canceled and satisfied of clared paid a certain meand delivered by Patrick with the payment of a note of his particle.

H. S. Ballou & Certain meand delivered by Patrick with the payment of a note of his payment of the mortgage ly, in Holica and being recorded in book on page 127, of the mortgage county. Also to have cancer of record and declared paid gage given to secure ten now \$160. Said mortgage having said McCoy and wife tother had been considered in book 39 of mortgage recorded in book 39 of mortgage records of braska. Plaintiff alleges that said mortgages recorded in book 39 of mortgages that said mortgage records of braska. Plaintiff alleges that said mortgage records of braska. Plaintiff alleges that said mortgage have been discharged to do so, and gages remaining unsatisfied upon plaintiff's title to the land, which tends to depart thereof.

Plaintiff alleges further a tion that he is the owners above described, and pray gages may be decreed to his discharged of record and payment of the payment of the manning unsatisfied may be other equitable relief, and to our before the 12th day of Dated at O'Neill, Neb., the tober, 1894.

R. R. Dickson. attorney to

R. R. Dickson, attorney for NOTICE

NOTICE

Joseph Valentine Davided William Eechelberger, Malberger, Edgar W. Adams, a Henry C. Wilson, Mrs. Henry first and real name is unknown defendants, notice is here the 29th day of June, 1894, the plaintiff in this action, in the office of the clerk of of Holt county. Nebrasks, prayer of which are to fem mortgage executed by loavidson and Mary Davided and n½ of se¼ and se¼ of sw¼ section 31, township 2... P. M. in Holt county, M mortgage was executed a Showalter Mortgage Compresord on the 14th day of corded in book 56 of morig that there is now due up the sum of \$1,385. You was swer said petition on or hof November, 1894, or the as true and judgment enter H. M. Uttley, attorney far LEGAL NOTICE.

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