

Cheap Tickets
Via the Omaha & St. Louis R. R. and Wabash R. R. St. Louis, one way, \$9.13, round trip, \$15.35. On sale every Tuesday and Thursdays. St. Louis: Round trip October 3d to 8th, \$11.50. Home-seekers' Excursions. South: September 21, October 5 and 19. One fare the round trip, plus \$2. Springfield, Ill.: Round trip, \$13.25, on sale September 18, 19, 20. For tickets and further information call at 1415 Farnam St. (Daxton Hotel Block), Omaha, or write G. N. Clayton, Omaha, Neb.

The Beheaded Bourbon Monarch.
Louis XVI. did not behave with overwhelming dignity at his execution. On the contrary, he screamed for help, struggled with the executioners, and begged for mercy. Nor did the attendant priest say: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven." The expression used for him by a Paris evening paper.

How's This!
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CLENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Texas, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Waiding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Coincidence.
Buff, the celebrated singer, who is creating the title role of Massenet's new opera, "Werther," is the grandnephew of the original Charlotte, in Goethe's story, and on the first night of the opera in Vienna one of her grandchildren committed suicide.

Messrs. Etnenson, Woolfe & Co., the largest department house in Leavenworth, Kan., have issued a new catalogue entitled "Helpful Hints." In this catalogue is much useful information relating to dry goods, cloaks, clothing, millinery, boots and shoes, furniture, carpets, and in fact everything pertaining to house furnishing. The catalogue is sent free upon request, and is a work that should be in every home.

All men begin life as suckers, and many make the finish in the same capacity.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, soothes and inflames, a laxative, cures wind colic, 15 cents a bottle.

Extravagance is the mother of debt, and consequently the grandmother of crime.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabacher, La., August 26, 1895.

If the fool goose had not laid a gold egg she would not have lost her life.

The Autocrat's Jest.
Edward Everett Hale tells this: "A few years ago, in a fit of economy, our famous Massachusetts historical society screwed up its library and other offices by some fifteen feet, built in the space underneath, and rented it to the city of Boston. This was very well for the treasurer, but for those of us who had passed sixty years, and had to climb up some twenty more iron stairs whenever we wanted to look at an old pamphlet in the library, it was not quite so much a benefaction. When Holmes went for the first time to see the new quarters of the society, he left his card with the words, 'O. W. Holmes, High-story-call society.'"

That Terrible Scourge.
Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and its effects Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "kills the bill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill health and short of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquered by it.

Knew What He Wanted.
Drummer—I want a pair of congress gaiters.
Dealer—There has been so little demand for congress gaiters lately that we have ceased to keep them.
Drummer—Hum! Then give me a pair of button gaiters and a fire-escape.

When you visit Omaha you should call at C. S. Raymond Co.'s jewelry store, corner Fifteenth and Douglas streets, and examine their jewelry and art goods for wedding, birthday and Christmas presents, also steel engraved wedding stationery, invitations and visiting cards. It is the only first class, up-to-date jewelry, art and cut glass store west of Chicago and St. Louis. Engraving and printing 100 visiting cards \$1.50 by mail.

Odd Uses of Aluminum.
Novel uses said to have been found for aluminum are for a folding pocket scale one meter long; a necktie made of metal, frosted or otherwise ornamented, in various shapes, imitating the ordinary silk or satin article, which is recommended for summer wear; and military helmets.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Brickdust Mortar.
Use of brickdust mortar as a substitute for hydraulic cement, where the latter cannot be obtained, is recommended by the best engineering authorities.

FARRELL'S RED STAR EXTRACT IS
The best; all grocers will refund you money if you are not satisfied with it.

In every town there is a certain place where all the loafers congregate.

POLLY'S LODGER.



It was a beautiful August morning—one of those delicious summer mornings, when the air is full of melting blue light, and the leaves flutter softly and the very brown sparrows dart in and out under the eaves in an ecstasy of tiny delight. And the golden darts of sunshine, peeping through the shabby brown moreen curtains at No. 19 Darrel street, made a little aureole of brightness around Polly Hopkins' brown braids, as she sat with the account book in her lap and the top of the pencil between her teeth.

"Thirteen," said Polly, indistinctly, on account of the pencil, "and three are sixteen—and three are nineteen! Three and three are six—and thirteen are nineteen. That's all I can make of it, do what I will! Oh, dear!"

"Polly, what a noise you are making!" said a gently reproachful voice from the adjoining room. "How do you suppose I can get a divine repose into my 'Evangeline's' face if you keep on chattering so?"

Polly rose up, stowed the pencil behind her ear, took the account book under her arm and went into the other room, where Miss Musidora Hopkins, her elder sister, stood before an easel, with her yellow hair coiled carelessly around her head and her slim, pretty form enshrouded in a brown linen painting blouse. And at one glance it was easy to see that in the Hopkins family Musidora represented the ideal and Polly the practical.

"Musidora," said the little brown-cheeked, brown-eyed maiden, "is there any chance of your getting a purchaser for that picture on exhibition at Monroe's?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Musidora, stepping back a pace or two to obtain a better view of "Evangeline's" nose.

"Because, if there isn't," added Polly, desperately, "we can't pay the rent—that's all."

"Polly," said Musidora, in despair, "no one can hope to be a genius with such a sister as you. To conceive a grand idea one's mind must be entirely at ease. To portray that idea one must be free from every lurking care."

"But the rent must be paid," persisted Polly.

"Sell something, then."
"But what?"
"The little silver teapot."
"I sold that last week," sighed Polly.

"The barometer."
"That is already offered in Schnelder's window."
"Aunt Janet's gold beads."
"We paid the grocer yesterday with Aunt Janet's gold beads."

"Well—something then—anything, I don't care what. Didn't that old lady decide to take the furnished room upstairs?"

Polly shook her head dolorously. "There are so many furnished rooms to let," said she.

"Well, then, we had better sell the furniture," said Musidora, frowning at her palette.

"But—don't be vexed, Musidora, after we've eaten and drank and lived that out."
"Then," said Musidora, tragically, "we'll starve! At all events, Polly, leave me in peace now until I've dreamed out 'Evangeline's' face."

And Polly trudged downstairs, saying to herself:
"I wish I was a genius like Musidora. Geniuses don't feel care and debt and poverty like other folks do."

Just as this fancy was passing through her head, she found herself face to face with a stout gentleman in gray, with a ruddy face and a clear blue eye.

"Hello, little girl," said he, good humoredly, "don't run over me! Where's the woman of the house?"
"I am the woman of the house," said Polly, with dignity.

"You?" said the middle-aged gentleman. "Whew-w-w! Beg pardon, I'm sure; but the sign on the door—"
"A furnished room to let," said Polly, eagerly. "Quite right, sir; would you like to look at it?"
"I don't mind," said the gentleman. "Is the house quiet? Any other lodgers?"

"Please sir," said she, trying to talk through her nose in imitation of the maid servant next door, who was troubled with catarrh, "here's the things."
"Ah!" said the stout gentleman, who stood on the hearth with his back to the place where the fire would have been, if there had been any fire. "Put 'em down, my good girl. I say."
"Sir?"
"What's the name of your mistress?"
"Which, sir?"
"Are there two of 'em?" demanded the stout gentleman.

"Oh, yes, sir. There's Miss Musidora Hopkins—she's a great genius and paints pictures. And there's Miss Polly, that ain't a genius and keeps house," answered the "soi disant" domestic.

"And which of 'em showed me up here?"
"That was Miss Polly, sir."
"Ah! the one that ain't a genius."
"Yes, please, sir."

"She's a pretty girl, anyhow," said the stout gentleman. "You may go now, Betsy."
And Polly scudded out of the room like a mouse from a trap.

Musidora was still dreaming in front of the unfinished canvas, when her sister darted in, waving a crumpled bank note in the air.

"Polly," said Musidora, "what is all this about?"
"We've got a lodger," said Polly, triumphantly. "The furnished room is let, and here's the first week's pay in advance, and we can settle our rent now! Three cheers for the new lodger!"

And Polly spun around on her foot like Fanny Ellsler.

"Perhaps he won't be suited! Perhaps he won't stay!" said Musidora, absently.

"But then again, perhaps he will," chirped Polly.

The stout gentleman did stay. He made himself friends with every one. He treated the deaf old lady's sick canary in a manner which filled that ancient personage's venerable head with joy; he suggested new subjects to Musidora, the genius; he told Polly of an excellent way to take the spot of kerosene out of the carpet. He paid his rent at 6 o'clock precisely every Saturday evening, and never found out that it was Polly who hung the fresh towels over his door knob, and blacked the boots he put out every day, with a ten cent piece beside them.

"Somebody must do it," said Polly, when Musidora reproached her with the menial task. "And as long as we can't afford a servant, why not I?"

She was a little surprised, though, when Mrs. Jenks, the deaf lodger, told her that she had heard from Mrs. Stephen Sudbury, who had it from old Miss Pellean, who knew all about the family, that Mr. Dudley Warrenner (the stout, middle-aged gentleman) was a rich bachelor, with everything that



"I?" SAID POLLY.
heart could wish and a spice of eccentricity thrown in.

"And people do say," added the deaf lady, "that he's in love with one of you girls."

"Musidora, of course," said Polly. "He often goes to sit in the studio of an afternoon. And nobody could help falling in love with Musidora."

And Polly went up to her own room and cried a little, probably at the idea of losing Musidora.

"It would be so lonesome," said she to herself. "Oh, so lonesome, with Mr. Warrenner gone—and Musidora."

She was making a custard for tea that afternoon, when Mr. Warrenner's footstep rang on the kitchen threshold.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Polly," said he, looking somewhat disconcerted. "I wanted Betsy to post a letter for me."

"She isn't in just now," said Polly, turning very red.

"Can I come in?" said Mr. Warrenner.
"Why, certainly," said Polly.
So the stout gentleman came in and seated himself on a corner of the kitchen table.

"Miss Polly," said he.
"Sir?" said Polly.
"I'm just forty years old."
"Are you, sir?" said Polly, thinking within herself, "Now, he's going to tell me about Musidora."
"Should you consider that too old to marry?" went on Mr. Warrenner, solicitously.
"Oh, dear, no," responded Polly.
"Should you think any young lady would accept me if I were to propose?" he queried.
"Oh, dear, yes!" Polly answered.
"Would you?"
"I?" said Polly, dropping her iron custard spoon in astonishment.
"Yes, you."
"But I thought it was Musidora that you liked," said Mr. Warrenner, "but I love little Polly."
Polly Hopkins never knew how it was that she found herself crying on the middle-aged lodger's shoulder, and he was patting her head and soothing her as if she were a child.
"And so you really do like me a little," said Mr. Warrenner, in a voice that sounded husky. "My gem—my dear little pearl of Pollys!"

So all the poverty and grinding and pinching came to an end. And Polly never told her husband until after they were married of the little deceit she had practiced on him regarding the question of Betsy.

"And you really blacked my boots?" said Mr. Warrenner, reproachfully.
"Yes," nodded Polly, "because I did so want you to be suited."
"I'm suited now," said Mr. Warrenner, "for life."—N. Y. Ledger.

MAKING MONEY IN A NEW TOWN

And It Wasn't Dug Out of the Ground
Either.

White Pine, Nev., was almost unknown to the world until one day in 1869, when a prospector struck it rich—so rich that the story of his discovery could not be kept secret, and the whole western country was interested in the developments that followed.

Six months after that memorable strike one point in the camp—Treasure hill—had a population of 20,000, and the whole district was the scene of a memorable bonanza excitement.

As usual in such booms the gamblers followed the rush for the new camp, and among them were two young men who came originally from Illinois, and who were introduced as "Jeff" and "Al" Hankins. The newcomers opened an establishment on a modest scale in a business block, upstairs, and got along so well that they soon brought out their brother, George, as assistant.

The three brothers continued in business until an accident happened which brought them prosperity and changed their plans so radically that they felt justified in moving to Chicago. According to an old miner who knew the boys at the time, Jeff and Al had been away on business. Returning to the camp by stage the rig was upset and both the boys were thrown out. Jeff had his leg broken and Al turned up in camp the next day carrying a cane and showing symptoms of suffering when anybody was around to observe.

Things went along this way until time came for the trial of suits for injury brought by the Hankinses against the Stage company. They both proved that they had received serious and permanent injuries in the accident, and that the Stage company was responsible for them. The jury returned in favor of the plaintiffs. Jeff got \$15,000 and Al \$8,000. Just as soon as the company had settled with them Al had one of the most remarkably sudden recoveries on record. It is currently believed in White Pine to this day that Al threw his cane away within thirty seconds after he was paid, but of course this is only gossip. Anyway, it was only a short time afterward that they all went to Chicago and opened up the establishment that became famous.

IGNORANCE.

Guides Who Led the King of Siam
About London Had Trouble.

The King of Siam has proved himself to be familiar with English history. He has not passed a regular examination, but has shown himself acquainted with the occupants of the tombs in Westminster Abbey, which is about the same. The King was shown about England's Valhalla by Canon Wilberforce. He coldly passed by the statues of Pitt, Livingstone and Herschel in the nave, but paused before that of Darwin. "Darwin, great man, I know him," he remarked. The helmet worn by Henry V. at Agincourt was shown him. He looked at it carefully and inquired its weight. He seemed surprised when told that it weighed nine pounds, twelve ounces. When shown the flag of the Duke of Wellington's. Queen Elizabeth's tomb impressed him greatly. All of a sudden he said, "Where is Mary?" No one knew exactly what he meant. Then he went on, "Mary—Mary, Queen of Scots."

"She was beheaded," he added. This circumstance seemed to impress him, for in a moment he said: "Where is the other?" Soon it was understood that decapitation was the connecting link and that he wished to see the tomb of Charles the First. He was disappointed to learn that Charles was buried at Windsor. In the Poet's Corner Tennyson and Scott received most of his attention. At St. Paul's he was shown the memorial of General Gordon, but shocked his guides by inquiring with great sincerity: "Who was General Gordon?" "Oh, he was a man very well known in the East," was the only answer thought necessary. Altogether Chulalongkorn showed himself to be a pretty fair historian, but better posted in ancient than modern events.

Rained His Business.

"Yes," said the agitator, "I insist that this new tariff bill is the worst thing that ever happened. They say it is going to provide a job for everybody, but that's false. I can show you one man right now that is actually deprived of an opportunity to make a living."
"Where is he? What's his name?"
"Here he is! I am the man."
"How has it hurt you?"
"How has it hurt me? Why, I can't get anybody to listen to me any more. Confound it, the people that I used to harangue are all being forced to work for a living again. It's a shame, so it is!"

And he walked away.—Cleveland Leader.

Tit for Tat.

"You don't know much about the city, do you?" said the city cousin, in his superior way as he was showing his country relative around.

"No more'n you do about the farm," was the prompt reply.—Chicago Post.

Lively Sheep.
There is a young married couple in Chicago who are recovering from their first quarrel. It wasn't a bad quarrel, but the bride became quite spunky for a time. They were out in the country and she gazed over the green fields in delight until a herd of small animals caught her eyes, which, by the way, are rather short-sighted. "Oh," she cried, "aren't they lovely? Such nice, fat sheep! Aren't they lovely sheep, dear?" "Yes, darling," responded the horrid man, "they are, but you'd have a dence of a time shearing them. They are pigs."

Shake Into Your Shoes.
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the great comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Worth the Trouble.
Friend—Why do you sell to those society people if you have such a time collecting the bills?
Florist—Hist! I use them as stool-pigeons, to lure in the nobodies who pay cash.

There Is a Class of People
Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Domestic Sarcasm.
Mr. Softleigh, waking in the middle of the night—My dear, I am sure there is a man in the house. Mrs. Softleigh—Go to sleep again, Algy; you are flattering yourself.—Town Topics.

FREE, IMPORTANT INFORMATION
To men (plain envelope). How, after ten years' fruitless doctoring, I was fully restored to full vigor and robust manhood. No C.O.D. fraud. No money accepted. No connection with medical concerns. Sent absolutely free. Address, Lock Box 285, Chicago, Ill. Send 2-cent stamp if convenient.

Some people haven't enough hospitality in them to entertain their own opinions.

One's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

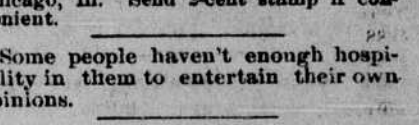
The scales must drop from one's eyes before he can weigh anything fairly.

Scrofula

"Our daughter broke out with scrofula sores all over her face and head. She grew worse until we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla. When she had taken six bottles her face was smooth and the scrofula has never returned." SILAS VERBOOY, West Point, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.



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