

### FREE RAILROAD FARE AND PASS

TO THE INTERSTATE FAIR, SIOUX  
CITY, IA., SEPTEMBER  
7 TO 15.

Cut this out and mail today to L. H. Jones, the piano man, Sioux City, Ia., together with the name of anyone who is going to buy a piano now or within two or three months and you will receive an order for \$50. Now you will receive a draft sufficient to buy you a ticket to the fair for any day you may designate, together with enough to pay your railroad fare if you live within 150 miles of Sioux City, providing, however, we sell your customer a piano during the fair.

If this should be read by anyone who is in the market for a piano, we will make you this proposition in addition to the above: If you will give us a fair chance to sell you a piano and we do not, and you buy during the fair, we will pay you in cash the amount of your railroad fare and hotel bill during one full day, and buy you a ticket to the fair. Our object in making you this offer is to get a chance to sell you, and our confidence in our special prices during the fair is the incentive.

Special sale of pianos and organs, new and second-hand. Read our prices below:

Chickering piano, almost new, originally cost \$650, now \$275; Weber piano, very fine case, almost new, in fine condition, originally cost \$450, now \$250; Emerson piano, shows very little wear, their very finest case and finest piano, originally sold for \$450, now \$235.

Good Emerson piano, sold when new for \$325, now \$150.

Fisher piano, in good condition, originally sold for \$500, now \$185.

Everett piano, interior, almost new, good, formerly sold for \$450, now \$175.

Very good piano, been used seven years, now \$125.

Very good piano, Kimball make, \$90.

Chicago piano, \$75.

New pianos.

Four of the best piano factories we represent have given us the privilege to sell their pianos at factory prices, only adding the freight and expense of handling.

This is purely an advertising scheme and will bring four different makes of the best pianos made in the United States so low that the inducement to buy will be great. Prices are on a cash basis; however, we will arrange for small monthly payments, or one, two and three years' time at no advance in our cash price.

Forty organs and five square pianos in storage, and must be sold at once. Kimball, Story & Clark, Farrand & Votey, Chicago Cottage, Newman Bros., and others, \$10 and up. Every piano and organ sold bears our personal guarantee, as good as a farm mortgage.

Our references: The Northwestern National and First National banks, Sioux City.

Open every evening during the fair until 10 o'clock.

L. H. Jones, The Piano Man,  
620 Fourth street.

His bullet was a hornet.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The passengers on a Drexler-Chester traction company, were startled to see a well dressed man, named Elliott, jump out of his seat, clasp his hand to his left breast, and exclaim, "My God, I'm shot!"

The man sank back in his seat, pallid, and the passengers clustered around him, thinking some miscreant had fired into the car, although no shot was heard.

"I feel my blood slowly ebbing away; it is way down my arm," said Elliott. He put his hand in, placed it on his arm, groaned, and pulled it out again covered with perspiration.

The conductor, assisted by a sympathetic passenger, with great care pulled the man's coat down over the shoulder and then exposed the largest specimen of hornet seen in these parts. He had been stung.

Some Kind of a Cat.

From Judge.

Ethel, aged 8, had succeeded in making her dog stand up on his hind legs, but her efforts to make the cat do likewise resulted in the little girl getting a bad scratch, whereupon she exclaimed, "You d-n cat!"

Her horrified mother, who overheard her, punished her severely; but, not disheartened, Ethel the next morning again endeavored to induce puss to emulate her father, and again she felt the force of her feline claws.

"You—" the angry child began, when her mother said warningly:

"Ethel!"

"Well," she continued, "you are just the same kind of a cat you were yesterday."

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Profit by the Experience of One Who Has Found Relief.

James R. Keeler, retired farmer, of Fenner street, Cazenovia, N. Y., says:

"About fifteen years ago I suffered with my back and kidneys. I doctored and used many remedies without getting relief.

Beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills, I found relief from the first box, and two boxes restored me to good sound condition. My wife and many of my friends have used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results and I can earnestly recommend them."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Popular in Hades.

From the Houston Post.

"Do you suppose peck-a-boos will be worn in heaven?"

"I don't know, but they ought to be popular in the other place."

Guns, Traps, Decoys, etc. Lowest prices. Write for free catalog No. 1. N. W. Elide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

"Getting Even."

In savings banks is customary to require a new depositor to sign an identification blank. In a certain savings bank recently a woman was somewhat unwilling to comply with this request.

"What is your husband's name?" asked the clerk.

"My husband's name is Peter Jones. What is your wife's name?" snapped the fair depositor.

Mislabelled.

"A mustache cup, madam?" said the dealer. "Yes, we have a few, I think. But they are not much called for any more."

### ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

After all, people keep a pretty stiff upper lip.

As you grow older, about all you get from a picnic is tired.

How Americans hate hard work, but how they love to "josh."

Remember that more than half your suspicions are unfounded.

Better make excuses than throw the blame on some one else.

The only thing easy of accomplishment in this world is to be poor.

Some men seem to enjoy a toothpick as much as others enjoy a cigar.

Some men are called "conservative" when in reality they are only slow.

There are very few unhappy marriages; the unhappiness comes later.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who wore leather suspenders?

A woman who is loved by her husband and children is always all right.

Whenever we see a lion tamer, we wonder how he escaped being an agent.

When a man can be hypnotized to do a thing, he wanted to do it anyway.

Occasionally you find an old-fashioned horse that scares at a railroad train.

There is always a good demand for hands at harvest time and in the ham-mock.

When children play school, getting the lessons is never a feature of their pastime.

It is a "light housekeeping" when a couple eats two meals out of three with kin.

When a man thanks you for pointing out an error he has made, he doesn't mean it.

A great many more women are too tender hearted to kill a chicken than are vegetarians.

A woman is fairly well pleased with the weather if she can manage to keep her hair in curl.

An idea of a trusting nature is a person who calls what he buys from an agent a "bargain."

When a man quits a job, his employer is apt to say: "He gave up the chance of his life."

A woman who wastes a good deal of time after it is over, telling what he felt like saying.

Put a ring in your nose and a woman will not notice it if she has her children with her.

The way a politician man that he has a little sense that he can't appreciate a pretty woman.

About the only thing that can be said in favor of store teeth is that they are better than none.

When we see a woman elaborately dressed, we always wonder how she gets herself apart at night.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who crossed his legs and let his little son ride his foot?

If it was for his wife, the average man would use a handkerchief until it was as black as the stove.

Occasionally a man objects to frequent bathing on the ground that too many baths are "weakening."

Those roosters are catching it now! Wherever you go these days, you have fried rooster to eat.

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"I'm glad you weren't hurt," said Campbell. "It was a terrible night for any one in this area."

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# The Plunderers

BY C. J. CUTLIFFE HYNÉ.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### DECISIONS.

When Campbell stepped back at the Port Edes, he found Captain Kettle sitting in the chart room with a pen gripped between his teeth and a rhyming dictionary in his hands surrendering to his reluctant treasures. On the mahogany desk in front of him was a sheet of much corrected manuscript, with a capital letter at the commencement of every line. And beyond, in a jam pot, was a bunch of waxen leaved magnolia flowers, with two coral pink magnolia ones, set around with a frill of shenny leaves.

Captain Owen Kettle was composing a sonnet on the magnolia, and dogged work was trying to finish what the one line inspiration had begun. The two giant moonlighter who had slipped into the room when the wire gauze door was shut grew visibly fatter without danger to life or wing. In his fine creative frenzy Captain Kettle never felt their touch.

"Heard Kettle got back at last, you see, and a devil of a time I've had of it."

"That popish saint more holier," wrote the little man, reading the words as they sprawled across the paper.

"How low I was to get so something about the smell. 'Angel breathed' is the thing, only it don't seem to lay up hands with the rest. Angels are certain to have good breath, and these flowers smell as fine as anything I've tried. Just take a sniff at them yourself. Well, Mr. Campbell, here you are again, and I haven't said I'm glad to see you. But I am. It's as good as meat to put eyes on you and hear what's to be done next. I tell you it's been pretty dull work with the donkeyman off all day bird shooting, and me as ship's husband sitting here on my own tail. I fancy you'd be a bit astonished at walking on board same as you would into a house without having to hat a boat."

A little, not much. I was prepared for anything after what I saw between Point Sebastian and here."

"I fancy they'll have to bring out new geography books about this part of the world. The sea is the color of why, sir, the blessed ground fairly got up and walked during that blow. I don't think the steamer shifted much. Canted a bit to leeward maybe, but didn't budge out of her keel groove, but it did shake things that fetched weight. When once they brook moorings, the trees set back their shoulders and sheeted home, and great islands bore down on us like ships. The lightning burned flares all the time, and I wished I was a fish in a barrel."

If it was for his wife, the average man would use a handkerchief until it was as black as the stove.

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