

shape of the little leather case he carried in his hand. He at once began talking with the men, who were very glad to tell their story to a reporter. It was a very different one from that of the manager. He didn't want to pay them at all, they said, and vowed that he had no money.

"Moosh lika that," said the fageolet. "He hava plenty money. He spend him—oh, yes, he spend plenty for his Bebe he calla her."

"Shall you play to-morrow?" asked Rush.

"Si, si," answered the spokesman. "He pay we play. We tella him he no pay we no play."

By further questioning Rush learned that there had been a close approach to serious trouble at the rehearsal that morning—that the musicians, led by the fageolet, had refused to go on till they got their money, and that Maxmann had said positively he had not a dollar in the bank, but would pay them in full on the first of the month, when he would get an assessment from the directors.

They had heard that story before, and refused to put any confidence in it, and would have walked off with their instruments under their arms if Miss Knowlton had not come to the rescue and insisted that the orchestra should be paid with the money which was due her that day, and which she knew Maxmann would have ready for her, because he could not afford to treat her as he had treated the poor musicians.

"Noble creature!" said Rush to himself. "She is as good as she is great." And to think that he was going to see her, and on that very day, too!

He learned from some of the people of the theatre that she drove out with her aunt every afternoon on the days when she didn't sing; and, as this was one of them, Rush concluded that he would not find her at home then, but that he had better call at her house just before dinner time, when he would be pretty sure of finding her in. This would give him time to dress, as it was not quite 5 o'clock. So he hurried over to West Eleventh street.

Never before did this young man dress himself with so much care. He had taken his usual bath in the morning, but he took another, and put on the best of everything he owned. He looked over his stock of shirts with the eye of a Brummel. The collar of one was too high, the collar of another too low. Finally he completed his toilet and set forth. His landlady met him in the hall.

"Bon jour, M. Pinot," he said, gayly, as he ran downstairs; but M. Pinot was so struck with his changed appearance that she could not find words to return his salutation.

"Well," said she, in French, for she said it to herself, "something has happened; he doesn't look like the same person I saw this morning."

And indeed he did not. There was a color in his cheeks and a brightness in his eye that had not been there in many a day. His encounter with Archie Tillinghast and his assignment from The Dawn office would have been exciting enough without this great climax.

He lost no time in walking to West Twentieth street, but when he turned into that street and the little gothic houses stood in all their prettiness before him, he slackened his speed. For a moment he thought that he was ill, but he concluded that it was only the effects of an exciting day. Back and forth he walked in front of the house he was so soon to enter, and could not make up his mind to pull the bell handle.

"Rush Hurlstone, you're a fool!" he finally said. "Don't you know this is business?" Then he mounted the steps and rang the bell. How musically it tinkled in the basement below! The door was opened by a man servant in livery, of whom he demanded, "Is Miss Knowlton in?"

"I will inquire if you will be good enough to send up your card," replied the man, with the evasive answer of the well trained servant of a public person, at the same time ushering Rush, who handed him Mr. Muagrave's note of introduction, into a gem of a drawing room. A grand piano stood in the middle of the room, which was adorned with fine paintings and some rare portraits of distinguished singers. Flowers in baskets and in vases filled the place with a rich perfume. Easy chairs and bric-a-brac abounded. The whole atmosphere of the room was one of luxury and good taste.

"This is her home," thought Rush, looking about him; "these are the rugs her tiny feet tread upon; these are her books; there stands her piano, over whose ivory keys her ivory fingers glide." In this way he amused himself until he heard the rustling of a woman's gown on the stairs. His heart stopped beating and seemed to grow so big that he was afraid he could not speak when she entered. Ten thousand thoughts flew through his mind. He arose from his chair, and, shutting his eyes, said to himself: "When that door opens I shall see the most divinely beautiful creature that treads this earth; one for whom I would lie down and die—nay, more, for whom I would stand up and live."

A sort of ecstasy took possession of him. The door swung back on its hinges; he opened his eyes and Aunt Rebecca Sanford entered the room. Rush started. If he had been struck in the face he could not have had a harder blow. It took him a few seconds to recover his wits. If he had had to speak first he would certainly have disgraced himself, but Aunt Rebecca began at once.

"She's very busy just at this moment" (Miss Sanford had an ugly way of saying "she" or "her" when she meant her niece, forgetting that there were any other ones or hers in the world), "and asked me to step down and see you. I'm very partial to press boys myself, Mr. Hurlstone" (another ugly trick of hers was to get people's names wrong), "and I'm always glad to have a little chat with them. Take a seat, pray. You wanted to see her about that strike. Well, now, I really don't see how she could say anything on that subject. She doesn't want to pitch into Maxmann because the man really means well; but, you know, Italian opera is an expensive luxury. That's why it's fashionable. It'll never be popular, though, mark my words. English opera is what'll fetch

the people. If that child ever sings in English opera she'll make her everlasting fortune. I tell her so, too; but they all have a foolish pride about Italian opera. It's nonsense, arrant nonsense. The biggest money is in the English opera, you mark my words."

Rush had no doubt that she was correct, but he hadn't come there to hear Miss Rebecca Sanford's opinion of the relative merits of English and Italian opera. He was a diplomatic young man, however, and when he found that the prospect of seeing Miss Knowlton looked dim, he tried all his arts. When Aunt Rebecca, who was an impulsive woman for all her shrewdness and brusque manner, learned that it was his first assignment, she took a personal interest, and said he should "see that child as sure as there was a Moses in the bulrushes," and she left the room to fetch her.

This time there was no mistake. Rush heard the clear notes of Miss Knowlton's voice as she descended the stairs, and in a moment she was advancing toward him with her hand extended. Such a beautiful hand, too! It felt like a rose leaf as it lay in his for half a second.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Hurlstone, and shall be most happy if I can be of any service to you."

Then she sat down on one side of him (Aunt Rebecca sat on the other), and "took him all in," as she afterwards told him. She saw a tall, well made young man with brown hair, a clear, dark skin, and strong, white teeth that a budding mustache made no effort to conceal. He was certainly handsome, and he had an easy, natural manner, that was very attractive.

About the strike she would rather not say anything, but, as he had taken the trouble to find her and did not want to go back empty handed, she would say that, although she did not believe in strikes, her sympathies were with the strikers in this instance.

"They did not strike for higher pay," she said, "but for what they had already earned. I do not, however, want to accuse Mr. Maxmann. He had no intention of cheating them out of their money; he only wants time. You see, Italian opera is very expensive, and the expenses are not properly apportioned. We prime donne are not paid in the right way. We should not get such large certainties. I have always held that a prima donna should be paid in proportion to her 'drawing' powers—a small certainty and a percentage."

"Hear that child, now!" interrupted Aunt Rebecca, "you might know that she was an artist—no head for business. A small certainty, indeed! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Not a prima donna I will venture to say," said Helen. "No manager would be bold enough to mention the subject in her presence."

So they chatted on for fifteen or twenty minutes.

"I have been very frank with you, Mr. Hurlstone," said Helen, "and I leave it for you to draw the line between what I have said to you and what I have said to The Dawn. I think that I am perfectly safe in trusting myself in your hands." And she gave him a look of such confidence that he was quite beside himself. Both Helen and her aunt were pleased with Rush. "When you are at the theatre come around and see us," said Aunt Rebecca at parting. He was so young and so enthusiastic that she liked him; and then he was a "newspaper man!"

Rush had a column of The Dawn for his story, and it was a good one. The city editor complimented him upon it, and told him to come inside the next day and he would try to find him a desk. So at last he had got a foothold, and his prospects seemed to him simply dazzling. What a glowing letter he wrote home! It was to his mother, with whom he could be confidential, and the glowing was largely about Helen Knowlton.

"How young men will rave over women on the stage!" said that good lady. "But it will blow over. I won't scold him yet, dear boy!" And she put the letter carefully away in her writing desk, that "the girls" might not see it.

CHAPTER VI.

ESSIE ARCHER was the only child of wealthy parents, and her one trouble in life was that she had no serious occupation. She had a much better mind than the average girl, and she was intelligent enough to be conscious of her own shortcomings. She wanted to be great, and she was only clever. Her father had taken unusual pains with her education, and the advantages that he would have given to a son were as far as possible given to her. She could translate Heine and De Musset very gracefully, and had put Horace into respectable English verse. Some of her Heine and De Musset translations she had set to music, and she sang them with a great deal of taste. But she tired of translating, and writing songs began to bore her. She wanted to do something of more consequence in the world. Having been born and brought up in luxury, she thought she would like to be a labor reformer, and so she attended some noisy meetings at the Cooper Union, accompanied by her cousin Archie Tillinghast. Instead of being disillusioned thereby, she got up quite a sentimental feeling about the "horny handed sons of toil." So regularly did she attend these meetings that she became known by sight to some of the professional agitators, and one of them made bold to call at her house and ask her for funds to carry on the good work. He was a smooth tongued fellow, and he urged her to write a labor reform pamphlet, which he engaged to print and send broadcast over the land—if she would pay the expenses.

But the labor reformers palled upon her after a while, and she began to think deeply upon the subject of negro equality. She talked about it to a young man who would argue or agree with her. She attended some meetings held to discuss the subject, and once invited the African orator home to dinner. She said that she had "no vulgar race prejudices," but her father had, and the dinner party did not come off. Encouraged by her patronage, the orator told her one day that he had no vulgar race prejudices either, and that he would as lief marry a white woman as a colored one. He advanced this belief with so much meaning that Miss Archer rang the bell and ordered the servant to put him out of the house. After that day she carefully avoided the subject of negro equality, and turned her attention to the amelioration of the condition of the Indian. This fancy pleased her longer than usual; but after she had made quite a collection of Indian trophies, and read a good deal, more particularly poems, of Indian literature, she went out to the plains to visit a friend who had married an army officer. There she saw the Indian divested of romance. She thought him a very uninteresting personage, and preferred the legends of the poets to the facts that there stared her in the face.

At the time when Rush Hurlstone became acquainted with her she was deeply interested in esoteric Buddhism, and had attended some questionable meetings at the apartment of the high priestess of Buddha, a certain Mme. Parapoff, who drew around her a wholly Bohemian and partially vicious lot of people, mostly men, among whom she sat smoking cigarettes and discoursing of the strange things she had seen in India. She wore a brooch which she said had been plucked out of the forehead of a departed Hindoo and placed at her throat. Did any one doubt her? There was the brooch.

Mme. Parapoff was a very clever woman, and had written a book entitled "The Rendering of the Veil," which no one read, but which every one said was a wonderful production. It was in two large folio volumes, filled with illustrations, showing the veil before and after the rendering, and giving the mystic signs known only to those who had sought faithfully for esoteric information on this subject.

Mme. Parapoff, as I have said, was clever, but she had a face that would frighten off any one who was not particularly anxious to learn that which she alone professed to teach. Bessie Archer was never more alarmed in her life than on her first visit to Mme. Parapoff's "bungalow," as the latter called it. She had never seen such a looking woman before; her face repelled her, but her manner was reassuring. The Russian was a thorough woman of the world, and she saw that in this visitor she had a fish of a new sort to deal with, who could not be caught with the common bait thrown to the men around her. Only the choicest morsel would attract her. She must be careful not to offend her by speaking too plainly before her at first, and she must not give her her famous pamphlet, "Naked, and not Ashamed," to read until she was quite sure of her. Bessie had induced her useful cousin, Archie Tillinghast, to accompany her to Mme. Parapoff's. Archie didn't want to go at all, but he was convinced that Bessie would go alone if he didn't go with her.

Rush reassured him on this point by pocketing the money, and at the same time he told him that his prospects at The Dawn office were improving; but he didn't say where his assignment had taken him, for fear of betraying himself if he spoke upon a subject so near his heart.

"Now, Rush, my boy," said Archie, looking at his watch, "I don't like to appear rude, but you know I told you I had three receptions this evening. One is that of the Daughters of Sappho, who hold their annual reunion at Delmonico's; but that won't keep me long. I'll get a programme and flee. The other is at the house of the California millionaire, McMulligan, who owns a palace in Fifth avenue; and that will not delay me either, for the genial McMulligan himself has promised me a printed list of his guests. Then we will fly to my uncle Archer's, where we are sure to have a pleasant evening."

So, donning their overcoats, the two set out.

They walked down to Delmonico's, then in Fourteenth street, where the Daughters of Sappho were having a grand time. The meeting had been called to order when they arrived, and Mrs. Lavinia Hopper-Walker was beginning her essay on "The Weaker Sex," which she proved to their entire satisfaction to be the male.

"Who behaves the most calmly in times of emergency?" asked Mrs. Hopper-Walker, "the woman or the man? I need hardly say it is the woman. The woman will endure suffering without flinching, while a man in the dentist's chair has been known to kick great holes in the wall while his teeth were being filled." [Applause.] "Who are seized with panic at a fire?—the men or the women? Statistics will prove to you that half the trouble during a fire in a theatre or other public hall is invariably caused by the pushing and crowding of the men, who will stamp out the life of any one who gets in their way. If this is not proof that man is the weaker vessel, what is? To me it is sufficient." [Great applause.]

But Mrs. Hopper-Walker thought that the others needed further proof; for she continued to present them with statistical evidence for half an hour longer at least. In the mean time Archie found the president of the club, Mrs. Merrie May, who gave him a programme of the evening's exercises and a printed synopsis of the different speeches. While Archie was attending to his duties, Rush was looking about the room at the strange people ranged along the wall. A gentleman with a very high forehead and a blonde beard that grew in irregular spots about his face wherever it could pierce the surface tapped him upon the shoulder after a while, and said:

"I saw you at the office of The Dawn the other day, so I presume you are a reporter and would like some points for an article for your paper—the names of the distinguished people here this evening, etc." And before Rush could say that he was not there as a representative of his paper, the man ran his fingers through his straggling locks and, drawing himself up to his full 5 feet 4 inches, said, "The lady reading the address is Mrs. Lavinia Hopper-Walker," adding, in a most impressive whisper, "my wife! I am Tobias T. Hopper-Walker. T. stands for Tartar. My mother was a Tartar."

Rush thought that his wife was a Tartar also, but he didn't say so.

"Mrs. Lavinia Hopper-Walker is a most remarkable woman, sir. She can take the floor against any man, and shut him up before he knows where he is." Rush looked at Mrs. Hopper-Walker, who at this moment was making one of her most cutting remarks at the expense of man. Her eyes were fixed upon her husband, and the expression of superiority that passed over her face was a study for a tragedian. The expression on his face would better have served the comedian, it was so self deprecatory and showed such satisfaction in being the weaker vessel.

"This is a most representative gathering," he whispered. "There is Mrs. Ann Amelia de Johnstone, president of the 'Women Who Dare' society. It meets every week at her house in Williamsburg, where it enjoys a most intellectual evening."

Rush looked in the direction indicated by Mr. Hopper-Walker's long forefinger and saw a woman with a high forehead decorated with thin, tight curls. Her eyes were large, and their prominence was exaggerated by the powerful glasses she wore on her very retreating nose. Indeed, her nose turned up with so much determination that it carried her upper lip with it, exposing her two large front teeth to the public gaze.

"Mrs. De Johnstone is very clever," continued Hopper-Walker. "She writes for the magazines and pamphlets by the score. I suppose you have read her book on the form of marriage proposals among the ancient Egyptians? She holds that women proposed in those days and advocated the olden custom. Mrs. Hopper-Walker has written an answer to this, in which she proves that the custom is even older than Mrs. De Johnstone claims, and that that lady's theories have even been in practice in this country for years. It is a good custom for some women. I know a number who would not have been married if it had not prevailed." He cast a furtive glance in the direction of Mrs. Hopper-Walker, who was just taking her seat amidst the most enthusiastic applause.

At this moment Archie put his arm through Rush's and said it was time for them to be off. Rush thanked Mr. Hopper-Walker, and the two young men went down stairs to the cafe and seated themselves at a small table. While they drank a jug of German seltzer Archie wrote out his report of the Sappho and sent it down to The Trumpet office.

"There's nothing pleases them like getting copy in early, dear boy. Now let us lie to my uncle Archer's, where I will leave you while I do the McMulligan's. As I told you before, that won't delay me long. Cousin Bess will take care of you while I am interviewing McMulligan on the cost of his entertainment."

From Delmonico's they strolled up town as far as Twentieth street, where they turned off to the home of the Archers, on Gramercy park. The moon was shining brightly upon this exclusive little park, and upon the ladies in their handsome wraps who were running gaily up the Archers' front steps and disappearing in a blaze of gas light through the door. This was to be Rush's introduction to New York society—a thing he had heard a good deal about and regarded with more or less awe. He was just at an age when society is most attractive. He was very susceptible to beauty, and he considered Helen Knowlton the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. And so she certainly was, for she was not of a more or less rustic type, and, notwithstanding his country bringing up, he had little taste for rusticity in women. This first appearance in the social world was a great excitement to him, and he was very much afraid that he would do something in violation of the proprieties. So he determined to do as his friend Tillinghast did; and he could not have had a better guide in such matters. To Archie he said nothing about his embarrassment, and there was nothing in his manner to lead his friend to suspect it.

The two young men, as the ladies had done before them, ran lightly up the steps and entered the hall, where Rush almost had his breath taken away by the dazzling light and the perfume of flowers. He followed Archie upstairs, where they left their topcoats; and, taking a parting glance at himself in the mirror to see that his tie had not ridden up over his collar and that his hair was not too much rumpled, he descended with Archie to the drawing room. Here a gorgeous scene presented itself. The long rooms were brilliantly lighted with wax candles and decorated with more flowers than Rush had ever seen together in his life. The ladies were dressed in their finest Paris gowns; but it was not so much the dressing as the want of it that astonished our young countryman—the older the ladies were, the less they seemed to fear the cold.

Archie presented him at once to his uncle and aunt and to his cousin Bessie, for whom Rush immediately conceived the friendliest feelings. Bessie Archer certainly was an attractive girl. She was handsome and well made, and she looked like a girl who enjoyed good health. Her complexion was brilliant, her teeth dazzling and her clear, gray blue eyes looked as strong as an eagle's. Although she was an exceptionally clever girl, she was not a bit of a prig, and her manner was remarkable for its cordiality. When she took Rush by the hand and gave him such a firm, pleasant grip that he said to himself, "Here is a girl worth knowing; she shakes hands like a man; none of your flimsy, lachrymational touching of the fingers, such as some girls give." And Bessie liked Rush at once. She had heard such pleasant things about him from Archie that she was naturally prejudiced in his favor; and it was impossible to look in his honest, manly face and not like him. "Now, Hurlstone, old fellow," said Archie, after introducing his friend to his cousin, "I will leave you to Cousin Bess' tender care and go where duty calls."

"I'm sure you could not leave me where I would rather be," said Rush, as glibly as though he had been "in society" all his life.

"Perhaps you will have a different tale to tell when Archie comes back," said Cousin Bess.

"I shall only speak more positively then," replied Rush, with a bow that Count d'Orsay might have envied.

At that moment the band, stationed in another room, struck up the music of a waltz, and there was a general movement of pleasant anticipation among the young people. Their elders drew up along the wall, and the dancers took their places on the floor.

"Do you dance, Mr. Hurlstone?" asked Miss Archer. "If you do, I will give you this waltz. I was saving it for Archie; but the poor fellow has not finished his day's work yet."

"No, Miss Archer," replied Rush, "I do not dance. I have heretofore looked upon a dancing man with a feeling of superiority; but now I regard him with envy, and for the first time regret that the steps of the waltz are a sealed book to me."

"I am very sorry, too; for I am afraid you are going to have a dull time, as this is a dancing company to-night. However, I will try and find a young lady whose conversation will in a measure alleviate your disappointment. Will you take something intellectual or something frivolous?" As Miss Archer asked this question, her eyes turned towards two ladies standing on the opposite side of the room.

Rush's eyes followed hers, and he answered, "Something frivolous, please." So they threaded their way among the dancers, and he was introduced to Miss Gertrude Gaston.

"How is it you are not dancing this evening, Miss Gaston?" Rush inquired, for he felt quite sure that she was one of the dancing girls.

"Do you want to know?" "I am consumed with curiosity." "Because I hate a plain waltz, and none of these men know the 'dip,'" she answered, with a show of annoyance.

"What ignorance! I fancied New York men knew everything. To think of it! grown men, and not know the 'dip'!" "You know it?" said Miss Gaston, half rising.

"Alas, no!" replied Rush; "but, then, I am not a New York society man."

"Where are you from—Boston or Philadelphia?" "Neither; I came direct from the country—from the abode of the milk pail and the sausage."

"Really! and you work on a farm?—get up at 5 in the morning, milk the cows, and all that sort of thing?" "I never have, but I dare say I could, if the cows would let me try."

"I should not think you would care to try," said Miss Gaston, with a movement of disapproval. "I should think a man might find something more manly to do than milking cows."

"No doubt he might; dancing, for instance?"

"Yes, indeed. He can learn the 'dip' in much less time than it would take him to learn to milk a cow."

Rush looked at the young lady to see if she was gazing him, but the expression of her face showed that she was thoroughly in earnest. He began to wish that he had chosen the intellectual lady, but the snatches of her conversation that reached him were not tempting. "I maintain," she was saying to a bald gentleman who was doing his best to suppress a yawn, "I maintain that Greek should be taught in the public schools; and you, Mr. Garside, should look to it, as a member of the board of education, and see that our young girls and boys are taught that classic language instead of these vile modern tongues that are only useful for mercantile pursuits. Greek is a purely intellectual language. Herodotus would!" But here Bessie Archer whirled past Rush in the arms of West Hastings, and gave him one of her sweetest smiles as she passed; so he never knew what Herodotus would have done.

Rush wished from the bottom of his heart that the dancing would stop, and that he might have a chance to talk a little with Miss Archer, who was quite as bright, he saw, as her cousin had represented her to be. The thought had hardly passed through his mind when the music ceased and the dancers strolled off in pairs. A young man dressed in the extreme of the fashion relieved him of Miss Gaston, and he stood for a moment leaning against the wall, wondering where Miss Archer was, when suddenly his heart gave such an upward lunge that he thought for a few seconds he should suffocate. But it soon fell back to its natural place and left him at liberty to feast his eyes upon the radiant face of Helen Knowlton, as she entered the room accompanied by her aunt and an old gentleman whom he had no difficulty in recognizing as Uncle Lightfoot Myers.

To be continued next week.

Handsomely embossed cards with emblems, of K. of P., G. A. R., S. of V., Masonic in all degrees, O. of R. C., B. of L. F., B. of L. E., B. of R. R. B., P. B. O. E., I. O. O. F., A. O. U. W., U. R. K. of P., T. P. A. at the Courier office, in new Burr block.

Rubber Hose. If you want Rubber Hose, best in the market, guaranteed, Hose Reels, Lawn Sprinklers, see Dean & Horton before buying. Get wholesale prices; they don't want the whole earth in one heat.

The Clear Headedness of Youth. While the merits of the various blood purifiers are being shown up to the best advantage possible by their several manufacturers, we would suggest to persons feeling the need of such a medicine, that they try a dose of St. Patrick's Pills, and assure them, that they will not only be surprised but delighted with the result. Those who wish to feel the animation, buoyancy and clear headedness of youth should take St. Patrick's Pills. For sale by A. L. Shrader, Druggist.

Fast Time. Commencing Sunday, May 12th, our Fast Express Train will leave Omaha daily at 9:00 p. m.; Council Bluffs Transfer (on arrival of Fast Overland Train) at 9:40 p. m., arriving at Chicago at 2:15 p. m., in ample time to make connections with all afternoon fast trains of eastern lines. Our Day Express Train will leave Omaha daily at 9:15 a. m.; Council Bluffs Transfer at 9:40 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 6:50 a. m., making direct connections with all morning trains of eastern lines.

The foregoing is the best time schedule ever made for the benefit of passengers living west of the Missouri River. From and after May 19th, chair cars of the very latest improved pattern, will be run between Omaha and Chicago, for first and second class passengers, on our Fast Express Train leaving Omaha daily at 9:00 p. m. No smoking will be permitted in these new chair cars, and as no extra charge will be made for these superior accommodations, families or individuals holding second class tickets will be able to travel in comfort and save money.

A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. and Trk. Agt.

To Sioux City. The new U. P. line between Lincoln and Sioux City will be open Monday. The train will leave this city at 2:45 p. m., reaching Sioux City at 10:30 p. m. Will leave Sioux City at 7 a. m., reaching Lincoln at 1:50 p. m. These trains will run through solid by way of David City, Columbus and Norfolk, and will make the quickest time of any route. They will connect at Sioux City with diverging lines. This will make eight U. P. trains in and out of Lincoln.

An Expression of Delight. "About a week ago," says a Los Angeles, Cal., druggist, "a Chinaman came in with a lame shoulder. I sold him a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and guaranteed that it would cure him. He came in again next night, and as soon as he got inside the door, began to swing his arms over his head like an Indian club swinger. I thought the blamed fool had a fit, but he finally stopped long enough to say: 'Medicine velly fine; all same make me feel plenty good.' Chamberlain's Pain Balm is without an equal for sprains, rheumatism, aches, pains or lameness. For sale by A. H. Shrader, druggist.

Increased Facilities for Passengers Going East Over the Rock Island Route. The Council Bluffs and Chicago Limited Vestibule Express, in addition to new and elegant day coaches, Pullman Palace Sleepers and dining cars, now includes Free Reclining Chair Cars from North Platte, Neb., through to Chicago via Omaha, stopping at all important intervening points. Quick time, luxurious accommodations, and prompt connections at Chicago with limited trains for Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and all western points. For further information address B. S. Stevens, Gen. Agt., 1365 Farnam street, Omaha, or John Sebastian, G. T. & I. A., Chicago.

Cleanliness Next to Godliness. To the residents of Lincoln, Neb.: This is to notify you that the undersigned have purchased the right and title to the business heretofore conducted under the name of the Crystal Steam Laundry, and organized into a corporate body in accordance with the laws of the state of Nebraska, under the title of the "Capital Steam Laundry and Office Supply Company," of Lincoln, Nebraska. Mr. J. W. Wilder has been employed as manager and we guarantee that all work entrusted to our care will be done satisfactorily.

R. F. MACDONALD, J. W. BARNSDALE, W. C. LONG.