until you see me tomorrow mersing.

Be very careful of it, for I have ne du-

clerk, Merisson; and Paul, taking up one

of the New Orleans papers, prepared to await the expected visitor. The client

arrived, punctual to his appointment, at

half-past five. He was an elderly man,

a planter, whose estate lay at a distance

of several hundred miles from New Orleans, and who had the highest opin-

ion of Slias Craig's professional and

the money-lending lawyer; a moral man,

a church-going man, and a credit to New Orleans. I am sorry there are not more

Paul received the money, which was

'I have the numbers of the bills in my

pocket-book," said the old man, as he

handed the packet to the Mexican; "I'm

rather a cautious old fellow, you know,

sum, and handed it to Silas Craig's

"Perfectly correct, perfectly correct, my dear sir," Mr. Graham muttered as

he read it over- Received of John Gra-

ham, fifteen thousand dollars,' - dated

and signed. Thank you, sir, and good

Paul summoned the mulatto lad to

show Mr. Graham out, and then, after

looking the money, in the cash box-a

small metal casket, which might have

eastly been carried in the ample pocket

of Paul's loose linen coat-he left the

office, and double-locked the door behind

"You sleep in this office, don't you?"

"Then there's no likelihood of any one

"No, massa; not unless Marcus was

"Which, fortunately, you are not.

Paul left the office and returned to

Keep a sharp lookout, my lad, and I'll

way, he found Camilila alone with Mile.

Corsi. Her father was absent at a dinner

of the villainous plot, concected by Silas

Craig and the planter, for the destruc-

dream to the young Mexicon. Camillia

was by his side; she saug to him wild

and plaintive Spanish bailads, whose mournful and harmonious cadence drowned his soul in rapture. The words

written in the love-breathing language

of that Southern land, from whose

orange groves and palaces the ancestors

of Camillia had emigrated to Southern

A happy evening; alas! the very last

The evening flew by like some blessed

This very dinner party was a portion

give you a half a dollar temperow."

party, given by Augustus Horson.

tion of Paul Lisimon.

a long time to come.

entering that room without your being

"I think that's all right, Marcus," he

Paul wrote an acknowledgment of the

in the shape of a roll of dollar bills.

to fellow his pious example.'

"A worthy man," he would say, shak-

Good afternoon!"

moral character.

my dear sir."

client.

evening.

said to the boy.

"Iss, massa.

"Iss, massa,

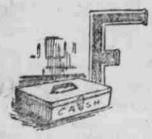
aware of it.

very deaf."

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER XL



ROM the hour in which Augustus Horton first looked upon the noble face and form of Paul Lisimon, he enter-tained for the young Mexican that deadly and unrelenting ha-tred which joal-

ousy alone can nourish. Be it distinctly understood, the planter did not love Camillia Moraquitos.

Lovely as was the Spanish girl, there was one who, in the eyes of Augustus, was yet lovelier; and that one was Cora, the daughter of Gerald Leslie, and the hapless quadroon slave, Francilia.

Cora, the Octoroon! Yes, the fatal word which branded this lovely and innocent being is contained in those three syllables. She was an Octoroon, removed in the eighth degree from the African race, with a skin purely white as the tint of the lilles sleeping upon the lakes of her native Louisiana. One drop of the blood of a slave ran in her veins, poisoned her inmost life, and stamped her with the curse of Cain.

She was an Octoroon! Augustus Horton knew this. He knew. also, that Gerald Leslie was a ruined man; and he waited his time.

Cora had inspired in the proud heart of the planter one of those all-absorbing passions, which, in a bad man's heart, resemble the storm and tempest. They rage but to destroy. At any price, even at the price of his own soul as well as hers, she must be his.

The insult she had inflicted upon him in dismissing him from her presence, had infuriated and humiliated him, but it had not abated one spark of the wild ardor of his guilty passion; notwithstanding this he was determined upon becoming the husband of Camillia Moraquitos.

The reader is already acquainted with the laxity of Louisianian morals. The wealthy Creole thought there could be no shame to the Octoroon in becoming his mistress. What was she but a creature of the inferior race, born to obey her master, the white man? With Camillia's fortune, added to his own ample wealth, Augustus Horton would have been one of the richest men in New Orleans. But the planter felt that he had discovered his real and only rival in the person of Paul Lisimon, the Mexican.

He was not slow to act upon his conviction. Early upon the morning after his first encounter with Paul, he entered the office in which the young man was seated and asked to see Silas Craig.

Paul Lisimon raised his eyes and recognized one of the most constant admirers of Camillia Moraquitos. But it was with a glance of supreme indifference that the Mexican regarded his rival. Augustus Horton felt the sting of that careless look; it was the glance of one who, secure in the affection of her he loves, is incapable of jealousy.

"Mr. Craig is within?" he inquired, addressing himself especially to Paul, chough a colored lad at a desk near was the person who answered all inquiries, and ushered the clients into Silas Craig's

"He is," answered Paul, quietly dropping his eyes upon his work, and not lifting them as he spoke; "Marcus, take this gentleman's card to your master." Silas was seated at his desk, a ledger

open before him, and on the table by his side a large iron cash box, the lid of which he dropped hurriedly as the young planter entered the office.

The legger contained the secret accounts of the transactions of the mysterious gambling-house in Columbia street. The cash box was nearly filled with bank notes, lost in that den of iniquity by the miserable and deinded votaries of the gambler's green cloth-covered altar. Silas closed the ledger, which was secured with massive brass locks, the key of which the usurer wore hanging to a thick gold chain, which was never removed night or day :- the iniquitous volume was further secured by being placed in an iron chest, proof against fire and

The money gained by these shameful transactions was sent monthly to New York, where it was banked in the name of Craig & Co., solicitors.

This was done to prevent the possi-bility of the losers of this money tracing it, by the numbers of the notes, into the

hands of the usurer. These precautions may seem superfluous, but they were no more than neces-

sary. Silas Craig felt that he was carrying on an infamous traffic. He knew that were his name revealed as the proprietor of a house which bore po very high freputation for fair play, and in which several deeds of darkness were strongly suspected to have been committed, universal hatred and execuation

would be heaped upon his guilty head. More than this, there was a tribunal he dreaded more than all the established courts of New Orleans; he knew that for such an offense as his the infuriated citizens would have recourse to the horrors of Lynch Law.

He glauced round suspiciously as Augustus Horton entered the room, and thrust the locked ledger into an open drawer in his desk.

"My dear Augustus," he said, with his accustomed conciliatory smile, "this is indeed an agreeable surprise. I scarcely expected to see you so soon again. 'I dare say not," answered the

planter, coolly, taking out a cigar and lighting it at the taper by which Craig sealed his letters.

"And may I ask to what I owe the honor of this visit?" said Silas, looking with considerable curiosity, at his client's thoughtful countenance.

"I'll tell you, Silas Craig. That young Mexican yonder; that Limison, or Lismion, or whatever his name may bethat hanger on and dependent of Juan Moraquitos, most leave your office. Silas started and stared wonderingly

at the planter. "Ay, you may stare," said Augustus; "never you mind my motives. I say he

"But, my dear young friend, my im-petuous friend, that is utterly impossible. I have no particular affection for Mr. Paul Lisimon, I assure you, but his

Mr. Paul Lisimon, I assure you, but his articles have been signed."

"Let them be canceled then, let the fellow be kicked out of the office."

"Bilas loked thoughtfully at his visitor, and then rubbing his hands, said with a sly chuckle:

"Dut, my dear Mr. Herton, allow me to called you that, in the first place."

To kicking for cancellar them of the fort place.

To kicking full latters due.

PRODUCTIONS TO THE PROPERTY AND ADDRESS OF THE PROPERTY OF THE cannot see why I am bound to comply with any absurd whim which even my most important client may happen to take into his head."

Augustus Horton threw his cigar aside with a contemptuous and impatient gesture.

"I am not used," he said, with a chilling hauteur, "to ask for any service for which I am not prepared to pay liberally. Send this young man about his business—making it appear that he has been to blame in the affair, and besides what you lese by canceling the articles I will give you five thousand dollars.

"Send him about his business!" "Yes. If possible in such a manner as to disgust Don Juan with his protege,"
A strange smile illuminated Silas Craig's crafty countenance.

"Disgust Don Juan with his protege?" he said. 'Yes, find this fellow out in some piece of low trickery or dishonor. He is not

obliged to be really guilty, if he only appears so." "In such a manner that Don Juan may cast him off?" asked Silas, with the same

meaning smile. "Yes, do that, and I will double your reward. Instead of five thousand dol-

las I will give you ten. "It's rather a critical business." "Yes, but a sort of business that I should think is scarcely new to you my worthy Silas," said Augustus, with a

That contemptuous curve of the lip was not lost upon Silas Craig; but the usurer himself entertained a consummate disdain for these men who despised his character, but were yet content to make use of him in deeds to which they would have been themselves ashamed to

"I think it can be done," he said quietly, "and I have no objection to do it, upon one condition-"

"And that is-"That, over and above the ten thousand dollars I am to receive on the day on which Paul Lisimon is dismissed from this office and from the house of his patron, Don Juan, you give me twenty thousand more upon the day of your marriage with Camillia Moraquitos."

The planter bit his lip, and his brow grew crimson with vexation. "How do you know that I have any thought of seeking to win Camillia Mora-

quitos for my wife?" he asked angrily. "How do I know?" answered the usurer. "Augustus Horton, it may please your proud nature to despise me, although you come here to demand my services. Despise my code of morality, if you will, but do not despise my powers of penetration. There is not a client who enters this office whose inmost thoughts I have not reckoned up before he is five minutes in my company. It is a knack we lawyers acquire, if we are fit for our business. Shall I tell you your motive in wishing to thrust Paul Lisi-mon from my office?"

"Yes, if you can." "You dread a rival in this handsome young man. You would brand his name, already an obscure one, with shame and infamy; you would cause him to be driven from the doors of Villa Moraquitos, and stamped with ignominy in e eves of the woman who loves him. "Yes," cried Augustus fiercely;

eye. Amongst these was an oval locket of

dead gold, ornamented with two initials

"So!" he muttered, as he mounted the

thorough-bred Arabian waiting him at

the door of Silas Craig's house, "he

wears a locket inscribed with her init-

jals-a-locket containing her portrait, no

doubt. She loves him then; but, by the

blue sky above me, she shall be taught

Silas Craig was not long in putting his

In order to carry it out, he had re-

The lawyer's private office communi-

cated, as the reader is aware, with an

There was but this one door of com-

there was no other visible mode of en-

Bu there was the secret entrance,

through the map of America, which com-

minimates with the passage leading inte

istence of this secret passage was known only to silas Craig, William Bowen, and

the banker and manager of the gam-

It was by means of this very passage

that the foul plot, which was to entrap

Three days after his interview with the planter, Silas Craig summoned the

Paul to a seat, "for once in my life I am

tempted to desert business earlier than

usual. I have an engagement to dine

with my client, Mr. Horton. The dinner hour is five, and I have, unfortunately, an appointment here at half-past five

with a wealthy old client of mine, who is going to bring me a few thousand dol-

lars he wishes me to invest for him.

Now, in this dilemma, I fancy, my dear Lisimon, that you can assist me."

Paul merely bowed. They were not alone in the office; one of the other

clerks, a young man of the name of

Morrison, was standing at the lawyer's

desk waiting for further orders.
"What I want you to do, Lisimon, is

to remain here till half-past five and re-

ceive the money from my client. You

will give him an acknowledgment for

the sum, and you will place the money, whether it should be in notes or gold, in this small cash-box, of which I will leave

you the key. I shall also give you the key of the door of this office, which you

will carefully igck on leaving the place. As there is no other communication, all

will be perfectly secure. You under-

"Completely, Mr. Craig," said Paul.
"I thought you would be able to do
this little bit of business for me," repited
the lawyer, rising and locking his desk;
"here are the keys," he added, handing
Paul the key of the door had the smaller
one belonging to the cash box; "you will
keep the addes key is nour crassaica.

"My dear Lisimon," he said, motioning

young Mexican into his private office.

Paul Lisimon, was to be carried out.

outer apartment occupied by clerks.

course to a plan as subtle as it was dia-

ere long to despise and loathe him.

foul plot into execution.

tering the inner office.

bling house.

stand?

"Soon?"

"Very soon."

the planter's eye.

in purple enamel.

They were a C. and an M.

initials.

But even in the society of Camillia Moraquitos. Paul could not office repress a certain uneasiness about the money he had left in the cash box in Shas Craig's would de all this! Dog, what right has he to cross my path? I accede to your condition, Silas Craig, ten thousand down, and twenty thousand more upon my wedding day. He disliked the responsibility of the

"Then the business shall be done." trust which had been forced work him by his employer, and was impatient to return the ker of the office to its owner.

For the reason he was at his post "That is well; Silas, lose no time in turning the fellow from your doors, and earlier than usual the following mornlet me be the first to hear of his dismis-

America.

sal. I shall not grudge you your re-Silas Caaig did not enter the clerk's office till much later than his customary As Augustus Horton left the office he hour for beginning business. Morrison once more flung a sinister glance at the and one or two others began to speculate articled clerk; but this time there was upon the probability of their employer triumph as well as natred in the flash of having drank rather too feeely at the planter's dinner table. As he glanced at Paul Lisimon the glitter of some gold ernaments hanging to the Mexican's watchehain caught his

The attorney appeared in a peculiarly amiable temper that morning. He shook hands with Paul, spoke to each of the clerks, commended their work, and then, holding out his hand, said, very graciously, "Now, my dear Lisimon, the The planter passed so close to Paul that he was enabled to distinguish these key of the office. I suppose Mr. Graham lodged that money in your hands last

"He did, sir; you will find it in the cash box." Silas nodded and unlocked the door of the inner office. "Oh, bye the bac," he said, just step this way, Mr. Morrison

I have some directions to give you. The clerk followed his employer into the office. Five minutes afterward Morrison put his head out of the door: "Mr. Lisimon," he said, "you are wanted, if

Paul hastened to the inner office. The lawyer was looking very grave, but he spoke in his usual friendly tome. "Where did you say you put the money, my dear Lisimon?" he asked. "In the small cash box," replied Paul

"there!" munication between the two rooms, and He pointed, as he spoke, to the table upon which he had left the cash box on the preceding evening. It was no longer there. The young Mexican's elive cheek grew

suddenly white.
This fact was observed by the clerk, who stood aghast looking on. "You must be mistaken, Lisimon; you very likely placed the box in some other

part of the office?" "No!" cried Paul with energy, "I left It on that table, and nowhere else. Come, Mr. Craig, this must be some jest of yours. You have removed the box since you entered the office, and are doing this to frighten me."

"Was there any box on yonder table when we entered this room, Morrison?" said Craig, addressing himself to the clerk.

"No. sir.

"You see, my dear Lisimon, it must be yeu who are jesting. Were you any other than the beloved protege of my re-spected client, Don Juan Maraquitos, I should positively begin to be alarmed." "Jesting!" exclaimed Paul; "I swear to you that before leaving this office last night, I locked the cash box containing the dollar bills and placed it upon that table. Search where you will, Morrison," he said, looking at the clerk, who, at a whispered order from his employer, had begun to search the office, "unless there has been witchcraft about, you will find it there and nowhere else, for

there I left it." "Come, come, Mr. Lisimon," said Craig, in an altered tone, "this is really too absurd. We no longer believe in magie or the juggleries of the flend. You say you left the box in this apartment last night. It must therefore be here this morning if you have spoken the

"If I have spoken the truth!" echoed Paul, the hue of his cheeks changing from pale to crimson.
"Not a creature has entered this room since you left it," continued Silas; "for there is but one key to the door, and that has been in your possession until within the last ten minutes. The boy, Marcus, sleeps in the office; call him. Morrison."

The mulatto lad made his appearance. "Marcus," said his master, "did any one enter this room last night?" "No, massa, the door was locked."

plicate. It's now half-past four, so I have not a minute to lose. You'll find "I know that; and no one entered by my client, Mr. Graham, a curious counany means whatever?" tryfled old fellow, Lisimon, but I've no "No one massa, unless de debil go doubt you'll be able to manage him. through de keyhole." "When Mr. Lisimon left his office last Silas left the office, followed by the

night had be anything in his hand?"

Noring, massa." "But he might of had something in his pocket," muttered Silas in an undertone. Paul Lisimon turned upon his employer with indignant fury. "Mr. Craig," be exclaimed, "could you

dare to Insinuate-"No, Mr. Lieimon, it is rather too late in the day for insinuations," answered the attorney with a sardonic laugh, "you were left in charge of a sum of money; ing his head wisely, when speaking of you were told to place it in this room, to which, no one but yourself had access. The fact is only too clear; you have disgraced the bounty of your patron; you

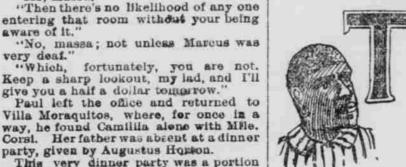
are a thief!" A thief!" shricked Paul. The lawyer's gold-headed bamboo cane stood in one corner of the office; before the clerk, Morisson, could interpose, Paul Lisimon snatched this cane in his convulsed grasp, and bounding upon Silas Craig.

him agross the face. "Liar!" he cried, "I see the drift of this double-dyed villainy. I am the victim of a plot, so demoniac that I shudder at the blackness of its treachery. The money has been removed through your agency -removed in order that my name may be branded with a crime. I fear you not, vile schemer; be it yours to tremble, for Heaven looks down upon us, and will defend the innocent,"

He rushed from the office, and had left the house before Silas had recovered from the terror these words had struck to his guilty heart.

"Pursue him!" he cried, hoarse with fury; "pursue him and drag him to Yet, stay, it is too late now to overtake him. I know where to find him —at the Villa Moraquitos."

CHAPTER XII.



RISTAN, the negro, sat in his little chamber, in that quarter of Don Juan's fine mansion which was devoted solely to the slaves. Adarkand

gloomy shadow rested upon the inky brow of the negro, For some time past the watchful eye of his mother, the old ne-

gress, Zarah, had detected her son's unhappiness, but she sought in vain to penetrate the cause. There was much of the savage in the character of this man, and even in his mother he sometimes inspired alarm and suspicion. His was one of those natures, burning.

as Afric's skies, created, sometimes. like the venomous serpents of those tropical climes, only to terrify and to destroy. But he was a privileged being in the

house of Don Juan Moraquitos. He had saved the life of the Spaniard's idoof happiness that Paul was to taste for lized daughter. Yea, only one brief year before the period of which we write, Tristan, the

negro, had by his courage and activity reserved Camillia from a fearful death. Late one evening the young girl and her governess had sat talking together in Camillia's luxurious boudoir. The slave Tristan had been admitted to the

spartment to amuse the capricious beauty with his songs and antics. But Camillia had soon grown weary of this diversion, and turning to Mademoiselle Corsi, she said languidly: "Tell Tristan to leave us, Pauline, he

is noisy, and be wearies me." Generous-hearted as was the Spanish girl her education had taught her to look upon a slave as an inferior being, unblest with these finer feelings which demand our courtesy and consideration. She dismissed Tristan as she would have dismissed her lapdog when tired of his antles. A black and gloomy frown obscured the negro's glittering eyes as he was thus unceremoniously ordered from the room.

It was unobserved by Camillia, but not inmarked by Pauline Corst. The slave retired, but he did not go Between the boudoir and the

galoon there was an antechamber, the floor of which was covered with a square Persian curpet-a carpet of immense value, thick as velvet pile.

Upon this carpet, close to the door of the bondeir, Tristan threw himself, like a dog on the threshold of his master's apartment. "She sends me from her," he said bit-

terly; "I am noisy, and I weary her; it was not so in the days that are long gone by, when she and I were playfollows."

The negro gone, Camillia reclined upon a sofa, and amused herself by looking over a pile of French novels, which had

lately arrived from Paris. To do this she drew toward her a little inlaid table upon which stood an elegant reading

Pauline Corsi was seated at the other extremity of the apartment, working briskly at a large piece of embroidery, and lost in thought. She did not therefore observe the proceedings of her

young pupil. For some time Camillia read on undisturbed: but by and by growing weary of her book, she cast it from her with an impatient exclamation, and stretched out her hand to reach another from the volumes on the table beside her. In doing this she upset the reading-lamp.

The glass globe broke with a crash; the inflammable oil and burning wick were spilled upon the gausy muslin folds of her voluminous dress.

She uttered a shriek of horror, for in one brief moment she found herself in

flames. The negro heard that shrick; and swift as the panther darting from his lair, he bounded from the threshold where he had been lying.

Losing all presence of mind, Camillia, followed by Pauline Corsi, rushed past the slave Tristan, and from the antechamber to the saloon beyond. The flames, fanned by the current of

air through which she passed, rose to-ward her head. In another moment she would have been lost. But the preserver was at hand.

With a yell of agony, like that of a wild beast in its death struggle with the hunter, the negro flung himself upon the floor of the antechamber, and tore up the heavy Persian carpet which covered the room; then, rushing upon Camillia, he enveloped her slender form in this massive fabric, and with his own hands extinguished the flames.

The Spaniard's daughter escaped unscathed from this terrible ordeal, but the

hands of the slave were fearfully scorched and wounded.

The Spanlard would have given him freedom, but the slave chose rather to stay in the house in which he had been born.

All gifts of money he also refused-refused with a gloomy determination which Dan Juan and Camillia tried in vain to

"No!" he said, "let me stay with you, my master and my mistress. The poor

slave, Tristan, asks no more.' In vain the old negress, Zarah, pleaded with her son, imploring him to ask freedom for himself and his mother, that they might return to the native shore from which the captain of a slaver had brought them. He refused to listen to her entreaties, and turned from her with

a gloomy scowl. Don Juan and his daughter praised the fidelity of the slave, and promised him every privilege that could render his service a happy one. Only one person in that household divined the secret clew to the negro's strange conduct. That person was the seemingly frivolous and light-hearted Frenchwoman, Pauline Corsi.

A depth of penetration lurked beneath that girlish exterior. She had read the true meaning of Tristan's conduct.

The siave—the negro—the thick-lipped woolly-haired African-the lowest type of a despised and abhorred race, loved his mistress, the wealthy Spanish heiress, the beautiful and haughty Camillia Mor-

[To Be Continued.]

COMING ACROSS.

Every sail is full set, and the sky And the sea blaze with light,

And the moon mid her virgins glides on As St. Ursula might: And the throb of the pulse never stops In the heart of the ship.

As her measures of water and fire She drinks down at a sip. Yet I never can think, as I lie, And so wearily toss, That by saint, or by star, or by ship,

I am coming across But by light that I know in dear eyes That are bent on the sea; And the touch I remember of hands

That are waiting for me; By the light of the eyes I could come, If the stars should all fail; And I think if the ship should go down That the hands would prevail Ah! my darlings, you never will know

How I pined in the loss Of you all, and how breathless and glad I am coming across -Helen Hunt.

Man's Perversity.

The perversity of man is amusingly Hustrated by an anecdote told by Max Muller in the course of a recent lecture at Oxford:

I was lecturing at the Royal institute in London. The audience there is the most enlightened and critical one has to face in the world, but it is mixed It being necessary to prove that Hebrew was not the primitive language of mankind I had devoted a lecture to this subject. I explained how it arose, and placed before my audience a genealog- ing. ical tree of the Aryan and Semitic languages, where everybody could see the place which Hebrew holds in the pedigree of human speech. After the lecture was over one of my audience came to hank me for having shown so clearly how all languages, including Sanskrit and English, were derived from Hebrew. the language spoken in Paradise by Adam and Evel

The learned philologist was overwhelmed with dismay, and thinking the fault lay in his inability to elucidate his point told Professor Faraday he must really give up lecturing. But the distinguished physicist consoled his friend with an anecdote from his own experi-

ence. He said: "I have been lecturing in the institution many years, and over and over again, after I have explained and shown now water consists of hydrogen and oxygen, some stately downger has marched up to me after the lecture to say in a confidential whisper, 'Now, Mr. Faraday, you don't really mean to say that this water here in your tumbler is nothing but hydrogen? "-Boston Tran-

Work of the Associated Press. "No," said William Henry Smith to a reporter, "you are mistaken when you say there is less news in summer than in winter. The quantity of news, as demonstrated by our association, is about the same the year around. But there is this distinction, that in the summer there is more sporting news, naturally enough, while in the winter you have your congress, your parliament and your reichstag. All in all, however, we handle about the same amount of news the year

"The daily average amount of telegraphic matter received in our New York office is fully 100,000 words. This 6 ie transcribed and edited by our corps of 150 men, who prepare it in circuits, to be distributed to our subscribers all over the United States. We strive to select news with reference to its adaptability to the district in which our subscriber lives.

"All this fund of news is collected by our local correspondents. Our aim is to have a man in every place of importance throughout the Union, with special men constantly on the call for emergency work. Thus at the time of the Louisville cyclone we at once sent out a corps of men from Indianapolis. They had their special car hurried to the scene of disaster, and in a few hours comparatively had prepared many columns of intensely interesting matter. Such is an illustration of the workings of our system."-Detroit Free Press

The pacing race Welnesday was the race of the fair and was made in good time. St. John a fine grey gelding owned by parties in Omaha, won three heats out of five. The other horses, especially Flossie Reed were fine movers and the grey had to move to win. In the second heat St. John made the first half mile in 1.10 and the mile in 2.27, with Flossie Reed and Billy B close behind, yet it seemed that Don Juan Moraquitos offered any re-ward he might choose to name to the de-liverer of his child, but, to the Spaniard's astonishment Tristan refused all his and were the best we saw.

STACOBS OIL Horse and Cattle Diseases.

For General Use. The Arms' Palace and Stock Car Co.,
Toledo, Ohio, June, 1883.
We cheerfully recommend St. Jacobs Oil as
the best for general use on stock.
H. ARMS & CO.

Cold, Swelled Limbs, Inflammation. Neponset, III., May 21, 1888.

My mare caught cold; result; swelled limbs, lump between fore legs and inflammation. Cured her with St. Jacobs Oil.

L. O. GARDNER. The Largest and most Successful Stocks
Rulsers use St. Jacobs Oil.

CIJACOBS O TRADE MARK REMETE SPEADAIL For Stablemen and Stockmen.

CURES Cuts, Swellings, Braises, Sprains, Galla, Strains, Lameness, Stiffness, Cracked Heels, Scratches, Contractions, Flesh Wounds, Stringhalt, Scre-Throat, Distemper, Colle, Whitlow, Poll Evil, Fistula, Tumors, Splints, Ringbones and Spavis In their early Stages, Directions with each bottle. AT DRUGGISTN AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, MA.

M J. Kennard a prominent capitalist of Omaha, is in the city on business

E. H. Misner has quit the store house and gone to work for H. A. Waterman & Son in the lumber vard.

Judge Chapman came home from Lincoln this morning, after a hard weeks work on the Lancaster county bench.

Mrs. Livingston yery pleasantly entertained a party of friends at dinner yesterday in honor of her guest, Mrs. Thos. Carter of Salt Lake City.

It is currently reported that Thaddens Clarkson of Grand Army fame is to be the next postmaster of Omaha, in place of Con Gallagher resigned.

James Pexton has severed his connection with the B. & M. and goes to Kansas City Monday where he expects to move his family.

O. T. Wood is no longer in the employ of the B. & M. but begins a five month's term of school at Cottonwood, one mile east of Sam Barker's place.

One passenger for St. Louis, one for Mattison Ill., one for Iowa City and two for Garden City Mo., were the foreign inclined people at the depot this morn-

The Electric Lamp factory employs fifteen hands. Two glass blowers are employed and a third is expected next week. Supt. Schaefer is a rustler and a man that thoroughly understands his

Will Holly had a handsome cage of pea fowls on the fair ground that took first premium which he has domiciled temporarily and neatly, too, in one of Ben Elsons show windows at his clothing store on lower Main street, They are beautiful birds and amply repay a trip ta the store to see them.

Opera House,

27 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27 MATINEE AT 2:30

The Barnum of them all

SUTTON'S Monster Double

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN COMPANY COMPRISING

32 ARTISTS 32 Famous Topsies Marks the Lawyers Educated Donkies Shetland Ponies Cuban Bloodhounds

Little Dollie White. The Phenominal Child Artist.

The Wonderful Sutton Children Maud and Master Eddie, in Character

Sketches. Special - Scenery

PRICES MATINEE, 15 and 25C

NIGHT. 35 and 50C See magnificent Street Parade at 11:45

JULIUS PEPPERRERG.

MANUFACTURER OF AND WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN THE

Choicest Brands of Cigars, including our

Flor de Papperbergo' and 'Bud FULL LINE OF

TOBACCO AND SMOKERS' ARTICLE always in stock. Nov. 26, 1885.