SUCCESS OF AN RICAN PLAYWRIGHT.

How Wealth and Fame Grew Out of a Roll of Wrapping Paper and a Couple of Lead Pencils-The Story of "My

Bartley Campbell had about four years of such exquisite enjoyment as is permitted to very few men. But he lacked moral fiber and his great successes overwhelmed him. When he found money rolling in in a fashion that promised really great wealth in a very few years he seemed to have sought excitement of a different kind, which should balance the exhibaration and surprise that he found in the splendid change of fortune that came in a night. The safeguard for men of Campbell's temperament at such times is the family, and he had a charming one. But he sent his to Europe, and although he lavished all the money they needed upon them, yet he was beyond the restraining influences of domesticity, and it is no doubt partially due to this that he is now dead, as he has been intellectually dead for two years or more.

We suppose that Campbell's career will become historic as that of the one American not an actor who made a distinct pecuniary success as a playwright. It is, indeed, a pity that he should have collapsed on the threshold of a career which, with a man of sterner resolve and greater self control, might perhaps have paralleled that of any of the winners of great pecuniary prizes in dramatic composition. The fact that Campbell actually became famous and stepped over the threshold which divides poverty from wealth in one night is known to every one. But there are some interesting and highly suggestive incidents connected therewith, which it is now possible to tell for the first time. In the early spring of 1879 Campbell turned up in New York almost in extremity. He was indebted to friends for the bed on which be slept, and when he did not meet a friend he was frequently compelled to go hungry. He haunted one or two newspaper offices, and sold a little matter, and was extremely

grateful for the aid thereby obtained. But great as was his poverty, he had a charhall-eteristic Irish way of living in the clouds vited d never betraying any of the servility or seer spondency which usually beset the person Recoho is far to the bad pecuniarily. Jack One day in June, 1879, Campbell met a

offriend on Broadway. The day was warm, and yet Campbell's coat-he always wore a long tailed coat-was buttoned up to the chin. All sorts of reflections were possible at this queer midsummer garb, but Campbell was as light and trifling as though he had a bank book in his pocket and a breakfast in his stomach. The friend pretended that he was just going to lunch and invited Campbell to go with him. If the playwright did not understand the delicacy of the invitation when it was given, he could not have failed to do so when he saw the lunch, and he paid his entertainer the compliment of eating a tenderloin steak as if he were hungry. As they separated Campbell's friend said: "I suspect your ship hasn't come in Bartley, and I want you to take this to remember me by." The "this" was a \$5 bill. Campbell took it with easy grace, smiled, declared he would return it with interest, and he did. He afterward said that this \$5 bill was the turning point in his fortune. With it he bought some paper and a couple of lead pencils. The paper was of the cheapest kind of white wrapping paper, and on it in two days' time he wrote that act of "My Partner" which

made his fortune. With a wad of this paper in his pocket he sailed out of his lodgings to find Louis Aldrich, who had won repute in Joaquin Miller's play of "The Danites." Aldrich gave a sigh of resignation when Campbell cornered him, and thought the easiest way to rid himself of what he feared would be a bore was to permit Campbell to read the play. The playwright, with his flimsy sheets in hand, began. At first Aldrich was bored. then entertained, then interested, then excited, and then, with dramatic enthusiasm, embraced the collarless playwright. Aldrich became more enthusiastic than Campbell, and promised at once to buy the play and gave the playwright some earnest money on the spot. So enthasiastic was Aldrich that he wanted to mount the play and produce it

Behold, then, on the next morning an embitious author with some money and a struggling playwright with none bound for Stamford, Conn., to see A. M. Palmer. The manager also sighed when he saw them, and de-clined peremptorily to listen to any proposition respecting the production of a play. He was tired, he said. He wanted to take his summer vacation in peace. Besides, he was on the point of going to New York and could not listen to them. Campbell's spirits came to the rescue. "You'll have an hour on the train," he said, "and nothing to do. You can hear the play and pass the time away, anyway." They secured two sents in the ear, turning them so they would face. Palmer sat in the rear one and Campbell and Aldrich faced him. The expression on Palmer's face would have appalled a more timid man than Campbell. But he began to read. Palmer listened indifferently at first, but he ended by wiping his eyes. He was affected to tears the first time and last time in his experience as a manager. Said he, when they reached New York, "You may have the Union Square theatre if you will mount and produce the play. I will risk the rental on

success of it.' Mr. Campbell said to the writer when is narrated the above history in 1882 that : reek after that play was produced he had gived propositions for plays which, could have entertained them, would have stared that during no season since the play as produced up to that time, the winter of had his each receipts been less than 10,000, and at one season he had made early double that. He declared that he had ,000 invested in securities, which could be turned into cash on the spot, and he estinated himself to be worth at least \$150,000. He then expected to make \$500,000 within five years, but said that he had determined ake ail the profits of his play himself ad not allow actors or managers to take the m. Mr. Palmer thinks that Campbell. he possessed good business sense and

bad discovered exactly what the at lize it, and he had gained sufficient carry on his enterprises, but he is e of those who endure the sord trials of poverty with far greater in the excitement of prosperity .k Evening Sun.

ed Potatocs Are Best. Wagner publishes analyses in conclusion that steamed pota-tion antificious than boiled boiling, the vegeJOHN G. GRAPHOPHONE, ESQ.

A New Entertainment for Midsummer Guests-Correct Articulation. The latest invention of the day, the graph-

ophone, has also been seized upon by nov-elty hunters, and graphophone parties are among the midsummer season's festivities. The host begs, borrows or buys a graphophone. Then she sends out cards for an informal reception "to meet Mr. Graphophone." An expert operator is on hand to present Mr. Graphophone to the guests, and bring out his strong points. But that worthy is generally allowed to introduce himself in a harsh voice, somewhat after the following manner:

"How are you? (whir). How are you, ladies? (irr), I hope I (snappp) see you well this evening (pop-pop-pop). Let me introduce myself (whir). I'm um-m 'raphophone, (pop), John G. Grrraphphone, Esq., etc.,

After the professional has put the thing through its paces, the guests are invited to "tackle" it. It is worth the full price of admission to see the scared, nervous look with which a woman puts the receiver up to her ear, after her doubts as to its diabolical nature have been silenced, but not obliterated. The novice who tries to talk into it looks as sheepish as though he were being compelled to make love in the presence of a congregation, and everything, even the most ordinary platitudes of the telephone service, fly from his memory and leave him speechless. There is generally a rising young tenor in the party who sings his latest song into the machine, and is a good deal astonished at the timbre of the voice that comes back to him. It is a fact that while the double mirror has long enabled us to see ourselves as others see us, no one, before the introduction of the graphophone into society, ever heard his voice as others hear it. No person living could recognize his own voice when reproduced by a graphophone, while from a medley composed of the utterances of a dozen of his friends he will be able to recognize and name each voice instantly. When a person speaks the sound is conveyed to his ear through the vibrations of the skull and not through the vibrations of the air, the medium by which other ears are reached. There is generally an elocutionist on hand to declaim into the machine, and unless he is a model of his kind. he learns a few things about his own faults.

If the graphophone ever comes into general use it will be the most powerful agency ever designed for the improvement and perfection of articulation. Every indistinctness, ellipsis or slurring of a syllable or consonant, is magnified by the machine, and frequently leaves a blank of half or three-fourths of a word. After everybody has talked, whistled and sung into the receptive ear of Mr. Graphophone, that gentleman bids them all a tearful adieu and the party breaks up.-Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

Making Designs for Advertisements.

Some six months ago an artist of my acquaintance complained to me in hitter terms about the difficulty he had in making both ends meet. He was a painter of decided ability, whose works should certainly have sold upon their merit, but he was unknown outside of artistic circles, and even in the auctions to which he occasionally sent them when driven to desperation, his canyases brought no remunerative prices. Last week I encountered my artist friend again. He was doing the swell on Fifth avenue, with the most stylish of summer suits and a gen-eral air of affluence. He informed me that cafe where a lady can go without a male cshe had just come to town from Atlantic cort to take an ice or a light lunch. This is a bumbug, and no wonder Mexican women are Newport for a couple of weeks. I asked him if he had come into a fortune, and he

laughed. "Not exactly," said he. "The fact is, it is soap. When I got so deucedly hard up that I could not have been any worse off, an acquaintance of mine, who is one of the ediors of a big magazine, sent for me to design a soap advertisement for that periodical. I was well paid for it. Since then I have been kept busy making designs for advertisements in the newspapers and magazines. It pays cash, and more cash in proportion to the labor than painting pictures, and there is more of it than I care to do. I have freqently to decime orders in order to find time

to continue my painting," It is a fact that few of the public are aware of, I suppose, that many of the advertisement designs which appear in the various publications of the day are executed by the most prominent artists in the country. If they were signed by the designers' names they would be recognized as the productions of men whose pictures receive high praise at the regular art exhibitions and whose reputations are high in the roll of American artists. What with designing advertisements and making illustrations for books and magazines, it is a very poor artist who nowadays cannot earn a good living. For a long time many of our painters held out against the seductions of the commercial community on the ground that it was beneath their dignity to sacrifice their art to business, but it is a rare case at present when such a commission is refused.-Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Reeping Track of Strangers. It's easy enough to keep track of single in dividuals in a crowd, if you are only looking for some distinguishing mark. Things you would not notice if you had no occasion to identify a man will fairly crowd themselves on your attention when you are trying to keep his name and personnel paired off together. Some peculiarity of facial expression is, of course, a common means of identi-fication, but there are other ways of keeping track of strangers who possess no glaring de formities of form or feature. The quietest dresser on earth may have some little pet notion as to ties or jewelry or boots that spots him at once to the shrewd observer. One man may have a patch of gray right in the middle of a brown or black beard, one shoulder may be higher than the other, one front tooth missing, a small dimple may divide the chin, his hair may be peculiarly kinky or straight or long something's bound to show me whether he has entree to the

floor.-Doorkeeper in Globe-Democrat. Why We Have Bright's Disease.

An Albany physician says Americans suffer more generally from Bright's disease and nervous complaints than any other people, because they sit down so persistently at their work. When Euglishmen, Germans and Frenchmen walk and exercise, an American business man will go to his office, take his seat in his chair, and sit there all day without giving any relief to the tension of the muscles of the back. The result is that these muscles surrounding the hidneys become soft and flabby. They lose their vitality. The kidneys themselves become weak and debilitated. If business men would walk more and stand instead of sitting at their desks their health would be much improved. -Chicago Herald

Where They Should Be,

"Phat's thim?" said Mulcahey, pointing to
the life preservers on deck. "Those are life
preservers," said the officer. "Oh, life presarvers, are they? Thin why don't yez send
thim to ther hospitals, where there's plint;
dying an' dying all the toime, bedad?"—
Ocean.

MEXICO'S SOCIAL LIFE.

THE RAILROAD DOING AWAY WITH MANY OLD CUSTOMS.

The Modifying Influences in Externals. Absurd Old Moorish Traditions-The Senorita in Rebellion-The Male Escort. Objection to Greater Social Freedom.

Naturally the railways, in changing cus-

toms and ways of life, first show their modifying influences in externals, as in dress and house furnishings, but a change is bound to be made in social customs. Mexico derived its habits of life from Spain at a time when Spain was still overlain by Moorish traditions and customs. Colonial Mexico faithfully copied the pattern of Mother Spain, and stuck to the example long after many Spanish cities began to be Europeanized. But the influence He will tell you of the best dining places of the dead and gone Moor is still strong in | in every continental city he has visited, or both Spain and her former colonies. The Moorish house holds its own here, with its with its barred windows and heavy gates rather than doors, and its grouping of all the living rooms around a courtyard, thus making a house as open as day inside, and destroying that privacy we gain in the north from the system of placing chambers up stairs. The Mexican house, with its rooms communicating by glazed doors, and each room opening by another door upon a corridor, is almost semi-public. Its air of privacy consists solely in the big outer door and the barred windows. Inside these houses, many of them as beautiful as a dream, filled with birds and flowers, and gently noisy by the plashing of fountains, live the women, whose outer life is hedged about with absurd old Moorish traditions, contrary to the native Mexican spirit of liberty and to the tendencies of the age. Mexican women are the severest critics of the ancient customs. They rebel against them and sigh for a greater measure of social freedom. Ask almost any senorita and she will tell you that "life is stupid and dull, that there is no social gayety, and that she is tired to death of it, and wants to go to New York or Paris,"

If you wish to keep a young girl contented with the old order of things, restrict her reading to her prayer book; don't let her see a novel or a newspaper, and keep her caged up in the house. Then, perhaps, she will imagine that this is the lot of women the round world over. But women are keen, and it doesn't take long for them to discover that men have made the rules by which one-balf the human race are expected to live in meek subjection. There is not a man alive with the soul of a money who would submit to the rules governing women, even in the freest countries. When a girl of 18 goes out on the street she does not wish to be "protected" by a 6-year-old boy cub in knickerbockers. She thinks, and rightly, that she ought to be able to go by herself, if she so wishes, and that if men will speak to her and annoy her, the police ought to lock them up. And sha is exactly right. A woman, young or old, should be as free from molestation in the public streets as a man, and if she is not, then the lamp posts are lacking their fittest orna-

IN THE CITY OF MEXICO. In this big City of Mexico, with rich houses, great churches, electric lights, street cars, luxurious shops and all the appliances which turns a boy of 14 loose into a world of tempestions, and forbids a modest girl the lovely lady, the mother of a large family, say that she would feel uncomfor able to go with her daughters into the principal restaurant here to order ices. But let her take a hobbiedehoy boy along and the proceeding would be proper enough. Great is the magte of trousers. The best thing for the Mexican ladies to do is to get up a social revolution, and inform "Pope" and "Pancho" that they will no longer be governed by the ghosts of dead and vanished Moors, whose sole living representatives are found in the most degraded corner of Africa, If nearly 1,900 years of Christianity have not advanced civilization in a great Christian city so that the mothers of families and the charming daughters of those mothers can go about in public enjoying all innocent liberties, why then we must confess our civilisation a veneered bar-barism, and that the brute mob is still too breasts deserted and struggling from sunrise strong to permit women their just rights.

The objection frequently made to giving greater social freedom to the women is that the men, being of southern blood, are too passionate in their addresses, and would, if permitted to mingle more freely with the women, begin to pay court to them and make love in earnest. But I don't believe there is any less chivalry among Mexican men than exists in northern nations. The overstress laid on love in Latin nations comes tram the Moorish seclusion in which the women live. The young men are poetical, and talk of love when they should be playing polo or hunting, and the mystery surrounding the life of the women stimulates their fancies. It is an unhealthy system when young me begin writing crotiq verses at an age when outdoor sports should engage their attention. The boy in Latin countries sees, of course, his mother and his sisters, but, like all lads, he has a decided taste for somebody else's sisters. He can't call on them familiarly, owing to this fine old Moorish etiquette, and so he must confine himself to watching balconies and contriving means to smuggle notes to the adored one by some bribe taking servant. If he had been like an American lad, sent to a mixed school where he found out that girls were very much like boys, and that some are cross and disagreeable, some too spoony and others too acid, he would not make so much of a mystery of the female sex. But, not having passed through that period of disillusionment, he begins to make love when hardly out of short trousers,-Cor. Boston

animals' Premonitions of Death.

Mr. L. H. Craig writes, affirming that animals often have premonitions of death. In proof of this assertion he offers certain anecdotes. Here is one of them: "Years ago," he says, "Iwas staying at a farm house where it was the pustom every evening to drive a small herd of cows from the pasture to a lot near the barn. It was decided one day to kill one of the number, a yearling, whose mother also belonged to the herd. The calf was accordingly left in the lot, while the rest politan. were driven as usual to the pasture. No sooner had the butcher slain his victim than there could be distinctly heard from the pasture half a mile away the mournful lowing of the mother, the other cows occasionally joining in what could be described only as a wail. The circumstance interested me very much, and I walked over to the pasture. Through thirty years that pathetic picture of maternal grief has remained with me. It seemed to me that there was the ac mal sobbing of a bursting heart, and to my childish. eyes there were tears moistening the face of the poor, gentle, sorrowful creature before me."—North American Review.

WEAKNESS OF FAT MEN.

Their Conversation Too Often Rur s to Flirtation or Food, Says Lady Lind esy. Why is it that as a rule fat men are y a much more amorous than thin men? Is it U at they grow fat on the pleasant pastime of making love, while more intellectual pursu its run to skin and bone? Many fat men are simply rather stupid, good natured and inordinately vain; they are generally the last, and it may be that the pleasant sensation of vanity is good nourishment. But it is surprising how often, given the opportunity, the talk of fat men runs to flirtation or to food. Of course I don't mean to say that a fat man always talks of various dishes any more than that his conversation with a woman usually includes an offer of marriage. On the contrary, perhaps, knowing his own weakness, he is more chary of his proposals than are his leaner brethren; by the same token he does not openly discourse on food, but he will

remark on the wretched cooking here, the insufficiency of service there. Perhaps he quiet exterior and lavish adornment within; will tell you of his grapes or the size of his cucumbers, though grapes and cucumbers are not much in his way. He sometimes prides himself on his cellar, but he will oftener know the ingredients of an out of the way curry, or have at his fingers' ends the names of places where you can get choice and curious dishes.

So in talking to women his conversation runs to little compliments, and a semblance of love making; he talks of marriage, hedges round it, and smiles and looks up to see if they are pleased. When he speaks of women it is from the old fashioned point of view that he considers them, for he is too fat to hurry on and catch up a ?woman, he thinks, should be pretty, trrev-

erent, saucy and given to smiling and blushing. It is by a blush or a smile that men of his type are caught. She has no business to know anything about books, except in a superficial manner that will enable her to talk for five minutes only of poetry and novels. She should especially know nothing of politics. He does not like women with ideas of their own; they ought to take them distilled and diluted from men in general and their husbands in particular.

I have frequently noticed another curious trait; it is that after the first few indulgent minutes he diverts his conversation to his own sex, and will almost ignore mine, even in a party of half a dozen, for as a rule good breeding is not his strong point. There are exceptions, of course, and I have known some charming ones. I am only speaking of the majority. If I were a girl I would pray heaven to save me from a fat man. Well it

Many fat men have made love, or tried to make love to me, but comparatively few have come to the point. Your fat man is cautious, and does not commit himself to a direct offer unless he is certain that he means it, and is equally certain that he will be accepted. As a rule he is certain of the latter, for modesty is not his besetting virtue; be-sides, he is of the type that thinks all women are sighing for matrimony, longing for it as the one grand treat of their lives, and of a refusal it is difficult to make him believe the reality. - Lady Lindsay in Temple Bar.

A Detective's Opinion of Crime. "Yes, I suppose men are growing better," said a prominent detective, thoughtfully, slowly puffing at a cigar as if he drew trial balances of good and evil with the smake; beginning, as they learn of foreign ways, to But do you know what kind of crime gains enter a protest against this selfish system, relatively-yes, and I think absolutely too? I deferred to his superior knowledge. "It is what might be called selfish crime crime of most innocent freedom. I have heard a calculation as distinguished from crime of passion and violence. A few days ago The New York Herald published a list of great embezzlements in this country in the past ten years -or to be exact ten and a half years, It shows a total \$50,750,472,44. The six months of 1888 show a total of \$2,240,000,003. That's well up to the average, and the biggest of them is within a month passed-June 27. when teller Pitcher of the Union bank, Proxidence, disappeared with \$818,614. This is the growing crime-or one of them,

"The other is the abuse and abandonment of wives. You think detectives are hard-hearted. Well, they have to be in a way or they would melt at the sight of sorrow we meet day after day. Poor, hard working women washing and scrubbing to support louts of men, who drink up all they earn. till late at night to support their little ones and scarcely seeing their children that are hig enough to be out of their arms from one day to another. That is the kind of experience that makes a man case harden himself in very self defense, and it is growing. As we become more English in other things, we become like them in our crimes. We become wife beaters and wife deserters like them. I tell you, if the women would promise to establish the whipping post for wife beaters and a chain gang for wife deserters, I would be a suffragist in no time," and he talked so earnestly that his cigar went out, and he flung it from him with an angry vim that showed one thief catcher hadn't been hardened farther than the surface. - Buffalo News.

Hildersheim. It was planted more than 1,000 years ago by Charlemagne in commemoration of a visit made him by the ambassador of the Caliph Hacoun-al-Raschid, of "Arabian Nights" fame. A few years afterward when Louis the Pious, the son of Charkmagne, was hunting in the neighborhood, mass was said in the open air. On returning to his home, the officiating priest found that the holy image was missing. Returning to to the spot where mass had been said, he dis-

The World's Oldest Rose Bush.

The aldest rose bush in the world is at

covered the missing image in the branches of a wild rose tree. As it miraculously evaded his grasp he went back to Louis and his suite and told them of the wonder. They all rushed to the spot and fell on their knees before the miraculous bush. A cathedral was built above it, its roots being inclosed in a sort of coffin shared roult sort of coffin shaped vault, under the middle altar of the crypt. This crypt was built in the year 818, and with the rose tree it sur-vived a fire which destroyed all the rest of the cathedral in 1146. The roots are over 1,000 years old. The rose plant was, when described a few years ago, still living and blooming profusely, and was twenty-six feet high, covering thirty-two feet of wall. though the stem was only two inches in diameter.-Sophie B. Herrick in The Cosmo-

Stopping a Steamer's Headway. A French inventor, M. Pagan, has discovered a way to stop the headway of a steamer in short order, and consequently lessen considerably the dangers of collision at sea. The Havre and Bordeaux papers speak of a coming test of the machine by one of the French war steamers. The machine consists of a number of parachutes, so placed that they can be tessed overboard readily and towed by a cable. The resistance, without being great enough to produce a shock, rapidly overcomes the headway of the vessel.—New

## A Live Republican Newspaper.

Now is the time for Republicans to exert themselves to distribute sound political doctrine among the people, and in no way can they do it so well as by

THE DAILY INTER OCEAN.

Which is a reliable, active, and able exponent of Republican ideas and doctrines. AS A NEWSPAPER it is unexcelled by any publication in the West. It has been FORGING TO THE FRONT rapidly in the last two years, and since the issue BETWEEN PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE became so prominent, it has had A REGULAR BOOM. The cause is apparent. THE INTER

RELIABLE PROTECTION MORNING NEWSPAPER

Published in Chicago, and PROTECTION IS NOW THE REPUBLICAN ISSUE, Every friend of true Republicanism ought to help swell the tide of its Why should a Republican aid the enemy by patronizing FREE-TRADE

NEWSPAPERS, and thus disseminating false political doctrines? Now is the time to subscribe and to induce others to do the same thing. Subscribe through your newsdealer or postmaster, or send direct. Spe-

cial rates offered for the campaign. Sample copies sent on request. THE INTER OCEAN, Chicago.

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BREF. PORK, MUTTON AND VEAL. THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Sugar Cured Meats, Hams. Bacon, Lard, &c., &c. of our own make. The best brands of OYSTERS, in cans and bulk, at WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

GIVE 'EMA CALL

Watches! Watches! J. E. ROBBINS, ARTIST,

H. M. GAULT Has moved and is now in the Sherwood

room, Cor. 5th and Main Sts., where he is better able to show his Large Stock of Watches,

CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!

ment sell you Watches way down, Call and get the Special Prices in Gold Watches; it will surprise you. A Full Line of the best styles of Jewelry and Silverware. Repairing will be given Special Attention. All work warranted to give satis-

BOOTS AND SHOE

INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN IN

FINE OIL PAINTING

WATER COLORS, ETC.

ALL LOVERS OF ART ARE INVITED TO CALL AND

EXAMINE MY WORK Than ever before, and will as an induce- STUDIO OVER OLIVER & RAMSE MEAT MARKET.

> C. F. SMITH, The Boss Tailor.

Main St., Over Merges' Shoe Store Has the best and most complete stock

of samples, both foreign and domestic woolens that ever came west of Missouri river. Note these prices: Business suits from \$16 to \$35, dress suits, \$25 to \$45. pants \$4, \$5, \$6, \$6.50 and upwards. Will guaranteed a fit.

Prices Defy Competition.

DRS. CAVE & SMITH, "Painless Dentists."

The only Dentists in the West controling this New System of Extracting and Filling Teeth without Pain. Our anaesthetic is en-tirely free from

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Teeth extracted and artificial teeth inserted next day if desired. The preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. GOLD CROWNS, GOLD CAPS, BRIDGE WORK.

The very finest. Office in Union Block, over Fricke's Drug Store,