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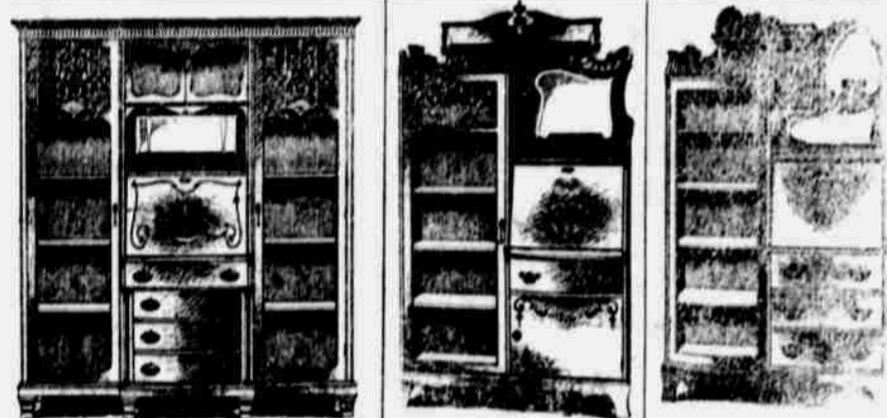
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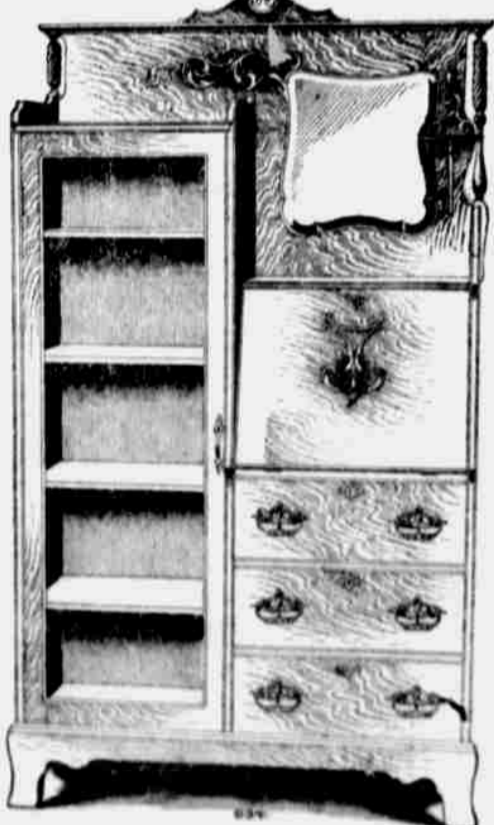
A trip to our store would be of interest to everyone. Just give us the pleasure of Showing you over our vast store: Mail orders promptly filled



Made in oak and Birch, 78 in. high, 5 in. wide, French beveled mirrors 8x21 in. and 9x9 in. chipped glass in upper section of bookcase. \$50

Made in Oak and Birch, 74 in. high, 44 in. wide, French beveled mirror, 14x16 in. chipped glass in upper section of bookcase. \$23.50.

Made in Oak and Birch, 72 in. high, 42 in. wide, French beveled mirrors 12x14 in. and 8x8 in., swell glass doors \$30.



Made in Oak, Birch, Mahogany finish, 67 in. high, 40 in. wide, French beveled mirror 14x14 \$18.00



66 in. high, 39 in. wide, 8x14 in. French beveled mirror, 14x44 in. glass door, oak only, glass finish \$12.50.

We will be pleased to show you our line of Carpets—Draperies—Queenware and Hardware. Our prices will be of interest to you, we are confident. We trust you have received our Catalogue—if not, write us and we will mail you one.

We Pay Freight on all Purchases of \$5 or over, 100 miles from Lincoln

A Sweet Thing. The United States has an officer in Washington called the treasury chemist. His principal duties are to assist in framing sugar schedules, etc. His name is Dr. Scherer. Now, by a remarkable coincidence the chief chemist of the Sugar trust is also a man named Scherer, and he is a brother and business partner of the United States treasury chemist. Take it all round, these Scherers seem to have a pretty sweet thing of it in this sugar business.—Journal of the Knights of Labor.

Votes For Hanna. A league has been started by some of the miners in the Sunday creek valley to stop immigration and the introduction of labor saving machinery. Those miners have had very little education and have voted the Republican ticket during the past, and so of course can hardly be blamed for making themselves ridiculous. No doubt Hanna will receive a good vote down in that enlightened mining region.—Cleveland Call.

Standee. Mrs. Muggs—That horrid Mrs. Frills told Mrs. Neidinger that I was a regular old cat. What do you think of that? Mr. Muggs—I think she never saw you in the same room with a mouse.

The Armour's Loss a Fatah. ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 26.—The appellate division of the supreme court has decided in favor of the state in the action brought against Armour & Co. and the Armour Packing Company for alleged violation of the oleomargarine and buttering law. The claim is for \$1,100,000 in penalties.

Everybody Says So. Casarets Candy Cathartics, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver, and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headaches, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. today—10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

THE SAME STORY IN KANSAS.

The Record of the Populist Party Has Been One of Honesty and Economy. Much has been written and said about populism in Kansas. Of late the republican press of that state has been charging the populist party with extravagance in expenditures. The records in the auditor's office show how false the charges are. The legislature of Kansas in 1895 was republican. It had a total of 335 employees. The legislature of Kansas in 1897 was populist. It had a total of 200 employees. In 1895 the total expenses for the legislative session was \$86,229.47 while in 1897 the expenses of the populist legislature was only \$72,029.10.

When figures on legislative expenditures are made it should be borne in mind that the salaries and mileage of members is fixed by constitutional enactment, and is, therefore, a matter over which the members have no control. If the amounts paid for this purpose are deducted the remainder will show the amount expended over which the legislature did have direct control. No compilation of the amounts drawn for salary and mileage by members of the 1897 legislature has yet been made, but in 1895 the amount drawn for this purpose was \$36,327. The number of members and of the districts remain unchanged from year to year, so that the salary and mileage account cannot vary very much. It is reasonable to assume that the 1895 figures are a fair average. Deducting \$36,327 from \$85,292.47, it appears that in 1895, \$49,965.17 was expended over which the members had control. The deduction of this same amount from \$72,029.10 shows that the amount was \$35,981.80. In other words, where republicans spent \$9 the populists spent only \$2.14, making a saving of almost one-third. The 1895 legislature (republican) which was in session sixty days, cost \$82.75 per day, while the 1897 legislature (populist) which was in session sixty-four days, cost \$57.84 per day, showing an actual saving of \$274.91 for each and every day of the session. In the matter of daily expense the populist cost was a few cents more than \$2, where the republicans spent \$3. These figures being taken from the state auditor's record of the money actually paid out, are absolutely correct. This is the sort of a record the populist party has made in Kansas. It is the same sort of a record the populist party always makes when entrusted with power.

CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

A Pleasant, Simple, but Safe and Effective Cure for it.

Catarrh of the stomach has long been considered the next thing to incurable. The usual symptoms are a full or bloating sensation after eating, accompanied sometimes with sour or watery risings, a formation of gases, causing pressure on the heart and lungs and difficult breathing; headache, sickle appetite, nervousness and a general played out, languid feeling. There is often a foul taste in the mouth, coated tongue, and if the interior of the stomach could be seen it would show a slimy, inflamed condition. The cure of this common and obstinate trouble is found in a treatment which causes the food to be readily thoroughly digested before it has time to ferment and irritate the delicate mucous surfaces of the stomach. To secure a prompt and healthy digestion is the one necessary thing to do, and when normal digestion is secured the catarrhal condition will have disappeared.

According to Dr. Harianson the safest and best treatment is to use after each meal a tablet composed of diastase, an aptic pepsin, a little auz, golden seal and fruit acids. These tablets can now be found at all drug stores under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and not being a patent medicine, can be used with perfect safety and assurance that healthy appetite and thorough digestion will follow their regular use after meals. Mr. N. J. Booher of 2710 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., writes: "Catarrh is a local condition resulting from a neglected cold in the head, whereby the lining membrane of the nose becomes inflamed and the poisonous discharge therefrom, passing backward therefrom, reaches the stomach, thus producing catarrh of the stomach. Medical authorities prescribed for me for three years for catarrh of the stomach without cure, but today I am the happiest of men after using only one box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I cannot find appropriate words to express my good feeling. I have found flesh, appetite and sound rest from their use. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the safest preparation as well as the simplest and most convenient remedy for any form of indigestion, catarrh of stomach, biliousness, sour stomach, heartburn and bloating after meals. Send for little book, mailed free on stomach troubles, by addressing Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. The tablets can be found at all drug stores.

NEBRASKA BEATS THEM ALL. I've traveled round this world a bit, I've seen a lot of scenes. From France to the Golden Gate to Boston on the ocean. From Kokomo to Louisville, from Memphis to Spokane. Across the Alleghany ridge an' out across the plain. I've skated the blue Atlantic main to Boston (lands and cities). And on the wild Pacific's waves I've floated many times. I've gazed upon Westminster's spires, I've sailed the Chinese wall, but when it comes to grand displays, Nebraska beats 'em all.

I've seen the rocks of 'ol Vermont, the pine clad hills of Maine. I've looked the wind through southern swamps such as a sea and swamp. Through Pennsylvania's mine's of coal, an' through the swamps of Arkansas an' Kentucky's stills. I've traveled much in years gone by to see what And her Nebraska, I admit, is good enough for me. So here I star with I do, and at 'ol Nebraska I'll be the first to rise and shout. Nebraska beats 'em all. —Wm. Manly.

President McKinley went to his home in Canton to vote. His vote would count no more than the vote of an Ohio farmer, many of whom remained in their cottages all day. Just try a 10c box of Casarets, the best liver and bowel regulator ever made.

A Strange Experience

By OPIE READ.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.]

CHAPTER I.

My name is not Norval, nor have I ever in any way been associated with the Gramplan hills, but my name is Oscar Hookersmith. You will at once perceive that there is nothing in such a name, but if any man has ever passed through an experience similar to the one which I am going to relate he would do me a great kindness by at once communicating with me. One day I arrived at Cregmore, a little old town on the upper Arkansas river. Just after I had eaten breakfast at a hotel the proprietor of the house came to me and said that, as I had no baggage, I would be compelled to pay in advance. "Baggage, indeed!" I exclaimed. "Have my trunk sent up, if you please." "You brought no baggage, sir." "Then it has not arrived. It will soon be here, for I am sure it arrived. I saw it delivered to an expressman at the railroad station. I have no money with me. I hope that you appreciate my position, sir?" He doubtfully shook his head and walked away. This annoyed me not a little, and I wondered if the fellow who had taken my trunk had run away with it. I had no check, and I knew that I might have trouble in recovering my property. Just as I turned to go out an elderly gentleman whom I suddenly encountered threw up his hands and exclaimed: "My God!" "What is the matter?" "Oh, sir, if I did not know that my son Norval was dead, I would think you were he. He was killed in the army."

He regarded me closely, and in a quieter tone continued: "I have never before seen such a resemblance. Same eyes, nose, mouth—everything! Will you please do an old man a favor?" I replied that I would favor him in any possible way. "Then come with me to my house. I want my wife to see you." I told him of the perplexing situation in which I was placed. "Here, Mr. Bunch!" he exclaimed, calling the proprietor. "Look at this man! Doesn't he look exactly like my son Norval?" "Exactly. Only he is much older."

"Yes, but you must remember that it is more than 20 years since Norval went into the army. He was killed at Antietam. I want you to go home with me. I will stand good for your bill." "I feel under many obligations to you, old gentleman, for I am really in an embarrassing position. I fear that fellow has stolen my trunk, but if you will go with me to the town officer I will afterward go with you." He agreed, and we called upon the town marshal, who, after listening to my statement, looked at me suspiciously and said: "You didn't come in on any train."

"But, sir, I know I did. I delivered my trunk to a tall negro who walked with a limp, and who, if I remember correctly, had an impediment in his speech. The trunk—and I would know it among a thousand—is a large one, covered with black leather." "Look here," said the officer. "You came up on a boat, for I saw you when you got off. Besides you could not have come by rail, for, as there are several washouts above and below here, there has not been a train in for two days."

This statement was insulting, yet I struggled to conceal my resentment. Police officers in small towns are generally narrow minded, dogmatic men, and I cared not to dispute him further than to reaffirm that I came in on the morning train. Then, turning to the old gentleman, whose name I had learned was Metford, I announced my readiness to accompany him. He had been so absorbed in the contemplation of the resemblance between his son and myself that he had paid but little attention to the disparity of statements concerning the manner of my arrival. Mr. Metford lived in an attractive old place not far from the river. When we

CHAPTER II.

The next day I was arraigned before a justice of the peace, who requested me to make a brief statement as to how I came to town. I did so, telling him to the best of my recollection. I told him about losing my trunk, and I ventured to take to task a village that would stubbornly shut its eyes and allow the perpetration of such outrages. The town marshal swore that I did not come by rail; that no train had come in since two days before; that I had come on a steamboat, the Farmer Boy, and that I had no trunk. The captain of the Farmer Boy, a very gentlemanly looking fellow, arose and astonished me with the following statement: "Just before leaving Little Rock day before yesterday this man who calls himself Hookersmith came to me and said that he would like to go up the river as far as Cregmore; that he was employed by a St. Louis land corporation, and that as his baggage had somehow failed to arrive he was without money, but that if I would let him come up as a deck passenger he would, upon reaching this place, get the money from a friend and pay me. It's only a small amount, and I shouldn't have mentioned it but for the fact that the marshal came down and asked me about the strange fellow."

"What have you to say concerning these statements?" asked the justice. "Nothing, only that they are not true," I replied. "As I tell you, I came here by rail, arriving yesterday morning."

"But no train arrived yesterday morning." Then I became indignant. "All right; have it your own way," said I. "One man cannot stand up against so many. I will go on the rock pile or the convict farm and work it out."

The town marshal shifted and twisted himself about in his chair. "Your honor," said he, "this man also made false statements to Mr. Bunch, proprietor of the hotel. He obtained board under false pretenses." I understood him. He would urge charges against me merely to defend his own position. "Judge," said a voice that I knew. Looking round, I saw Mr. Metford. Every one waited for him to speak. "I met Mr. Hookersmith at the hotel yesterday morning. On account of the wonderful resemblance which he bears to my son Norval!"

"Yes," replied the judge. "Poor Norval! I saw him buried." "On account of that resemblance," continued Mr. Metford, "I invited Mr. Hookersmith to accompany me home. He explained his embarrassment, and I told Mr. Bunch that I would stand good for the bill. So that charge is wiped out."

"That's all very well, gentlemen," explained the town marshal, "but we can't allow fellows to come in this way. I believe that a man should be punished for lying just the same as he ought to be for stealing. That's my ticket." "I am glad to hear you speak so courageously," rejoined Mr. Metford. "You borrowed \$10 of me about two months ago and vowed that you would return the money within a week. Yet you have failed to keep your promise. Yes, it is a very good idea to punish men for lying, and now, since you have reminded me of your untruthfulness, I think it would be well to act upon your conception of justice. Your honor, make me out a warrant of arrest, please."

did not know that he was killed—oh, sir, are you not indeed he?" "Be quiet, Mary," said the old gentleman. "Don't be excited. Let us make it pleasant here for Mr. Hookersmith, and perhaps he will remain several days with us. Tell us something about yourself, Mr. Hookersmith."

"I was born in Richmond," I replied, "and my parents died when I was quite young. I went into the army and was wounded by a piece of shell at Shiloh. After the war I went home, but found that the uncle with whom I had lived was reduced almost to a penniless condition. He did not long survive, and, there being nothing in Richmond to bind me to the place, I wandered away and have never returned. I have come to this state to look after the land interest of a corporation, and as soon as my business is completed I shall go back to St. Louis."

"Until then," said Mrs. Metford, "you must remain at our house. Although I know that you are not our son, yet to see you!"—Here the poor woman completely broke down. "Mary," said the old gentleman, approaching her and stroking her hair, "don't give way to your feeling. I would not have urged him to come, but I know that if I didn't you would never forgive me. Don't give way, now."

She became calm, but every time she looked at me I could see her lip quiver. "What a pity that I am not your son!" I mused. "Any man, even aside from natural affection, would feel proud of such a mother." I thought of the dead son and of what a splendid home his death had made cheerless, and I almost wished that I had told the old couple that I was really their Norval.

After dinner we were sitting in the parlor when there came a loud knock at the front door. Mr. Metford, who answered the summons, soon returned, accompanied by the town marshal. Approaching me and placing his ungainly hand on my shoulder the marshal said: "I want you."

"What right have you to want me?" He took out a paper and handed it to me. It was a warrant arresting me on a charge of willfully and maliciously deceiving the people of Cregmore. It was useless to resist, and, although the old gentleman and his wife protested against such an indignity being imposed on a guest of their house, yet by the feelingless ruffian I was led away and lodged in jail.

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The room began to turn around. The man's voice sounded away off a great distance. He seemed to be shouting, but I could not catch his words. Then some one, dressed in red tight breeches, came in and danced on the back of a chair. A blacksmith led in a horse and began to shoe him. His bellows roared and his anvil rang so loud that I had to put my fingers in my ears. His fire began gradually to darken, and with a sudden puff it went out, leaving me in total darkness. I groped about, but could find no opening in the wall. I cried aloud for a lamp, and I cursed the blacksmith for allowing his fire to go out. Crawling around on my hands and knees, I found a match. I kissed it. I pressed it to my heart. "Thank God!" I cried. "Thank God that once more there shall be light in the world!" Tears streamed from my eyes. I tried to light the match. The tears had dampened it, and with the feeblest little glow it died away, leaving me in despair. I heard a voice, low and sweet.

"Who are you?" I asked. "A tear fell on my forehead, and clasping my hands I turned my face upward. "Whose tears are those falling upon me?" I cried. The voice, soft and sweet, sang, but the tears continued to fall. "Oh, can't you give me a lamp?" I cried in agony. Something touched me. It was a lamp, cold and dark, but I hugged it close to me and took care lest my tears should fall upon it. I placed it on the floor and with my hands clasped around it I lay down and prayed. A feeble little gleam flickered between my fingers. The lamp grew warm. I removed my hands. The little blaze flickered, and then—yes, oh, glories of heaven, then—there came a grand burst of light. I lay on a bed. The sun shone into the room. A face, my mother's face, was bowed over me. "Thank God!" she exclaimed and encircled my neck with her loving arms. My father was there, too, looking upon me.

"There, dear," said my mother. "Keep very quiet. For weeks you have hovered between life and death." I closed my eyes and warm recollections poured over me. I could remember it all—how I left that dear home and went into the army.

I am sitting in my room, looking out on the grassy slope where I played so many years ago. There is the old tree where I used to swing in the cool shade. I hear my mother singing in the sitting room. They say my father laughs again as he did when I was a boy. These old people are in a heaven of happiness. The physician says that a few days from now I can resume the business of life. My mother enters and presses her lips upon my brow.

"You haven't the slightest symptoms of fever, Norval, dear," she says. "Angelic woman! She cannot keep her arms from around my neck when she comes near me. Now she goes singing through the hallway. There stands my father at the gate. Something has amazed him, for he laughs as he did when I was a boy. Yes, my name is Norval."

"For Norval!" she repeated over and over again. "Poor child! Oh, sir, if I

all know me," he replied. "I am not a stranger. I didn't come here and try to beat any of you. I'll pay the \$10. Don't fret about that. I don't think it is right to hop on a man that's trying to protect the community against fraud. I've got nothing against this fellow and am willing to see him turned loose."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Metford. "You needn't make out the warrant, judge. Well, Mr. Hookersmith," turning to me, "as there is nothing against you here, you will please accompany me home."

When we went to the house, Mrs. Metford's lip trembled. These old people would not hear to my leaving them; so I remained all night. The next morning I awoke with a burning fever. Then I went into a state of delirium and for several weeks knew nothing. When I regained consciousness, my mind was so confused that I could not think. I knew that I talked incoherently. Therefore I said but little.

One day while I was sitting in my room a man was shown up by one of the servants. Mr. and Mrs. Metford were away from home, having gone over to a neighbor's house. "Don't you know me?" said the man. "I don't think that I ever saw you before," I replied. He looked at me and smiled sadly. "What do you mean?" I asked. "I mean nothing offensive. You know Abe Catham?" "Never heard of him."

"I am sorry, for I had hoped that you would recognize me." "How can I recognize you, sir, when this is the first time we have ever met?" He shook his head and muttered something which sounded to me like "Poor fellow." Then he startled me by saying: "I have been your keeper for years." "My keeper?" "Yes, I am connected with the Missouri Insane Asylum."

"I don't dispute your position as keeper, but I can assure you that I have never seen the institution. I am a St. Louis land man." "Let me tell you something which has just come to light. You were wounded at the battle of Antietam." "Shiloh."

"At Antietam. You and a young Virginian, who, to some extent, resembled you—a man named Hookersmith—fell close to each other. In the report of the killed and wounded you were put down on the dead list, and this man Hookersmith was reported to be wounded. You had been struck by a piece of shell and was, upon recovery of the wound, found to be hopelessly insane. You went to Richmond, but your supposed relatives spurned you, so I have heard, and, after wandering around, you went to Missouri and were placed in an insane asylum, where you remained until a few weeks ago, when you escaped. Your name, I have learned, is Norval Metford, and I have come to tell your parents, after satisfying myself that it is you."

The room began to turn around. The man's voice sounded away off a great distance. He seemed to be shouting, but I could not catch his words. Then some one, dressed in red tight breeches, came in and danced on the back of a chair. A blacksmith led in a horse and began to shoe him. His bellows roared and his anvil rang so loud that I had to put my fingers in my ears. His fire began gradually to darken, and with a sudden puff it went out, leaving me in total darkness. I groped about, but could find no opening in the wall. I cried aloud for a lamp, and I cursed the blacksmith for allowing his fire to go out. Crawling around on my hands and knees, I found a match. I kissed it. I pressed it to my heart. "Thank God!" I cried. "Thank God that once more there shall be light in the world!" Tears streamed from my eyes. I tried to light the match. The tears had dampened it, and with the feeblest little glow it died away, leaving me in despair. I heard a voice, low and sweet.

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she uttered a shriek and sprang toward me. entered the gate, a woman came out on the veranda, and in a moment, after seeing me, clasped her hands and leaned against a post. As we approached she uttered a shriek and sprang toward me. The old gentleman, gently taking hold of her, said: "Come, Mary, don't give way to your feelings. This is—you have not told me your name, sir. Ah, yes"—when I had told him—"this is Mr. Oscar Hookersmith! I wanted you to see him on account of the perfect likeness he bears to Norval. Come in, sir," he continued, leading the way. We entered a comfortably furnished room. The old lady could not keep her eyes off me.

"Poor Norval!" she repeated over and over again. "Poor child! Oh, sir, if I

THE END.