

# OMAHA COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

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## IT IS ALWAYS HANDY.

Something is always wrong with man or beast, and it is not always a horse doctor. Dr. Kendall's Perfected Receipt Book is a plain, commonsense, practical book, which any man or woman can understand. As a rule such works are too complicated and can not be understood by people who need the information most. People do not care for a book of this kind which calls for a doctor to explain. They want a book which needs no explanation and which will help them out of their difficulties and at the same time save them big expense bills.

Dr. Kendall's Perfected Receipt Book was prepared by an eminent physician, whose associations with the people made him thoroughly acquainted with the steadily increasing desire of nearly everyone to know for themselves what is best to do when sick, and this knowledge stimulated the author to make this book the most complete and practical of any book of its kind ever published. Millions of people have gone to a premature grave, who might have lived lives of usefulness if they, or their friends who cared for them, had been the possessors of such a book as this and had made themselves familiar with its contents.

In writing this book, it has been the purpose to make it so plain that it would be adapted to all classes. There is no person, of whatever calling, who cannot find many things in this book that will be of practical value. It is divided into different departments. The medical department is made up of valuable prescriptions, recipes and treatment for the different diseases, written up in a clear, concise manner, enabling one to give their family the best of treatment in time of sickness.

It contains a large number of the very best and most valuable prescriptions known to the medical profession. They are written in plain language, so as to be easily understood by everyone. Those subjects which are of the greatest importance, such as dyspepsia, constipation, kidney, liver and lung diseases, are treated at great length and so illustrated as to make it very plain to all just what the disease is and what is the best method of effecting a complete cure.

The farmer or stock owner will find recipes for treating his domestic animals when sick. The housewife will find the cooking recipes to be reliable, as every one has been tested and have come from some of the best professional cooks and from housekeepers of experience and ability. The toilet department contains recipes that will be found very valuable, and the same can be said of the laundry department, as well as the miscellaneous receipts.

The Appendix is a very valuable treatise, giving the cause, symptoms and the best treatment of diseases. It not only gives valuable prescriptions for each disease, but the best of medical advice in regard to the care, nursing, food, etc.

Most books of this kind have a large number of receipts for each disease, when not more than one will be valuable and a non-professional person is unable to select the one which has value. In this book only the best prescriptions are given and those that are not valuable have been excluded, making this book the most valuable of its kind.

Send to any address postage paid on receipt of 25 cents remittance in postal money orders or postage stamps. Write name and address plainly. Address all orders to COMMUNESSE BOOK CO., 509-511 So. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

The heating of air by means of small fires scattered about through orchards or fields has been found a very effective protector against frost in the drier parts of California. One ingenious device for the same purpose, designed by G. F. Ditzler, consists of a deep sheet iron tank, three or four feet square, mounted on a truck. About six inches from the bottom of the tank is a wire grate, beneath which, through a hole in the bottom of the tank, is admitted a blast of air.

This is produced by a revolving fan operated by a sprocket chain and wheel attached to the wheel of the truck. A water tank and force pump complete the outfit. Tar or other fuel is placed on the grate and ignited, and the tank is filled with wet straw or manure. The blast of the fan blows it into an intense fire, all the heat of which has to pass through three feet of wet straw before it can reach the air. Naturally the evaporation is very active, and the vapor rising immediately condenses, forming a dense fog or mist.

As the machine is driven backward and forward between the rows of trees in the orchard, water is continually pumped from the tank and scattered over the fruit. The machine is said to evaporate 100 gallons of water an hour. Often this artificial fog is so dense that the driver has to go forward and lead his horses.

Ordinary phosphorus is highly poisonous, is inflammable at a temperature far below that of boiling water and at the ordinary temperature of a room if exposed to the slightest friction, and gives off poisonous fumes at ordinary temperatures when in contact with air containing any moisture. Red phosphorus is not poisonous even in large quantities, and gives off no fumes in ordinary conditions. It is used in the manufacture of matches that strike only on the box. The ordinary phosphorus occupies a large place in match manufacture which the red variety cannot fill. How large that place is may be judged from the fact that some sixty tons of white phosphorus are used annually in making matches, while the consumption of red phosphorus is only four tons.

The lady of Manila is described by a writer in the Chicago Record as a refreshing and pleasing spectacle. She is invariably neat.

## JABE HAWKINS LUCK.

"I reckon Jabe Hawkins was about the ugliest man the Lord ever let live," said Uncle Ben, as he meditatively whittled his knife upon his boot leg. "I've known strangers to foister that man around for a half hour just to get another look at his face, an' then go right off an' take a drink of licker. Seemed to kind of give 'em a relish for it. I've known fool women to scare their children into spasms by threatenin' to give 'em to Jabe, and they do say he's been the cause of more than one runaway. He was jest pizen ugly, an' that's all they was to it. It was a pity, too, because he was a mighty nice man if you happened to meet him in the dark, and he had money in the bank at Maple Run and eighty acres of as fine bottom land as ever fell a plow.

"Well, in spite of 'im bein' so blame homely that he dasset look a woman in the face, this yere cuss was always wantin' to git married, but, of course, they wain't no way to get at it. He advertised some in the city paper, an' writ letters to lots of women that way, but he was honest to the core, an' when the thing got along fur enough so 's they might anything come of it, he always sent his photograph, an' that ended it. Onset they was a mighty likely widow from way back east that got to likin' Jabe purty well through his letter writin', and I must say he was a good hand at that, before he sent his plockshur. After studyin' over his lineaments for a couple o' months she made up her mind to come on, anyhow, but when she sckshully saw Jabe in the flesh she backed out an' married Si Peters, an' she made him a mighty fine wife, barrin' the fact that she had a 20-year-old son that bobbed up after the ceremony an' turned out to be as shiftless as it's possible fur a man to git an' live.

"Then Jabe gits desprit, an' he up an' offers a hundred dollars reward to anybody as will git him a pardner. That didn't amount to much. Ole Dud Harris 'lowed he made his bid, an' Mirandy, the one that had a bare lip, fine him, and Jabe, knowin' his own shortcomin's, was satisfied to git anybody most, but Mirandy took epileptic fits an' died before the wedding come off, and folks all around said it was a judgment on Dud.

"Things was this-a-way when there was a hypnotizer come through Maple Run an' give a show an' he asked for people to come up on the platform an' be hypnotized. Everybody most was afraid to go till Jabe made the break sayin' it didn't matter much what became of him, now, an' then five more went up like they alius do.

"Well, the munit this here hypnotizer took hold of Jabe's head an' tilted it back to git a god look in his eyes he give a funny little jump an' says, 'I can't do nothin' with you. Why, man, you may not know it, but you got more power than I have. If you fix them fine blue eyes o' yours on anybody they jest natchelly have to do what you say.'

"Then he let Jabe go an' made Wash Duffins fight bumble bees an' preten' he was a dog an' do the most outlandish things you ever heard of. Golly! it was funny, an' he made some of the others set up, too, but none so much as ole Wash, and the next day he went away. "But he made a mighty big change in Jabe's life. Y see up to this time Jabe alius dropped his eyes every time he see a woman comin', an' women alius looked the other way. But now Jabe made up his mind to try it, an' looked, an' all the women knowed about it, so they looked, an' they found out them eyes was mighty fine if you looked at 'em so keen you couldn't see the rest of his face. They was mostly young, too, since they heard of Jabe bein' a hypnotizer if he only wanted to be that-a-way, but, of course, that only made 'em look the more.

"First off, Jabe didn't have the sand to look at the best lookin' girls, but only the homely ones, an' it wasn't two weeks till he could 'a had his choice of a dozen girls. You see, they got to talkin' to him an' studyin' them eyes o' his, an' a fust thing they knowed they were hankerin' arter 'em. But Jabe got particlar. They was a time when he'd been tickled to death to have any girl that wore dresses keep comin' with him, but he kep' raisin' his ideas every day till finally he sot his mind on winnin' Hetty Allen that was the blindest purtlest girl in the whole county, an' had a dozen fine-lookin' fellers with good horses an' buggies an' some land tryin' to court her, an' blame if he didn't git her. An' the funnest part of it all is that there ain't no purtier young uns anywhere than them seven children of Jabe's. An' they all got blue eyes.

## SPECIAL RATES EAST

via QUINCY ROUTE.

For the G. A. R. encampment at Philadelphia, the "Quincy Route" and "Wabash R. R." will sell tickets Sept. 1, 2, 3, good returning Sept. 30. Stop-over will be allowed at Niagara and Washington, and many other points. For rates, time tables and all information, call at Quincy Route office, 1415 Farnam st. (Paxton Hotel blk.), or write Harry E. Moore, C. P. and T. A., Omaha, Neb.

## ARE YOU GOING EAST?

On Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. will sell tickets from Omaha to Philadelphia at one fare plus \$2 for the round trip. Stopovers allowed. F. A. Nash, Gen'l Western Agent, 1504 Farnam St., Omaha.

Hon. W. J. Connell, ex-Congressman from Nebraska, says: "I know of some remarkable cures of Omaha people effected by the use of Dr. Kay's Renovator. I believe this great remedy is worthy of the confidence of the public." Write us your symptoms and we will send you Free Advice, Free Book and Free Sample. Dr. Kay's Renovator is sold by druggists at 25 cts. and \$1.00 or sent prepaid by mail on receipt of price by D. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

FLYO-CURO will protect your stock from flies and mosquitoes. It is very easily, quickly and economically applied with our dollar sprayer and really no expense to use, as saving in feed and extra product will more than pay for its use. Send \$1.00 for sample can and sprayer. Prices reduced for '09. Gen. H. Lee Co., Omaha, Neb.

## I SHALL GO SOFTLY.

"I shall go softly all my years!" Not as the prophet bled in tears For God hath healed my heavy dole, And in deep bitterness of soul, Hath stilled my pain and dried my tears, And given faith for foolish fears.

"I shall go softly," since I've found The mighty arm that girls me round Is gentle, as it's sure and strong; "I shall go softly" through the throng And with compulsion strong and sweet Lead sinners to the Saviour's feet.

How sternly paced those patient feet Along Capernum's marble street! How softly and how tenderly Their echoes from Gethsemane Steal down the ages, rich to bless All time with deathless happiness!

Into my heart those echoes steal Until I cannot choose but kneel— Not weak and worn, with vigor spent, But joyous and in glad content— And kneeling pray to him who hears To lead me softly all my years. —Ethelbert D. Marfield.

## HER PROPOSAL.

The late March snows are dissolving the delicate wreaths over the hills—the maple buds were already swelling the sky like crimson dots, and the song of the blue bird heralded the advent of spring over the bleak Berkshire hills.

"Oh, Billy, isn't it nice?" said little Rebecca Hale, as she slipped across the road. "O, look, there's a dear little striped squirrel, with a bushy tail and such bright eyes, like black beads. O, don't you wish we had lived out doors always?"

"Becky, don't jump about so," chided the boy, an ancient philosopher of ten years or so. "There! I knew it. You've burst out that hole in your shoe that I sewed up so carefully, and one of your mittens is gone!"

"But it isn't cold." "No, but that's no sign that we never shall have any cold weather again. Besides, Aunt Keziah is dead."

"Well, I don't care for that," said the little one, recklessly. "Aunt Keziah was old and cross, and boxed our ears, and said we were the plagues of her life."

"Yes," said Billy, slowly, "but there is no one to take care of us now that Aunt Keziah is dead. You should consider that, Becky."

"No one to take care of us," echoed Becky, standing still. "O, Billy, I didn't think of that."

Mrs. Harewood was frying doughnuts over the great cooking stove in the back kitchen. An immense blue and white checked apron enshrouded her spare form and a pocket handkerchief concealed her hair. Mrs. Harewood was not pretty at her best; in this impromptu uniform she was simply hideous.

"Seventeen—eighteen—nineteen," said Mrs. Harewood, fishing the brown curls of paste out of the boiling liquid. "Twenty and four makes two dozen. Now, Michael, who is it? And what do they want?"

"It's the two children from Aunt Keziah Proudfoot's," said Michael Harewood, a tall, brown-faced man of thirty or thereabouts. "The old woman died last night."

"Well, what of that?" said Mrs. Harewood, who had gone back to the table and was cutting long strips of dough, and twisting them into spirals, ready for the pot of frizzling lard. "They'll bury her, I suppose. And after her long sickness, the dear knows, nobody'll be very sorry."

"But the little children. What is to become of them?" said Michael, softly. "Why, send 'em to the poorhouse, of course. There's nothing else to be done, as I know of," snapped the dame.

"To the poorhouse, Maria? Those pretty, delicate little children. Kate Hale's brother's children—the poorhouse!"

"Well, I don't see why not," said Mrs. Harewood. "Thirty-four, thirty-five. Three dozen ought to be enough. If Kate had cared so much about her relations, she might a stayed to hum and looked after 'em, instead of running away with a ship's captain and going to China, or India, or Kamschatka, or the Lord knows where. After she was engaged to you, too! And—"

"Never mind about that now, Maria," said the brother, with a slight elevation of his eyebrows. "It's all a thing of the past, and Kate could not foresee when she left her native country, that her brother's little ones would soon be alone in the world, orphaned and without resources. So it has chanced, at all events. The poor little things are in the sitting room now."

"And I s'pose they've come here because my husband is poor-master," said Mrs. Harewood, droppin' in her fresh batch of doughnuts, one by one. "Well, he won't be home afore noon."

"I was not thinking of that, Maria," said Michael Harewood, gently. "It occurred to me, perhaps, since you had no children of your own—"

"That I'd fill my house with all the pauper children of the neighborhood," said Mrs. Harewood. "No, Michael Harewood, you're mistaken there! I wouldn't have Jim Hale's young ones in my house after the way Kate treated you, not if I was to be paid a dollar a day. And, besides, I ain't matron of the poor house."

"Then what are they to do?" Mrs. Harewood shrugged her bony shoulders. "It's no business of mine," she said, indifferently. "Nor I ain't going to concern myself in it."

Michael Harewood went back to the room where the two little orphans were admiring a stuffed parrot, that swung from the ceiling.

"Children," said he, get on your things. "Ain't us to stay here?" piteously demanded Becky. "I'm so tired and hungry! We didn't have any breakfast this morning!"

"Please, Mr. Harewood," said Billy, "where are we to go? Nobody wants us!"

"I want you," said Michael Harewood, his heart giving a great jump as he saw Kate's old look shining out of the wistful, upturned face of the child. "You shall be my little ones henceforward."

There was no lack of talk and gossip in the neighborhood when Michael Harewood left his brother's house and set up housekeeping for himself in a little unoccupied cabin just on the verge of the woods, with the Hale children as proteges and companions.

Michael Harewood was an artist by profession—one of those erratic, irregular geniuses who seldom make much money, yet possess natures of genuine gold. He paid little attention to the buzz of the neighbors, the sarcasms of his sister-in-law and the criticisms of the world in general, but painted serenely on, disposing of his pictures at ludicrously small prices as fast as they were laid off his easel.

"For it isn't as if I could wait for a good chance," said he. "They must sell at any figure; the little people can't starve."

So the three led a strange, eccentric life. Little Becky swept and dusted, and did what she could. Billy brought water, weeded the onion beds and made himself generally useful, and Michael Harewood did all the rest. When there chanced to be meat enough for three he ate and was thankful. When there was no meat he made his meal of vegetables and told the children it was for his health's sake.

"Don't you love Uncle Michael, Becky?" asked the little boy one night when Michael had tucked them safely up in bed and heard their simple prayer.

"Yes," said Becky, rearing up in her little patch-work covered nest. "And when I grow up I mean to marry him." "God bless the little ones!" he murmured. "And God bless Kate, wherever she may be!"

Kate was nearer than he thought. "Have you heard the news?" said the Widow Castleberry to Mrs. Harewood. "Kate Hale's come back."

"Humph!" was Mrs. Harewood's comment. "A bad penny always returns. Who does she suppose is going to run after her now?"

"Ah, but," said Widow Castleberry, wagging her head, "you didn't hear me through. She's a widow, and she's as rich as Croesus!"

"No!" said Mrs. Harewood. "It ain't possible!"

"But it is, though," said the widow. "Wears diamonds as big as dewdrops and a black silk dress as will stand all alone for richness, and has her maid as genteel as a queen of the cannibal islands."

"Ah, dear, dear!" said Mrs. Harewood. "Wonders will never cease. Them children will be brought up like a prince and princess now, I suppose! I most wish I'd taken them myself, as Michael wanted me to do."

For once the tongue of rumor was correct. Kate Hale, now Mrs. Alden Armitage, had been, in very truth, left a wealthy widow, and she had returned to her native land to adopt her brother's orphaned children. Kate had set off by the accession of wealth, she was royally beautiful. Nor was she devoid of feeling. When she first came into the presence of the artist, whose magnanimity had saved her brother's children from the poorhouse, she knelt down and kissed his brown hands with tears.

"Kate! Kate!" he cried, recollecting, "what are you doing?"

"I can't help it," sobbed Kate. "You are so kind, so noble. What would my poor little ones have done but to love you? And when I remember how I treated you—"

"We won't recall that, Kate," said the artist, quietly. "But I have grown to love the little ones dearly. I do not wish to part with them, although I feel that you have the best right to them."

He was standing with one hand on Becky's golden head. The child glanced eagerly from one to the other.

"Couldn't Aunt Kate come and live with us, Uncle Michael?" said she, with a sudden brightening up of every feature. The eyes of the elder Michael's sad and kindly—Kate's full of sudden tears.

"Ah, my child," said the former. "I asked her that question once, a long time ago—and she said 'No.'"

"But if you should ask me again I should answer very differently," cried out Kate.

And then she hid her burning face in her hands.

"I shall never ask it again," said Michael Harewood, gravely.

"Then I will," said Mrs. Armitage, going up to him and putting her hands in his. "Dear Michael, I have learned now the priceless value of what I once rejected—your true, noble heart. I love you—will you repulse me now?"

"I was going to marry Uncle Michael myself," said Becky, thoughtfully. "But maybe it's best that Aunt Kate should have him, after all."

"I think so," said Billy.

East Indian famines had had some curious features. In Aurangabad the priests were paid to pray for rain and did so, day after day, but the rain failed to appear, though very costly processions were organized. At last the people became angry, threw the gods into rubbish heaps and blocked up the entrance to the temples with mounds of thorns as a penalty for keeping the fields dry. It is just as well for a Hindoo god to attend to business if he wants to keep his job.

An eastern firm manufactures porcelain finger rings. They are probably intended for China-ware.

## WARS CAUSED BY TRIFLES.

Many wars have had trifling causes. A dispatch altered in one or two points by Bismarck brought on the Franco-German conflict. Palmerston said facetiously that only three men in Europe ever knew what the Schleswig-Holstein troubles which led to two wars were about, and two of them died before the conflicts began, while he, the third man, had forgotten. A slighting reference by Frederick the Great of Prussia to Mrs. Pompadour of France was said to have been one of the causes of the Seven Years' War, sometimes called the "war of three petticoats," from the fact that the France of Pompadour and the Prussia of Catherine II joined the Austria of Maria Theresa against Frederick.

According to John Bright, England and her allies drifted into the Crimean war without realizing it until after the got in, and they did not know what they fought for even after they started, while it is certain that everything which was supposed to have been the cause of that conflict was disturbed afterward. The results of the quarter of a century of wars beginning with the commencement of the French Revolution and ending with Waterloo, "pleased nobody and settled nothing," according to Sheridan. The average person who lived in those days knew as little about the causes of the slaughter as old Kaspar did about the battle of Blenheim when questioned by little Peterkin.

## Oyster Shell Windows.

Among the various and curious objects brought from Manila by some of our returning soldiers none excite more interest than the delicate plate-like shells called conchas; not only because they belong to the usually unattractive and rough-shelled oyster family, but from the fact that shells serve as windows in many of the buildings of the Philippines.

The shell is nearly round, about four inches in diameter, compressed and so thin that it is nearly transparent. In appearance the interior of the shell resembles a window, with opalescent tints, the interior being slightly rough. The animal is so exceedingly flat that when the valves are closed they apparently touch. This is probably the same species of mollusk which is known in China as the Chinese window covering, and which is used for windows, lanterns and similar purposes. These ingenious people also powder the shells, which they use for silver in their water colors.

The better class of houses in Manila have window frames which slide in grooves, so as to be opened or closed, as desired, and in these are set the conchas, which soften the bright tropical sun rays. As a further protection against light and heat, blinds are used which run in the grooves with the windows. The governor's palace, which was rebuilt about two hundred years ago, has for windows the same sliding frames set with many panes of the oyster window.



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## IS YOUR HAIR TURNING GRAY?

What does your mirror say? Does it tell you of some little streaks of gray? Are you pleased? Do your friends of the same age show this loss of power also? Just remember that gray hair never becomes darker without help, while dark hair rapidly becomes gray when once the change begins.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

will bring back to your hair the color of youth. It never fails. It is just as sure as that heat melts snow, or that water quenches fire.

It cleanses the scalp also and prevents the formation of dandruff. It feeds and nourishes the bulbs of the hair making them produce a luxuriant growth. It stops the hair from falling out and gives a fine soft finish to the hair as well.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp which you may obtain free upon request. If you do not obtain all the benefits mentioned from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Three miles from the village of Kristuvik, in the great volcano district of Iceland, there is a whole mountain composed of eruptive clays and pure white sulphur. A beautiful grotto penetrates the western slope to an unknown depth.

Statistics show that there are 94,000 women in the United States employed in cotton mills, 10,700 in the carpet industry, 20,500 in hosiery and knitting mills, 26,100 in woolen mills, 25,000 in the manufacture of tobacco and cigars, 8,000 at paper making, 6,000 on gloves, 16,000 on shirts, collars and cuffs; 20,500 in silk mills and 128,000 are estimated to be employed in the manufacture of shoes and leather goods.

Electricity has supplanted steam on the railroad from Milan to Monza, the oldest railroad in Italy.



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