

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

SYNOPSIS.

Michael Jorgensen was the only daughter of the governor of Iceland. She fell in love and married an actor, Stephen Orry. Her father had other hopes for her, and in his anger he disowned her. Orry ran away to sea. Of this union a child was born and Rachel called him Jason. Stephen Orry was heard from in the Isle of Man, where he was again married, and another son was born. Rachel died a heart-broken woman, but told Jason of his father's acts. Jason swore to kill Orry, and if not him, then his son. In the meantime Orry had deserted his ship and sought refuge in the Isle of Man. He was sheltered by the governor of the island, Adam Fairbrother. Orry went from him to a woman and married a dissolute woman, and their child, called Michael Sunlocks, was born. The woman died, and Orry gave Sunlocks to Adam Fairbrother, who adopted him, and he became the playmate of the governor's daughter, Greeba. Time passed and Adam Fairbrother and wife became estranged, their two boys staying with their mother on account of Michael Sunlocks. Finally Stephen Orry returned and Michael Sunlocks determined to go to Iceland, his father's home.

CHAPTER VIII. THE GOING OF SUNLOCKS.

It was then past noon. The Irish brig was in the harbor taking in Manx cloth and potatoes, a few cattle and a drove of sheep. At the flow of the tide it was to go out into the bay and anchor there, waiting for the mails, and at 9 o'clock it was to sail. In the meantime Michael was to arrange for his passage, and at half-past eight he was to meet his father on the quay.

But he had also to see Greeba, and that was not easy to do. The family at Lague had heard the great news of his going, and had secretly rejoiced at it. But they refused to see him there, even for the shortest leavetaking at the long-out purling. And at the bare mention of the bargain that Greeba had made with him, to bid him farewell on the eve of his departure, all the Fairbrothers were up in arms. So he had been sorely put to it to devise a means of meeting Greeba, if he could do so without drawing suspicion down on her, for come what might of risk or danger to himself he meant to see her again before ever he set foot on the ship. The expedient he could not hit on did not long elude a woman's wit, and Greeba found the way by which they were to meet.

A few of last year's heifers were grazing on Barrule and at nightfall somebody went up for them and brought the moom. She would go that night, and return by the glen, so that at the bridge by the turn of the river and the low road to Lague, where it was quiet enough sometimes, she could meet anybody about dusk and nobody to see the wiser. She contrived a way to tell Michael of this, and he was prompt to her appointment.

The day had been fair but close, with a sky that hung low, and with not a breath of wind, and in the evening when the mist came down from the mountain a fog came up from the sea, so that the air was empty and every noise went through it as if it had been a speaking trumpet. Standing alone on the bridge under the quiet elms, Michael could hear the rattle of chains and the whistling of horns, and by that he knew that the brig had dropped anchor in the bay. But he strained his eyes for other sounds, and they came on him; the tramp of the many feet of the heifers, the snapping of their tails, the rattling of the girls' clear voices, and the swish of a twig that she carried in her hand.

Greeba came along behind the cattle, swinging her body to a jaunty gait, her whole person radiant with health and happiness, her long gown, close at the back and loose over her bosom, showing well her tall little form and firm bosom. She wore no bonnet, but a white silk handkerchief was tied about her head, half covering her mouth, and showing visible in the twilight only the tip of her nose, a curl of her hair, and her bright dark eyes, with their long bright lashes. She was singing to herself as she came up to the bridge, with an unconcerned and unconscious air. At sight of Michael she made a start and a little nervous cry, so that he thought, poor lad, not knowing the ways of women, that for all the pains she had been at to fetch him she had somehow not expected him to be there.

She looked him over from head to foot, and her eyes gleamed from the white kerchief.

"You are going, after all," she said, and her voice seemed to him the sweetest music he had ever heard. "I never believed you would," she added. "Why not?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, and laughed a little. "But I suppose there are girls enough in Iceland, and there are of much account up there."

"But I've heard they are very fine girls," he answered; "and it's a fine country, too."

She turned her head and laughed and swung her skirt.

"The country! The ideal! Fine country, fine people, and a good time. What a girl wants if she's worth anything."

"Then I suppose you will go back to Iceland some day," he said.

"That doesn't follow," she answered.

"Your father, you see, and oh, what a man he can't live at Lague?"

"You like it so much?" he said.

"Oh, yes," she said, her eyes full of content. "My big hungry brothers have come home three times a day and they're surprised to the house—it's so good to have them."

Michael Sunlocks looked at her with a certain amount of surprise. As he watched

come back," he said, "or somebody else will."

She gave him a deliberate glance from her dark eyes, and then threw back her head and laughed. He could see the heaving of her breast. She laughed again—a fresh, merry laugh—and then he tried to laugh too, thinking of the foolish thing he had said.

"But if there are plenty of girls up there," she said, slyly glancing under her long lashes, "and they're so very wonderful, maybe you'll be getting married before you come home again?"

"Maybe so," he said quietly, and looked vacantly aside.

There was a short pause. Then a sharp snap or two broke the silence and recalled him to the maiden by his side. She was only breaking up the twig she had carried.

There was another pause, in which he could hear the rippling of the river and the leaping of a fish. The heifers were munching the grass by the roadside a little ahead.

"I must go now," she said coldly, "or they'll be out seeking me."

"I'll walk with you as far as Lague—it's dark," he said.

"No, no, you must not!" she cried, and fumbling the loose fold about her throat she turned to go.

But he laid hold of her arm.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Only think of my brothers. Your very life would be in danger."

"If all six of them were ranged across the other end of this bridge, and you had to walk the rest of the road alone, I would go through them," he said.

She saw the high lift of his neck and she smiled proudly. Then they walked some distance. He was gazing at her in silence. There was a conscious delight of her beauty in the swing of her step and the untamed glance of her eyes.

"Since the country is so fine I suppose you'll stay a long while there?" she said in her sweetest tone.

"No longer than I must," he answered.

"I don't know."

"But why not?" she said again, looking at him sideways with a gleam of a smile.

He did not answer and she laughed merrily.

"What a girl you are for laughing," he said, "it may be very laughable to you that I'm going away—"

"But isn't it to you? Eh?" she said, as fast as a flash of quicksilver.

He had no answer, so he tried to laugh also, and to take her hand at the same time. She was too quick for him, and swung half a pace aside. They were then at the gate of Lague, where long years before Stephen Orry first saw the light through the elms. A late rook was still cawing overhead; the heifers had gone on towards the courtyard.

"You must go now, so good-bye," she said, softly.

"Greeba," he said.

"Well! Only speak lower," she whispered, coming closer. He could feel the warm glow of her body.

"Do you think now, if I should be a long time away—years it may be, perhaps many years—we should ever forget each other, we two?"

"Forget? No, not to say forget, you know," she answered.

"But should we remember?"

"Remember? You silly, silly boy, if we should not forget how ever could we fail to remember?"

"Don't laugh at me, Greeba, and promise me one thing," and then he whispered in her ear.

She started away and laughed once more, and started to run down the path, but in three strides he had her again.

"That will not do for me, Greeba," he said, breathing fast. "Promise me that you will wait for me."

"Well," she said softly, her dark eyes full of merriment, "I'll promise that while you are away no one else shall spoil me. There! Good-bye!"

She was tearing her self out of his hands.

"First give me a token," he said.

Darfidis lined the path, though in the dusk he could not see them. But she knew they were there, and stooped and plucked two, blew upon both, gave one to him, and put the other into the folds at her bosom.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" she said in an under-breath.

"Good-bye!" he answered.

She ran a few steps, but he could not let her go yet, and in an instant he was springing about her. He threw one arm about her waist and the other about her neck, tipped up her chin, and kissed her on the lips. A gurgling laugh came up to him.

"Remember!" he whispered over the upturned face in the white kerchief.

At the next instant he was gone. Then, standing under the dark elms alone, she heard the porch door opening, a heavy foot treading on the gravel, and a deep voice saying: "Here are the heifers home, but where's the little lass?"

It was her eldest brother, Asher, and she walked up to him and said quite calmly:

"Oh! what a bad day that gate has had—let's have such a time to open and close."

Michael Sunlocks recalled the heifers at the other end of the bridge.

the way some fishermen were hanging there with pipes between their teeth. A few of them came up to him to bid him Godspeed in their queer way.

Stephen Orry was standing apart by the head of the harbor steps, and at the bottom of them his boat, a yawl, was lying moored. They got into it and Stephen sculled out in the harbor. It was still very thick over the town, but they could see the lights of the Irish brig in the bay. Outside the pier the air was fresher, and there was something of a swell on the water.

"The fog is lifting," said Stephen Orry. "There'll be a taste of a breeze before long."

He seemed as if he had something to say, but did not know how to begin. His eye caught the light on Point of Ayre.

"When are they to build the light-house?" he asked.

"After the spring tides," said Michael.

They were about midway between the pier and the brig when Stephen rested his scull under his arm and drew something from one of his pockets.

"This is the money," he said, and he held out a bag towards Michael Sunlocks.

"No," said Michael, and he drew quickly back.

There was a moment's silence, and then Michael added, more softly:

"I mean, father, that I have enough already. Mr. Fairbrother gave me some. It was fifty pounds."

Stephen Orry turned his head aside and looked over the dark water. Then he said:

"I suppose that was so that you wouldn't need to touch money same as mine."

Michael's heart smote him. "Father," he said, "how much is it?"

"A matter of two hundred pounds," said Stephen.

"How long has it taken you to earn to get it?"

"Fourteen years."

"And you've been saving it for me?"

"Ay."

"To take me to Iceland?"

"Ay."

"How much more have you?"

"Not a great deal."

"But how much?"

"I don't know—scarcely."

"Have you any more?"

Stephen made no answer.

"Have you any more, father?"

"No."

Michael Sunlocks felt his face flush deep in the darkness.

"Father," he said, and his voice broke, "we are parting, you and I, and we may not meet again soon; indeed, we may never meet again. I have made you a solemn promise. Will you not make me one?"

"What is it, sir?"

"That you will never, never, try to get more by the same means."

"There'll be no occasion now."

"But will you promise me?"

"Ay."

"Then give me the money."

Stephen handed the bag to Michael.

"It's fourteen years of your life, is it not?"

"So to say."

"And now it's mine, isn't it, to do as I like with it?"

"No, sir, but to do as you ought with it."

"Then I ought to give it back to you. Come, take it. But wait. Remember your promise, father. Don't forget—I've bought every hour of your life that's left."

Father and son parted at the ship's side in silence, with throats too full for speech. Many small boats, pulled by men and boys, were lying about the ladder, and there was a good deal of shouting and swearing and noisy laughter there. Some of the boatmen recognized Michael Sunlocks and bellowed their farewells to him. "Dy banne Jee oot!"

"God bless you! God bless you!" they said, and then among themselves they seemed to discuss the reason of his going. "Well, what's it saying?" said one; "the crab that lies always in its hole is never fat."

The air had freshened, the swell of the sea had risen, and a sharp breeze was coming up from the east. Stephen Orry stepped to his mast, hoisted mainsail and mizzen, and stood out to sea. He had scarcely got clear away when he heard the brig weight its anchor and beat down behind him. They were making towards the Point of Ayre, and when they came by the light Stephen Orry slackened off, and watched the ship go by him in the darkness.

He felt as if that were the last he was ever to see of his son in this world. And he loved him with all the strength of his great broken, bleeding heart. At that thought the outcast man laid his head in his hands, where he sat crouching at the tiller, and sobbed. There were none to hear him there; he was alone; and the low moan of the sea came up through the night from where his son was sailing away.

(To be continued.)

The bell that hung in the Alamo at the time of the capture and massacre of its garrison was discovered at a sale of old iron in San Antonio recently. Miss Adina de Zoelcis of that city, president of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, bought the relic, which will be placed in the Alamo. The bell is 18 inches high, 14 inches in diameter, and weighs about thirty-five pounds. The date "1775" is engraved on it, together with the words, "San Antonio," and the Spanish coat of arms. The clapper of the bell is missing.

Philadelphia has the youngest hero in the bunch. He is only 3 years old and answers to the name of Leo Martha. He saved his sister from drowning, swimming with her to the shore a distance of thirty yards.

FARM NEWS NOTES.

RYE FOR STOCK.

Perhaps no other grain possesses more desirable qualities of usefulness for the farmer than rye. Rye should be sown as early after harvest as possible. It is not particularly partial to any one kind of soil, although light rather than heavy land is best for it. It makes good and rapid growth and can be pastured quite late in the fall, in fact, until winter sets in. As soon as the snow is off the ground in spring it can be pastured again. It grows rapidly and will usually keep ahead of stock unless too many head per acre are turned into it. It is an ideal place in which to keep hogs of any age, the rye field. Nothing affords such abundance of pasture in the eastern or middle states. It quickly recovers after close cropping and requires but little moisture to keep it growing. As it heads out considerably earlier than other grain, it may be cut for hay if desired, and the land then put in potatoes, beans or corn; or the pasturing may be continued while the grain ripens.

Hogs will run in a rye field all summer, requiring no other food, and be fat enough to kill in the fall, although usually a few weeks' feeding on corn is thought desirable. I have known a drove of twenty hogs to be kept all summer in an orchard seeded to rye, with no other feed, and sold to the butcher without a day's extra feed. The rye thus treated self-seeds and comes up again green and thick as a mat in the fall.

A CRITICAL MARKET.

Buyers of cattle are becoming more and more critical about the quality of their purchases. They pay as much attention to good condition as they ever did; but they do not pay the price for stock whose greatest recommendation is the fat it carries. This is a natural result of the centralization of the slaughtering industry. Buyers for the great slaughtering houses know every day just how their previous purchases have "dressed out." They have the slaughter test constantly before them as a monitor and guide. The result is a highly educated class of buyers, and their influence has extended throughout the trade, taking in all kinds of stock and those who buy it. It is safe to say that the requirements of the market are more exacting now than ever before, though decidedly different from those of twenty years ago. The significance of this to producers is clear. They must study their business from the buyer's standpoint if they bring out the market toppers.

OLD CORN IS SCARCER.

The light receipts of corn at market points in spite of a favorable prospect for the new crop and attractive prices for the old are evidence enough that the country is pretty well cleaned out. Consumption of corn has been enormous during the past year, and probably will be again next year. This and light stocks should keep prices from reaching a very low point. Of course the crop is not good everywhere, but it is probable that it will prove a large one in spite of damage in the West. The quantity raised east of the Mississippi this year is likely to be underestimated. The area was large at the start and was much increased by planting of wheat land.

BASKETS FOR PICKING POTATOES.

Common half-bushel peach baskets are the handiest thing to pick potatoes into. Scatter them along the field and let the boys follow the digger and sort the potatoes as they pick them up. Early potatoes should be made into three grades—firsts, seconds and culms—and late ones which go into the cellar into two at least, if not three. The peach basket is light to handle and not too heavy to carry around when full. The bushel box used by many growers is too heavy for many boys to handle and the potatoes will be bruised in consequence. If the potatoes are to be shipped to market in barrels the baskets are very easily gathered up and are more convenient to empty than the large boxes.

THE WOOL TRADE.

The wool market is more active than it was two months ago, but the betterment has not extended very far beyond this. Prices have improved very little. The demand from manufacturers has not been urgent, though many of them are buyers of limited quantities. They seem disposed to purchase only for their immediate wants. There is also a lack of speculation, which was an important element in the high market last winter. Probably the knowledge of big stocks of wool in London has some influence on the world's market, in which the American market is included; but just now our manufacturers are not being encouraged by liberal orders for goods. It is generally conceded that prices of wool are not high enough to check buying if the manufacturers needed the wool, and that probably they would go higher with a buying movement of any importance.

CANADA THISTLES.

If Jay Buchanan had plowed and thoroughly worked his Canada thistles bed all season, not letting a plant live over twenty-four hours, he would have killed his thistles and had his soil left for better use. If Canada thistles are in ground that cannot be plowed, cut off the stalk and apply kerosene or gasoline from a hand oiler. Put a lot in each plant's hollow tube and it knocks them out.

The American Agriculturist tells of a Holstein cow that daily eats 24 pounds of food. This is at least as easy to believe as the statement by the same paper that the cow gives 100 pounds of milk per day.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A British officer collecting cavalry mounts in Australia recently received the following note from a horse breeder: "I can supply you with horses for cavalry, artillery and infantry. But I think my specialty is in the horse de combat, as the French soldiers call him, which means officers' war horse or charger."

A wager made in Louisville, Ky., on the presidential election between Joseph Davis, a republican, and Frank Lane, a democrat, provides that the loser shall wash the feet of the winner on the steps of the court house at noon the day after election, singing meanwhile, "Wash Me and I Shall Be Whiter Than Snow."

In order to prevent a mixing up of the newly born in the obstetrical wards the physicians of Johns Hopkins hospital apply between the baby's shoulder blades a square of waterproof adhesive plaster on which is written the little one's name. This remains secure until the baby and its mother leave the hospital, when it is pulled off without giving the infant pain.

The 10-year-old son of John Rankin, residing near Hancock, Md., was bitten in the hand by a rattlesnake. The hand swelled so rapidly that immediate amputation, to save the boy's life, was deemed necessary before a doctor could arrive. The father of the boy drew a knife and cut off the hand, and then stopped the flow of blood by tying a string tightly around his wrist.

Fauntly John Wanamaker is always ready to turn an honest penny, even to the extent of making an advantageous deal in church property. Four years ago he purchased for \$60,000 the corner of Fifteenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, which had formerly been occupied by the Epiphany Protestant Episcopal church. He has just sold it for an even million, thus clearing the comfortable sum of \$100,000 a year on his investment, having all the while carefully taken advantage of the law exempting church property from taxation.

Emperor William having promised that he would pay 1,000 taels—about \$720—to any one accomplishing the deliverance of any foreigner of any nationality who is now shut up in Pekin, it has been figured out that he will, if he keeps his promise, pay out \$21,600,000, or ten times the national debt of the United States. Thirty thousand relieving soldiers at \$720 apiece would be \$21,600,000; multiplied by the number of foreigners rescued, say upward of 1,000, would be more than \$21,600,000,000.

Why not doctor yourself? "Gonova" tablets are guaranteed by Kidd Drug Co., Zelig, Ill., to cure all diseases of the system, ulcers of the urinary system, jags, bladder, etc., or send free medicine until cured if guaranteed lot falls. An internal remedy with injection combined, the only one in America. Price, \$1.00 per bottle, sent per mail. Retail and Wholesale of Myers & Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; M. A. Dillon, South Omaha; Davis Drug Co., Council Bluffs; Riggs Pharmacy, Lincoln; H. S. Baker, Sioux City. Complete line of rubber goods, ask for what you want.

The annual report of John W. Bramwood, secretary-treasurer of the International Typographical union, for the fiscal year ended June 30, indicates that the average paying membership of the organization for the year was 32,105.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Only one of the exactions of matrimony was avoided by the young clergyman in Illinois who performed his own wedding ceremony.

There is a great scarcity of tonnage across the Atlantic. The shippers all over the world are crowded with orders. For the next five years the shipbuilding industry will be the busiest in the world. Germany and Great Britain have just taken fifteen ships from the North Atlantic service to use in the Asiatic service.

Vital weakness and nervous debility can be cured. "Virtuina" Tablets are guaranteed by Kidd Drug Co., Zelig, Ill., to cure all nervous diseases, debility and vital losses, or send free medicine until cured if guaranteed lot falls. Pale, thin, emaciated, trembling and nervous people should try these tablets; greatest of nerve tonics. If you are not what you ought to be, or want to be and can be, give them one trial and you will praise them forever. 25c a package, or 2 for \$1.00 per mail. Retail and Wholesale of Myers & Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; M. A. Dillon, South Omaha; Davis Drug Co., Council Bluffs; Riggs Pharmacy, Lincoln; H. S. Baker, Sioux City. Full line of rubber goods, ask for what you want.

Chicago Tribune: "I will make your name a hissing and a byword!" savagely spoke the rejected lover. "You may make it a byword," the proud beauty answered, with majestic contempt, "but your own good judgment will tell you that you can't do much hissing with such a name as Della Miller."

Manages every wound on regularly, suppressions neglected often result in blood poisoning and quick consumption, and is the direct cause of women's troubles; therefore keep the manna regular with "Do It Your Female Regulator," and women will be happy and healthy. If it falls, Kidd Drug Co., Zelig, Ill., send free medicine until relieved, and fully cured. 25c a package, or 2 for \$1.00 per mail. Retail and Wholesale of Myers & Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; M. A. Dillon, South Omaha; Davis Drug Co., Council Bluffs; Riggs Pharmacy, Lincoln; H. S. Baker, Sioux City. Complete line of rubber goods on hand; ask for what you want.

DOCTOR'S MISTAKES

Are Usually Buried Six Feet Under Ground, But Here Are Two Exceptions.

When, after suffering two years with what was called appendicitis, Mr. John Boland of 219 No. 19th street, Omaha, was told by the leading physicians and surgeons of Nebraska that he would have to undergo an operation and have a part of his anatomy removed, he formally bid farewell to the world and all he knew, for he had known of others who had traveled the same dangerous road. Just before he submitted to the operation he met a friend who suggested that he try the new treatment—"Magnetic Osteopathy." He said he would not take the treatment, but would consult with Prof. Kharas, and see what he would do later. Prof. Kharas, as the originator of this new science of curing diseases without drugs, feels the responsibility of "life and death" cases, so he examined Mr. Boland carefully, and found he had no appendicitis at all. His trouble proved to be simply a nervo-muscular stricture of the small intestine (duodenum). The professor so accurately described the difference between the actual existing condition and any appendicitis condition that Mr. Boland saw he had been humbugged by the medical and surgical practitioners, and took a week's treatment, costing him \$6, at the Kharas Headquarters in Omaha, and is now sound and well and hard at work. He is loud and enthusiastic in praise of Magnetic Osteopathy and the Kharas System. He realizes that he would probably have been a "buried mistake" if he had followed the advice of the surgeons, for they very much dislike to have their mistakes come to light, and when they chop into a man's "works" and see that they were "off" there is only one way to prevent the world from knowing the result—"The patient failed to rally from the operation as we expected etc. Every day we read of their mistakes!"

Miss Kit Distelhorst was expecting to go to the hospital for an operation the following day, when a relative suggested that she see Kharas. She did. The operation would have cost her \$200, besides, had it been successful, the loss of two very important parts of her anatomy, and the surgeons gave her very little hope for recovering from the operation at all. As a result of her coming to see Kharas she is now sound and well. She took six weeks' treatment, spent \$30 and is, as she aptly expresses it, "all in one piece yet." This mention of her name is made with her express consent, and she will gladly inform any inquirer of the truth of the statement who will write her at her home, 2011 Cass street, Omaha, Neb. A long list of testimonials and positive proofs may be had by writing Prof. Kharas, 1515-17 Chicago street, Omaha, Neb. Literature free.

SEPTEMBER The Month of Festival, OMAHA, NEB.

The "Musical Festival" at Omaha, to continue during the month, is an assured success, and the music lovers of Omaha are taking in all they can absorb of Bellstedt's Famous Band Music.

This is the band so popular at the Exposition. Nebraskans should not miss the opportunity to again hear it. The Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad has announced low rates from points within 75 miles of Omaha. The "Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben" Carnival during the last week in September—24th to 29th—will cap the climax. Impressive parades by day and night. A miniature "Midway" with its various forms of amusement going on all the time.

The theaters have all booked special attractions for Carnival week. The Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad has announced low rates from points within 200 miles, for four days, during the Carnival week, limit October 1st.

Remember the month of September is Carnival and Festival month in Omaha.

"When I grow up, Gracie," the little boy said, "I'll marry you." "When you grow up, Willie," she replied, "you'll grow down on your knees and ask me." "Mamma—Willie, you mustn't quarrel!"

SUMMER TOURS

via the WABASH RAILROAD. On June 1st the Wabash will place on sale summer tourist tickets good to return until October 31st, to all the summer resorts of Canada and the East. The Continental Limited leaving Chicago at 12 noon; leaving St. Louis at 9 a. m., which was so popular with the traveling public last year, will run on same schedule time this season. For rates, time tables, or further information in regard to trips East or to Europe, or a copy of our Summe Tours, call on or write, G. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agt., Room 405 N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

HALF RATES

VIA Omaha & St. Louis R.R. St. Louis and return, September 30th to October 31st. Kansas City and return, September 30th to October 31st. To most all points South, Sept. 4th and 19th. All information at Omaha & St. Louis R. R. City Ticket Office, No. 1415 Foreman Street, Paxton Block or write Harry E. Moore, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

Farmers and Poultrymen!!

You can not afford to be without LITTLE'S LUNG REMEDY. Save your lungs from Consumption, Bronchitis and Hoarseness. Keep your Cattle free from Cough and Fever from Cholera, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc. If your dealer does not carry it, send 25c to us for a gallon. LITTLE'S LUNG REMEDY, 1015 GARDEN ST., KANSAS CITY, MO.