Cheap Tickets

Via the Omaha & St. Louis R. R. and Wabash R. R. St. Louis, one way, $9.10, round trip, $15.35. On sale every Tuesdays and Thursdays. St. Louis: Round trip October 3d to 8th, $11.50. Homeseekers' Excursions. South: September 21, October 5 and 19. One fare the round trip, plus $2. Springfield, Ill.: Round trip, $13.25; on sale September 18, 19, 20. For tickets and further information call at 1415 Farnam St. (Paxton Hotel Block), Omaha, or write G. N. Clayton, Omaha, Neb.

The Beheaded Bourbon Monarch.

Louis XVI. did not behave with overwhelming dignity at his execution. On the contrary, he screamed for help, struggled with the executioners, and begged for mercy. Nor did the attendant priest say: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven." The expression was used for him by a Paris evening paper.

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., 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 obligations 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. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Coincidences.

Buff, the celebrated singer, who is creating the title role of Massenet's new opera, "Werther," is the grandnephew of the original Charlotte, in Goethe's story, and on the first night of the opera in Vienna one of her grandchildren committed suicide.

Messrs. Ettenson, Woolfe & Co., the largest department house in Leavenworth, Kan, have issued a new catalogue entitled "Helpful Hints." In this catalogue is much useful information relating to dry goods, cloaks, clothing, millinery, boots and shoes, furniture, carpets, and in fact everything pertaining to house furnishing. The catalogue is sent free upon request, and is a work that should be in every home.

All men begin life as suckers, and many make the finish in the same capacity.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Extravagance is the mother of debt, and consequently the grandmother of crime.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabucher, La., August 26, 1895.

If the fool goose had not laid a gold egg she would not have lost her life.

The Autocrat's Jest.

Edward Everett Hale tells this: "A few years ago, in a fit of economy, our famous Massachusetts historical society screwed up its library and other offices by some fifteen feet, built in the space underneath, and rented it to the city of Boston. This was very well for the treasurer, but for those of us who had passed sixty years, and had to climb up some twenty more iron stairs whenever we wanted to look at an old pamphlet in the library, it was not quite so much a benefaction. When Holmes went for the first time to see the new quarters of the society, he left his card with the words, 'O. W. Holmes, High-story-call society.'"

That Terrible Scourge.

Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and its effects Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "fills the bill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill health and shorn of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquered by it.

Knew What He Wanted.

Drummer—I want a pair of congress gaiters.

Dealer—There has been so little demand for congress gaiters lately that we have ceased to keep them.

Drummer—Hum! Then give me a pair of button gaiters and a fire-escape.

When you visit Omaha you should call at C. S. Raymond Co.'s jewelry store, corner Fifteenth and Douglas streets, and examine their jewelry and art goods for wedding, birthday and Christmas presents, also steel engraved wedding stationery, invitations and visiting cards. It is the only first class, up-to-date jewelry, art and cut glass store west of Chicago and St. Louis. Engraving and printing 100 visiting cards $1.50 by mail.

Odd Uses of Aluminum.

Novel uses said to have been found for aluminum are for a folding pocket scale one meter long; a necktie made of metal, frosted or otherwise ornamented, in various shapes, imitating the ordinary silk or satin article, which is recommended for summer wear; and military helmets.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

Brickdust Mortar.

Use of brickdust mortar as a substitute for hydraulic cement, where the latter cannot be obtained, is recommended by the best engineering authorities.

FARRELL'S RED STAR EXTRACT IS

The best; all grocers will refund your money if you are not satisfied with it.

In every town there is a certain place where all the loafers congregate.

MISS BECKY'S HOME.

Miss Becky was going to the "Old Ladies' Home" at last. It was a sorry fact, but there was nothing else for her to do, it seemed. Who would think of offering any other home to a poor, old woman, who had outlived her usefulness. Having passed her days in other people's houses, so to speak, she might not mind it as much, perhaps, as a more fortunate being.

"Yes," she said, there's a vacancy in the 'Old Ladies' Home,' and the hundred dollars that Parson Armory left to me will pay my way in, but it wouldn't last long if I began to spend it, you know, and I shall have a warm bed and my regular meals without worrying about where the next one's coming from. I'm 'most tired worrying about ways and means. Seems as though I had been about it all my life; ever since father was taken with heart disease hearing the class in algebra. Now that the rheumatism has gotten the better of me, so that I can't work in cold weather, and the doctor says it'll draw my fingers so that I can't use them soon, it doesn't seem as if there was anything left for me in this world but the Home—and I ought to be thankful for that."

Miss Becky had had other expectations in her heyday, when young Larry Rogers met her and carried her basket; when his strong arm paddled her down the broad river to church on Sunday mornings; when they sang together in the choir from the same hymn book; when they loitered homeward in the fragrant Summer dusk, and heard the whip-poor-will complain and startled the fire-flies in the hedges as they brushed by. It sometimes seemed to Miss Becky as if all this had happened in another planet. She was young then, with a bloom on her cheek; but, although the rheumatism had bent her figure and rendered her more or less hopeless at times, yet her dark, velvety eyes looked out like soft stars, and the ghost of a dimple still flickered on her cheek and chin in spite of her sixty years. Miss Becky's father had been the district school teacher in those far-off days of her girlhood. He had taught her the simple lore at his command, but it was Larry Rogers who had taught her music hour after hour in the empty school-house; they had practiced together while he wrote the score on the blackboard.

But all this had not sufficed to enable her to earn a livelihood. Her education, musical and otherwise, had stopped short of any commercial value. In those days she never expected to earn her living by the sweat of her brow. Larry was going to give her everything. How trivial the little quarrel seemed to-day which circumvented this final resolve of his! But what magnitude it had assumed at the time! On his return from a trip to a neighboring city, some busybody had whispered to Larry that Miss Becky had been seen driving with Squire Eustis' son Sam behind his trotters. Sam was just home from college, a harum-scarum fellow, they said, who made love right and left and gambled a bit; and when Larry reproached her with it she had not denied; she had simply said: "What then? If you choose to listen to gossip rather than wait till you—"

"But you didn't tell me, and I've been here a week."

"I had forgotten all about it till you reminded me," said Becky.

"It's such an everyday affair for you to drive with Sam Eustis!" which incredulity so stung Becky that she would not condescend to explain that she had carried some needlework up to Squire Eustis', which she had been doing for his wife, and that as she left to walk home Sam was just starting off with his smart chaise and new dapple greys, and the Squire had said, "Take Miss Becky home, Sam, and show her their paces;" and how she had been ashamed to refuse their kindness, although preferring to walk a thousand times; and how, once in the chaise, Sam had been the very pink of courtesy, and begged her to drive over with him to Parson Amory's, three miles out of her way, "that Lucy Amory may see you don't disdain my company. For you see," said Sam, who was not as black as he was painted, or as many liked to suppose, "Lucy can make me what she will; without her I shall be nothing and nobody; but they've told her all kinds of wild things about me; they've told her she might as well jump into the river as marry such a scapegrace. And, perhaps, if I made her a little jealous—you know there's no harm in that, is there? All's fair in love; and, perhaps, if the old folks see me driving about with Becky Thorne my stock may go up, and I may be 'saved from the burning,' as Parson Amory says."

And Becky had consented. How could she refuse to do a service for such a true lover? So slight a thing, too! She had often traversed the same road since on foot, on her daily rounds of toil or mercy. Sam Eustis had married Lucy Amory years ago, and was the foremost man in the county to-day. Strange how that drive had interfered with Miss Becky's prospects; how that simple fact of carrying home Mrs. Eustis' needlework should have determined her fate and devoted her to a life of hardship and the Old Ladies' Home at the end! Talk of trifles! Poor Miss Becky! She remembered once or twice the opportunity had offered when she might have made it up with Larry; but pride, or a sort of fine reserve, had locked her lips—Larry ought to know that she was above silly flirtations. Once, when they met at Lucy Amory's wedding, when they all went out into the orchard while the bride planted a young tree and the guests looked for four-leaved clovers, she had found herself—whether by accident or design she could not tell—on the grass beside Larry; their fingers met on the same lucky clover, their eyes met above it, and for an instant she had it on her tongue's end to confess all about the drive and its results, to put pride in her pocket; but just then Nell Amory called to Larry:

"Oh, a horrid spider—on my arm, Larry! Kill him quick—do! Oh! oh! oh!—I shall die—I shall faint!"

And that was the end of it.

The old orchard, with its fragrant quince bushes, its gnarled apple trees, its fourleaved clovers, was a thing of the past; a cotton mill roared and thundered all day long, where the birds built and the trees blossomed thirty odd years ago. It no longer blossomed except in Miss Becky's memory. She had turned her thoughts to raising plants when she was left to her own resources, but one cruel Winter's night killed all her slips, and the capital was lacking by which she might renew her stock. Since then she had gone out for daily sewing, had watched the sick, had been in demand for a temporary housekeeper whenever a tired matron wished an outing; but lately her eyes no longer served her for fine work, and sewing machines had been introduced; she was not so alert in the sick room as of yore; she moved more slowly, and her housekeeping talent was no longer in request; added to this, the bank where her little earnings had been growing, one day failed and left her high and dry. Some of her friends had traveled to pastures new, some had married away, some had ignored or forgotten her. As for Larry Rogers, he had been away from Plymouth this many a year. Somebody had sent him abroad the year after Lucy Amory's marriage to develop his musical genius. He had grown into a famous violinist, playing all over the country to crowded houses, before the finest people in the land. It was a beautiful romance to Miss Becky to read the Plymouth Record about our "gifted townsman;" she did not blame him because she sat in the shadow, because her life had been colorless. She sang again the old tunes he had taught her, and made a little sunshine in her heart. All of happiness she had ever known he had brought her. Why should she complain? And now she was going to the Old Ladies' home.

"It isn't exactly what I expected in my youth," she said to the old doctor's widow.

"No; but you'll have a nice room and a bright fire, and the neighbors will drop in to see you and make it home-like. Now, there's old Mrs. Gunn. Nothing can persuade her to go to the Home. She says it's only a genteel almshouse after all; and so she rubs along with what little she can earn and what the neighbors have a mind to send in, and they have to do it mighty gingerly, too, just as though they were asking a favor of her. Lor', she doesn't earn her salt."

"I dare say," returned Miss Becky. "Now if it hadn't been for the rheumatism I could earn my living for years yet, and maby get something ahead again, but it seems as if the rheumatism laid in wait for the poor and friendless."

"You ought to have married when you were young, Becky," said the doctor's widow, who had forgotten all about Becky's love affair and labored under the impression that she never had a chance—an impression which matrons are apt to entertain concerning their single friends. Miss Becky had been spending some weeks with Mrs. Dr. Dwight, who had moved away from Plymouth after her husband's death. She was there chiefly to put some stitches into the widows's wardrobe, which nobody else would do "reasonably," that lady's grief having incapacitated her from holding a needle or giving her mind to material details of "seam and gusset and band." But during the visit, Miss Becky had been seized with her sharpest attacks of rheumatism, which had kept her in bed for weeks, till her wages were exhausted by drugs and doctor's fees. It was at this time that she made up her mind to go into the Home on her return to Plymouth.

Mrs. Dwight saw her off at the station. "I hope you'll find the Home cozy," she said, outside the car window. "Its lucky Parson Amory left you that $100, after all. He might have doubled it."

"Yes, I suppose so," Miss Becky answered meekly. Perhaps she was thinking that, if she were Mrs. Dwight, no old friend of hers should go begging for a refuge at an almshouse. Perhaps she was thinking of the pretty, comfortable home waiting for her friend, and wondering why their fortunes were so unlike.

"Write when you reach Plymouth, and let me know how you are suited," said Mrs. Dwight, and just then the cars gave a lurch and left her behind, and Miss Becky turned her glance inward. Somebody had taken a seat beside her.

"Your friend was speaking of Parson Amory and Plymouth," he said. "I couldn't help hearing. I was born in Plymouth myself, but I havn't met a soul from there these twenty years. I am on my way to look up my old friends."

"Twenty years is a long time answered Becky. "I am afraid you won't find many of your friends left. You'll hardly know Plymouth."

"I suppose not—I suppose not. Have you lived there long?"

"I? I have lived there all my days."

"Good! I'm hungry for news of the people. Tell me everything you can think of. Did Parson Amory leave a fortune? He was called close. Where's Miss Nell, married or dead! I can see the old place in my mind's eye, and the parsonage under the elms, and the orchard behind it where Lucy Amory planted a young tree on her wedding day, and the gown little Becky Thorne wore. By the way, is she alive? Do you know her?"

Miss Becky hesitated an instant.

"Yes," she replied. "I know her—more or less. She's alive."

"And married? She must be 60 odd; she was a pretty creature, such—I suppose they are wrinkles now! Where have the years gone? Is her home in the old place still?"

"Her home!" said Miss Becky, flushing a little. "She has none; she is on her way to the Old Ladies' Home."

"To the Old Ladies' Home. Becky Thorne!" he gasped. "And I—"

"You seem to have known her pretty well," said Becky, who was beginning to enjoy the incognito.

"I should think so. I've loved Becky Thorne from my cradle; we had a silly quarrel which parted us; such a trifle, when I look back. Do you ever look back, madam?"

The twilight was falling about them; Becky's face had grown a shade or two paler all at once; she turned her dark, velvety eyes full upon him with a startled air.

"You?" she said. "You must be Larry Rogers!" Then the color swept to her face in a crimson wave. "Do you know, I never thought you had grown old like myself! Don't you know me? I am Becky Thorne?"

Just then the train thundered through the tunnel and they forgot they were "sixty-odd."

"On the way to the Old Ladies' Home," she wrote to Mrs Dwight, "I was persuaded to go to an old gentleman's instead?"—Boston Traveller.

A NEW SOCIAL DIVERSION.

Some Few Hints on the Subject of Color Parties.

[Detroit Tribune.]

In giving a drive whist or progressive euchre, a pretty idea is to have a color party, such as pink, blue, olive green, or yellow. In such cases the delicate tones of cheese cloth can be used for draperies, and the lamp or chandelier glove covered with tissue paper in shades of the prevailing color. In the gentlemen's dressing room small knots of satin ribbon or button hole bouquets can be provided to give each one a touch of the prevailing tint. If the ladies find it inconvenient to wear dresses of the desired color, they can carry out the idea with corsage bouquets or ribbons. Where all the lights are shaded with tissue paper, it will be found necessary to have an extra number to give the room a cheerful appearance.

A Japanese party is very picturesque, and if it is not demanded of the guests to appear in costume, let everything be yellow—the flowers chrysanthemums and the prizes of Japanese make or character. The ladies' first prize might be a fire screen—those in the form of a large fan are pretty—a rose jar or a handsome glove box; the gentlemen's first prize, a tobacco jar, match box or smoking set; ladies' second prize, a fan, tray or bowl; gentlemen's second prize, a paper cutter or ash receiver; booby prize, a Japanese doll or paper weight.

In special colors, such as pink, let all the prizes be of pink, such as a fairy lamp, a satin satchel bag, a case of stationery or handkerchiefs, a ball of pink cord in silk case, with scissors attached, a lamp shade, and a baby shoe or other china trifle for matches or flowers. A "cute" conceit for a booby prize is a toy drum decorated with ribbons and bearing the legend: "Something you can beat." A blotting pad having a design of a man fishing for gold stars is also appropriate. In different colors, pretty prizes are fir pillows, a pack of cards in a plush case, pin cushion in shape of hearts and diamond, attached by ribbons, or set of counter in an ornamental box.

Mother Goose parties offer a large field for effective costumes, from Mother Goose herself down through the list of Little Bo-Peep, Miss Muffett, Jack Spratt and his wife, the king and queen of hearts, Simple Simon, old Mother Hubbard, little Boy Blue, etc. Shakspeare parties are very picturesque, from the great variety of characters, and the stately magnificence of some of them. Next to Shakspeare, Dickens probably offers the greatest number of distinct types of any author, and in no other writer's works are there to be found so many characters that give an opportunity for a humorous or laughable make-up.

At a recent London party given by Mr and Mrs. Reginald Northall-Lawrie on the tenth anniversary of their wedding, at their residence in Cranley gardens, the drawing rooms were decorated with red and gold crysanthemums massed in blue china vases and bowls, the corners of the rooms being banked with spruce and holly. The hostess received her guests standing in front of the entrance to the conservatory, which was brilliantly illuminated. At the farther end was exhibited a painting of her two children dancing the minuet in the quaint costumes of the Charles I. period. This painting was intended to be a surprise from the hostess to her husband. The artist was Mr. Horne, who a little over a year ago had a studio in this city, and at that time gave promise of doing good work. The promise he has since filled, and is apparently now receiving recognition from the upper circles of London society. Mr. Horner spent considerable time in Grand Rapids, where he is well known, and is a modest hard-working gentleman, who deserves all the success he is achieving.

The two children who presented the programmes of the dances to the guests were dressed in the costumes of the picture, the little girl in white brocade and pale blue satin trimmed with pearls, and the boy in black satin with creamy lace.

A Jealous Husband's Exactions.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Pauls was of an exceedingly jealous disposition, and in order to insure himself of her (his wife's) fidelity was accustomed to make her get down on her knees daily, and sometimes almost hourly, and repeat the formula: "I swear an oath on my heart and on the children's hearts that I hope the devil will take us all if I have done anything wrong."

"Why did he make you takes these vows?" asked the court.

"Well, he would bring men home and introduce them to me, but I didn't dare to lift my eyes to look at them. When they were gone he would hiss through his teeth: 'Well, did you look at 'em?'

"'No,' I'd say.

"'Yes, you did.'

"'No, I didn't.'

"'Take the oath.'

"Then I'd have to get down and repeat the same old oath that I hadn't even looked at his friends."

The judge smothered down a smile as he thought of the ludicrousness of the situation, and jotted down some hieroglyphics which indicated that a decree would be granted.

Great excitement prevailed at Binghamton, New York, Saturday. While naphtha used by the Binghamton gas light company in making gas was being conducted from the tanks at the railway depot in pipes to the gas house, half a mile distant, through State street, which extends through the business portion, the clothing of John Sullivan was accidentally saturated with the fluid, and in order to escape the bitter cold weather he entered the flagman's house near the railroad crossing, but had been there only a few moments when his clothing caught fire and he was soon a mass of flames. His injuries will prove fatal. During the excitement following the accident the naphtha from the tank was allowed to flow in the street, and finding its way into the State street sewer caused several explosions in the business blocks connected with the sewer by lateral sewers.

Lively Sheep.

There is a young married couple in Chicago who are recovering from their first quarrel. It wasn't a bad quarrel, but the bride became quite spunky for a time. They were out in the country and she gazed over the green fields in delight until a herd of small animals caught her eyes, which, by the way, are rather short-sighted. "Oh," she cried, "aren't they lovely? Such nice, fat sheep! Aren't they lovely sheep, dear?" "Yes, darling," responded the horrid man, "they are, but you'd have a deuce of a time shearing them. They are pigs."

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Worth the Trouble.

Friend—Why do you sell to those society people if you have such a time collecting the bills?

Florist—Hist! I use them as stool-pigeons, to lure in the nobodies who pay cash.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Domestic Sarcasm.

Mr. Softleigh, waking in the middle of the night—My, dear, I am sure there is a man in the house. Mrs. Softleigh—Go to sleep again, Algy; you are flattering yourself.—Town Topics.

FREE, IMPORTANT INFORMATION

To men (plain envelope.) How, after ten years' fruitless doctoring, I was fully restored to full vigor and robust manhood. No C.O.D. fraud. No money accepted. No connection with medical concerns. Sent absolutely free. Address, Lock Box 288, Chicago, Ill. Send 2-cent stamp if convenient.

Some people haven't enough hospitality in them to entertain their own opinions.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The scales must drop from one's eyes before he can weigh anything fairly.

W. N. U. OMAHA. No. 40.—1897.

When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.