

THE "FEMALE" COLLEGE.

An institution once there was, Of learning and of knowledge, Which had upon its high brick front A "Vassar Female College."

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XX—CONTINUED.

Robert recounted the circumstances which are already familiar to the reader, except as to the wicked means by which his father's life was shortened.

"Now," said the major, "how does it happen that you are traveling alone and almost friendless in this region? I confess it surprises me. I cannot understand why your guardian should allow it."

"It is a strange story," said Robert. "I do not understand it myself."

Therefore he gave an account of the manner in which he had been consigned to the care of James Cromwell and the events that followed, his auditor listening with strong interest.

"So he entrusted you to the care of a druggist! That is certainly strange. He removed you from your school and sent you to an inferior school in a Western village. There is something remarkable about this."

When Robert gave an account of James Cromwell's attempt to put him out of the way, Major Woodley's eye flashed, and Edith, placing her hand on Robert's arm, said, "What a horrid, wicked man he must have been!"

"I sometimes think he is not in his right mind," said Robert. "What do you think, sir?" he continued, appealing to the major.

"I am not so charitable," said the major. "I think he was quite aware of what he was doing and that he had a motive in what he did."

"What motive could he have had, sir?" "I will keep that to myself at present. I have my suspicions, but they may be groundless."

In fact Major Woodley suspected that Cromwell was acting under instructions from Paul Morton, of whom he had a bad opinion, and he determined to satisfy himself on this point when they reached New York.

But he felt that it would not be of any service to impart this to Robert until he should have ascertained definitely.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Ghost in No. 41.

After waiting two days, during which no tidings were received of Robert, James Cromwell determined to go on to New York. He had hoped that the body might be found in order that he might carry with him the proof that would entitle him to the reward of \$10,000.

But he did not venture to suggest that the pond should be dragged, lest it might appear that he was too well informed about the matter. He announced his determination to Mr. Manton and Clara the evening previous. He thought it politic to assign a double motive for his departure.

"You may remember," he said, "that I referred to a relative in delicate health from whom I expected a legacy."

"Yes," said Mr. Manton. "I have received intelligence that he is very low and wishes to see me. So, although it will be inconvenient for me to leave my business, I find it necessary to go."

"Perhaps you may be rewarded for going," suggested Mr. Manton. "Yes, I have no reason to doubt that I shall be well remembered in my relative's will. I think that when I return there will be nothing to prevent my complying with the conditions you named, and that I may be able to claim your daughter's hand."

In the morning, James Cromwell started for New York, going by Wheeling. It so chanced that he arrived in the evening at the same hotel where Robert and Major Woodley had rooms. He was fatigued by his long journey, and retired at 9 o'clock, or soon after his arrival. He did not think to look over the books of the hotel, or he might have made the discovery that Robert was still alive and that his journey was likely to prove fruitless.

Neither did he meet Major Woodley or Robert, for they were sitting together in the major's room until 10:30, chatting easily.

But James Cromwell was destined to meet with an adventure which tormented his guilty soul with fear, and gave him a great shock. It chanced that the room assigned to him was No. 41, the room occupied by Robert was No. 43, just beyond in the same corridor. As has been said, Cromwell retired to bed at 9:30, but though fatigued, he was unable to sleep—he was haunted by the thoughts of the pond and the body that lay beneath, deprived of life through his most wicked agency, and as he lay he became nervous and restless, and not even his physical fatigue could induce the coveted slumber to visit him.

When Robert, coming from the room of Major Woodley, sought his own room, he could not at first remember whether it was No. 41 or 43. He had the impression that it was 41 that had been assigned him. He

accordingly opened the door of the room and stood just within the door. At the sound of the opening door James Cromwell rose in bed and gazed with horror at the face and figure of the boy whom he supposed that he had murdered. The moonlight entering through the windows fell upon Robert's face and gave it a ghastly look, or at least it seemed to do so to the excited imagination of the guilty Cromwell. He gazed spell-bound, and covering with fear, at the apparition, and with difficulty ejaculated:

"Who are you?" Of course Robert recognized Cromwell and he at once guessed the truth, that he was going to New York to give his own version of his disappearance to his guardian. He saw at once that he was mistaken for a ghost, and the desire seized him to carry out the deception. Certainly, if one were justifiable in frightening another by exciting his superstitious fears Robert was justified in terrifying the man who so basely sought his life. When, therefore, with faltering lips, James Cromwell put the question, "Who are you?" Robert answered in a low, guttural voice:

"I am the spirit of the boy you murdered!" As he uttered the words, he waved one hand aloft, and made a step forward toward the bed. Excited to the wildest pitch, Cromwell trembled convulsively, then opened his lips to utter a piercing shriek, and flinging the bed-clothes over his head, covered beneath them in craven terror. Robert thought this a good chance to make his exit. He noiselessly retreated, closing the door behind him, and entered his own room before the servants, aroused by Cromwell's shrieks, could reach the door of his apartment.

"What's the matter here?" demanded a waiter, opening the door of No. 41. The only answer was a groan from beneath the bed-clothes.

"What's the matter, I say?" he repeated rather sharply. The voice was so decidedly earthly that James Cromwell, somewhat relieved of his fear, removed the clothes from his head, and looked up.

"I—I don't know," he said. "I think I had the night-mare."

"Well," uttered the servant, "I hope you won't have it again. You'll wake up all that are asleep, and make them think that somebody is being murdered."

James Cromwell recoiled at the last word, and he said, hastily, for he feared a return of the supposed spirit:

"My friend, if you'll come in here and stop till I've gone to sleep, I'll pay you for your trouble. I'm afraid of having the night-mare again."

"Can't do it; I haven't got the time. Besides, what's the use? You won't have the night-mare when you're awake."

He shut the door and James Cromwell lay for a long time in a state of nervous terror, trying to go to sleep, but unable to do so. At last, from sheer fatigue, he fell into a troubled slumber, which was disturbed by troubled dreams. He woke at an early hour unrefreshed, and going below ordered a breakfast which he did not relish. Thence he went to the depot and took the early morning train bound eastward. He was already speeding on his way rapidly before Robert Raymond arose. The door of No. 41 was open and he looked in. But the occupant had disappeared. Going to the office he saw the name of James Cromwell on the books of the hotel, and learned from the clerk that he had already gone.

"He's a queer chap," said the clerk; "he had a terrible night-mare last night, and shrieked loud enough to take the roof off. You must have heard him, as your room adjoins his?"

"Yes, I heard him," said Robert, but he said no more.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Startling Appearance.

Paul Morton was sitting in his library, carelessly scanning the daily paper. He no longer wore the troubled expression of a few weeks before. He had succeeded in weathering the storm that threatened his business prospects by the timely aid afforded by a portion of his ward's property, and now his affairs were proceeding prosperously. It may be asked how with such a crime upon his soul he could experience any degree of comfort or satisfaction. But this is a problem we cannot explain. Probably his soul was so blunted to all the best feelings of our common nature that he was affected only by that which selfishly affected his own interests.

"At last I am in a secure position," he said to himself. "Then the opportune death of my ward, of which I am advised by Cromwell, gives me his large estate. With this to fall back upon and my business righted, I do not see why I should not look forward in a few years to \$50,000."

He was indulging in these satisfactory reflections when the door opened, and a servant entered.

"A gentleman to see you," he said. "Who is it?" asked Mr. Morton. "I think it is the same one that called several times about the time of Mr. Raymond's funeral."

"Cromwell!" repeated Mr. Morton. "Show him up," he said. A moment afterward James Cromwell entered the room. The two looked at each other with a kind of guilty intelligence. Each saw in the other a murderer. One had put to death his intimate friend for the sake of his money. The other had sent to death so they both supposed an innocent boy, confided to his charge, and this crime, too, was instigated by the same sordid motive.

"Well," said Paul Morton, slowly.

"Did you receive a letter from me a day or two since?" asked James Cromwell.

"Yes." "About the boy?" "Yes, but I did not quite understand it. You wrote that he had disappeared. Has he returned to you?"

"No," said Cromwell. "How do you account for his disappearance?" asked Paul Morton. "I think he must have gone out in a boat on the pond and got drowned," said Cromwell.

"Has the body been found?" questioned the merchant. "Not yet." "Was not the pond searched, then?" "No."

"Then how do you know that he was drowned there?" James Cromwell moved uneasily in his chair. It was not a pleasant question for him to answer. "I cannot, of course, say positively," he stammered, "but I have every reason to feel satisfied that the boy is dead."

"And yet, came away from Madison without ascertaining definitely?" "I thought there was no need," said Cromwell.

"No need! Do you think I am willing to remain in uncertainty as to whether or not my ward is dead? What faith am I to put in your statement, since you have no satisfactory evidence to offer?"

James Cromwell began to perceive his mistake. He saw that he ought to have had the pond dragged, and personally superintended the funeral ceremonies of his victim, in order that he might have brought the merchant the most indubitable proof of the certainty of his death.

"Why need he be so particular?" he thought. Then with a suspicious feeling, he began to think that Mr. Morton was making all this unnecessary trouble in order to evade the payment of the sum which he had promised him, and to satisfy himself whether his suspicions were correct, he determined to broach the subject at once.

"I need not remind you," he said, of the promise you made me in case the boy should not live."

"To what promise do you refer?" demanded Paul Morton. "You promised me the sum of \$10,000 as a reward for my care of your ward."

"It would be a handsome reward for a few weeks' care," said the merchant sneering. "I can't help that," said Cromwell angrily. "Handsome or not, it is what you promised me. Do you mean to say that you did not?" he added defiantly.

"Softly, my friend. I have said nothing of the sort. But you will do me the favor to remember that it was only to be given in case the boy died."

"Well, he is dead." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

For a Christmas Dinner. North Clifton in Nottinghamshire, England, is situated on the banks of the Trent, and boasts of one custom the like of which exists probably nowhere else in England. There is a ferry across the river, but if you and I, gentle reader, wished to go from one side of the stream to the other, we could do so on payment of a fee. But the Cliftonians are a favored folk, and are entitled to the free use of the ferry on the condition that they give the ferryman and his dog their dinner at Christmas. As Christmas comes but once a year the boatman would seem to have made a very bad bargain. Let us hope he gets a generous meal and wish him a merry Christmas—not forgetting the dog.

The Mystic Plant. The mistletoe is by no means, even in a state of nature, a rare plant. In modern times it is regularly cultivated, the viscous seed, if carefully placed in a notch in man; tree-barks, sprouting with ease, though its growth is extremely slow. But trees selected for this crop are soon incapable of producing any other; for, the sap being intercepted by the roots of the parasite, the proper ripening of the fruit is prevented, and the tree is killed. Hence little by little the trade in this distinctive feature of Christmastide has been drifting over the channel, where either land is cheaper or apple trees are less valued.

Do Not Like the Idea. Farmers in Maryland and Delaware slowly and unwillingly relinquish the idea of growing wheat and corn in competition with the West and half sorrowfully admit that their lands must in time come to form a market garden for the great cities of the Atlantic seaboard. There is an old-fashioned notion in Delaware and upon the Eastern shore that it is more respectable to grow wheat in sixty-acre fields than half a dozen vegetables in small plots and the minute peasant farming of France, Belgium and Holland has no attractions for the occupants of 300-acre farms.

The Romance of a Trunk. John Thacker, of Waterford, Va., being accidentally at Cincinnati, bought at a sale of unclaimed baggage a trunk in which he found property that proved to be that of a relative who had been missing for years, and the incident has led to the reunion of a long separated family.

Understood It. Teacher—"Let me write the songs of a nation, I care not who makes its laws." Do you understand that? Bright Boy—"Yes'm. Lots of congressmen died poor, but the composer of 'After the Ball' made a hundred thousand."

Teacher—Next.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS ABOUT THE PLUTOCRATS.

The Conversion of Zaccheus and Its Relation to the History That Is Now Being Made in This Country—The Weak Are of God.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 23, 1894.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now preparing to leave Australia for India, on his round-the-world tour, has selected as the subject for to-day's sermon through the press: "The Tax Collector's Conversion," the text being taken from Luke XIX: 9, "This day is salvation come to this house."

Zaccheus was a politician and a tax-gatherer. He had an honest calling, but the opportunity for "stealings" was so large, the temptation was too much for him. The Bible says he "was a sinner"—that is, in the public sense. How many fine men have been ruined by official position! It is an awful thing for any man to seek office under government unless his principles of integrity are deeply fixed.

Many a man, upright in an insignificant position, has made shipwreck in a great one. As far as I can tell, in the city of Jerico this Zaccheus belonged to what might be called the "Ring." They had things their own way, successfully avoiding exposure—if by no other way, perhaps by hiring somebody to break in and steal the vouchers. Notwithstanding his bad reputation, there were streaks of good about him, as there is about almost every man. Gold is found in quartz, and sometimes in a very small percentage.

Jesus was coming to town. The people turned out en masse to see him. Here he comes—the Lord of Glory—on foot, dust-covered and road-wearied, limping along the way, carrying the griefs and woes of the world. He looks to be sixty years of age when he is only about thirty. Zaccheus was a short man, and could not see over the people's heads while standing on the ground; so he got up into a sycamore tree that swung its arm clear over the road. Jesus advanced amid the wild excitement of the surging crowd. The most honorable and popular men of the city are looking on, and trying to gain his attention. Jesus, instead of regarding them, looks up at the little man in the tree, and says, "Zaccheus, come down. I am going home with you." Everybody was disgusted to think that Christ would go home with so dishonorable a man.

I see Christ entering the front door of the house of Zaccheus. The king of heaven and earth sits down; and as he looks around on the place and the family, he pronounces the benediction of the text: "This day is salvation come to this house."

Zaccheus had mounted the sycamore tree out of mere inquisitiveness. He wanted to see how this stranger looked—the color of his eyes, the length of his hair, the contour of his features, the height of his stature. "Come down," said Christ.

And so, many people, in this day, get up into the tree of curiosity or speculation to see Christ. They ask a thousand queer questions about his divinity, about God's sovereignty, and the eternal decrees. They speculate, and criticize, and hang on to the outside limb of a great sycamore. But they must come down from that if they want to be saved. We can not be saved as philosophers, but as little children. You can not go to heaven by way of Athens, but by way of Bethlehem. Why be perplexed about the way? Sin came into the world, when the great question is how we shall get sin driven out of our hearts? How many spend their time in criticism and religious speculation! They take the Rose of Sharon, or the lily of the valley, pull out the anther, scatter the corolla, and say, "Is that the beautiful flower of religion that you are talking about?" No flower is beautiful after you have torn it all to pieces. The path to heaven is so plain that a fool need not make a mistake about it, and yet men stop and cavil. Suppose that, going toward the Pacific slope, I had resolved that I would stop until I could kill all the grizzly bears and the panthers on either side of the way. I would never have got to the Pacific coast. When I went out to hunt the grizzly bear, the grizzly bear would have come out to hunt me. Here is a plain road to heaven. Men say they will not take a step on until they can make game of all the theories that bark and growl at them from the thickets. They forget the fact that as they go out to hunt the theory, the theory comes out to hunt them, and so they perish. We must receive the kingdom of heaven in simplicity. William Pennington was one of the wisest men of this country—a governor of his own state, and afterward speaker of the house of representatives. Yet when God called him to be a Christian, he went in, and sat down among some children who were applying for church membership, and he said to his pastor, "talk to me as you do to these children, for I know nothing about it." There is no need of bothering ourselves about my theories when there are so many things that are plain. Dr. Ludlow, my professor in the theological seminary, taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. While putting a variety of questions to him that were perplexing he turned upon me somewhat in sternness, but more in love, and said, "Mr. Talmage, you will have to let God know some things that you don't." We tear our hands on the spines of the cactus instead of feasting our eyes on its tropical bloom. A great company of people now sit swinging themselves on the sycamore tree of their pride, and I cry to you,

"Zaccheus, come down!" Come down out of your pride, out of your inquisitiveness, out of your speculation. You can not ride into the gate of heaven with coach and four, position ahead and lackey behind. Except ye become as little children ye can not enter the kingdom of God. God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. Zaccheus, come down! come down!

I notice that this tax-gatherer accompanied his surrender to Christ with the restoration of property that did not belong to him. He says: "If I have taken anything by false accusation, I restore four-fold." That is, if I have taxed any man for \$10,000 when he had only five thousand dollars' worth of property, and put in my own pocket the tax for the last five thousand, I will restore to him four-fold. If I took from him \$10 I will give him \$40. If I took from him \$10 I will give him \$100.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sent to Washington during the past few years as "conscience money." I suppose that money was sent by men who wanted to be Christians, but found they could not until they made restitution. There is no need of our trying to come to Christ as long as we keep fraudulently a dollar or a farthing in our possession that belongs to another. Suppose you have not money enough to pay your debts, and for the sake of defrauding your creditors you put your property in your wife's name. You might cry until the day of judgment for pardon, but you would not get it without first making restitution. In times of prosperity it is right, against a rainy day, to assign property to your wife; but if, in time of perplexity and for the sake of defrauding your creditor you make such assignment, you become a culprit before God, and you may as well stop praying until you have made restitution. Or suppose one man loans another money on bond or mortgage, with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for several years, but as soon as the mortgage is given, commences foreclosure—the sheriff mounts the auction-block, and the property is struck down to at half price, and the mortgagee buys it in. The mortgagee started to get the property at half price, and is a thief and a robber. Until he makes restitution, there is no mercy for him. Suppose you sell goods by a sample, and then afterward send to your customer an inferior quality of goods. You have committed a fraud and there is no mercy for you until you have made restitution. Suppose you sell a man a handkerchief for silk, telling him it is all silk and it is part cotton. No mercy for you until you have made restitution. Suppose you sell a man a horse, saying he is sound, and he afterward turns out to be spavined and balky. No mercy for you until you have made restitution.

The way being clear, Christ walked into the house of Zaccheus. He becomes a different man; his wife a different woman; the children are different. Oh! it makes a great change in any house when Christ comes into it. How many beautiful homes are represented among you! There are pictures on the wall, there is music in the drawing room; and luxuries in the wardrobe; and a full supply in the pantry. Even if you were half asleep, there is one word with which I could wake you, and thrill you through and through, and that word is "home!" There are also houses of suffering represented, in which there are neither pictures nor wardrobe, nor adornment—only one room, and a plain cot or a bunk in a corner; yet it is the place where your loved ones dwell, and your whole nature tingles with satisfaction when you think of it and call it home. Though the world may scoff at us, and pursue us, and all the day we be tossed about, at eventide we sail into the harbor at home. Though there be no rest for us in the busy world, and we go trudging about, bearing burdens that well-nigh crush us, there is a refuge, and it hath an easy chair in which we may sit, and a lounge where we may lie, and a serenity of peace in which we may repose, and that refuge is home.

Up to forty years men work for themselves; after that, for their children. Now, what do you propose to leave them? Nothing but dollars! Alas! what an inheritance! It is more likely to be a curse than a blessing. Your own common sense and observation tell you that money, without the divine blessing, is a curse. You must soon leave your children. Your shoulders are not so strong as they were, and you know that they will soon have to carry their own burdens. Your eyesight is not so clear at once; they will soon have to pick out their own way. Your arm is not so mighty as once; they will soon have to fight their own battles. Oh! let it not be told on judgment-day that you let your family start without the only safeguard—the religion of Christ. Give yourself no rest until your children are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Your son does just as you do. He tries to walk like you, and to talk like you. The daughter imitates the mother. Alas! if father and mother miss heaven the children will. Oh! let Jesus come into your house. Do not bolt the hall door, or the parlor door, or the kitchen door, or the bedroom door against him. Above all, do not bolt your heart.

Nasal Paralysis. A candidate asked a man, who was working against him, if there was not something the matter with his nose. "Not that I know of," was the reply. "Isn't your nose paralyzed?" "Why, no; what makes you think so?" responded the other, feeling his nasal organ.

"Nothing, except that my opponent has been leading you about by the nose for the last four or five years, and you don't seem to know it, so I thought you could not have much feeling in it."

"Hail to the Chief!" This is half the title of an old song. The balance is, "Who in triumph advances." The public, the press and the medical profession chant this refrain as especially applicable to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a chief among American remedies, a dysentives for malaria, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, nervousness, unquiet sleep, rheumatic twinges and the troubles incident to advanced age. It is also universally recognized as a reliable tonic and appetizer. As a family medicine particularly suitable to emergencies it has no equal. The nervous, the feeble seek its aid, and the happiest results follow. The valueless, the aged and the infirm derive infinite benefit from its use. Against the influences of impure air, bad water, unaccustomed food, overwork and exposure it is a genuine preventive.

A girl, only 8 years old, was arrested for drunkenness at Lowell. To complete the disgraceful picture, the police let her lie ten hours insensible in a cell without attention.

The Testimonials

Published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor are they from our employees. They are facts from truthful people, proving, as surely as anything can be proved by direct, personal, positive evidence, that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be Sure to Get Hood's Cures

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE NO SQUEAKING

55 CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELED CALF, \$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO, \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES, \$2.50 2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE, \$2.17 1/2 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES, LADIES \$3.25 \$2.17 1/2 BEST DONGOLA

SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, 107 N. BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY, N. Y.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe. Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

COOK BOOK FREE!

250 PAGES—ILLUSTRATED. One of the Largest and Best COOK-BOOKS published. Mailed in exchange for 25 Large Red Wax Candles from Lion Coffee Wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp. Write for list of our other fine Premiums. WOODROW BOOK CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO.

MAILED FREE

to any Farmer or Farmer's Wife "UP TO DATE DAIRYING" containing full instruction how to secure Higher Grade Products, make MORE BUTTER with LESS LABOR and get MORE MONEY

Reviewing and explaining in a practical manner... THE NORMANDY (FRENCH) SYSTEM, DANISH DAIRY SYSTEM AND ELGIN SEPARATOR SYSTEM

which have brought prosperity and ease to the dairy farmer. Write for this valuable information. Mailed FREE on application. Kindly send address of neighboring farmers who can give you more information. Address: R. LESPINASSE, 246 W. LAKE ST., CHICAGO

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT.

Buy our 2 drawer walnut or oak iron safe. Fully finished, adapted to light and heavy work; guaranteed for 10 years; with automatic fire door. Has inside drawers, 25 lbs. weight. Best quality. No money refunded in advance. \$10.00 now in use. World's Fair Medal awarded machine and attachments. Buy from factory and save dealer and agent's profit. FREE CATALOGUE and send today for machine or large free catalogue, testimonials and names of witnesses of the world. OXFORD MFG. CO., 342 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

WELL MACHINERY

Illustrated catalogue showing WELLS AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND JETTING MACHINES, etc. BEST PRICES. Have been tested and all warranted. Sioux City Engine & Iron Works, Successors to Peck Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa. 1211 Union Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARLIN Model 1891

22 calibre uses .32 short, .32 long, and .32 long rifle cartridges. Only repeating rifle of its class.

22 REPEATING .32

The 22 calibre rifle uses the .32 and .32 long rim fire, and .32 short and long rifle cartridges. Write for catalogue and send today for machine or large free catalogue, testimonials and names of witnesses of the world. NEW HAVEN, CONN., U.S.A. DEWEES

SPECULATE

Wheat now at the Lowest Price of the century. Corn crop nearly ruined. 1 bushels can be bought on 25¢ margin, etc. Take the benefit of all the Advance, same as if bought outright. Send for our free booklet "How to Trade." W. F. VAN WINKLE & CO., Room 45, 234 La Salle St., Chicago.

Elys Cream Balm Cures CATARRH

PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

MARRIAGE PAPER with 1,000 "Personal" Lists of rare books, serials, etc., mailed free. CUNNEL'S MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio.

OMAHA Business Houses.

CLOTHING for MEN and BOYS. If you want to save from \$2 to \$10.00 on a suit write for our new Fall Catalogue containing samples of styles. NEBRASKA CLOTHING CO., Cor. 14th and Douglas Sts., Omaha.

DON'T RUN YOUR STOVE STOVE REPAIRS Write at once for Omaha Stove Repair Works, 1209 Douglas St., Omaha

Cameras \$2.50 "PHOTORET"

Watch size, loaded for 35 views. Catalog free. Ivern Photo Supply Co., Exclusive Agents, 1215 Fernum St., Omaha. Everything in Photo Supplies for Professionals and Amateurs.

EDUCATIONAL.

Brownell Hall Seminary for Young Ladies. For catalogue, address Rev. H. DOHERTY, S.T.D., Omaha

OMAHA BUSINESS COLLEGE

Shorthand & Typewriting. Catalogue free. F. F. ROOSE, Pres., Omaha

Telegraph College

Situations guaranteed. Free circulars. Students can work for board. W. B. ROSS, Principal, Range Bldg., Omaha