

**MY MENDING-BASKET.**  
It is made of the stoutest of willow:  
It is deep and capacious and wide:  
Yet the Gulf Stream that flows through its  
borders  
Seems always to stand at flood-tide!  
And the garments lie heaped on each other:  
I look at them often and sigh,  
Shall I ever be able to grapple  
With a pile that has grown two feet high?  
There's a top layer, always, of stockings:  
These arrive and depart every day:  
And the things that are playing "button-but-  
ton"  
Also leave without any delay.  
But ah, underneath there are strata  
Buried deep as the earth's ocean!  
Things put there the first of the autumn,  
Still there when the trees have grown green:  
There are things to be ripped and made over:  
There are things that gave out in their prime  
There are intricate tasks—all awaiting  
One magical hour of "spare time."  
Will it come? Shall I ever possess it?  
I start with a fresh hope every day:  
Like a will-o'-the-wisp it allures me:  
Like will-o'-the-wisp fades away.  
For the basket has never been empty,  
During all of its burdensome career:  
But once, for a few fleeting moments,  
When the baby upset it, last year:  
—Bessie Chandler in Harper's Bazar.

### A Passive Crime.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

#### CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED.

He draws a deep breath, and then rouses himself. Going up to Mrs. Neville, he bids her good-night, in a low tone, that still does not falter.

"All this has been too much for you, and—my cousin," he says gently, though without looking at Hilda. "To-morrow, everything can be discussed more thoroughly, but for to-night enough has been said."

"We shall see you to-morrow, I hope?" says Mrs. Neville, anxiously.

"I think not. It will be better not," says Dick, with a faint smile. "I shall have many things to see to, and my father will of course, require me."

At this mention of his name, Penruddock turns his head, and all present notice how terribly his face has changed within the last few minutes.

As if all hope has died within him he looks crushed and broken and very pitiable.

There is, too, within his eyes a somewhat vacant expression that contrasts very powerfully with his indolent demeanor of an hour ago.

"Eh, Dick?—eh, lad?" he says, in a confused fashion, putting his hand to his head and sighing deeply. "What are you saying of me? I heard my name—Don't believe them, Dick! It is all false, every word!" Then, in a tone of eager, almost abject entreaty, he adds in a whisper, "Don't you condemn me, Dick! You have not the right to do that. It was all for your sake, Dick—all for you."

"Come away. Come home with me, father," says Dick, hurriedly and anxiously.

A touch of deep pain, mingled with shame mars the beauty of his features as he listens to his father's words, which are a confession of his guilt.

"Home! Where is that now?" asks Penruddock vaguely, disregarding his son's effort to lead him from the room. "From the castle to the cottage, that is a fall, indeed! And," sinking his voice, "I can't go to the cottage, Dick—the river is there—always the river!" with a strong shudder. "And it never ceases—it flows on and on forever! I can hear it always in my dreams at night!"

"Rouse yourself. You are dreaming now, I think," says Dick, who is as pale as death.

"No; not now," says the old man. He looks a very old man indeed, so strangely altered are his features and mien. "It is too late now for dreams. If what she says is true, all is over, all is at an end."

"The end is not come yet," returns Dick bravely, throwing up his head with a certain proud gesture that brings tears into the eyes of one who is watching him.

He closes one hand firmly, as though to defy misfortune while into his face there comes a nobility, a sense of dignity, that perhaps it lacked before.

"You have still enough to satisfy every want," he says, addressing his father; "and as for me, the world is before me, and I shall conquer it in defiance of fate and evil fortune. All is for the best, and we should be thankful that the little one was saved. You are thankful, father, are you not? Say you are thankful," he asks, with extreme earnestness.

It was as though he had completely and entirely dissociated the love of his manhood from the delightful little companion of his earlier days.

"Yes, yes—deeply thankful!" says Penruddock, in a strange tone, hardly recognizable. "A weight is lifted from my heart—a load from my soul—that has lain upon them for many a year! Now it is raised my heart feels lighter. But," looking helplessly around, "my head is bearing the burden now. It feels like molten lead. And there is a sound as of many voices—"

A deep groan escaped him; he staggered, and, but that Dick hastily caught him in his arms would have fallen heavily to the ground.

**CHAPTER X.**  
Forced to Be Happy.

It is two months later, and already Penruddock has lain for six weeks within his quiet grave. For some days after that fearful seizure—consequent on the destruction of all those hopes he had purchased even at the price of crime—he had lingered in an unconscious state, knowing no one hearing and seeing nothing, but sometimes murmuring, "The child drowned—I might have saved her—but, no—let her go—all for my boy—all for my son!"

Then the fertile, scheming brain

had come to a standstill; the heart, that in all its many years had known but one pure affection, had ceased to beat, and Penruddock was no more. Mrs. Neville had called at Dick's rooms, where the dying man lay, every day during his illness, and had seen Dick and conversed with him many times of his father's state alone—no other topic had been touched upon. On two occasions Hilda accompanied her, but on those days the young man had been either accidentally or wilfully absent.

Not once during all these long weeks had the cousins met. They had never, indeed, seen each other since that last momentous evening in South Audley street, when Esther's disclosure had made them change sides, and had changed the fortunes of both; so happily for one, so disastrously for the other.

Yet, about that time there was a policeman in that quarter who for many nights had kept a sharp watch upon a certain young man, well dressed, but with his collar turned up to his ears—looking upon him as a possible burglar, for he would stand for an hour without flinching opposite a certain house, gazing upon nothing—so far as X 91 could see—except a faint streak of light that came from an upper window.

Finally X 91 grew tired or ashamed of his suspicions, and, comforting himself with the thought that this eccentric young man was either a harmless lunatic or an admirer of the upper housemaid, let him gaze in peace.

To-day is too lovely for description. "The sun has drunk the dew that lay upon the morning grass;" the very birds are silent from excess of languor; the flowers droop and grow pensive beneath the heat, and all nature seems at rest.

In the castle, on this golden September morning, scarcely a sound can be heard. The inner world seems as lazy, as averse to action of any kind as the world without.

Three days ago Mrs. Neville brought Hilda down to her birthplace; but the girl has refused to find comfort or pleasure in the grand old castle. Wealth has come to her, and, for the time at least, happiness has departed.

There is a pallor in her cheeks, a fountain of hushed tears in her expressive eyes, that goes to Mimi's heart; but having extracted a promise from Dick that he will not leave England without bidding them farewell, she can only wait patiently, if unhappily, for what is yet to come.

It is coming very quickly, that for which she waits—the solution of all her doubts.

Even as she and Hilda are sitting together in one of the morning-rooms, silent, but full of thought, a footstep sounds in the hall without, the door is opened and Dick Penruddock stands before them, pale and haggard, but always the same Dick in one pair of eyes at least.

"I am very fortunate in having found you at home," says Dick in his most formal manner. "I have come down here because I promised, and because I could not leave England without bidding you good-bye."

"He takes Mrs. Neville's hand, and presses it warmly with a faint, very faint, smile.

"Good-bye!" echoes she, in dismay, as though the fear of this hour has not been tormenting her for days.

"Yes; I am about to leave the country never more to return to it." He has not dared to glance at Hilda after the first involuntary look on greeting her.

"But this is all so sudden, so dreadful!" says Mrs. Neville who is at her wits' end. "What is your purpose in leaving? Where are you going?"

"To New Zealand—anywhere. I hardly know whither; and, indeed, it matters very little, so long as I get well away from the old world and all its associations."

"How you must hate the old world!" says a soft voice close to him, that has a suspicious tremble in it. "Do you mean to carry nothing from it but regrets?"

"Nothing"—shortly.

"Is everything forgotten?" asks the soft voice again, even more tremulously this time. "Can you remember no happy hours?"

"My deepest regret," says the young man, with infinite sadness, "lies in the fact that I shall never be able to forget those happy hours."

Mrs. Neville, kind and considerate soul that she is, has stepped into the conservatory for the time being, therefore they are virtually alone.

"Dick!" says Hilda, looking and speaking very tenderly and very reproachfully.

"Don't!" says Penruddock, hastily. "Do anything but speak to me in that tone. It is more than I can bear. For weeks I have been training myself to meet you with proper coldness, and now, by one kind word, with one gentle look you would seek to undo all my labor."

"And why, if I may ask, should you want to meet me with coldness?" She is very close to him, by this time, and has laid her hand upon his arm.

"There is no reason why I should tell you, because you know."

"I know! what is it that I know?"

"Do not torture me."

"I have no desire to do that. But you have not yet said what it is that I know."

"Oh, cruel!" he exclaims. "You know that you are rich now, whilst I have nothing, or next to it. I—in fact," says Dick, mournfully, "I am no match for you now, whatever I might have been before."

"But you are the same Dick as you were then," argues she, "except that you are a little more—I mean, a great deal more unkind."

"Am I?" says he. "It is very likely. Misfortune embitters us all."

"Won't you look at me, Dick?"

"There is no need to look at you. Your image is engraven on my heart. I can see you at every moment, and shall see you, go where I may."

"Nevertheless, look at me; it may soften you a little. Oh, Dick, I don't want this odious money, but I do want you. Now I have said it—flushing crimson—"and you will not, I hope, think badly of me."

"I could never do that. But it is impossible. Do not let us talk about it."

His voice breaks a little.

"Then you refuse me?"

"Yes, because it is for your own good."

"No; because I happen to have more money than you possess. Let us have the truth, at all events. Say that that is really what you mean."

"Well, then, yes, since you make me say it. I could not be indebted to my wife for—"

"No doubt you are right," says Miss Penruddock. "Pride before all things, no matter how many hearts may be broken by it." She means to be sarcastic, but only succeeds in being wretched.

"Mine is a just and proper pride," he says.

"Oh, very well! Then it is not worth while, I suppose, to say anything more about it?"

"No, indeed," he sighs.

"And you are quite determined to leave England forever, and to go to New Zealand?"

"Quite."

"Then," cries she, "since you insist upon it, I shall give this hateful money to a lunatic asylum, and, whether you like it or not, I shall go to New Zealand to."

"Maud!" says Dick, in his over-riding agitation forgetting her real name.

"Yes, I shall. Nothing shall prevent me," says Miss Penruddock.

And here, we very much regret to say, she so far forgets herself as to place her arms around his neck, and to burst into tears upon his breast.

So for the next few moments at least Penruddock's trip to the other side of the world is delayed.

He drops his hat and encircling her fondly with his arms for a full minute is quite ridiculously happy.

Then he checks himself and sighing deeply says, "There must be an end of this. This will never do you know," in a most miserable tone.

"Never!" says Hilda, who has quite recovered herself, and in whose blue eyes a malicious twinkle may now be seen.

Does not victory lie with her? No wonder, therefore, that she rejoices.

"Come over to this sofa," she says, "and as we must to please you give away our detestable though rather comfortable income, tell me, which do you consider the most deserving of all the asylums?"

At this point Mrs. Neville coming in and seeing them sitting together on apparently amicable terms, goes up to Dick and kissing him on either cheek, tells him without a word of warning that he is a "dear boy," and as worthy as any one can be of her dearest girl, and that she is happier to-day than she has been for a very long time, and several other things that are equally pleasant to hear. All which so overpowers Dick that he has not sufficient courage to say anything that shall damp her satisfaction, and Hilda carries the day.

They have been married now for four weeks and are in Italy, or Egypt, or St. Petersburg, or somewhere—we really have at the present moment quite forgotten where.

At all events we may safely say that by their where they may they are two among the very happiest mortals the world contains.

**THE END.**

**THU HE GOT WORK.**

A young lady, lately and happily married, has a literary man for her husband, who does all of his work at home. It is very good work and pays very well, and as they are so newly wedded they are delighted with the opportunities for being almost constantly together.

Recently they got a new servant, a buxom German girl, who proved herself handy, and also seemed to take a deep interest in the affairs of the young couple. Of course she saw the husband around the house a good deal; but her mistress was not prepared for the following:

"Orsense me, Mrs. Blank, but I like to say somedings."

"Well, Rena?"

"You won't be mad by me, alrety?"

"Why, what is it you wish to say?"

The girl blushed, fumbled her apron, stammered, and then replied: "Well, you pay me \$16 mont—"

"And I can't pay any more," said the mistress, decisively.

"It's not dot," responded the girl; "but I be willin' to take \$15 till—till your husband gets wo-ik!"

**Gold Will "Sweat."**

Gold in transit across the Atlantic "sweats" no matter how tightly it may be packed. It is usually sent in stout kegs and squeezed in as tight as possible, but there is a regular allowance for loss by attrition upon the voyage, and in the course of years this loss to the commercial world amounts to a large sum.

**Caught the Thieves.**

In Limington, Maine, a widow baited her flour barrel, which had been frequently robbed, with paris green, and then went out to call on some friends. Next day a whole family in the neighborhood was sick with symptoms of arsenical poisoning.

**GRAND OLD PARTY.**  
**REPUBLICAN VICTORIES IN THE "SOLID" SOUTH.**

**A Breach That Will Never Be Closed— Will the Farmer Continue to Play the Pter White These Schemers Dance— Where's That Clover?**

**No More Solid South.**

To those Republicans who opposed the bill of Senator Lodge, commonly though erroneously known as the "force bill," there is more than a coincidence in the fact that for the first time since the troops were removed from the Southern states the line of the "solid South" is broken by Republican victories. The St. Paul Pioneer Press was among those who took the view of the situation which has now been so gloriously vindicated. We have not ceased to call for justice on the outrages committed against the suffrage and against the peace and rights of innocent men in the states of the South. They have moved our pity and our indignation. But in considering any remedy, the question of methods is all important. And as long as this is to be a self-governing nation, a union of states to each of which is reserved the right to manage its own affairs independently as long as it does not come into conflict with the supreme power of the nation, we have seen no way in which to work out of this evil except by the rational punishment of reducing to a minority the party guilty of it. The strong hand of federal authority had been tried in vain. Soldiers could not establish free and easy suffrage in the South. Such federal election laws as we had could not do it. The more that remedy was applied, the more unflinchingly the states of the South stood together, and the more were they able to appeal on partisan grounds to the Democrats of the North. No satisfactory results were ever obtained.

We did not approve of the repeal of the federal election laws by this congress, because they are so mild that they could not possibly do an injustice to any one, and because the only use ever made of them was to help suppress indubitable and outrageous frauds in the great cities. But it was also true that they were only occasionally of any consequence whatever. Now we do not believe it to be accident that the first election held without any federal restraint, and under the conviction that there will be none, should result in turning over several Southern states to the Republican party. It is easy to believe that the specter of "negro domination" has been a real bugaboo to the people, and that they had been made to believe, by constant iteration of partisans, that it would come to pass under the compulsion of the federal law exercised through the machinery of elections. Absurd as the thing is, there is no doubt that this conviction prevailed largely at the South, and turned many votes to the Democrats that would naturally have gone elsewhere. With the disappearance of all possibility of the imposition of authority from without, the people turn toward a natural division on the line of local issues. The moment that they do that, the Democratic party has no longer a monopoly of power. There is no reason why the breach in the solid South should ever be closed, or why the states of that section should not presently become as doubtful and as hotly contested as those of any other part of the Union. When that happens, justice cannot be denied to the negro, and the eager desire to obtain votes will compel respect for the suffrage where the white vote cannot any longer be held solid by a threat that has lost all meaning.

**A Foreign Conclusion.**

The St. Louis Republic, Kansas City Times and other papers are joining in a cry that the next Democratic nominee for the presidency must be a Western man, but they give no intimation as to which man it should be. If a Democrat of national size is to be taken from west of the Mississippi, he must either be now masquerading as a nameless dark horse, or else one will have to be imported before the meeting of the next national convention. However, the question is of little consequence. It is as certain as anything in the future can be that while the Democrats of the West may select the next nominee, the Republicans of the whole country will select the next president.—Times-Star.

**Here is the Doctrine.**

There is a distinct revival of robust, aggressive United States patriotism, religious in its fervor, amongst the masses in the West, and a perceptible impatience with the enemies of liberty. American citizenship believes in the flag, the home, individual manhood, the supremacy of the law and the sovereignty of the people. For the feeble and emaciated reveries of the infirm and effeminate, called socialism, for the ferocious manifesto of incendiaries and assassins, called anarchy, it will offer exile or the scaffold.—John J. Ingalls.

**Markets of the World.**

Germany and Denmark are excluding our live stock and cannot meats, without any apparent regard for the fact that our farmers have just been pressed by the "tariff reformers" with "the markets of the world."

**Cockrell is Right.**

When you ask Senator Cockrell of Missouri, the cause of the Democratic overthrow in his state he looks you squarely in the eye and says: "Young man, that is no secret; it is understood by the simplest child. The people of my state, especially the Demo-

cratic party, which is composed of the most intelligent portion of the population, are disgusted with the administration of the national government."—Washington Correspondent Chicago Record.

**Again After the Farmer.**

A plan is on foot for the union of the various farmers' societies in one great organization. The headquarters of the promoters of the scheme are in Chicago, and it is said authoritatively from there that if the Patrons of Husbandry, who number 250,000; the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, 375,000; the Farmers' Alliance, 100,000; the Patrons of Industry, 75,000, and the Farmers' Mutual Benefit association, altogether numbering 850,000—will but unite their strength they can do heretofore unthought-of things. This is open to the suspicion of being another plan to bring about opportunities for some set of ambitious schemers to use the farmer for their own ends. And it would seem that the average agriculturist has already experienced quite enough of that sort of thing. He has had an object lesson in the past two or three years that should remain in his mind to his maternal benefit for many years to come.

A great organization of the sort proposed would necessarily be under the control of an army of salaried officials who would be governed by far different motives than the average official who finds himself with that peculiar sort of power, if they did not make their positions a matter of political barter and sale and use all their power for the benefit of anybody but the tiller of the soil. The farmer will get the more benefit from the society to which he belongs the closer that society is limited to the section of the country and the particular interests that affect his social welfare. It would be well if he would give a cold shoulder to the schemers who make a business of using him for their own personal gain, and who, as soon as he is squeezed dry on one lay proceeds to open up some new bucco game by which to squeeze him again.

—Kansas City Journal.

**Why They Laugh.**

The only peg on which the "tariff reform" theory hangs is the claim that free trade or a low tariff cheapens things to consumers. A high tariff raises prices, it is said. The lowering of the tariff should lower prices to the consumer, or the whole "tariff reform" scheme falls to the ground. How much have prices gone down since the passage of the Wilson-Gorman bill? Has the consumer been advantaged at all? There is indisputable evidence that the foreign producer has been benefited. The reports recently received from American consuls say that a marked improvement is noted in the manufacturing districts since the enactment of the new tariff. A notable feature of the situation in Bradford and Glasgow is "the strengthening of prices." Worsteds coatings, it is reported, have increased from four to eight per cent in price above the lowest quotations of the dull season and the same is true of dress goods. As to many other articles the tendency of prices is upward. In consequence, manufacturers are running full time and some have orders that will keep them in operation for six months with more hands than were ever before employed and at advanced wages. It is easy to see where a good share of the benefit of the new tariff goes. No American buyer has yet been stung by having goods offered to him at lower prices. The difference between the old customs duties and the new seems to flow largely into the pockets of foreign manufacturers.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

**Ode (ious) to Farmer Grover.**

Be's in ninety-two, O Grover,  
We were promised lots of clover  
If you landed in the presidential chair,  
Well, you landed! And we find  
Lots of clover—in your mind!  
And to-day that self-same clover lives 'ers there's  
Everywhere we turn—'aliss!  
There is dead and drivin' great  
It bestows the fields and mountains of the land;  
And it sprins' from naught, indeed!  
Save from Democratic seed!  
Sown by Farmer Grover Cleveland's horny hand!  
But the clover—oh! ah, me!  
Where's the clover, Farmer Grover?  
Where's the clover? Ah! we look for it in vain:  
There is not a leaf in sight—  
"Nary" a leaf and we are quite—  
Quite convinced there'll be no clover white  
you rei-n  
Nay, of clover naught there'll be,  
Nay, of it we're like to see—  
We, the people, who've always more an' more wax  
When we think of ninety-two  
And the votes we cast for you  
When our heads were full of Democratic tax  
Oh! ah, me! ah! ah!  
Could Old Time but take us back  
To that fatal day in election ninety-two  
We would vote—yes, but we would—  
That, of course, is matters tood—  
We would vote, but—not for such a clump as  
you!  
—Tired Democrat in Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Where's That Clover.**

Here's a pointer for the Republican believer. When you are asked where are the good times which were to succeed the Republican victory at the polls, avail yourself of a Yankee's privilege and ask where are the good times that were to come in with Grover. It would be easy enough to reply to the first question by saying the times are better already, but to ask the second would seem to remind the Democrats that there is no reason why the spirit of mortal should be proud.

**The Proper Thing.**

In view of the country's verdict on its past efforts, the proper thing for congress to do is to pass the appropriation bills, settle up its board and bar bills and go home.

**Just Plain Talk.**

The Democratic press is gradually discovering that there is nothing written between the lines of the latest decision handed down by the people.

**Fraud in \$20 Gold Coins.**  
Boston Journal: A new system of fraud has made its appearance upon the larger denominations of our gold coins. New and untraced pieces are selected, that they may circulate with less suspicion, and the circumference and weight slightly reduced, to the extent, say, of 75 cents to a dollar, by turning down the milling on the edge and remilling it. In the absence of scales this fraud can only be detected by comparison with a piece that one is sure has not been tampered with. Several of such coins have been stopped at the Boston sub-treasury. They were chiefly \$20 gold pieces.

**Hardiness of the Grape Myrtle.**  
Philadelphia is about as far north as the grape myrtle grows hardy. Though the larger denominations of our gold coins. New and untraced pieces are selected, that they may circulate with less suspicion, and the circumference and weight slightly reduced, to the extent, say, of 75 cents to a dollar, by turning down the milling on the edge and remilling it. In the absence of scales this fraud can only be detected by comparison with a piece that one is sure has not been tampered with. Several of such coins have been stopped at the Boston sub-treasury. They were chiefly \$20 gold pieces.

**My Wife's Nerves**  
Are weak and she suffers terribly from nervousness, headache and loss of sleep. Such is the testimony of many a man. The poor, tired woman is suffering from impure and impoverished blood. Her food does not digest. She is living on her nerves, because her strength is gone. Her nerves and muscles

**Need Strengthening**  
By the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which makes pure, rich blood, creates an appetite, and gives tone to all the organs of the body. This is not what we say, it is what Hood's Sarsaparilla does. "My wife began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla about three months ago. She has been in poor health for 15 years. Hood's is doing her good. Her appetite is better, she looks better and there has been improvement in every way." J. W. Robinson, Greenfield, Tenn.

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Be sure to get HOOD'S. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

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The only sure cure for pin worms in horses known is Steketee's Hog Cholera Cure. Never fails to destroy worms in horses, dogs, sheep, cats, or any other animal. Send six cents in United States postage and I will send by mail. Cut this out and send to stamp agent and pay fifty cents. Three packages for \$1.50 express paid. G. G. STEKETEE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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200 Newmarkets, colors black, dark blue, brown, drab; sizes 31 to 38, at \$1.75 each. These are worth \$3.00 to \$3.50.

Misses Long Cloaks, sizes 8 to 12 years, in navy cardinal and deep red at one-half price.

Ladies' Cloaks, 42 inches long, black, blue, brown and tan at \$10.00 and \$12.50. These are elegant garments and are sold everywhere at \$15.00 to \$20.00.

A full line of 1 or Cap's. The leader a beautiful black Conly Fur, 30 inches long at \$9.95.

**CLOTHING.**

A strictly all wool Cheviot Suit, and a dark Gray Cassimere Suit, that retailed three days ago for \$12.50. Now \$8.50.

"Our Leader" is a suit made as stylish and well as any tailor-made garments can be. They are cut from the best materials, and sell everywhere at from \$18.00 to \$22.50. Our price is now \$11.50.

A genuine Columbian Melton, Kersey or Beaver Overcoat in blue, black, brown or Oxford, made with an eye to solid wear as well as style, and retailed everywhere at \$12.00. Our price, \$8.75.

Boys' Cape Overcoats, sizes 4 to 14, in Cheviots and Cassimeres, at \$1.75.

Boys' Overcoats, sizes 14 to 19 years, made of Brown Melton, at \$1.95.

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