

SPECIAL FACTORY ADVERTISING SALE OF PIANOS

**A CARLOAD OF PIANOS
WILL BE SOLD
PROFITS NOT CONSIDERED. TERMS TO SUIT**

AN IMMENSE ADVERTISING CRUSADE THE REASON WHY

It is our desire to meet and become personally acquainted with every possible Piano purchaser in Columbus and vicinity, and realizing that a Satisfied Customer is the most permanent advertising a firm could have, we have succeeded in interesting the numerous factories of which we are the General Western Distributors, to make us Special Discounts on all Pianos sold during this Advertising Campaign. These discounts we propose to give you, if you will interest your self sufficient to call, examine and secure one of the many strictly artistic Pianos carried as samples of the Piano Manufacturers Highest Achievement and offered for sale during our stay in Columbus. These Special Discounts, together with our well known method of buying in very large quantities for spot cash, as well as selling as many Pianos in 10 days as the average small dealer's total yearly business enables us to save you from 50 to 100 good big dollars besides securing a strictly standard Piano, backed with the personal guarantee as well as the factory if you will purchase now while this Special Sale is in progress—but remember "delays are dangerous"—by waiting you may miss the opportunity of a life time.

We sell such celebrated makes as Weber, Goble, Buer, Lindeman, Mehlin, Schiller, Ludwig, Bachman, Winters, Rudolph, Steck, Schaff and our own **The Peerless Matthews Piano**

Buy Now and Secure A Piano

Not Only Good Now, but 10, 15, Yes 25 Years Hence

Pianos that would sell regularly at retail for \$250.00, \$300.00, \$350.00, \$400.00, \$450.00 to \$500.00, will be sold at this sale at such extremely low prices as \$138.00, \$165.00, \$190.00, \$210.00, \$230.00, \$310.00, \$345.00 to \$400.00 on terms of either all cash or small payment down and a smaller amount each month with legal interest on the actual time you use the money, **POSITIVELY NO DISCOUNT FOR CASH.**

Our over 20 years of Piano experience in Nebraska coupled with ample capital—operating five stores in this state enable us to quite out-strip competition.

SALE OPENS SATURDAY, JULY 21st.

SALE CLOSSES SATURDAY JULY 28th.

Special For The First Day

Notwithstanding the Exceptional Low Prices—just to start things moving and start it right—**AT ONCE**, we will allow a **Special \$10.00 Discount** on any Piano sold the opening day. Save that too.

Everybody (especially Musicians) are invited to call and hear the celebrated Linderman Self Player Piano execute the greatest masterpieces as well as popular music.

MATTHEWS PIANO COMPANY

O. R. POTTER & WINFIELD SAGE

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Every person should know that good health is impossible if the kidneys are deranged. Foley's Kidney Cure will cure kidney and bladder disease in every form, and will build up and strengthen these organs so they will perform their functions properly. No danger of Bright's disease or diabetes if Foley's Kidney Cure is taken in time. Chas. H. Dack.

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To St. Paul, Minn., July 24-26, return limit August 15, one fare plus \$2.00.
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To Toronto, Canada, September 11-14, return limit October 24. One fare plus \$2.00.
Summer Tourist Rates June 1st to September 30th to Chicago, Madison, Milwaukee, Waukesha, St. Paul, Minneapolis and other points in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, also to New England and Canadian points.
Homeseekers Excursion Rates. On sale every Tuesday from Columbus, David City and points east to points in South Dakota (east of Missouri river), North Dakota, Minnesota, Northern Wisconsin, Michigan Peninsula, Alberta, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and western Ontario at one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip good returning twenty-one days from date of sale.
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Journal ads bring results.
Smoke the Lamo 7 cent cigar.
Smoke the Lamo 5 cent cigar.
Cassin's market for fresh meats.

Return of... Sherlock Holmes

"I am sorry for you, Lady Hilda. I have done my best for you. I can see that it is all in vain."
He rang the bell. The butler entered.
"Is Mr. Trelawney Hope at home?"
"He will be home, sir, at a quarter to 1."
Holmes glanced at his watch.
"Still a quarter of an hour," said he. "Very good; I shall wait."
The butler had hardly closed the door behind him when Lady Hilda was down on her knees at Holmes' feet, her hands outstretched, her beautiful face upturned and wet with her tears.
"Oh, spare me, Mr. Holmes! Spare me!" she pleaded in a frenzy of supplication. "For heaven's sake, don't tell him! I love him so! I would not bring one shadow on his life, and this I know would break his noble heart."
Holmes raised the lady. "I am thankful, madam, that you have come to your senses even at this last moment! There is not an instant to lose. Where is the letter?"
She darted across to a writing desk, unlocked it and drew out a long blue envelope.
"Here it is, Mr. Holmes. Would to heaven I had never seen it!"
"How can we return it?" Holmes muttered. "Quick, quick, we must think of some way! Where is the dispatch box?"
"Still in his bedroom."
"What a stroke of luck! Quick, madam, bring it here!"
A moment later she had appeared

from the house, and only next morning in the paper did I learn the dreadful result. That night I was happy, for I had my letter, and I had not seen yet what the future would bring.
"It was the next morning that I realized that I had only exchanged one trouble for another. My husband's anguish at the loss of his paper went to my heart. I could hardly prevent myself from there and then kneeling down at his feet and telling him what I had done. But that again would mean a confession of the past. I came to you that morning in order to understand the full enormity of my offense. From the instant that I grasped it my whole mind was turned to the one thought of getting back my husband's paper. It must still be where Lucas had placed it, for it was concealed before this dreadful woman entered the room. If I had not been for her coming, I should not have known where his hiding place was. How was I to get into the room? For two days I watched the place, but the door was never left open. Last night I made a last attempt. What I did and how I succeeded you have already learned. I brought the paper back with me and thought of destroying it, since I could see no way of returning it without confessing my guilt to my husband. Heavens, I hear his step upon the stair!"
The European secretary burst excitedly into the room.
"Any news, Mr. Holmes, any news?" he cried.
"I have some hopes."
"Ah, thank heaven!" His face became radiant. "The prime minister is lurching with me. May he share your hopes? He has nerves of steel, and yet

coming here and so showing that there are business relations between us."
"Unfortunately, madam, I had no possible alternative. I have been commissioned to recover this immensely important paper. I must therefore ask you, madam, to be kind enough to place it in my hands."
The lady sprang to her feet, with the color all dashed in an instant from her beautiful face. Her eyes glazed. She tottered. I thought that she would faint. Then, with a grand effort, she rallied from the shock, and a supreme astonishment and indignation chased every other expression from her features.
"You—you insult me, Mr. Holmes."
"Come, come, madam. It is useless. Give up the letter."
She darted to the bell.
"The butler shall show you out."
"Do not ring, Lady Hilda. If you do, then all my earnest efforts to avoid a scandal will be frustrated. Give up the letter and all will be set right. If you will work with me I can arrange everything. If you work against me I must expose you."
She stood grandly defiant, a queenly figure, her eyes fixed upon his as if I knew that he has hardly slept since this terrible event. Jacobs, will you ask the prime minister to come up? As to you, dear, I fear that this is a matter of politics. We will join you in a few minutes in the dining room."
The prime minister's manner was subdued, but I could see by the gleam of his eyes and the twitchings of his bony hands that he shared the excitement of his young colleague.
"I understand that you have something to report, Mr. Holmes?"
"Purely negative as yet," my friend answered. "I have inquired at every point where it might be, and I am sure that there is no danger to be apprehended."
"But that is not enough, Mr. Holmes. We cannot live forever on such a volcano. We must have something definite."
"I am in hopes of getting it. That is why I am here. The more I think of the matter the more convinced I am that the letter has never left this house."
"Mr. Holmes?"
"If it had it would certainly have been public by now."
"But why should any one take it in order to keep it in this house?"
"I am not convinced that any one did take it."
"Then how could it leave the dispatch box?"
"I am not convinced that it ever did leave the dispatch box."
"Mr. Holmes, this joking is very ill timed. You have my assurance that it left the box."
"Have you examined the box since Tuesday morning?"
"No. It was not necessary."
"You may conceivably have overlooked it."
"Impossible, I say."
"But I am not convinced of it. I have known such things to happen. I presume there are other papers there. Well, it may have got mixed with them."
"It was on the top."
"Some one may have shaken the box and displaced it."
"No, no; I had everything out."
"Surely it is easily decided, Hope," said the premier. "Let us have the dispatch box brought in."
The secretary rang the bell.
"Jacobs, bring down my dispatch box. This is a farcical waste of time, but still, if nothing else will satisfy you, it shall be done. Thank you, Jacobs; put it here. I have always had the key on my watch chain. Here are the papers, you see—letter from Lord Merrow, report from Sir Charles Hardy, memorandum from Belgrade, note on the Russo-German grain taxes, letter from Madrid, note from Lord Flowers—Good heavens! What is this? Lord Bellingier! Lord Bellingier!"
The premier snatched the blue envelope from his hand.
"Yes, it is it—and the letter is intact. Hope, I congratulate you."
"Thank you! Thank you! What a weight from my heart! But this is inconceivable—impossible. Mr. Holmes, you are a wizard, a sorcerer! How did you know it was there?"
"Because I knew it was nowhere else."
"I cannot believe my eyes!" He ran wildly to the door. "Where is my wife? I must tell her that all is well. Hilda! Hilda!" we heard his voice on the stairs.
The premier looked at Holmes with twinkling eyes.
"Come, sir," said he. "There is more in this than meets the eye. How came the letter back in the box?"
Holmes turned away smiling from the keen scrutiny of those wonderful eyes.
"We also have our diplomatic secrets," said he, and, picking up his hat, he turned to the door.
THE END.



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THERE, SURE ENOUGH, WAS A GREAT CRIMSON SPILL UPON THE FLOOR.

with a red, flat box in her hand.
"How did you open it before? You have a duplicate key? Yes, of course you have. Open it!"
From out of her bosom Lady Hilda had drawn a small key. The box flew open. It was stuffed with papers. Holmes thrust the blue envelope deep down into the heart of them, between the leaves of some other document. The box was shut, locked and returned to the bedroom.
"Now we are ready for him," said Holmes. "We have still ten minutes. I am going far to screen you, Lady Hilda. In return you will spend the time in telling me frankly the real meaning of this extraordinary affair."
"Mr. Holmes, I will tell you everything," cried the lady. "Oh, Mr. Holmes, I would cut off my right hand before I gave him a moment of sorrow! There is no woman in all London who loves her husband as I do, and yet if he knew how I have acted—how I have been compelled to act—he would never forgive me, for his own honor stands so high that he could not forget or pardon a lapse in another. Help me, Mr. Holmes! My happiness, his happiness, our very lives, are at stake!"
"Quick, madam; the time grows short!"
"It was a letter of mine, Mr. Holmes, an indiscreet letter written before my marriage—a foolish letter, a letter of an impulsive, loving girl, I meant no harm, and yet he would have thought it criminal. Had he read that letter his confidence would have been forever destroyed. It is years since I wrote it. I had thought that the whole matter was forgotten. Then at last I heard from this man Lucas that he had passed into his hands and that he would lay it before my husband. I implored his mercy. He said that he would return my letter if I would bring him a certain document which he described in my husband's dispatch box. He had some spy in the office who had told him of its existence. He assured me that no harm could come to my husband. Put yourself in my position, Mr. Holmes! What was I to do?"
"Take your husband into your confidence."
"I could not, Mr. Holmes, I could not! On the one side seemed certain ruin; on the other, terrible as it seemed, to take my husband's paper; still in a matter of politics I could not understand the consequences, while in a matter of love and trust they were one too clear to me. I did it, Mr. Holmes! I took an impression of his key. This man Lucas furnished a duplicate. I opened his dispatch box, took the paper and conveyed it to Godolphin street."
"What happened there, madam?"
"I tapped at the door as agreed. Lucas opened it. I followed him into his room, leaving the hall door ajar behind me. I remember that there was a woman outside as I entered. Our business was soon done. He had my letter on his desk. I handed him the document. He gave me the letter. At this instant there was a sound at the door. There were steps in the passage. Lucas quickly turned back the drugged, thrust the document into some hiding place there and covered it over."
"What happened after that is like some fearful dream. I have a vision of a dark, frantic face, of a woman's voice, which screamed in French: 'My waiting is not in vain. At last, at last, I have found you with her!' There was a savage struggle. I saw him with a chair in his hand; a knife gleamed in his hand. I rushed from the horrible scene,

she would read his very soul. Her hand was on the bell, but she had forborne to ring it.
"You are trying to frighten me. It is not a very manly thing, Mr. Holmes, to come here and browbeat a woman. You say that you know something. What is it that you know?"
"Fray sit down, madam. You will hurt yourself there if you fall. I will not speak until you sit down. Thank you."
"I give you five minutes, Mr. Holmes."
"One is enough, Lady Hilda. I know of your visit to Eduardo Lucas, of your giving him this document, of your ingenious return to the room last night and of the manner in which you took the letter from the hiding place under the carpet."
She stared at him with an ashen face and gulped twice before she could speak.
"You are mad, Mr. Holmes—you are mad!" she cried at last.
He drew a small piece of cardboard from his pocket. It was the face of a woman cut out of a portrait.
"I have carried this because I thought it might be useful," said he. "The policeman has recognized it."
She gave a gasp, and her head dropped back in the chair.
"Come, Lady Hilda. You have the letter. The matter may still be adjusted. I have no desire to bring trouble to you. My duty ends when I have returned the lost letter to your husband. Take my advice and be frank with me. It is your only chance."
Her courage was admirable. Even now she would not own defeat.
"I tell you again, Mr. Holmes, that you are under some absurd illusion."
Holmes rose from his chair.
As we left the house Lestrade remained in the front room, while the repentant constable opened the door to let us out. Holmes turned on the step and held up something in his hand. The constable stared intently.
"Good Lord, sir!" he cried, with amazement on his face. Holmes put his finger on his lips, replaced his hand in his breast pocket and burst out laughing as we turned down the street.
"Excellent!" said he. "Come, Friend Watson, the curtain rings up for the last act. You will be relieved to hear that there will be no war, that the Right Hon. Trelawney Hope will suffer no setback in his brilliant career, that the indiscreet sovereign will receive no punishment for his indiscretion, that the prime minister will have no European complication to deal with and that with a little tact and management upon our part nobody will be a penny the worse for what might have been a very ugly incident."
My mind filled with admiration for this extraordinary man.
"You have solved it?" I cried.
"Hardly that, Watson. There are some points which are as dark as ever. But we have so much that it will be our own fault if we cannot get the rest. We will go straight to Whitehall terrace and bring the matter to a head."
When we arrived at the residence of the European secretary it was for Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope that Sherlock Holmes inquired. We were shown into the morning room.
"Mr. Holmes," said the lady, and her face was pink with her indignation, "this is surely most unfair and ungenerous upon your part. I desired, as I have explained, to keep my visit to you a secret lest my husband should think that I was intruding into his affairs, and yet you compromise me by

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