

# A. GRUCKSHANK & CO.,

Importers and Retailers.

## NEW EMBROIDERIES,

Direct from the best manufacturers in Europe. Having for the past three years made a specialty of Embroideries during the months of January and February, increasing this department with remarkable rapidity till we are now recognized as the leading Emporium, in the Northwest for

## EMBROIDERIES!

Anticipating a larger demand for these goods this season, we have made extraordinary efforts to secure the Most Choice and Original Designs and are now showing on our Counters over

## 100,000 YARDS,

Being the Largest Stock of Embroideries we ever had the pleasure of Showing.

### READ OUR PRICES.

500 yards at 3c.	500 yards at 16 2-3c.
500 yards at 5c.	500 yards at 20c.
500 yards at 6 1-2c.	500 yards at 22 1-2c.
500 yards at 7 1-2c.	500 yards at 25c.
500 yards at 8 1-2c.	500 yards at 30c.
500 yards at 10c.	500 yards at 35c.
500 yards at 12 1-2c.	500 yards at 40c.
500 yards at 15c.	500 yards at 45c.

And a large Assortment of Finer Goods with Edgings and Insertings to Match.

Store Closes at 6:30.

## A. Gruckshank & Co.

### ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

CHARLES POWELL,  
J. UPRICHARD, JR.,  
Attorneys at Law, 1000 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

### W. A. SHERMAN.

Attorney at Law, 1000 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

### D. L. THOMAS.

Attorney at Law, 1000 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

### A. C. TROUP.

Attorney at Law, 1000 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

### DEKTER L. THOMAS.

Attorney at Law, 1000 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

### A. N. CHADWICK.

Attorney at Law, 1000 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

### V. M. LEADBEY.

Attorney at Law, 1000 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

### W. J. CONNELL.

Attorney at Law, 1000 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

### REDICK & REDICK.

Attorneys at Law, 1000 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

### EDWARD W. SHERMAN.

Attorney at Law, 1000 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

### S. F. HANDESSON.

Attorney at Law, 1000 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

### RICHARDS & HUNT.

Attorneys at Law, 1000 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

### SANTA CLAUDS FOUND.

Officers: Discoverer of the Age.

### TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS—The Great European Remedy—Dr. J. B. Simpson's Specific Medicines.

It is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Migraine, and all diseases resulting from a disordered system.

### HAMBURG AMERICAN PACKET CO'S Weekly Line of Steamships.

Leaves New York every Thursday at 1 p. m.

### C. B. RICHARD & CO.

Brooklyn, New York.

### R. CURTIS.

DEAR MADAM: We are instructed by our client, Mr. Roger Curtis, to convey to you his condolence on the occasion of your father's death, and to inform you that as your dear mother's half-brother—although personally a stranger to you—she offered you the position of a niece and adopted child of her own household. Should you see fit to accept this proposition, please communicate with us at once.

Respectfully,  
LAWSON & CO., Solicitors.

Such was the letter, startling in its unexpectedness and chilling in its formal phrasing, which Florence May placed in the hands of her lover.

"What shall I do?" she asked, wistfully, lifting his hand to her forehead, beautiful eyes. "It came this morning. I have delayed answering it until you could advise what to do or say. I suppose the offer is a generous one, but if Uncle Curtis had called upon me, or even written to me himself, I should have felt much happier. Surely, he has chosen an ungracious way of doing a kind and gracious action."

Robert Curtis looked at the letter with a degree of surprise that for the moment caused him quite to ignore his pretty sweetheart's complaint.

"Roger Curtis," cried he. "Why, that must be my rich old cousinhood of a landlady. Lawson & Co. translated his business. I know he has a connection of yours! How strange, to be sure! You need not wonder at anything old Curtis does, my darling. I use a good deal of my time, not only on account of his office being next to mine—he owns the whole building, you see, and lets it all in one piece because of the similarity in our names. Only the difference of a letter—Curtis and Curtis—and people are continually making mistakes in consequence. I don't think of it, but I advise you, Florence, dearest. Mr. Curtis is a terribly eccentric, stingy, disagreeable old fellow among his own men, and to tell the truth, an ignorant, coarse, selfish fellow into the bargain, and yet he might be kind and good to you. Who indeed," he added, tenderly, "is arresting her bright hair, 'who could be otherwise! And we should meet sometimes. You would be here with your own people, not trailing as a governess among strangers. I have to think of that, Florence. But why, in the name of wonder, have I never heard of your Uncle Curtis before?"

"I don't think I ever thought of him," Florence answered, frankly. "I have never known him, you see. He was poor mama's half-brother only, and after her marriage, which he did not approve, he ignored her existence altogether. I have heard papa speak of him sometimes as an old bachelor, cross and whimsical, who inherited a large fortune from his own father, and added to it until he became very rich."

Robert took alarm instantly. "He'll want to make you his heiress," said he, "and break your engagement with me. Of course he looks upon me as he did upon your father—a poor, beggarly devil of an artist. Oh, Florence, dear, why can't we consult our own happiness and be married at once?"

But Florence shook her head. "You know that cannot be, Robert," she said, gently. "Our dear papa scarce two months dead, and could I forget my grief so soon! Not even for you! But, surely, you are not afraid to trust me? I would not exchange your father's true love for the wealth of all the world!"

"Her lover caught the fair girl to his breast. "I know it," he cried. "I do not fear you, love, but old Curtis, if he is going to make you rich, he will assume the right to choose your husband, and I am very sure that his choice would not fall on me."

Florence smiled. "You are my choice," she said, softly and tenderly. "Does that content you? Do you think that I would accept fortune at the price of love? But I will say nothing of our engagement to Uncle Curtis, unless he questions me. And if he does so," she added, archly, "shall I tell him that you have real estate up town?"

At that question Robert's gloom was dispelled by a merry laugh, in which Florence's voice chimed musically. "Real estate," cried Robert, merrily. "Don't I wish I had! Our future lives would be brightened, but that old rat-trap, so far up town that we couldn't even see it there ourselves—even if we were inhabitable on account of the distance. And yet, if we ever do have rapid transit, the place would be valuable. It may give us a lift in the world, but I don't care for it, after all. But don't speak of the poor old shabby to Uncle Curtis, pray. He knows what real estate is, and the weight of scorn for my poor theban would crush his crumbling walls."

So it was agreed between the pair that Florence should keep silent about her lover's landed property, and also about her young lover herself, as far as possible.

But old Roger Curtis was sharp and keen, and made up in natural acuteness and observing power what he lacked in experience or education. He had never married. Evidently he had never made love—except to money—but he recognized the symptoms of the tender passion in his tenant at the office and his niece at home, for all that.

"What's that artist fellow doing around here?" he asked Florence gruffly, when she had lived in his house a year. "He comes often, that shaver of late. Or, to be sure, I know 'he's an old friend, and peeped like you've told me that before; what's he doing here? Is that your daughter like him, too. As if it wasn't you, Florence; you may as well make up your mind to it first as last; it won't do."

Florence turned red and then pale. "What won't do?" she asked quickly. "Oh, you know! You're smart enough. He won't do. Love rubbish between you two won't do. You're my niece. You'll have money. I want something better than a beggarly artist for your husband, my girl."

Florence flushed crimson, and her eyes flashed indignantly. "My mother married an artist!" she cried.

"I know it," said Roger Curtis. "What did she gain by it? She lived and died poor, and left you penniless. What did she lose? She lost a friend in me, my girl. It ain't the man I object to. Your name is well enough, if your name is spent wrong. What I object to is his poverty."

"But I also am poor," said Florence. "And if I love him, uncle—"

"Stuff!" interrupted Roger, gruffly. "You've got no business to do anything of the kind. You ain't poor. Haven't I given you a good home, fine clothes, money to spend, and servants to wait on? Haven't I been a good uncle and a good friend? Well, you be a good girl to me in your turn, and marry to please me, and see if I don't give you a fortune into the bargain!"

It was all true. The rough, coarse, eccentric old man had been kind to himself to his orphan niece, and in spite of much that was repulsive in her, the young girl was grateful and had learned to love him. In good

truth, Florence would have been glad to find it possible to keep faith with her true love and yet please the eye of the old miser, but she had already shown her far more than the hope of any benefit yet to come.

She went up to her room at his last words, and flung her arms about his neck and kissed him; and as she did so she said, archly: "That's quite rich! He has property up town—real estate."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! A shanty on the rocks, perhaps!" shouted Roger Curtis, and he saw her smiling with vexation. "There, there, my girl, I won't quarrel with you; I'll talk to the young man about it."

He turned to Robert's door, but stopped short. A card was nailed to it, announcing that the artist would not return till noon. "Noon be it, then," grumbled the old man, crossly, and turned into his own private room.

Letters lay on his desk. He opened, and laid out the card, and the card came to one that puzzled him; it ran thus: "R. Curtis, Esq.—Dear Sir: We are offered \$80,000 cash for the house and lot on 61st street, just off the Hudson, we shall put on the market tomorrow. If the offer named is satisfactory, please answer."

"Yours respectfully,  
JOHN SMITH."

Old Roger Curtis drew a long breath and gave a long whistle of surprise. "By ginger, now," muttered he, "the girl was right. I've got no house on 61st street, nor at last! I'll sell it for \$80,000. She's right. She's right. This is R. Curtis (the artist's letter, and it's come by mistake. You there, you there, you there, earnestly request you to call on your druggist, J. K. List, and get a trial bottle free of cost which will convince you of the truth of the matter. Write me, and show you what a regular one dollar size bottle will do. For salubry, J. K. List."

By and by he arrived at the conclusion that this was merely an eccentricity in Robert. "Artists are full of them," thought he. "I'll write to him, especially as his real circumstances have come to my knowledge so quietly. I remember now, that I don't think I ever thought of estate until she was hard pushed. He told her to keep it quiet, of course. Well, I'll be as smart as they are. I'll keep my discovery a governess among strangers. I have to think of that, Florence. But why, in the name of wonder, have I never heard of your Uncle Curtis before?"

"I don't think I ever thought of him," Florence answered, frankly. "I have never known him, you see. He was poor mama's half-brother only, and after her marriage, which he did not approve, he ignored her existence altogether. I have heard papa speak of him sometimes as an old bachelor, cross and whimsical, who inherited a large fortune from his own father, and added to it until he became very rich."

Robert took alarm instantly. "He'll want to make you his heiress," said he, "and break your engagement with me. Of course he looks upon me as he did upon your father—a poor, beggarly devil of an artist. Oh, Florence, dear, why can't we consult our own happiness and be married at once?"

But Florence shook her head. "You know that cannot be, Robert," she said, gently. "Our dear papa scarce two months dead, and could I forget my grief so soon! Not even for you! But, surely, you are not afraid to trust me? I would not exchange your father's true love for the wealth of all the world!"

"Her lover caught the fair girl to his breast. "I know it," he cried. "I do not fear you, love, but old Curtis, if he is going to make you rich, he will assume the right to choose your husband, and I am very sure that his choice would not fall on me."

Florence smiled. "You are my choice," she said, softly and tenderly. "Does that content you? Do you think that I would accept fortune at the price of love? But I will say nothing of our engagement to Uncle Curtis, unless he questions me. And if he does so," she added, archly, "shall I tell him that you have real estate up town?"

At that question Robert's gloom was dispelled by a merry laugh, in which Florence's voice chimed musically. "Real estate," cried Robert, merrily. "Don't I wish I had! Our future lives would be brightened, but that old rat-trap, so far up town that we couldn't even see it there ourselves—even if we were inhabitable on account of the distance. And yet, if we ever do have rapid transit, the place would be valuable. It may give us a lift in the world, but I don't care for it, after all. But don't speak of the poor old shabby to Uncle Curtis, pray. He knows what real estate is, and the weight of scorn for my poor theban would crush his crumbling walls."

So it was agreed between the pair that Florence should keep silent about her lover's landed property, and also about her young lover herself, as far as possible.

But old Roger Curtis was sharp and keen, and made up in natural acuteness and observing power what he lacked in experience or education. He had never married. Evidently he had never made love—except to money—but he recognized the symptoms of the tender passion in his tenant at the office and his niece at home, for all that.

"What's that artist fellow doing around here?" he asked Florence gruffly, when she had lived in his house a year. "He comes often, that shaver of late. Or, to be sure, I know 'he's an old friend, and peeped like you've told me that before; what's he doing here? Is that your daughter like him, too. As if it wasn't you, Florence; you may as well make up your mind to it first as last; it won't do."

Florence turned red and then pale. "What won't do?" she asked quickly. "Oh, you know! You're smart enough. He won't do. Love rubbish between you two won't do. You're my niece. You'll have money. I want something better than a beggarly artist for your husband, my girl."

Florence flushed crimson, and her eyes flashed indignantly. "My mother married an artist!" she cried.

"I know it," said Roger Curtis. "What did she gain by it? She lived and died poor, and left you penniless. What did she lose? She lost a friend in me, my girl. It ain't the man I object to. Your name is well enough, if your name is spent wrong. What I object to is his poverty."

"But I also am poor," said Florence. "And if I love him, uncle—"

"Stuff!" interrupted Roger, gruffly. "You've got no business to do anything of the kind. You ain't poor. Haven't I given you a good home, fine clothes, money to spend, and servants to wait on? Haven't I been a good uncle and a good friend? Well, you be a good girl to me in your turn, and marry to please me, and see if I don't give you a fortune into the bargain!"

It was all true. The rough, coarse, eccentric old man had been kind to himself to his orphan niece, and in spite of much that was repulsive in her, the young girl was grateful and had learned to love him. In good

### THE COLORADO BUSINESS COLLEGE

Thirteenth Street, Denver, Colorado. The Educational and Commercial center of the West, is pre-eminently the best practical school of its kind for the

### MERCANTILE TRAINING

Young Men and Ladies.

G. W. FOSTER, President,  
D. W. CADY, Secretary.

The most extensive, thorough and complete institution of the kind in the world. Thousands of accountants and business men in the principal cities and towns of the United States, owe their success to our course of training.

### The Right Kind of Education for Young Men and Ladies.

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!

In addition to the usual first-class accommodations, we offer FIRST-CLASS MEALS at the PULLMAN STATION, Ticket agents only.

ITS TRACK IS STEEL, AND ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST! ITS EQUIPMENT IS THE FINEST!

It is the ONLY ROAD between COUNCIL BLUFFS and OHIOAGO

Open which is in

### THE COLORADO BUSINESS COLLEGE

Thirteenth Street, Denver, Colorado. The Educational and Commercial center of the West, is pre-eminently the best practical school of its