DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC

PURIFIES THE BLOOD

A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. For Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers it is indispensable.

REV. A. I. HOBBS Writes:—
After a thorough trial of the IRON TONIC, I take pleasure in stating that I have been greatly benefited by its use. Ministers and Public Speakers will find it of the greatest value where a Tonic is necessary. I recommend it as a reliable remedial agent, possessing undoubted nutritive and restorative properties.
Louisville, Ky., Oct. 2, 1882.

REV. J. L. TOWNER, Industry, Ill., says:—
"I consider it a most excellent remedy for the debilitated vital forces."

PREPARED BY THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 813 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS.

"BURLINGTON ROUTE"
(Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.)

GOING EAST AND WEST.
Elegant Day Coaches, Parlor Cars, with Reclining Chairs (seats free), Smoking Cars, with Reversing Chairs, Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and the famous C. B. & Q. Dining Cars run daily to and from Chicago & Kansas City, Council Bluffs & Omaha, Chicago & St. Joseph, Atchison & Topeka, Chicago & Denver. Through cars between Chicago, Lincoln & Denver. Through cars between Indianapolis & Council Bluffs via Peoria. Only through line made in Union Depots. It is known as the great THROUGH CAR LINE.

GOING NORTH AND SOUTH.
Solid Trains of Elegant Day Coaches and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars are run daily to and from St. Louis, via Hannibal, Quincy, Keokuk, Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Albert Lea. No Sleepers, Chairs or Coaches go through without change of cars between St. Louis and Des Moines, Iowa, Lincoln, Nebraska, and Denver. It is universally admitted to be the

Finest Equipped Railroad in the World for all Classes of Travel.

T. J. POTTER, 3d Vice-Pres't and Gen'l Manager. PERCIVAL LOWELL, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Chicago.

HENRY LEHMANN,

JOBBER OF

WALL PAPER,

AND

WINDOW SHADES

EASTERN PRICES DUPLICATED.

18 FARNHAM - - - OMAHA

MAX MEYER & BRO.

JEWELERS AND MUSIC DEALERS

OMAHA, NEB.

The Oldest Wholesale and Retail JEWELRY HOUSE in Omaha. Visitors can here find all novelties in SILVER WARE. CLOCKS, Rich and Stylish Jewelry, the Latest, Most Artistic, and Choicest Selections in PRECIOUS STONES and all descriptions of FINE WATCHES at as Low Prices as is compatible with honorable dealers. Call and see our Elegant New Store, Tower Building, corner 11th and Farnham Streets

THE LEADING

MUSIC HOUSE

IN THE WEST!

General Agents for the Finest and Best Pianos and Organs manufactured.

Our prices are as Low as any Meitern Manufacturer and Dealer.

Pianos and Organs sold for cash or installments at Bottom Prices.

A SPLENDID stock of Steinway, Chickering, Knabe, Vose & Son's Pianos, and other makes.

Also Clough & Warren Sterling Imperial Smith American Organs, &c. Do not fail to see us before purchasing.

MAX MEYER & BRO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF SHOW CASES.

A Large Stock always on Hand.

HAS THE BEST STOCK IN OMAHA AND MAKES THE LOWEST PRICES

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

Have now been finished in our store, making it the largest and most complete

FURNITURE HOUSE

In the West. An additional story has been built and the five floors all connected with two

HYDRAULIC ELEVATORS,

One Exclusively for the use of Passengers. These immense warerooms—three stores, are 66 feet wide—are filled with the Grandest display of all kinds of Household and Office Furniture ever shown.

All are invited to call, take the Elevator on the first floor and go through the building and inspect the stock.

CHAS. SHIVERICK,

206, 1208 and 1210 Farnam Street, Omaha.

J. A. WAKEFIELD,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

LUMBER.

Lath, Shingles, Pickets,

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, LIME, CEMENT PLASTER, ETC.

AGENT FOR MILWAUKEE CEMENT COMPANY

Near Union Pacific Depot, OMAHA NEB

THREE MINUTES TO TWELVE.

On a cold December night some twenty years ago, when the earth was bound in a black frost, and the bitter wind blew strong and shrewdly, I was returning home from spending the evening at a friend's house, situated some three or four miles out of town. The sky was so black, the country lanes were so dark, that I was truly thankful when the scattered lights of an outlying suburb began to twinkle in the distance, and it was with a sigh of relief that I stepped under the first lamp post I came to, and looked at my watch. It was no easy task, for the lamp glass had a pane broken, and the strong wind blew the gas in all directions and almost extinguished it.

I read the time at last—three minutes to twelve—and, looking up from the watch face, I started to see a man standing close opposite me. I had heard nothing of his approach. We looked at each other but a moment, yet it was sufficient time to imprint his features indelibly on my memory. A tall, shabby man, in a threadbare, black frock coat, and a seedy, tall hat; his face lantern jawed and sallow, his eyes sunken and lusterless, his beard long and ill trimmed. In a tone of elaborate civility he asked me the time thanked me for my answer, and, giving me good night, passed into the black darkness, which seemed to engulf him like a grave

I turned for a moment to think of his lonely walk in that grim obscurity, and resumed my lonely way, laughing at myself for the start he had given me, and reflected that the strong wind had blown away the sound of his approach. I thought of him as I sat and smoked my pipe over my fire, and felt a comfortable shudder steal upon me as I imagined him facing the bitter blast in his insufficient clothing.

In the course of a week or two the incident—trifling enough, heaven knows—faded from my memory, and I thought no more of it.

In those days I was actively engaged in the timber trade, and the course of my business took me a great deal about the country, and brought me largely in contact with the agents of the different noblemen and country gentlemen of the district. With one of the agents who resided near the country town of L—, I had numerous transactions, and I used to often run down to L— to meet him, for the town was only fifteen miles away, and was on a line of railroad. It was a dull little hole enough, that only warmed up into life when the militia were out or the assizes were on.

One night I returned from L., having made a large purchase from my friend the agent, whose master, a sporting nobleman, was reduced to cut down the family timber. When I feel asleep that night I had a very simple but vivid dream. I thought I was standing on a lofty hill. By my side stood a veiled figure, who, with a commanding gesture, motioned me toward the town of L., which lay in the far distance. Then I awoke.

Of course I explained the thingt o myself easily enough. I had been a good deal engaged in the neighborhood of the place, and had a large venture more or less remotely connected with it, Still the dream was so vivid that I could not dismiss it from my thoughts during the whole of the day, and when I went to bed at night I wondered if it would again visit me.

It did come again; precisely the same dream, in precisely the same manner. Once more I found a convincing explanation. Doubtless I had been thinking too much about the first dream, and this had given rise to the second. But my explanation did not convince me in the least. Again I was haunted by the thing throughout the day, and when I came home at night my preoccupation was so evident that it attracted the attention of my wife. She questioned me upon the cause, and, only too thankful to unbosom myself of what was now almost a trouble, I told her about the dream and its repetition. She had the tact not to laugh at me, but was evidently little impressed by the narrative.

The third night it came again, if anything more vivid and startling than before. This time I was utterly unhinged; the pale face that fronted me in the looking glass was hardly recognizable for my own. I went down to breakfast, filled with a foreboding of some misfortune—bad news in my letters—I knew not what.

The maid entered with the letter bag.

"There," said my wife, passing a letter on which was the L. Postmark, "that breaks your dream, John."

I opened it hurriedly. It was from the agent, requesting me to meet him at L. that day at 1 o'clock to arrange a difficulty that had arisen in the performance of his contract.

I was intensely relieved. Here was an opportunity to go to L., and perhaps the very fact of going would put me right. There were two fast trains to L. in the morning, but I decided to go by the first, regardless of the fact that I should have some hours to wait. So I found myself speeding away toward my destination.

The train was full. Pipes exhaled their fragrance. Newspapers were turned and flattened, and there was that leisurely kind of morning conversation that prevails among men going off by an early train to their day's work. I soon discovered that I had fallen among a party of barristers, and their chief topic was a peculiarly interesting case, which was to be finished to-day at the L. assizes.

"He must sum up against the prisoners" said a gentleman with a fat, florid face and long sandy whiskers, who wore a light overcoat and shepherd's plaid trousers. "The defense was a complete failure and deserved to be."

"It was certainly rather audacious," returned a clean shaven young man with a double eye-glass, who sat opposite me, "but I don't like circumstantial evidence."

"All evidence is more or less circumstantial," answered he of the florid complexion; "and this man is as clearly guilty to my mind as if there had been a dozen witnesses to stand by and see him do the deed. That's my opinion, Heywood." And the oracle disappeared behind his newspaper.

Feeling glad to discover any topic that would divert my thoughts from their gloomy forebodings, I addressed myself to Heywood, the young barrister, with whom I had a slight acquaintance.

"You seem much interested in this trial that is going on," I said. "May I ask if you are engaged upon it?"

"No," he answered. "But it is a curious case. A man, a clerk dismissed from his employment, is accused of murdering the cashier of the firm. The evidence against him is entirely circumstantial: but the defense broke down at the most critical point, and case certainly looks very black for the prisoner."

The train was now slackening speed, and there was a general rising. I rose, too.

"Are you going to get out here?" said Mr. Heywood, opening the door, as we glided into the station. "Have you come down so early on business?"

"Ye—s," I said, wishing to goodness I knew what the immediate business was. "Nothing very urgent, though," I added, half to myself, as I got out.

"If you have the time to spare you had better turn in and hear the end of the trial," said Heywood. "The court will be crowded with ladies, no doubt, but I can smuggle you into a corner."

Not knowing what to do with myself the next few hours I accepted the offer with gratitude. I was soon seated in an obscure corner of a dingy, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated court house, which would have been ill smelling, had it not been for the scent wafted from the numerous ladies who were present. One of these, a buxom female obstruction, who ought to have known better, was just in front of me and blocked my view with an enormous bonnet. I could not see the prisoner, his counsel, or even the clock over his head, at which the people kept looking eagerly as the hour fixed for the recommencement of the trial approached.

At last there was a stir and bustle, caused by persons invisible to me, then a call for silence, and after a few preliminaries the summing commenced.

I listened the more intently because I could see nothing. The clear, cold, telling sentences cut deep into my consciousness. How distinct and convincing it all was! How all those minute facts, the mute testimony of footmarks and the like, arranged and distributed by that powerful intellect, grouped themselves into the damning proof of guilt.

I cared nothing for the prisoner, had no personal interest in the trial, but my mind was wonderfully fascinated by his tale of horror. At length the weighty tones ceased, and a murmur of relief and expectation ran round the assembly. At this moment the woman with the high bonnet shifted her seat, and I obtained a full view of the prisoner. I started involuntarily. Where had I seen that face before?

The jury returned after a short absence; the verdict was guilty, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy. Again the judge's solemn tones sounded through the court; again they ceased.

There was dead silence. I sprang to my feet as if compelled to do so by some unseen power, and looked steadily at the prisoner. His face was averted from me for the moment, but the looks of the people showed me that he was about to speak. Slowly he turned around, and, in a voice whose deep, earnest tones could be heard all over the assembly, he said:

"There lives but one man who can prove me innocent—and there he stands."

With white face and outstretched arms he pointed—at me. I gazed at him with a sudden look of recognition. It was the man I had seen under the lamp And, by a strange coincidence, at this moment the court clock struck twelve.

The plea that had been got up by the defense was an alibi. But there was a space of some two hours that could not be accounted for, and the theory of the prosecution was that the crime had been committed during this time. My evidence supplied the missing link, for the place in which I had seen the man was so far distant from the scene of the murder that it was impossible for him to have been anywhere near at the time of its commission.

And the dream? Only a coincidence, you will say, perhaps, or a fit of indigestion, or my timber contract. Nevertheless, as I have told you, so it happened. Explain it away who can.

The Doctor's Endorsement.

Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the subjoined professional endorsement: "I have prescribed DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS in a great number of cases and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption—cold night sweats, hectic fever, harassing cough, etc. He commenced immediately to get better and was soon restored to his usual health. I also found DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds that I have ever used" 31-dweodlw

A MODERN SONG OF HOME

How It is a Blessing and How It is Not.

Burdette in the Hawkeye.

I talk about home because I am rarely there—and men like to talk most of what they know least about. "There is no place like home." Even those who live in boarding houses touchingly warble that song. Home is more to a woman than to a man. A man who has no home is a social tramp. With a woman it is different; she wants a home, but does not always have a chance to get it. Woman feeds upon affection. She is never happy until she gets her ideal man, and then she is cast down to find another woman's photograph and love letter in his overcoat pocket.

But a man gets his home—lot, house mortgage, mechanic's lien and all. He has all but the mortgage, and the mortgage has him. All of a man's life, except what he spends at the store, club, caucus, lodge or prayer meeting, is spent in his home. Man is great in his own house; if he is not a king, he is at least a prince consort. Many are like the man who, on being nominated for lieutenant governor, said:

"You have nominated the right man for the place. I have been a lieutenant governor ever since I was married."

It is said that every home has a skeleton; but I don't believe it. It is only a thing of the imagination. Some regard a poor relation as a skeleton; but that is wrong. No man is poor for fun; he can't help it, and is entitled to your sympathy. Homes are brighter and better than they used to be. Our wives make them so. When a wife buys her husband a diamond pin for Christmas, it brightens home and the husband is made happy by receiving the bill ten days before Christmas.

Did She Die?

"No; she lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years, the doctors doing her no good; and at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about. Indeed! indeed! how thankful we should be for that medicine."

THE FUN OF IT.

How the Vanderbilt Ball Looked to the New York Graphic.

Americans are not given to envy, but they are sympathetic. They do not worship wealth, but they have considerable respect for it. They do dote on parties, however, and there is no Vanderbilt ball which they would not like to attend.

"I guess we had better go," said Charles to Maria.

"Um," said Maria, laying aside her knitting needles. "Well, perhaps on the whole we had. We don't want to spoil the party by remaining away. But I must still insist that Mrs. William is the stuckupestest thing I ever see."

When these distinguished guests reached the mansion of Mr. and Mrs. William it was about 10:30 o'clock. The night was clear and cold. The sky was ornamented with a delicately ornamented moon and a few stars, the stars extremely expensive and cut with the utmost dexterity. An aristocratic air of sombreness prevaded the vault of heaven, which was composed more or less of moire antique, with slight suggestions of old gold in the lower and more atmospheric portion of the horizon. In the far north the aurora borealis was invisibly exhibited, and the imagination of the thousand guests was permitted to feast upon the songs of the angels as they will presently be heard. The hum of the slightly distant street cars and of the elevated roads on either side came to the ear in modulated music, and mingled pleasantly with the monotone of the carriages that went casually by, the same being engineered by drivers of exceptionable dignity and side-whisker, and drawn by horses which must have cost $1,000 apiece.

"Why don't they strike up the lights?" suddenly inquired a Venetian princess in a silvery voice, at the same time inadvertently swinging her skirts and thereby exhibiting fair brogans and underdress of the most expensive factory fancifully enamelled in what appeared to be very old gold. "Phat's the use of a house wid no candles in it?"

"An' that," said Mr. Patrick O'Flaherty, of Canal street, who was attired in knee breeches, the continuations thereof being in Scotch without the stockings, and who wore a high hat in the style of one of the English kings after his majesty had lost his head; "an' that's what I was about to ask, meself. It's the quaar thing, is this. A house in the noight widout a candle, an' this a noight for a ball. Did you iver hear of a wake that was dismal like thot?"

"Perhaps, sir," said Miss McPherson, who officiates with the utmost elegance in a millinery store in Eighth avenue, and whose bright eyes and brilliant complexion have been the admiration of all beholders—who was attired in bombazine cut bias, and whose bonnet, slightly tipped over the left ear, was evidently made for Easter, and has been generally admired—"perhaps, sir, it's the custom of the avenue?"

"Py shiminetty, dot vos so," spoke up Mr. Israel, of Chatham street, whose gold earrings were the envy of all beholders, and whose hands sparkled with diamonds. "But I shpose dot insite vas covered mit curtings to shut der light oud, and der gas vas bloomin' peautifully. But you valt and see 'em blaze ven she's turned on schmart. Vot you dink o' dot hey?"

The carriage came and went. The men on the box sat straight and looked ahead as if there was something there. The adjoining and the opposite mansions looked brown and cold. The lavender sky continued to be economical in stars. The noise of the railroads was subdued and respectable.

"Maria," said Charles, "have you on your green plush with the satin trimmings? And are your diamonds and rubies quite safe? Be cautious, my dear. When one gets among millionaires one must be cautious. And how are the silk stockings with their diamond bracelets?"

"Quite comfortable, my dear," said Maria, but I do wish you had worn your hat with a plume in it and gold lace for a band. Where is that seven-cluster ring I gave you?"

"All safe," said Charles, "and you will likewise notice that I have my swallow-tail on; or rather the swallow with the tail omitted. You remember, dear, the little argument I had with Thompson of the Ninth precinct, and how he pulled until I got away.

There was presently a crash of music that split the leaden sky. The carriages had deposited much of their precious freight, but the pavilion—the rotunder as the stalwart policeman politely called it—could not receive it all. It foamed outside like good beer and spilled itself over the near and further sidewalk and the intervening pavement. Mary Queen of Scotts, attired in a sewing girl's dress of superior fit, hobnobbed with George the Fourth, who wore tight pants, carried a cane and said in elegant English he wanted a glass of beer. Elizabeth, in a diminutive collar that stood up, winked to Sir Walter Raleigh, whose cloak was a dress coat, and who carried his hands in his pockets with a nonchalance delightful to behold. The sleeping princess of fairy land, suddenly awakened by Prince What's-the-Matter of Sixth avenue, said in thold tones that what she wanted was to go home, and immediately went. The old woman who lived in a shoe gathered her children together, and making her chin twice as long as that of Mrs. Judy, went slowly down towards Third avenue, dragging her heels in a most delightful manner. Blue Beard and his many wives were there, none of the latter in a state of murder, and several blasts from a large bugle were followed in quick order by Stonewall Jackson and Robin Hood and their merry men.

A Life Saving Service.

Mr. M. E. Allison, Hutchison, Kan., Saved his life by a simple Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, which caused him to procure a large bottle that completely cured him, when Doctors, change of climate and everything else had failed. Asthma, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, it is guaranteed to cure.

Trial bottles free at C. F. Goodman's drug store. Large size, $1.

apri 2-eod&w 1w

The Chief of the Rustlers.

Santa Fe New Mexican.

John Kinney, leader of all the New Mexico rustlers and the man who has proven such a terror to the cattle interests of the territory, is about 32 years of age, five feet, seven inches in height, stout, rather bloated, weighs 165 pounds, florid complexion, light brown hair, blue eyes, full, round face and light moustache. He is a braggart, talks loud, drinks hard, lacks prudence, has killed two men, brags of killing others, is bold, but lacks nerve. He is believed to be an Irishman. Kinney has been operating in Southern New Mexico, Texas and Old Mexico for three years. He was formerly a soldier in the Eighth United States cavalry. He has a ranch in a cottonwood grove south of Rincon, where he has spent most of his time since leaving the army, butchering and shipping stolen cattle. Kinney is a sort of major general, having command over all the rustlers.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1880.

GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in despair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it, I was completely prostrated

MRS. MARY STUART.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organ either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the urinary organs it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.

Sold by all Druggists. (3)

Are acknowledged to be the best by all who have put them to a practical test.

ADAPTED TO

HARD & SOFT COAL

COKE OR WOOD.

MANUFACTURED BY

Buck's Stove Co.,

SAINT LOUIS.

PIERCY & BRADFORD,

SOLE AGENTS FOR OMAHA.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½-lb and lb), by Grocers, labeled

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homœopathic Chemists,
London, England.

A FEW BARGAINS IN Houses LOTS, Farms, Lands-

BY

BEMIS

15th & Douglas St.

HOUSES AND LOTS.

No. 19—Full lot and new house, 8 rooms, two below and one up-stairs. Eight foot ceiling below and seven above. Brick foundation, cellar, etc. A bargain, $600.

No. 18—Large two story house, 10 rooms, two large cellars, good well and cistern, barn, etc., on Webster and 22d street, $6,000.

No. 17—Lot 50x185 feet, new house of two rooms brick foundation 100 barrel cistern on Hamilton street near Poor Clare Convent, $[illegible].

No. 16—House and lot on 17th near Clark St. house 5 rooms etc. $1200.

No. 15—House of 3 rooms [illegible] on Pierce St. near 19th $1500.

No. 21—New house of 7 ro[illegible] corner lot, half mile west of Turntable [illegible] treet cars on Saunders St. $1000.

No. 5—House of eight [illegible] barn etc. lot 60x165 feet $2500.

Vacant Lots.

No. 252—Two full lots on 19th Street near Lake St. $1600.

No. 351—Twenty five lots in Parkers addition just north of the end of red street car line $400 each easy terms.

No. 350—Four lots on Delaware St. near Hanscom park, $650.

No. 331—One half lot on South avenue, near St. Mary's avenue, $550.

No. 340—Eighteen (18) lots on 21st, 22nd, 23rd and Saunders street, near Grace, $500 each, and on easy terms.

No. 346—Six beautiful residence lots on Catherine street, near Hanscom park, $4,500.

Twelve beautiful residence lots on Hamilton street, near end of old street car track; high and slightly, $350 to $700.

Several acre and half acre corn[illegible]ots on Cuming, Burt and California street[illegible] Lowe's second addition and Park Place[illegible] Academy of Sacred Heart.

Lots in "Prospect Place" on Hamilton and Charles street, just west of the end of Red Street Car track and Convent of the Sisters of Poor Clare, one and one-half mile from postoffice, and one mile from U. P. shops, $150 to $500 each, only 5 per cent down and 5 per cent per month.

Lots in Lowe's addition one-half mile west of end of Red Street Car track near Convent of Poor Clare Sisters in Shinn's addition, $125 to $300 each, and on very easy terms.

Lots in Horbach's 1st and 2nd additions, Shinn's, Park Place, Lowe's 2nd addition. Regan's Lake's, Nelson's, Hanscom Place, Redick's additions, etc., etc.

Lots in "Credit Foncier addition" just one-quarter mile south-east of Union Pacific and B. and M. R. R. depots, $250 to $1,500 each, very easy terms.

Business Lots.

Three good business lots on Dodge near 12th street, 22x120 feet each, $1,500 each, or $4,500 for all, easy terms.

Two good business lots on Farnam street, 33x66 feet each, with frame buildings thereon, renting for about $600 per year each; price $4,250 each.

44x132 feet on Farnam near 10th street, corner $12,000

Splendid Warehouse lot on Union Pacific right of way, north of track and east of Nail Works—being 132 feet north frontage on Mason street, by about 100 feet west frontage on 16th st.

Farms and wild lands in Douglas, Sarpy, Dodge, Washington, Burt, Wayne, Stanton, and other good counties in eastern Nebraska for sale.

Taxes paid, rents collected, and money loaned on improved city and country property at low rates of interest.

BEMIS' NEW CITY MAP, FOUR FEET WIDE AND SEVEN FEET LONG, WITH EVERY ADDITION RECORDED OR CONTEMPLATED UP TO DATE. "OFFICIAL MAP OF THE CITY." EACH. $5.00

GEO. P. BEMIS,

Real Estate Agency,

15th and Douglas