

Vital Questions!!

At the most eminent physician, Dr. J. C. Peabody, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always!

And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hop Bitters!"

CHAPTER I. Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians: "What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically 'Hop Bitters!'"

Ask the same physicians: "What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, etc., and they will tell you: 'Hop Bitters!'"

CHAPTER II. "Patients 'Almost dead or nearly dying' For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured."

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People have not of shape from extraneous causes of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, of suffering from neuralgia.

Protection. No such protection against cholera and fever and other diseases as Hop Bitters.

At this juncture Mr. D. McCloskey, proprietor of the house, stepped up to the desk.

"No, I don't know him. His father is a personal friend of mine, however, and one of the soundest men in Chicago."

"Just take my advice and get your money back. He is a confidence man, and has been hanging around here for two or three days," said McCloskey.

"If you question my honesty, Mr. Storrs, take your money," indignantly exclaimed the sharp, offering back the roll.

"I believe I will keep it, just for luck," said the lawyer, showing it into his pocket.

The disappointed and doubly unfortunate bridegroom disappeared. Everyone enjoyed the joke, including Mr. Storrs himself, whose gratification was not lessened by the fact that the point of the joke was discovered before he had forever lost his \$50.

HUNGRY JOE. The young man Nickerson is better known to the people of the country as Joseph Lewis, alias Hungry Joe. He is said to be one of the shrewdest 'sure thing workers' and bunco-steerers in the country, and has been in the city for the last week on the lookout for victims.

Lewis is of medium height and wears fine, has a smooth countenance, rendered striking by a deep scar on the cheek and a large nose. When Oscar Wilde was in New York Hungry Joe showed him the town and taught him the mysteries of bunco. It cost Oscar \$5,000 for the experience.

DURKEE'S SALAD DRESSING & COLD MEAT SAUCE for all kinds of salads, fish, vegetables, and cold meats. Cheaper and better than home-made. No sauce equal to it was ever offered.

There is not much use in telling the farmer continually that he should study a diversification of products unless he can be given from time to time some practical hints as to the manner of diversification. In some sections he has already discovered, in others he is rapidly learning, that exclusive devotion to a single crop is not a winning policy.

Manhood Restored. GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa. Warned absolutely pure. Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass. N-BRASKA LAND AGENCY. O. F. DAVIS & CO., SUCCESSORS TO DAVIS & SYDNEY. REAL ESTATE.

Have for sale 500,000 acres of the best selected land in the West.

Have for sale 500,000 acres of the best selected land in the West.

Have for sale 500,000 acres of the best selected land in the West.

Have for sale 500,000 acres of the best selected land in the West.

AN INNOCENT ABROAD.

Emercy A. Storrs Relieves a Chicago Young Man from an Embarrassing Predicament.

Being Warned, He Recovers His Check—The Young Man Proves to be Hungry Joe.

Chicago Tribune's Cleveland Special.

"How are you, Mr. Storrs? I'm powerful glad to see you. It was a smooth, tangle-voiced young gentleman with a scar on his chin who spoke, and the person addressed was the Hon. Emercy Storrs, the well-known lawyer and famous republican orator of Chicago.

"I'm pleased to meet you," returned Mr. Storrs, accepting the proffered hand, "but you have somewhat the better of me. I cannot call your name."

"Why, I'm J. H. Nickerson of Chicago," was the response in accents of mingled surprise and grief; "the son of Mr. Nickerson, the bank president."

"O, yes; I know your father well. Glad to see you. Anything new in Chicago?"

Instead of replying, the son of a banker gently led Mr. Storrs to a quiet corner. "You see, Mr. Storrs," said the deprecatingly, "I was married the other night, and we started east on the wedding trip. I left my pocket-book in the sleeping-car this morning very carelessly and when Mrs. Nickerson and I reached the hotel I discovered the loss and also that I was flat broke. I had not so much as a dollar in change in my pockets. I want to ask a favor of you," continued the unfortunate youth, his cheek crimsoning with shame at the idea of tackling a stranger, although a friend of the family, for a loan.

"I would not ask, you know, but I am totally unacquainted in Cleveland, and—"

"Here, step to the desk with me," intoned Mr. Storrs, taking the unlucky bridegroom by the arm. "This must be very annoying in a honeymoon trip."

"It is, I assure you," replied the young man. At the desk Mr. Storrs drew a check for \$50 payable to himself, and indorsed it. The paper was cashed by the clerk and the money was handed to the grateful Nickerson of Chicago.

At this juncture Mr. D. McCloskey, proprietor of the house, stepped up to the desk. Mr. Nickerson was explaining to Mr. Storrs that he could call on the elder Nickerson upon his return to Chicago and be reimbursed, but was interrupted by Mr. McCloskey, who inquired: "Do you know this man, Mr. Storrs?"

A FAMOUS POKER GAME.

The Story How William M. Scott Won \$150,000 Recalled by His Death.

New York Sun.

TORONTO, Sept. 25.—The name of Wm. M. Scott, who died here the other day, was heralded from one end of the continent to the other about two years ago, when he won the sum of \$150,000 in a single game of poker. Scott was a native of Newburg, N. Y., where he lived when he played his famous game. The players in the game were three well-known citizens of that town, one of whom, the victim, had just become heir to half a million. This was a man named Weed. Scott also had money, and was surrounded by wealthy friends.

The third member of the party was a former Sunday-school teacher, a friend named Dr. M. M. Hedges. It was shown afterward that the poker pot was actually run up to \$150,000 on bets of at least \$5,000 each. The dealer was Dr. Hedges, the shrewdest player of the three. As he deftly dropped the last card on the table the little round table he called out to know what the other players wanted. Scott said he wanted only one card. Of course the question arose, Was he drawing to fill a straight or a flush? Weed applied to the dealer for two cards, and the question to be decided in his case by the others was whether he was drawing to get four of a kind or fill a full house, a straight or a flush. Hedges rested on his oars. He had enough, which was of course interpreted to mean that it was anything from a straight or a full hand up to a straight flush. The drawing over, and the faces of the three brightened up, and it was safe to say that never before had three lonely men in a little game held three such hands as they held. When the dealer had got up to \$5,000 or \$8,000 Weed wanted to stop, "because," as he said, "there is not one of us that will pay it. We lose such an amount." It was not stopped, however. After a little Hedges, who had stood pat with his hand and engaged in the betting as it were, called the pot was pushed up to \$150,000, called Scott. The game thal down, and afterwards Hedges' dramatic words to Weed, "This is dreadful, ain't it?" Of course the simple minded Weed was taken in. As he had received a fine hand that would have served even the most timid gambler to the highest betting point. It was four of a kind and a full house. In an ordinary game a hand better could have come as Weed did, got to the bitter end. Scott's one drawn card was the corn-breaker. Did it fill a full hand or a straight? was the question that ran through Weed's mind continuously, while the chips, representing thousands of dollars, were being thrown into the pot.

"Of course, if it's my four aces will beat him," he argued, and he was right. Hedges drew better than four aces in the deal.

When the end came Weed was struck almost dumb. His four aces were worthless, for while Hedges stood pat on a king full, Scott had drawn in the one card he took the right color and the other hand a straight flush, which was a hand a straight flush, which would have won four aces. Weed attempted to compromise by paying \$2,000. He then thought the game had been honestly conducted. But Scott was obdurate and would not settle. He not only wanted the whole amount, but he wanted then and there, or at least something to ease his mind. Then Hedges approached the payment of the debt. If he had not got it, he said, he would publish Weed all over town, where his family stood high in society. "This was more than Weed could stand, and at the same time, it is said, there were other things that were pulled to bring him to terms.

"Boss," he said, "I've an ole, ole man. I was born in old Virginia an' libbed dar mos' on to ninety-eight year, an' I want yo' ter assis' me or little dis maw'nin' boss, of yo' pleas' sah!"

"No sah, I nubber seed him." "What! You lived in Virginia ninety-eight years and never saw George Washington?" "Dat an' er fact, boss. Ise an honest ole man, and om too far gone in dis worl' fer to tell er lie. I nubber seed young George, but Lor' sah, his po' ole gran'father an' gran'mudder yuse ter think er pow'ful sight ob us, boss."

SKIN DISEASES CURED. Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment. Cures all by magic. Pimples, Black Heads, Greasy Skin, Itch, Eruptions, etc.

The New York Press on Ohio. Discharge New York Special. New York, October 13.—The World says: "For three years the people of Ohio have been agitated by their votes their disappearance of republican rule. For three years they have shown their contempt for republican intolerance and oppression in their state affairs and they have given indications of good sense and independence in their presidential chair. But for the sake of their own local interests and for protection of their state from interference and manipulation they have not let the good work go backward. If Ohio keeps down the republican majority next Tuesday to Garfield's figure, we shall have strong hopes of seeing her electors vote republican with that of New York for Governor Cleveland, for the prohibition vote in November will undoubtedly carry a 2,000 majority that may be given next week."

The Times says in an editorial on "The efforts of Blaine in Ohio." "If, in spite of all these efforts and devices, it turns out that the party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory. The party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory. The party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory."

INDIANS BECOMING CIVILIZED.

The death of the lamented Gen. Canby is recalled by a recent report concerning the Modoc Indians, which says: "They now number 162, and one can see quite a contrast in a picture of them as they are to-day with 450 some years ago."

Honest Old Africa. New York Sun. A feeble old dandy struggled painfully in.

"Boss," he said, "I've an ole, ole man. I was born in old Virginia an' libbed dar mos' on to ninety-eight year, an' I want yo' ter assis' me or little dis maw'nin' boss, of yo' pleas' sah!"

"No sah, I nubber seed him." "What! You lived in Virginia ninety-eight years and never saw George Washington?" "Dat an' er fact, boss. Ise an honest ole man, and om too far gone in dis worl' fer to tell er lie. I nubber seed young George, but Lor' sah, his po' ole gran'father an' gran'mudder yuse ter think er pow'ful sight ob us, boss."

SKIN DISEASES CURED. Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment. Cures all by magic. Pimples, Black Heads, Greasy Skin, Itch, Eruptions, etc.

The New York Press on Ohio. Discharge New York Special. New York, October 13.—The World says: "For three years the people of Ohio have been agitated by their votes their disappearance of republican rule. For three years they have shown their contempt for republican intolerance and oppression in their state affairs and they have given indications of good sense and independence in their presidential chair. But for the sake of their own local interests and for protection of their state from interference and manipulation they have not let the good work go backward. If Ohio keeps down the republican majority next Tuesday to Garfield's figure, we shall have strong hopes of seeing her electors vote republican with that of New York for Governor Cleveland, for the prohibition vote in November will undoubtedly carry a 2,000 majority that may be given next week."

The Times says in an editorial on "The efforts of Blaine in Ohio." "If, in spite of all these efforts and devices, it turns out that the party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory. The party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory."

The Times says in an editorial on "The efforts of Blaine in Ohio." "If, in spite of all these efforts and devices, it turns out that the party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory. The party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory."

The Times says in an editorial on "The efforts of Blaine in Ohio." "If, in spite of all these efforts and devices, it turns out that the party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory. The party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory."

The Times says in an editorial on "The efforts of Blaine in Ohio." "If, in spite of all these efforts and devices, it turns out that the party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory. The party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory."

The Times says in an editorial on "The efforts of Blaine in Ohio." "If, in spite of all these efforts and devices, it turns out that the party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory. The party has lost its hold upon state, its case will be hopeless, indeed; but if it succeeds in carrying its message, it will be a great victory."

NEAR ENOUGH.

The First regiment of California has been camping out during the watermelon season, and the consequence was that between the bar rooms of Santa Rosa, and the watermelon farms there were a large number of unauthorized absences.

"Who goes there?" "Er—hic—er—fron," responded the truant. "Advance, friend, and give the counterpane."

"Hain't got no—hic—counterpane," angrily replied the private; "but I'll er—hic—give you er—warrmillon." Pretty soon the officer of the day came around, and said to the sentinel, who was absorbed in munching a huge piece of watermelon stuck on the end of his bayonet, "Did Perkins pass you just now?" "Yes, sir."

"Did he give the counterpane?" inquired the lieutenant, taking a bite himself, as the man presented arms. "Wall, no, er," said the sentinel, confidentially, "the password was 'cholerah,' but he said 'watermelon,' so I passed him and put the other half in your tent." "Did, eh?" mused the officer. "Hunt! watermelon, eh? Well, I guess that was near enough!"

"Isn't that Mrs. Holmes? I thought the doctors gave her up. She looks well now." "She will. After the doctors gave up her case she tried Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and began to get better right away. I heard her say not long ago that she hadn't felt so well in twenty years. She's now able to work and says that life seems worth living at last. 'Why, said she, 'I feel as if I had been raised from the dead, almost.' Thus do thousands attest the marvelous efficacy of this God-given remedy for female weakness, prolapsus, ulceration, leucorrhoea, morning sickness, weakness of the stomach, tendency to cancerous disease, nervous prostration, general debility and kindred affections."

INDIANS BECOMING CIVILIZED. The death of the lamented Gen. Canby is recalled by a recent report concerning the Modoc Indians, which says: "They now number 162, and one can see quite a contrast in a picture of them as they are to-day with 450 some years ago."

Honest Old Africa. New York Sun. A feeble old dandy struggled painfully in.

"Boss," he said, "I've an ole, ole man. I was born in old Virginia an' libbed dar mos' on to ninety-eight year, an' I want yo' ter assis' me or little dis maw'nin' boss, of yo' pleas' sah!"

"No sah, I nubber seed him." "What! You lived in Virginia ninety-eight years and never saw George Washington?" "Dat an' er fact, boss. Ise an honest ole man, and om too far gone in dis worl' fer to tell er lie. I nubber seed young George, but Lor' sah, his po' ole gran'father an' gran'mudder yuse ter think er pow'ful sight ob us, boss."

SKIN DISEASES CURED. Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment. Cures all by magic. Pimples, Black Heads, Greasy Skin, Itch, Eruptions, etc.

The New York Press on Ohio. Discharge New York Special. New York, October 13.—The World says: "For three years the people of Ohio have been agitated by their votes their disappearance of republican rule. For three years they have shown their contempt for republican intolerance and oppression in their state affairs and they have given indications of good sense and independence in their presidential chair. But for the sake of their own local interests and for protection of their state from interference and manipulation they have not let the good work go backward. If Ohio keeps down the republican majority next Tuesday to Garfield's figure, we shall have strong hopes of seeing her electors vote republican with that of New York for Governor Cleveland, for the prohibition vote in November will undoubtedly carry a 2,000 majority that may be given next week."

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS THE BEST TONIC. The medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely restores the system.

GRAND COOKED STOVE. The BEST of ALL. And Undisputed in the BROAD CLAIM of being the VERY BEST OPERATING, QUICKEST SELLING AND MOST PERFECT COOKING STOVE.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN Packet Company. DIRECT LINE FOR ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY.

James Medical Institute. Chartered by the State of Illinois for the purpose of giving instruction in all the various branches of medicine, surgery and dentistry.

HOPE EVERY PERSON SICK OR WELL. I have invented a medicine which will cure all diseases of the blood and skin.

NOSE EATEN OFF. John Jones, a young man near here, had a cancer on his nose which had eaten up his nose and part of his cheek, and was at the point of death.

M. R. RISDON Gen'l Insurance Agent. RED STAR LINE. Sailing every Saturday.

Bedford, Souer & Davis, REAL ESTATE BROKERS. 213 South 14th St.

Health is Wealth! Dr. E. C. Peabody's Health and Wealth Restorer.

JAS. H. PEABODY, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Residence No. 147 Jones St. Office, No. 1509 Park St.

OMAHA! A GROWING CITY.

The remarkable growth of Omaha during the last few years is a matter of great astonishment to those who pay an occasional visit to this growing city.

Since the Wall Street panic last May, with the subsequent cry of hard times, there has been less demand from speculators, but a fair demand from investors seeking homes. This latter class are taking advantage of low prices in building material and are securing their homes at much less cost than will be possible a year hence.

The next few years promises greater developments in Omaha than the past five years, which have been as good as we could reasonably desire. New manufacturing establishments and large jobbing houses are added almost weekly, and all add to the prosperity of Omaha.

We have for sale the finest residence property in the north and western parts of the city. North we have fine lots at reasonable prices on Sherman avenue, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th streets.

West on Farnam, Davenport, Cumming, and all the leading streets in that direction. The grading of Farnam, California and Davenport streets has made accessible some of the finest and cheapest residence property in the city, and with the building of the street car line out Farnam, the property in the western part of the city will increase in value.

We also have the agency for the Syndicate and Stock Yards property in the south part of the city. The developments made in this section by the Stock Yards Company and the railroads will certainly double the price in a short time.

We also have some fine business lots and some elegant inside residences for sale. Parties wishing to invest will find some good bargains by calling on us.

Between Farnham and Douglas. P. S.—We ask those who have property for sale at a bargain to give us a call. We will positively not handle property at more than its real value.