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Some Credentials:

In drawing Class 1160, June 28th, 1884, Ticket No. 9,294, Capital Prize, was held by John G. Graff, Tobacco Leaf Publishing Co., 56 Maiden lane, N. Y. City. Paid by check on Brooklyn Bank.

In drawing Class 1162, July 24, 1884, Ticket No. 2,024, Capital Prize, was held by Severo Armas, Cigar Manufacturer, Key West, Florida. Paid by wire through Importers and Traders' National Bank, N. Y., and Bank of Key West, Fla.

In drawing Class 1167, Sept. 30, 1884, Ticket No. 21,418, Capital Prize, sold by Lindauer, 184 Mercer st., N. Y. City. Not authorized to use name and address of holder. Paid by check on Brooklyn Bank.

Ticket No. 6,207, Second Capital Prize, sold by agent at Brownsville, Texas. Here one-half paid in Tamaras and one-half by G. Fox, Laine, Matamoras, Mexico. Collected through Bloomingdale & Raphael, 54 Worth st., and Woodward & Sullivan, New Post Building, N. Y. City.

Tickets No. 2,219, Third Capital Prize, held one-half by S. A. Davidson, 340 8th st., So. Brooklyn, N. Y., and one-half by L. Hopken, 319 California st., San Francisco, Cal. One-half paid in cash and the other through Drexel, Morgan & Co., Bankers, N. Y. City.

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1 " "		5,000
1 " "		1,000
1 " "		500
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596 " 20 "		10,720
2 Approximations $250 each to the $12,500 prize		500
2 " 100 " " 5,000 "		200
2 " 50 " " 1,000 "		100
558 Prizes, as above, being the full number in the Royal Havana, and 120 Additional Prizes of $10 each to the 120 tickets having the ending numbers the two terminal units of the number drawing the Capital Prize of $12,500		1,200
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The only thing of this character in which manipulation is impossible. The ticket holder needs no supervisor, as the Royal Havana Official List decides every ticket, and agents are unauthorized to use the original list in cashing prizes.

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For tickets, etc., apply to

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

A Bird's Eye View.

The highest peak of the San Bernardino range is quite sharp and bare upon the summit, and commands a circular view of a tract full three hundred miles in diameter, within which lies almost every variety and combination of southern California scenery. From the top of this peak, 11,000 feet above the level of the habitable part of the land, one may on a clear day look down upon a landscape that embraces all possible extremes of barrenness and fertility, of wildness and civilization, with nearly all the varieties of mountain, plain and valley that time and the elements can form. The prospect is best in midsummer, for it is only then that the most distinctive features of California are brought out. Even then one needs a powerful glass, for the mountain is so lofty that it is no easy task to unravel the tangled web of shapes and colors that present themselves even at its very feet.

The first thing that rivets the stranger's eye is the stupendous desert on the east, cut in to near the centre by a long low range of wavy hills, bare, dry, and inexpressibly barren. The part on the north, called the Mojave desert, is larger than Massachusetts; that on the south, called the Colorado desert, is nearly as large. The visitor may have traveled over strips of barren land, and seen large tracts of good land called "desert" because there is no surface water, but nowhere else in North America can one see such veritable, hideous realities as these; and to comprehend them in their immensity one must see them from this mountain as they lie gleaming with ghastly face beneath an almost eternal sun. Nowhere does the power of man and his triumphs over nature appear more insignificant than on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad, stretching far out upon this yellow immensity, looking with its nearest stations like a spider's web with three or four gnats sitting upon it. One scarcely realizes what desolation is until looking down upon these mighty sweeps of shimmering sand, and thinking of the fiery winds which whirl the dust in those huge drifts, and of the fate of hundreds who have tried to cross them without water. For in the north we can look almost into the jaws of Death valley, where still lie the white bones of the whole emigrant train that perished there for want of water, and almost everywhere the eye rests upon some place where at some time the horse and rider had have died. Yet these deserts are the great reservoir of the dry, warm and pure air from which flows the greatest resource of southern California; it is this air that, rising from the heated land flowing seaward for overhead, cooling and returning in the undertow of sea breeze, makes the climate which has filled the great region behind us with its thousands of beautiful homes.

Yawning almost beneath us on the south, 9,000 feet deep, is the pass of San Gorgonia, on the other side of which Mount San Jacinto heaves his giant bulk almost to a level with our feet, making on the desert side the swiftest rise of any mountain in North America, 10,000 feet in less than five miles. Far away into the south leads from it the high and rugged mountain chain that shuts off the habitable part of the county of San Diego from the fiery breath of the desert. Tumbling toward the coast in long lines of lower mountains, foothills and table lands, with valleys and plains lying between, until lost in the highlands of Mexico, it looks like a rolling confusion of blue, gray, yellow, brown and green. Its singular formation makes it a land of climates, where all the best varieties in California exist in their highest perfection, yet little would one suspect from its high, rugged outlines that thousands of gardens, orchards and vineyards stand there all green the summer through, without a particle of irrigation.

Around toward the northwest still sweeps the great desert of the Mojave, with the blue hills of Arizona on the east, the lofty spurs of the Sierra Nevada on the north, growing hazy with distances, and bounded on the southwestern rim by a continuation of the range upon which we stand. Miles away these mountains run, in a long ridge nearly 5,000 feet below us, clad in green forests of heavy pine until it dips suddenly 3,000 feet lower to form the Cajon Pass. Then in a moment it rolls skyward again in a wild medley of rugged hills, mounting swiftly one over another until they terminate in the peak of Cocamunga. This peak upon the south falls away 10,000 feet in less than six miles into the plains of San Bernardino, almost equaling San Jacinto in suddenness, but on the northwest breaks into lower ridges, that wind away till lost to sight in the bristling heights of the San Fernando range in the northern part of Los Angeles county, and these again disappear as if merged in the last peaks of the Sierra Nevada. The western horizon is bounded by a long bright band—in the morning of silvery sheen, in the afternoon, when the sun hangs over it, all aglow with golden shimmer. And this is broken by a few dark spots with ragged edges, that one would scarcely suspect to be islands, some of them over twenty miles long and 700 or 800 feet high.

Within this enclosure of desert, mountain, and ocean lies a tract that has not its like upon the globe. One sees valleys of the brightest green where the grass is fed by the drainage of the surrounding hills, and others always green with the dense foliage of live oaks that have stood shoulder to shoulder for ages. There are smooth slopes brown with the ripened alfileria; low rolling hills, silver gray with matted wild oats which when green a horseman could have tied over his horse's neck; others, whitish green with the tall white sage, and others, grayish brown with the dense ranks of the wild mustard stalks. Here a canon enters the plain with a great wash from some ancient cloud-burst or season of unusual rain, cutting the plain with a long deep gully, and then covering it with acres of boulder and gravel; and here another enters by a little soft valley, clad with a rich brown carpet of dried clover and flowers, with perhaps a huge rock pile of ancient granite and its centre overshadowed by the sweeping arms of some venerable live oak. There lies the great plain itself with its distant laguna glittering on its breast, with tall slender columns of dust marching slowly over its face where the little whirlwinds move along; the Indian girl, bright with gay calico, jogging on their little ponies or the eight-horse team of the farmer creeping slowly, with two great wagons trailing behind. Upon a rising knoll shine the white walls of the old Spanish ranch-house, with saddled horses tied to the porch, beneath which the owner and his friends are perhaps rolling cigarettes and chattering melodious Spanish, while the herdsmen are chasing herds without.

You see the line of the water course, now perhaps only a long dry bed of white sand, winding seaward through long green lines of sycamore, cottonwood and willow, spreading out at times into broad groves. Perhaps the water breaks out here and there in a long shining strip, or it may flow on for miles and then sink, to rise no more. Often it meanders through meadows green with perennial grass, then amid jungles of wild rose, sweetbriar, and gratemote, along low bottom lands where the grapevine overwhelms the snowy bloom of the elder with a shower of green drapery, and feeding from its hidden waters little ponds fringed with green rushes, where blackbirds of red and golden wings are darkening the air above the open water where the cinnamon teal is floating with its little brood.

Along the edges the plains and valleys break into low hills covered with thin grayish green chemisal, and the little hollows between them are often filled with prickly-pear or the still more forbidding cholla cactus, as high as one's head. And often these low hills are themselves hard and stony and covered with cactus, and often only concretions of cobblestones, with which the intervening hollows are also filled. And perhaps the whole is only a succession of little mounds a few yards apart, reaching often far out upon the plain itself, looking as though a lake of soft mud had suddenly hardened while shaken into waves, but probably caused by the wind heaping dust around bushes which have since died out.

The hills break into higher ones that roll in all sorts of shapes and bristle with dense dark brush higher than one's head, or perhaps are covered with dead grass and scattered green bushes of live oak, sumach, and fusica. Among these bushes smooth boulders of granite shine afar like springs in the hillside, or they stand along their crests looking against the sky like houses or chimneys. Again some of these hills are only huge undulations of bare dirt, reaching for miles like chopping waves upon a stormy sea, some ghastly gray, some dingy white, others a sickly brown or red.

Beyond these secondary hills rise others, thousands of feet high, covered with dark green chapparel, through which perhaps a clump of bright green sycamores marks afar the presence of water. Or they may be from base to summit studded with boulders, amid which the lilac manzanita and live oak struggle almost in vain for foothold. Others again have long, smooth slopes, golden with dead fox-tail grass, over which venerable white oaks stand scattered. And among the jostling shoulders of these lower mountains are often little gardens of living green, and often they are sunk like lakes into the very tops. Still others stand bleak and bare. Between the ranges of such hills may lie broad, rich valleys or wide table lands, with tops like rolling prairie, all lifted into the region of abundant rains. And far above all else rise fir-plumed mountains, whose sides are robed in dark forests, below whose heads the clouds float in long streams, whose highest gulches are white with snow far into the summer, while in winter it often lies twenty feet deep, though the orange tree is blooming scarcely twenty miles below.

The terrors of eastern winters have driven here a band of settlers of wealth and culture. Some of them have been worsted in the conflict with the elements, but the great majority are people simply weary of incessant struggles, who have sought a place where they can glide down the decline of life with the least amount of friction. And this is why we now see valley, slope and mesa, and even the mountain sides, cotted with bright and beautiful homes, while villages and even cities are rearing tall spires from the lately bare plains. At the western foot of the mountain rise the steeples and housetops of San Bernardino from a deep mass of green, among which may be seen the glitter of the streams and the sparkle of the of the artesian wells that have produced the luxuriance in which most of the city is lost to view. Nearer still lies old San Bernardino, a long line of green gardens and orchards, vineyards and rich pastures, with Mill creek winding through it beneath an arcade of lofty elders. Further west stands Colton, a spot fast brightening upon a lately bare waste of sand and a few miles beyond lies Riverside, where the power of water has struck from beauty the fetters of ages and made a veritable oasis. The broad, dry mesa upon which it stands is on about the driest rain-belt outside of the desert, and but a few years ago was almost as dry and forbidding as the desert itself. In about three years out of five the alfileria seeded out at scarcely an inch high, and other flowers withered and dried before their buds were formed. Yet there, where the starving ox was but lately killed to save his hide and the emaciated sye deserted her newborn lamb, mile upon mile of solid green now greets the eye the whole year round. Hundreds of handsome houses, embowered in every variety of shrubbery, now rise amid orange and lemon groves, fields of alfalfa, orchards where the foliage of apricots, prune, plum, walnut, almond, peach or pear hide the ground beneath, vineyards where over sixty kinds of grapes are growing and the plots of raisin grapes alone are larger than many wheat fields of the middle states. And that long silvery thread running far along the bare plain outside, taken from the Santa Anna river and led by the snow-banks by our side, has done it all.

Along the foot of the dark blue mountains that, rolling skyward further west, shut out from view the shore-line of the distant coast, lie the fair and fertile meadows of the Temescal. Over these mountains on the slopes toward the coast lie Santa Anna, Orange, Tustin, and Anaheim, though on account of the intervening mountains they must be seen mainly by memory's aid. All these, like Riverside were created almost entirely by the same Santa Anna that starts here beside us and through a gorge in the Temescal range winds to the sea. Further to the north we get a peep into the lovely valley of San Gabriel, only a dim haze of green in a girdle of mountains, although its vineyards and orchards and green fields cover tens of thousands of acres, and beyond it may be seen Los Angeles, almost hidden like San Bernardino beneath its trees. Radiating for miles away from it are long avenues of cypress, eucelypsus and other tall green trees, and between these avenues are great orchards of orange and lemon and every imaginable fruit, amid which stand thousands of beautiful houses, surrounded by gardens of guavas, pomegranates and other exotics, with walks lined with maguey and palm and other tropical vegetation. It is beyond question the finest part of southern California, but not, as its inhabitants fondly imagine, and as most eastern people seem to think, all there is of it. Dozens of villages, hamlets and town sites dot the intervening spaces, and everywhere the spirit of development is at work. Further north the view of Ventura and Santa Barbara counties is intercepted by the towering peaks of the Cuscamunga range, but the highest peak of that range is easily ascended and there another wonderful view opens below.

But, after all, there is nothing more wonderful than man's stupidity and the fondness with which he clings to old ideas. Here, almost at our feet, they are drenching with surface water, as in the early days, grapes and apricots and other fruit on soft alluvial bottom lands, only six or eight feet from water below; while at Pasadena and other points not forty miles away they are raising better fruit on high, hard mesa land, fifty and even one hundred feet from water, without any irrigation whatever, and with only a trifling difference in the rainfall. Here it is an eternal drench, drench, drench, upon fruits, too, like olives and figs, that but a few miles away are flourishing in perfection on the very driest soils, while more than half of the fruit and other products of all this part of the state are raised solely by keeping the ground moist through proper cultivation of the top soil. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the tracts that are irrigated, but if the old ideas to which so many still cling were correct, California settlements would be only a few bright oases in a vast desert.

A RUBBER BUSTLE.

A Young Belle's Experiment and Its Disastrous Result.

Writing of "Slaves of the Bustle" as she styles the fashionable women of the day, "Chara Belle" says in the Cincinnati Enquirer:

"My friend Cynthia is a good young woman, and weighs two hundred pounds. She is just as fashionable as they make 'em. When bustles are prescribed for inward application to the skirts of new dresses Cynthia may dislike the dose, but she takes it all the same. Now, it is an exasperating fact that the average bustle is like a flea for hopping out of place you put it in. You hitch the thing on ever so carefully, and guy it by means of all its strings to such parts of your anatomy as seem reliable; you study the side views and rear views by means of your mirror, and satisfy yourself that the distortive horrors of the style are at least in accord with the ridiculous design; and then you go out for a promenade, joyous and blithesome for awhile in the belief that you are as strictly correct as a fashion-plate. By and by you pass a reflective window, give a side glance at your shadow. Tare and zounds! You mentally use that or some other execration which does not come under the category of outright American swearing, but which served the feminine purpose of profanity. The reason why is that the bustle has slid round to one side, making you look like a dot-and-go-one cripple, or the doomed possessor of a gigantic tumor. You read just it furtively, and know no further peace, so keen is your apprehension. But it is in sitting down that disaster to the bustle is commonly precipitated. The ball toilet of the season is very intricate in its rear mechanism. The shape of the draped protuberance bears no relation to the person within, and the falsity of the contour must be shored up with exceeding care and skill, in order to form the structure intended by the dress-maker. The beau may brush aside the tails of his coat to save them from wrinkling under his weight when he takes a seat, but the belle can not do otherwise than squat squarely on so much of her bustle as hangs low enough to interpose itself. Well, Cynthia conceived that an inflated rubber bustle would obviate most of the difficulty. It would bear squeezing for any length of time, and then spring back to its normal proportions when the pressure was removed. She had one made, and felt repaid for the trouble and expense when it was attached to her the other evening, to give outline to a gorgeous dress which she was to wear to a reception. She swept into the parlor with that breadth of style which only a fat woman can command, accepted the greeting of the hostess with ceremonious politeness, and crossed the room to a sofa. The momentary silence of general inspection hushed all sounds. All eyes were on big Cynthia. She settled down on the sofa in a solid, solemn, slow kind of a way. Then came a loud, sharp pop. The rubber bustle had burst! You have probably never failed to laugh when a clown in the pantomime sits on and explodes the baby. How, then, can you blame that assemblage for going into convulsions? Poor Cynthia, life a half-collapsed balloon, floated draggingly out of the saloon."

An Elopement in Arkansaw.

Texas Siftings.

Out in Little Rock an elopement was broken up the other day in a somewhat summary manner by the interference of a party who had nothing to do with the business. Mr. Isabel had a wife who made life a burden to him. He was delighted to find one morning that she had gone off with another man, but his joy was turned into grief by the fact that his valuable horse and buggy were also missing. He would have pursued the missing couple, but he had no team to pursue them with, they having appropriated, as stated, his only horse and vehicle. Some strangers happened to be passing, and on being told what was up, overtook Isabel's wife and her paramour. They wheeled her about and told her she had best go home, which she did on foot.

They took the horse and buggy and went off, only pausing long enough to hang the woman's companion to a tree. When the wretched husband saw the wife he had hoped to get rid of tramping home on foot and learned that the disinterested strangers had kept on with the horse and buggy, he cried like a child. The buggy was as good as new, and so was the horse. Such a succession of misfortunes had never occurred to him on one day during his whole life. As there is no other man in the neighborhood who is likely to elope with Mrs. Isabel, her husband laments the death of the man who was hung as much as his wife does. Taking it all in all, the affair is one of the saddest of the season.

* * * * Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, radically cured. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Effect of Tobacco.

Texas Siftings.

"You smoke too much," said W. B. Reynolds, of Austin, to Sam McLane, who is bald-headed.

"Maybe so."

"If a bald-headed man stops smoking, he will have a full head of hair in a short time," continued Reynolds.

"I can't believe it."

"Yes, it is true, for I knew a bald headed man who quit smoking, and in less than a month he had as thick a head of hair as I ever saw."

"Do you mean to say that the hair grew out all over his head?"

"No, of course not; but as soon as he stopped smoking he saved up money enough to buy himself a wig."

Catarrh is a constitutional disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy. It cures catarrh. Give it a trial.

Three Bold Avengers Start West on a Scheme of Extirpation—A General Exodus of Boys Feared.

Riverhead, N. Y., Special to the New York Journal.

Three of the leading families in town are now busily engaged in mourning the loss of one boy each. Lewis Skidmore, Vernal Corwin and Arthur Vail, each about 13 years old, have gone west to kill Indians, firmly believing that they can settle the vexed Indian question and forever abolish the interior department. They are armed with revolvers and plenty of ammunition, therefore they will not starve. To while away the dreary march across the plains when Indians are scarce they have stocked themselves with the choicest literature that genius has yet evolved; such as "Bill Grigg, the Indian Chewer;" "Sly Tim, the Sharpshooter of the Sierras;" "Red Heart's Last Scalp," etc.

Riverhead was too slow for the boys. There are no red men for miles around and the town constables are a lot of old duffers who never like to see the boys enjoy themselves. The trio did think of becoming bank burglars, but finally compromised on the slaying profession. They practised in the woods for many days until they were able to hit a tree at ten paces. Then they switched off on the neighbor's poultry and increased the hen mortality over 100 per cent. Their headquarters were in Mr. Corwin's barn, where they dug a cave.

On Wednesday noon none of the boys answered to the dinner horn. This was considered strange, but when supper became cold on the table the parents became alarmed and sent to each other's houses for information. This revealed the fact that the boys had gone off together. Little things, unnoticed before, became revealed in the light of the triple elopement. The mothers found that their larders had been robbed of all the doughnuts and mince pie they once contained.

The alarm was given and the neighbors turned out. Nobody saw the boys go away, and the only clue to their whereabouts was an apology for a note left by Lewy Skidmore:

DEAR MAR AND PAR: Don't be worried about me. Ile be home in twenty years with a lot of skalps. We will rid the country of infurnal red-skins.

LEWIS.

The police in western cities have been requested to look out for a freckled, red-headed boy, a short chunky boy with torn trousers and a lank, overgrown youth with a drawl. Two of them carry one horse-pistol each while the third stands up under a bowie knife. They are so charged with powder and shot that the parents are afraid that somehow or other a lighted match will get mixed up with the combustibles and blow the boys out of their clothes. It is not believed that the boys utilized a railroad train wherewith to get west, as that would be too much like civilization. Farmer Briggs at the village reported this evening the loss of a small but valuable mule, and he believes that the mule has joined the boys willingly or unwillingly.

At the school on the hill the boys can talk nothing but the story of the three Indian fighters, and it is feared that the whole school will start west shortly. Even the girls are booming the exodus by doubting the bravery of the stay-at-homes. The parents of those left are taking measures to prevent the loss of their offspring.

Land Excursion Rates.

KANSAS CITY, MO., November 25.—At a meeting of the representatives of all the lines of Kansas and Nebraska, held at the Coates house, in this city, yesterday, it was decided to raise the land excursion rates to Lincoln and Columbus, Neb., so as to make them conform with rates to land excursion points in Kansas. The new rate will take effect January 1.

Fifty Millions of Them

There are 50,000,000 of people in this country and more are coming every day. Last year more than 700,000 bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters were sold and the demand is daily increasing. This shows the great popularity of this wonderful iron tonic. A popularity based on actual merit and complete success in the treatment of debility, dyspepsia rheumatism and liver troubles, Mr. H. H. Fleming, 731 N. 12th Street, Philadelphia says, "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters with the happiest results, for toning the system and loss of appetite."

His Private Car.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Where did you say you were going?" asked the justice of the indignant tramp who had been arrested for begging.

"Chicago. I'm the proprietor of a valuable elixir for the reduction of feet," replied the traveler.

"You are a vagabond and a nuisance, but sooner than have you an expense to the city I'll furnish you with a first-class ticket to Chicago," said the justice.

"A what?" cried the tramp.

"A first-class railroad ticket, and for once in your life you can travel like a gentleman," explained the justice.

"Like a gentleman!" exclaimed the indignant tramp, in derision. "That's all you know about the way gentlemen travel, is it? Do you ever hear of us gentlemen of leisure: Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Mr. Gould, Mr. Mackay, Mr. Vanderbilt and the rest of us, traveling in common passenger coaches, where we're liable to be brought into contact with the vulgar public! No, sir; not much. We have our private car, or we don't travel. My Pullman palace box is now on the siding down by the freight depot. The Codfish ball lightning express, Buzzard line, through freight, leaves at 10 o'clock. I'll just have time to drink you honor's health and have my Pullman box attached to it. Tartar."

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A SURE CURE FOUND AT LAST!

NO ONE NEED SUFFER.

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams (an Indian Remedy,) called Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. William's Indian Pile Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

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Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, November 29.—The weekly bank statement shows: Reserve increase, $2,021,600. The banks now hold $42,267,000 in excess of legal requirements.

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OMAHA!

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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. The development of the Stock Yards—the necessity of the Belt Line Road—the finely paved streets—the hundreds of new residences and costly business blocks, with the population of our city more than doubled in the last five years. All this is a great surprise to visitors and is the admiration of our citizens. This rapid growth, the business activity, and the many substantial improvements made a lively demand for Omaha real estate, and every investor has made a handsome profit.

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. Speculators, too can buy real estate cheaper now and ought to take advantage of present prices for future profits.

The next few years promises greater developments in Omaha than the past few 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.

There are many in Omaha and throughout the State, who have their money in the banks drawing a nominal rate of interest, which, if judiciously invested in Omaha real estate, would bring them much greater returns. We have many bargains which we are confident will bring the purchaser large profits in the near future.

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