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WALIRA'S KIDNEY CURE. A SURE CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF KIDNEY AFFECTIONS. It is a powerful diuretic, and acts on the mucous membrane of the bladder.

WALIRA'S COCAINE CURE. A SURE CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF COCAINE ADDICTION. It is a powerful narcotic, and acts on the brain and spinal cord.

DR. CLARKE'S BLOOD PURIFIER. A SURE CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF BLOOD DISEASES. It is a powerful purgative, and acts on the liver and bowels.

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"CONFIDENCE" JIM. A Story of the Mines Thirty Years Ago in Old Toluima. Hartford Post. "I never told you the story about my pard, 'Confidence' Jim, did I," said a patriarchal and genteel-looking old gentleman to a trio of miners seated on the porch of the Toluima hotel, at Sonora, Mexico, one evening recently.

There are two things that make me think of Jim to-night," continued he, removing his wide-brimmed straw hat and running his fingers slowly through his white locks. "One is that it is just thirty years ago to-day that the fellow who preached his funeral sermon is planted up there on the hill," indicating with his thumb a burying ground over the hill, wherein molder the bones of many a noted miner and desperado.

"Yes, he laid by his pick and shovel, and went to judgment busted, just as the most of we old miners will do, stick to the mines too long," said the speaker, in a musing tone. "You see, Jim was my partner. We went to school together, walked half-way across the plains, drank alkali water, fought Indians, worked the mines, starved and froze together, hibernated around us, and had our good and bad feet around us, with the varying seasons. But Jim, after awhile, got tired of hard work, and at last adopted the profession of gambling. I did not like his plan, but he said there was nothing for him in the mines, and he proposed to make a living as easily as possible. He was no ordinary gambler, but he had received an education that fitted him for almost any gentlemanly following; but he lost his grip somehow, and never got a good hold again. I'll not forget the last time we were together. It was just such a beautiful day as this has been. On that Saturday I did not go to work, and was sitting in my cabin mending some clothes, when Jim came in. I saw there was something wrong with him, but said nothing. Finally he took off his hat, and keeping his eyes fixed on the mud floor of the cabin, began picking nervously at his hat rim. 'Bill,' said he, finally, in a queer voice, 'I hope you'll mind your own business, but I want to tell you that I am off my color to-day, and I have come to a deal in the game of life that's going to bust my bank. I've no use talking,' continued he, as I attempted to laugh him out of his fears, 'I am dead certain that I am going under very soon, and that, too, with my boots on. I don't care much for that; a man might as well die here at Sonora as Bar, on short notice, as any place else; but, old boy, I did want to see my folks at home once before I let go. It's no use, though, and so I've brought you this letter and gold-dust to send back to my mother when I am gone. He placed the sealed letter and a very heavy buskkin purse in my hands, and before I could gather my wits to remonstrate with him he was out of the cabin and striding the hill at a great pace, his head bowed down and his big sombrero pulled low over his eyes. I put the things away safely, and after puzzling my mind with his freak, as I called it, awhile, I quite forgot the circumstance until late in the afternoon, when I came up from camp to begin cooking my supper. I had just kindled the fire, when I heard a pistol shot, and then a popping as though a bunch of fire-crackers had been set off. I went to the door, and pretty soon a man came running up the hill, and as soon as he got near enough for me to hear he yelled: 'Jim's killed! You bet I jumped as though I had been shot myself, and was soon down the hill, across the canyon, and up on a little bench of land, where the whole town was gathered. I pushed my way through the gang of yelling, excited men, and sure enough, there lay poor Jim, and I saw that death had too good a hold on him to ever let go. He smiled a little as I got down on the ground beside him and lifted his head. 'I don't care much for that,' he said, 'I was coming off pard, but I did not think it would get here so soon. Remember your promise.' The blood, running out of his mouth, choked him so he could say no more, and in a minute he was dead. I then had time to look around me, and saw that he had not gone on his long trek alone, for, stretched on the ground a few feet away, were the bodies of three men, two of whom were dead and the other just giving his last kicks.

The cause of all the bloodshed as is often the case, a woman, Little May Weston, the daughter of a widow who kept a boarding house at the Bar, a beautiful girl about 15 years of age, had been met by four drunken miners from neighboring camps, who insulted her in the presence of Jim. The result was that he protected her, and was shot at by one of the strangers. He returned the fire and I have already told you what was the result. Well, I proposed to give him an extra funeral, and among other things decided to have a sermon preached, like ceremony having never been attempted before in that camp. I found a fellow named Johnson who had once been a lawyer, who said he would try and say something when we planted poor 'Confidence' Jim. He was on his feet at that time, and when he had learned it, gave the copy to me at my request. I have been reading it over this afternoon, and have it here in my pocket. It's almost faded out, but I can read it yet. Here it is, just as he delivered it in his queer way, over the body of Jim the next day, as it lay in the rough board box I had knocked together for a coffin.

"It was one of those calm Sunday mornings when nature itself seemed at rest, and when the rough voices of the miners rang out on the summer air in that grand hymn, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' I just cried like a baby, and could not help it. Well, Johnson got up on a stump over the coffin, and the group of three hundred miners involuntarily followed his example when he removed his hat, and prepared to speak. After looking about him in rather a confused and helpless manner, he gave a few preliminary coughs and said: 'This here business is rather embarrassing to me, this talkin' to the souls of a dead man; but it shall never be said that I was not willin' to do my part toward makin' things go off pleasantly on all festive occasions. I don't know that this occasion can be

called in that category; but I do know that I am going to make a mess of this business, for I am much better at statin' the reasons why a man should be stretched for horse-stealin' than at tellin' what an angel he was, when I know that he wasn't anything of the kind. You all know Jim--I most of you know him to your cost--but I know that you will all of you join me in saying that when you throw out the matter of cards he was honor to the backbone, and when it came to the rights of man and the pursuits of happiness he bet on the constitution high. I don't propose to go a-goin' around in the past for some of his cast-off virtues, because I don't want to have some of you top-headed cusses down there rise up and call me a liar, for if you do my ideas of equality will cause me to turn this funeral into a fight in a holy minute. Before you, in the solemn, silent slumber of the dead--I got that out of a book--the confidence Jim--which ain't worth freidin' no more. Because, if Jim had a soul, and I guess he had, that's the article we need to do some very hard prayin' for; for Jim, you know, was to some extent like the rest of us--no angel to speak of--and I have a lingerin' uncertainty as to whether he is takin' much stock in a bustin' racket, more than in a bustin' way, because, knowin' the man, I think he had a far-nill runnin' within half an hour after the boat landed, and was escapin' the he-angel's out of their hard-earned dust too fast. Of course, that's only a matter of opinion, but for the main chance, and would never let such a lay-out go around the corner for want of taking hold of it. Jim was no Christian like the books tell about, but wherever he found poverty, there he would stay, and it was a regular circus to see him cave around on the dirt, had everyone feelin' as good as he did. He was never--too brave. I have often thought that when he was fitted out the Lord didn't have any more fear, so he put in a double dose of brave; that cost him his life. No man ever saw him drunk; no man can say he was not a good man, the way common law and my own eyes say. He was a Confidence Jim, but there was nothin' in his gore, with six bullet-holes through him, can measure records with my no good men, and have a balance in his favor. No man would respect virtue more than Jim--no man would protect it sooner; and when them four cusses went to insult the widow's daughter, he told them to let up, and the game was played; you know how Jim said out two of them after he was down. It was a bloody deal, and it cost him his life; but he took three of them with him, and if I know Jim--and I think I do--he will finish the deal over there. His star of destiny did not burn very brightly through his life, for he was only a gambler and earned his bread by the turn of a card; but over there in the hills, when the world was smiling upon him, and his game seemed to hold as many chances as ever--when it seemed so good to live and so hard to die, by that act on earth, caused that star which had gleamed so dimly in the past to burst forth in all the glory of true, honest manhood, bright as the noonday sun, and then a few choking gasps, a few fluttering of the brave heart, and the black night of death settled over him and wiped him out of the future history, nor will the pages of later days tell about him, but that last act makes a king out of plain Confidence Jim. And if there is a God, and a just one, He is going to give the run of the cards to a man who, with eyes wide open, will face death to save the honor of a woman. But to conclude, gentlemen, there ain't any more use of further agony over this part of the discourse, or, for that matter, these ruins here; for when it comes to protecting women, I want to say, and say it loud, that this camp is chookful of Confidence Jims. Amos, the one with the new ad-vice, the one-eyed Pete's saloon and sample his new barrel of devastation."

"For washing clothing, JAMES FYLE'S PEARLINE is a favorite compound. It does not injure the fabrics, and saves a great deal of labor. Sold by grocers.

Afraid of His Shadow. A colored waiter in an up-town hotel, overhauling two men from the south talking about one of their neighbors and his stingy and penurious habits, spoke up: "Sho, boss! I so 'quainted wid dat man. I kin tell you, gemmen, how jess squeeze a cent till am holers--yum, yum!" "Why, what do you know about him, you black rascal?" asked one of the guests. "Yah! Yah! Oh, I know um," chuckled the darkey. "Why, boss, dat ole chap he always walks down town to save cab fare. Yes, sah, and he cross over and walk down to save the cab fare. 'Why, isn't that all right?'" "Yah, yah! It ain't all right on a hot day. Dat ole man he do um all de time. He nebbur walk in de sun becaz he's feared his shadow ax him fur sumfin. Yah! Yah!"

The Beetle and the Flea. If a one hundred and fifty pound man had strength in proportion to that of the beetle, he could lift nearly 200,000 pounds. If he were able to save the weight of the flea, he could leap over a three story house. Some poor fellows are so feeble that they can neither lift nor leap. Their blood is poor, their digestion bad, and their energy gone. Give such men Brown's Iron Bitters, which will enrich their blood and tone them up gloriously.

Exporting Indoes to Germany. Portland Oregonian, July 29. In an old country like Germany proprietors of museums find it hard to procure new attractions, and it is hard for them to get the fact that J. Adriaan Jacobson, ethnologist of the Royal Berlin Museum, has been gathering Indian curiosities for the past four years along the northwest coast. He has collected several cases of these articles, and to complete his list of wonders, has engaged a chief of the tribe of the Bella Coola, a British Columbia tribe of Indians. He arrived here with them yesterday, and left at 3 p. m. for New York. They are under contract for nine months at \$200 per month. Their names, which will add much to the attraction in Deutschland, are Ya Contas, chief; Ick-Lehones, Kavelah, Ham-Chick, Rock Mulah, Iak ka-lata, Quenah, Elk-gut and Pook-Pook. The long journey will make these attractions rather expensive, but "though they cost high, we've got to have them."

It may be true that there are two sides to most questions, but there can only be one to the question as to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Drake's Magazine. "I'll allow no man to call me a liar and go unpunished," said a Texas judge to a lawyer who had just committed that offense. "You are fined \$10, sir."

A Common Sense Idea. "I don't care if it is the truth," retorted the judge. "A court of law is no place to tell the truth."

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HENDRICKS AND A DUMMY. The Vice President is Heated at a Game of Chess. New York World. A tall man dressed in severe black, and wearing a very shiny and very high hat, entered the Eden Musee yesterday. People who looked at his white necktie tied so loosely under his collar, and the patch of white in which he walked about, said that he was a church deacon. Other far seeing people, whose sensitive nerves had been stirred up by a number of arrests lately made by Superintendent Murray, advised their neighbors to be careful. No one thought for a moment that he was Vice President Hendricks, but it was, and he walked up and down, and looked at himself in wax.

There was a number of people around the wax vice president, and they expressed their opinions freely. Some said he was a smart man, and others said he was not, and the tall gentleman had as much expression in his face as his wax imitation. The wax gentleman looked more comfortable than the flesh-and-blood gentleman.

The vice president eventually went up to a little man who sat behind a chess-board. His kings and queens were before him and although he kings and knights around so intelligently that the vice president thought he would like to play a game of chess with such an intelligent little wax gentleman.

So he sat down at the board and pushed his very high silk hat far back on his head. People began to gather. They had learned who the player was and they crowded very close to him and the wax player.

"Two to one on the wax man!" said a young man with a brown mustache. "I'll take you!" was the answer from another young man, and the money was put up in a jiffy.

"He looks just like his picture, doesn't he?" another young man asked. "Yes," a friend replied, "if he had those little side whiskers shaved off. I don't think side whiskers are becoming to a man who may be president."

"He's got a dandy suit," was the next remark heard. "All but he doesn't get it made in Indiana," was heard a second later.

Meanwhile the vice president played. It was remarkable how well his antagonists, considering that he was not alive, moved the pieces. He got excited. Not so with the gentleman in wax. His eyes, quite plaster-of-paris blue eyes beamed upon the crowd, and it is no exaggeration to say that under the great trying ordeal he remained the same calm, imperturbable gentleman of the first part of the game. He had such an inexpressive face that he must have been a master at face. His hands moved quickly and without a bit of nervousness, and it was noticeable that he did not bite his lip the way Mr. Hendricks did.

"Some of the remarks that went around at this stage of the game were like these: "Five to one on waxwork." "There were no takers." "Hendricks is a dandy player, but the wax man can give him points."

ST. JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, ALL ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS & AFFECTIONS. THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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Man and Beast. Mustang Liniment is older than most men, and used more and more every year.

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We have fine residence property on Farnam, Douglas, Dodge, Davenport, Chicago, Cass, California streets, Sherman, St. Marys and Park Avenues, in fact on all the best residence streets. We have property in the following additions.

Hawthorne. Millard & Caldwell's, Lakes, Elizabeth Place, E. V. Smith's, Horbach's, Patrick's, Parker's, Shinn's, Gise's, Nelson's, Armstrong's, Godfrey's, Lowe's, Kirkwood, College Place, Park Place, Walnut Hill, West End, Borgs & Hill, Capitol, Reed's First.

McCormick's, Kountz & Ruth's, Impr't Association, Wilcox, Burr Oak, Isaac & Seldon's, Hanscom's, West Omaha, Grand View, Credit Foncier, Kountz' First, Kountz' Second, Kountz' Third, Kountz' Fourth, Syndicate Hill, Plainview, Hill Side, Tukey & Kevors, Thornburg, Clark Place, Myers & Richards, Bords.

And all the other Additions to the City. South Omaha. We have the agency for the syndicate lands in South Omaha. These lots sell from \$225 upwards, and are very desirable property. The development of the packing house and other interests there, are rapidly building up that portion of the city.

Kirkwood. We have a few lots left in Kirkwood addition, which we offer at low prices, terms \$25 down balance \$10 per month. These lots are on high level ground and are desirable.

Hawthorne. This addition is more centrally located than any other new addition near the best Schools in the city. All the streets are being put to grade the grades have been established by the city council, and is very desirable residence property, only 15 blocks from Post office, prices lower than adjoining additions for a home or investment. These lots cannot be beaten.

We will furnish conveyance free to any part of the city to show property to our friends and customers, and cheerfully give information regarding Omaha Property. Those who have bargains to offer or wish property at a bargain, are invited to see us. BEDFORD & SOUER Real Estate Agents 213 S. 14th St. bet. Farnam & Douglas