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The Rev. n die, when he thanked Heaven for the many blessings it had sestowed upon him, always excepted the name he bore from the list. It was, he told himself, a particularly terrible name—doubly so when owner was a clergyman. He felt it to be provocative of laughter, if not of contempt. or a Plantagenet is called upon to live up to the great name he bears, Mr. Mordle found it incumbent on himself to endeavor to live away from his singular designation. To counteract the sinister effects of such a name he felt compelled to affect an air of cheerfulness even under the most trying circumstances which fully justify a man's looking lugubrious. He considered his name a great drawback to him in his professional career. The gift which every young clergyman fancies he possesses, of preaching impassioned sermons, was sadly shorn by his name. In this perverted age, when puns are not considered signs of social depravity, Mr. Mordle felt sure that a tear in his eye—even the delivery of a pathetic ser-mon—would be fatal. The least lachrymose tendency in manner or words would present too great a temptation to be resisted by weak human nature; in spite of the best intentions the word "mordling" must suggest itself. A surname one can not choose any more

than one can choose a dark or a fair skin: but whilst the curate was willing to allow that the name of Mordle was an unavoidable congenital misfortune, its conjunction with Sylvanus he looked upon as a foul crime, and reviled the godfathers and godmothers who had tacked such a soft-sounding appellation

On the principle of living it down, he was always brisk and cheery in his manner. It was never too hot, never too cold, never too sunny, never the windy for the Sylvanus Mordle. He preached almost merry sermons. conveyed in short, incisive sentences, rattled out in a quick, decisive, quite-beyond-doubt way. His phrases followed one another like the detonations of a cracker. They seemed designed to slap the listener on the breast, and hammer and hammer away at that sinhardened receptacle, as if meaning by a series of repeated blows to enforce conviction and obedience. They were crisp, strong, muscular exhortations, eminently suited to the spiritual needs of the poorer parishioners. Only when he preached a funeral sermon could Mr. Mor-dle's style be cavilled at. On such an occasion he was bound to be doubly careful not to get his manner mixed up with his name, so son times his discourse did not quite satisfy the bereft relations and grieving friends.

But a funeral sermon was only due to a deceased member of one of the families of position; moreover, Oakbury is a healthy pot, and when an important death did occur the rector was usually in his place to do his luty. So the Rev. Sylvanus managed very

For the rest, he was a man of about thirty, pleasant-looking and popular, not disdainful of the good things of this world, yet not hankering after them-doing the whole work of a curate and three-fourths of that of a rector for one hundred and twenty pounds a year. It was lucky he had a good constitution and a small fortune of his own! This afternoon Mr. Mordle felt the Tal-

berts' excuses no slight to himself. He begged the brothers might not be disturbed. He was quite content that Miss Clauson should entertain him tete-a-tete as long as possible. He inquired if any news had arrived about the missing mother; then, turning his attention to the child, went through a variety of those little actions which grown-up people, rightly or wrongly, suppose ingratiate children. Noticing how the pretty boy clung to Deatrice he complimented her on her rapid conquest of his affections—a compliment in which Miss Clauson might have found a deeper meaning lurking had she cared to look for it. He would have called much earlier to learn what had transpired, but had been compelled to attend a funeral several miles off. He alluded to the melancholy reason for his delay with as much cheerfulness as many people mention a wed-

"And where are your uncles?" he asked. "In the housekeeper's room," answered Beatrice, demurely.

"Busy, of course—Saturday. Bad day to call. What are they about now?" As he jerked out his short sentences, Beatrice glanced at him and saw his eyes twinkling. She could not help smiling. "Well—what is it?" asked Mr. Mordle.

The girl gave a little gurgle of laughter. The curate once more repeated his question.
"Oh, Mr. Mordle," said Beatrice, "they are doing the clothes!" "Onite right; some one must do them.

Now I wonder," he continued in a more reflective way than usual, "I wonder if they look them out for the wash on Mondays." "Oh, no; not so bad as that. But did you ever know anything so funny!"

"Took you by surprise, of course?" said the curate briskly.

"Yes. I had heard something about it, but the reality overwhelmed me. Uncle Horace doing wool-work was my first experience. The next morning I found Uncle Herbert doling out stores to the cook. And to see them manage the house better than any woman!" "Delightful. I could tell you some very

amusing things, Miss Clauson."
"Please don't. They are so kind and amiable I can't bear to laugh at them." "They are kind. I love them dearly. What my poor people would do without them I can't think. If they'll leave you enough to do,

you're certain to be happy here."

Beatrice smiled. Shoremembered the horror they had displayed at the bare thought of her having any part in the domestic arrangements of Hazlewood House. It seemed to Mr. Mordle that he had never seen Miss Clauson took so bright and lively as she looked to-day. She looked most lovingly at the child, who, tired of his play, lay peacefully on her lap,
"But I have not enough to do," she said, her hand the while caressing the boy's golden head. "Mr. Mordle, I wish you would help

me in something." "Anything—everything—command me," said the curate, in his quickest, most decisive

"I have taken such a fancy to this dear little man, that, supposing his people do not reveal themselves, I want to persuade my uncles to let me keep him. I could be so happy with him here." She kissed and fondled

Now that he saw whither his rash promis was to lead him, Mr. Mordle paused and hesitated. "I am sure Uncle Herbert wouldn't mind," added Bentrice. "Mr. Talbert would never consent," said

"What harm would it do?" asked Beatrice. The Rev. Sylvams was silent. He did not like to tell the girl that the retention at Hazlewood House of this mysteriously-sent child might create scandal.

"You will help me, will you not?" pleaded Beatrice. The look in her eyes turned Sylvanus' heart into wax. So, with the weakness of male humanity when thus assailed, he promised to do what he could to insure her wish being carried out.

When they called on a lady for a maid's characteristic of the most second to insure her wish being carried out. Bestrice gave him a look of gratitude, the very remembrance of which he felt would repay him for a much greater service that

lovely woman under an obligation. Horace and Hertert he did not see. They

CHAPTER VI.

BEATBIUM TRIUMPHANT. cess was due to a carious combination of given satisfaction to the Talberts for so long ing this child; but you ought to tell one per events, as well as to her own persistence and was a three-volume character.

the faintest idea that Horace would consent
Mr. Mordle, the adviser of the family, and
Herbert Talbert thus brought on her side or
So the m rious child was as good as rendered neutral, Horace remained the arbiter of the boy's fate, and Miss Clauson directer.

A serious question arose as all her energies toward making him yield.

figure, they had no fault to find with his gen eral behavior. Indeed, they liked to see the little fellow about the place, and the confiding way in which sometimes he climbed upor Horace's knee was quite touching. He was not a bit afraid of these tall, grave men Children see further in some ways than grown up people, and no doubt the little boy felt in stinctively that many excellent femining the stalwart "Tabbies."

They tackly left his fate in abeyance for more than a week; then Beatrice, who per haps trembled lest some childish act of mis chief might defeat her ends, and who thought that the boy had well done his part in the af fair by making himself so easily tolerated, at tacked her uncles once more. True to his promise, Herbert said his brother must decide the matter.

"Do you want the child to stay?" asked Horace, turning to the speaker, "I told Beatrice you should decide." This answer assured Tiorace that Herber

knew everything that was to be known. "My dear Beatrice," he said, "the thirg quite impracticable. Her mouth quivered. It was clear she had set her heart on keeping her new pet.
"Why is it impracticable! What differen

can a child make in a house like this? He will be my sole care." Uncle Horace looked uneasy. "My dear you forget it may give rise to scandal." "Seandal! what scandal!"

Horace grew red. One can't talk plainly to young, innocent girls without feeling how bac mankind in general is,
"Hum—la," he said. "You must reme ber, Beatrice, we are two single men: not el-

derly men. As soon as it is known that we have kept the child sent here so strangely, we give a handle to suspicion and scandal. Do you agree with me, Herbert?" "I am afraid it will be so, Beatrice," said Herbert, regretfully.

Miss Clauson drew herself up proudly. was an action the Talberts always liked to ee in the girl, and which had a great effect "Surely," she said, "you of all people are

above suspicion nd scandal!" They were pleased to think this was the truth. They felt that Beatrice was right. What, after all, had scandal to do with them The domestic virtues and clockwork regulation of Hazlewood House might defy the breath of the most censorious world. As this great truth came home to him Horace seemed to purr with pleasure. But he had no intention of yielding. He

was for one thing much annoyed with Herbert. Herbert evidently wanted the boy to stay. If so he should say so outright, not let Beatrice fight his battles. So the most Beatrice could get him to promise was that the boy might remain for a few days longer. In those few days something happened First of all a piece of gossip went round the

neighborhood and eventually reached the ears of those who were gossiped about—the Talberts. They heard that they were har boring Lord Hadwynn's eldest son, whose mysterious disappearance had been reported in the papers. Lord Hadwynn was an utter reprobate, and it was well known that he injured wife had smuggled the child out of his way. Lady Hadwynn was an acquaint-ance of the Talberts; so that even Horace was for a moment staggered when he heard the theory propounded by his neighbors. Then some kind creature wrote to the bereft husband, and his lordship rushed down to Oakbury flerce as a consuming flame—a flame which resolved itself into smoke when he was shown the boy, and found him nothing like his missing son. After this, gossip should have died a natural death, but it did not. People who are determined to swallow a monstrous tale will lick it into the shape they can deal with best. In spite of the Talberts' strenuous denials and plain statement as

meaning some one, a nobleman's probably, whose wife had, for private reasons of her own, intrusted him to the Talberts. Even the reputation of being a harbor of refuge for a duchess or countess in her distress is a flattering thing; and the Talberts, especially Horace, felt pleased while laughng at the absurd idea. Perhaps it was for this reason that Hornce at last yielded to his niece's solicitations and astonished her one

to how the child was thrown upon their

hands, everybody would have it that if not

Lord Hadwynn's son he was someone else's-

day by saying:
"Beatrice, if you really mean to keep that child for a while, we will engage a nurse for it."

She said nothing, but gave Uncle Horace a most grateful kiss. She must have grown wondrously fond of the baby, as her eyes were full of glad tears.

That afternoon she drove into Blacktown and rigged the child out from head to foot in new and dainty raiment; nothing was too good for him. Horace and Herbert, who knew the price of lace, lawns and cambrics to a penny a vard, wondered how far her whim was going to carry her. Perhaps they felt rather aggrieved that their aid had not been asked. They dearly loved a little shopping, and could have chosen a trousseau or a layette with any woman under the sun. But the affair of the nursemaid was pecu-

liarly their own. If the Talberts had one gift of housewifery above another, it was their skill in engaging suitable servants.



acter, the questions they put were of the most searching an' cogent nature. They were not satisfied with the broad assertion that she was the one she entrented of him. By and by he sober, honest and cleanly; they cross-examtook his leave of her in that happy frame \alpha ined until they found out all the weak and mind peculiar to the man who has laid a strong points in her composition, then engaged ber or not, as they thought best. Many a confiding young woman, who fancied, in going were detained for an indefinite period. The into the service of two rich bachelor gentle linen paid in by the laundress did not balance men, she was about to have a grand, lazy, with the counterful in the washing-book, a datternly time of it, found herself grossly dethey had to go through it again—an annoy ing, but a noce many task. have twenty mistresses than two such mas-ters. Nevertheless it was a good place, and any girl who had stayed at Hazlewood House Miss Claus in carried her point. Her suc a twelvemonth might have had the pick of that you have some excellent reason for keep-

eloquent pleading. She managed to get Un cle Herbert alone—a difficult matter, as the "Tabbies" were almost always together—and up to the standard of their requirements. One after sandry arguments and entreaties, if un who had no followers, and who made no obable to win his consent to her proposed ar jection to wearing a cap—moreover, the cap rangement, exacted a promise from him that of the pattern they had themselves designed. he would not object if Horace approved of A member of the Church of England, of her keeping the boy. To be sure he had no course, who promised to communicate every

A serious question arose as to whether the infant had ever been christened. Miss Clauson all her energies toward making min yield.

Like a clever girl she took care that the young intruder should be no nuisance to any one, not even to the servants. When he rite had been omitted. The Rev. Sylvanus, one, not even to the servants. young intruder should be no nuisance to any one, not even to the servants. When bet uncles saw him they saw him at his best. At the first signs of bad behavior Beatrice whip ped him away. As he had not yet run amuel through their brie-a-brae, not demolished to the ceremony took place. After some co-altagen it was decided that the boy should be known as Henry.

"Henry," said Uncle Horace, "is a safe name, thoroughly adaptable to any station in So Henry it was. The surname they left in

abeyance, trusting that time or chance might some day reveal it. Every article of clothing worn by the child traits were hidden under the broad bosoms a with the direction card placed in the big safe. on its arrival was folded up, and together They might hereafter be needed for the pur-

poses of identification.

So Bentrice Clauson was confirmed in the possession of her toy-her toy! In a month's time little Harry was every one's toy. The Talbert themselves were ashamed to say how glad they were that Beatrice's whim had been carried out, but it was currently reported that shortly afterwards, when the boy was suffering from some transient childish ailment, the two tall brothers were seen intently poring over that interesting work, Dr. Bull's 'Hints to Mothers!" But this I believe, was

CHAPTER VII. THE GREAT JUNE AUDIT.

The wisest sometimes make mistakes. The nost careful housekeeper has been known to spoil a pudding by putting salt instead of sugar on it. Let it then be no detraction from the Talbert general administrative ability that the nurse girl turned out badly. They had seen so successful with cooks, parlor maids, house maids and kitchen maids that their failure in this one instance must not be onsidered.

The girl's misdeeds need not be detailed, suffice it to say the culmination of them was this: Horace and Herbert driving up the lane one evening saw a young man and woman embracing vigorously, and generally having a in fraudulent imitation of the Hop Bitter happy time of it. They could not recognize the girl, but felt sure she was one of their household, so the discreet Whittaker was or-dered to wait at the side door and send the terfeit goods as the manufacture of the comfirst arrival to his masters,

Of course, she repelled the accusation. She had indeed stepped out for a minute, to post a letter to her aged mother, but as for speaking to, much less kissing, a man-well, she never did! Alas, for feminine veracity! On the back of her print dress was the impression of four fingers and a thumb, printed there in good black mold, for it was an under gardener who had succumbed to her charms. It was Herbert who, while Horace expostulated, was seated at the table and so saw her back, who drew attention to this damning evidence. This gave rise to importinence and a month's warning, given in the most dignified and calm way by her masters.

They decided to engage an older and staider body, and being perhaps rather crestfallen allowed Miss Clauson to have a voice in th matter. One morning a quiet-locking, pale-faced woman waited upon them. She heard that a murse was wanted and offered her serv ices. Character she had none to give, hav ng been out of service for some years; bu lenty of people would speak for her respecability. The Talberts were much taken with ber general demeanor; but hummed and hawed when they found she did not come redhot from a place. Horace examined her at-tentively through his eye-glass.

"Haven't I seen you before?" he asked. "Yes, sir. I lived many years ago with Mr. Merton, of Cavendish square. You were often at the house."

She said her name was Miller, and that she was a widow. She spoke well, and in that respectful, but not servile, way which the Talberts liked. If they could bring themselves to get over the absence of credentials, and deny themselves the pleasure of calling on and cross-examining a former mistress, they thought this woman might do.

Beatrice had no doubt about it; and upon such inquiries as could be made being answered satisfactorily, Mrs. Miller was installed in the place of the frail failure whose escapade with the gardener had lowered the whole moral tone of the establishment. A giddy girl in a bachelor's ablishmen means destruction.

But Mrs. Miller was a very different matter. Miss Clauson found her perfection-numble-handed, kind and experienced-more over, quite qualified to fulfill the duties of Indy's maid when occasion required. Whit taker approved of her. She was a condjutor after his own respectable heart. The first one to be considered, the boy, took to her as readily as he had taken to Bentrice. Horace and Herbert, in spite of the sharp lookout they kept for a while, could find no flaw in her induct, and when at the end of two months ey ascertained that she had used less sonpour cakes less than her predecessor had durng her short stay, they began to think they and acquired a treasure.

"For the child looks as clean as ever," said Herbert to Horace "I always felt sure that girl left the soap in the hot water and forgot all about it."

The last winter months and the spring menths passed very quietly at Hazlewood House. The Talberts and their niece dined occasionally with the best families in the neighborhood, and in return the Talberts asked the best families to dine with them. The seven days' wonder about the boy had almost lied away. Everyone, of course, felt sure he was somebody, but no one knew what body. If there was any scandal the serene brother heard it not. It is true that old Lady Bowker, very important personage, paid them a visit on purpose to find out all about everything. She had known the Talberts as boys, so felt entitled to ask them point blank for an explanation. People who have known you as a boy are, as a rule, great nuisances.

She told them she wanted to speak to them on private business, so Beatrice left the room. Then she turned from one to the other of the grave, long-faced men:
"Now, Horace; now, Herbert, what is the
meaning of this affair! Who is the boy you re making such a fuss about?" "I don't think we ever make fusses," said

"Certainly not," said Horace, with decision. "Well, mysteries then; we all want to know who this child really is—the child who came in the dead of night wrapped up in an antimacassar or something—came by Pickford's van, I am told." "I wish you could tell us, Lady Bowker. We know no more than you do."
"That's all nonsense, Horace. I hear you

Herbert in a deprecating way.

stay with you. I think you are most incon "We are never inconsiderate," said Horace. "Certainly not," said his brother.
"Yes, you are. You are inconsiderate in ot letting at least one safe, discreet person into the secret. Some one like myself who

have engaged a nurse, and that the child is to

ould youch for you." "We don't want to be vouched for."
"Yes, you do—I don't see that you are any
etter than other people." Lady Bowker was growing cross at their

mild obstinacy.
"You are most inconsiderate towards Miss Clauson. Here, a week after she comes to live with you, this infant makes its appearance. Of course people say you were only waiting until there was a lady at Hazlewood House to look after him."

"They say that, do they?" asked Horace "What else can they say? I don't say so son at least who he really is."

"But we don't know." 'Yes, you do. Now tell me, like good

They repeated their simple statement, adding that the child was kept by Beatrice's express wish; also because they hoped the mystery would one day be solved; and because they themselves felt a friendly disposition toward the little waif.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Lady Bowker radely, and rising to go. The brothers smiled calmly

"You will only have yourselves to blame for the scandal," continued their visitor. Still they smiled

"Dear Lady Bowker," said Horace, soft-"will you still ask us to dinner occasion "Of course I shall,"

"And still honor Hazlewood House wi your presence?" Yes-when you ask me." "Then," said Horace, "we feel we can hole our own against the world."

Lady Bowker drove away in a thoroug

ever that the child was somebody. Indeed, she managed to convey to most people the impression that she was in the secret. "Lady Bowker is a trifle vulgar sometimes,"

bad temper, but feeling more certain than

said Horace sadly. "She is," assented Herbert. It was a painful thing for them to be con pelled to make such an accusation against well-known member of the aristocracy; but they were conscientious men, and spoke the truth even when it lacerated their feelings,

COUNTERFEITERS BEWARE.

TO BE CONTINUED 1

A Michigan Concern Enjoined [From the Rechester Morning Herald

The following injunction has been obtained by the Hop Bitters Company, of Rochester, N. Y., against Collatinus D. Warner of Read-ing, Michigan prohib ting him from manufacturing or selling "German Hop Bitters," The President of the United States of America

to Collatinus D. Warner, of Reading, Mich. his servants, workmen, sale smen and agents and each and every of them: Whereas, it has been represented unto the the Justices of our Circuit Court, the Hon Stanley Matthews, and the Hon. Henry B.

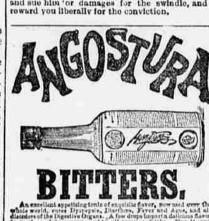
Brown, at Detroit, within and for said Dis-trict, sitting as a Court of Chancery that you, Collatinus D. Warner, are manufacturing and selling a medicine named German Hop Bitters made and sold by complainant; yoursaid med icine being devised, circulated and intended to damant. We therefore, in consideration of the prem

ises, do strictly enjoin you, the said Collatinus D. Warner, and all and every the persons before named, from using the words "Hop Bit-ters" on any fluids contained in bottles so a to induce the belief that such fluids are made by complainant; and further, from manufacturing, seiling or offering for sale any bitters or other fluids in the bottles and with the labels, and in the general form in which you were manufacturing and selling the bitters called by you German Hop Bitters, on the filling of the bill; or in any other bottles, or wite any other labels, contrived or desired to reverent or labels contrived or designed to represent or induce the belief that the bitters or fluids sold by you are the goods of the complainant, until the further order of the Court.

Witness,
The Honorable MORRISON R WAITE,
Chief Justice of the United States.
At Detroit, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1885.
[L. S.] Walter S. Harsha, Clerk,

Prosecute the Swindlers. Frosecute the Swindiers.

If when you call for Hop Bitters (see green cluster of hops on the white label) the drugglet hands out any stuff called C D Warner's German Hop Bitters or with other h 'n name, refuse it and shun that drugglet as you would viper; and if he has taken your money for the stuff, indict him for the fraud and sue him or damages for the swindle, and will reward you liberally for the conviction.



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