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through the prison gate.

She was immediately accosted by a portly, good-tempered-looking janitor, whose gold-Omaha, Neb. laced cap spoke of superior standing. He ushered her into a little waiting-room just inside the gate, and asked her to state her business. Mrs. Miller's business was to see one of the convicts, by name Maurice Har-

> Now, convicts are only allowed to see their friends once in six months; so the janitor shock his head dubiously. Still, as Mrs. Miller was a most respectable-looking woman, he said he would mention the matter to the governor. He begged the lady to take a chair

and then left her. She sat for some time in the bare little vaiting room, the walls of which were decoprison not to offer the warders any money, out to deposit such donations as they wished to make in boxes that were hung against the wall for the benefit of discharged prisoners and the for the benefit of discharged prisoners and the officers' schools respectively. After a while the good-natured janitor returned. He told Mrs. Miller that the convict had not seen a little money. After that he must do the best little money. After that he must do the best groove down which it seemed likely they friend for many months, so upon his return from work he would be asked if he would like o see her. She must give her name. She wrote it down, then waited patiently.

MISSOURI VALLEY BRIDGE AND IRON WORKS By and by there was a measured tramp of many heavy feet, and she knew the convicts were returning to dinner. After the tramp had died away a warder made his appearance and told her to follow him. Wronght Iron. Steel. Howe

It was but a step. He opened a door in the rear of the waiting room, and Mrs. Miller BRIDGES ound herself in a place which could suggest nothing else than a den at a zoological gar-den, one side of the room being formed of fron bars about six inches apart, and opposite was a similar den with its front turned towards it and entered by another door, and between the two was a space, a narrow den, entered by another door and containing a

> Presently the door of the middle den opened and a warder entered and seated himself upon the stool; then the furthest door opened, and one of the blue-habited convicts walked up to the bars and gave his visitor a nod of care-

As a rule, when a female friend is permitted to see a convict there is weeping and wailing. Hands are stretched out through the bars across the open space, and if the two persons are of ordinary stature, finger-tips may just meet. This is better than nothing. Time was when no open space divided the friends; they could kiss and al-most embrace through one set of bars. But was found that the visitor's kias often transferred a half-sovereign from her mouth to the convict's. A kindly action, no doubt, but one which when discovered led the man into trouble, knocked off good-conduct marks, and lengthened his time of imprisonment.

So now there is a space of something like five feet between the visitor and the visited. With these two there was no weeping, n stretching out of hands. In fact, as Mrs. Miller looked at the caged creature in front of her an expression very nearly akin to of her an expression very nearly akin to hatred settled on her strongly-marked features. Yet, in spite of his close-clipped crown, shaven checks and ugly attire the convict was by no means ill-looking. His features were straight, and might even have been called refined. He was above the middle height, broad shouldered and healthy looking. His teeth were good, and his hands, although yearsh and headened with tall week. although rough and hardened with toil, were not the hands of one who has labored from his childhood. His eyes had a cruel, crafty look in them; but this look might have been acquired since his incurveration. Indeed, Mrs. Miller had noticed the same expression in the eyes of every convict whom she had met on the road to the prison.



on his stool sublimely indifferent, and for a while there was silence. The convict was the

'Oh, it's you, is it?' he said. "Yes, it's me," said Mrs. Miller.

"Well, what do you want? To see how am getting on?" He spoke quite jauntily. His visitor gazed at him scornfully.

dusty vehicles. She was driven through the little gray town, which lies at the foot of and stretches a long way up the hill. The horse toiled up the steep street, on and on until the occupant of the cab locked down on the tops of the houses which she had just "Oh, I'm in splendid bealth," he continued.
"Physically, I'm twice the man I was when I came here. Regular hours, regular meals, passed. Then a turn, and a bit of level regular work. Constitution quite set up. No chance of my dying before my term's up."
"No, I'm afraid there isn't," said Mrs. Milground, another turn and a steep hill; so on and on in a zigzag course until the table land which lies at the top of Portland island was ler with such bitterness that the impassive warder glanced at her, and wondered what somehow reached, an event which must have manner of prisoner's friend this was,

The prisoner's face changed. He scowled at her as darkly as she had scowled at him. "When will your time be up?" she asked "Can you tell mer" she added, turning to the warder.

"Can't say exactly," answered the warder. "He's in blue, so he's in his last year."

Mrs. Miller shuddered. Her hands elenched hemselves involuntarily.

"I want to know," she said, addressing the convict, "what arrangements you will be willing to make when you come out, That is such material. This jacket, moreover, was stamped in various places with the govern-ment broad arrow. Every man wore caiter The man looked at her mockingly. "I have thought of nothing as yet," he said, "except

the joy I shall feel at once more returning to the arms of my devoted wife,"
The woman's dark eyes blazed. She leaned her face against the bars and glared at the shaven face before her. "How much money do you want?" she whispered.

The convict shrugged his uninteresting-looking shoulders, "Money is an after con-sideration; I am pining for connubial felicity." She turned and paced the narrow space. The warder grew quite interested in the interview. Asarule hisduties were very monoton ous. He recognized the fact that the present conversation was out of the ordinary run. The woman seemed to have forgotten his presence. She stamped her foot and turned

flercely to the convict.

"Look here," she said, "will you go to America, Australia, anywhere? Money will be found."

"Certainly not," said the polite convict.
"Besides, sir," he added, turning to the warder with an assumed air of deference, "I believe it is a sine qua non, I mean it is indispensable, that for some time I must report mysele to the police once a month?" After passing various sentries, and driving Th arder nodded.

"God help us!" murmured the woman Then turning to the convict, she said: "You'll let me know when you are re

"Oh, yes. I'll let you know fast enough. You'll be one of the first I shall come and see. Now, if you've nothing more to say, I'll In front of it, across the road, stretched the governor's garden, still brilliant with flowers and plentiful as the fare is, I like it warm and looking like a glorious easis in the midst better than cold."

charge of his duties has to live on the top of The time usually allotted for an interview with a prisoner had by no means expired. It was a new experience to find a convict of his own free will curtailing his privilege. He

turned inquiringly to Mrs. Miller. "Got anything more to say to him?" he

"No," she answered sullenly. The convict made her a polite bow as she turned and walked to the door of her own den. She stood outside on the gravel for a moment, and back I should like to be able to visit you as gazed moodily after No. 1,080 as he was conbefore. You needn't be afraid." ducted by his guardian across the open space and vanished from sight round the chapel on the way to his own cell. Then she entered the waiting room, where she found the civi

official who had at first accosted her. From him she ascertained the proper office at which the inquiry she wanted answere should be made; and upon applying there in silence. Three dozen of sherry must have learnt that No. 1,030, supposing he continued been bottled before Horace spoke: to conduct himself as he had hitherto done that is, earning the maximum of eight good marks a day, would obtain his ticket-of-leave

in about six months' time.
"Then what becomes of him?" she asked. "Do you just put him outside the gate, and tell him to be off?"

The officer smiled. "Oh dear, no. He is

Mrs. Miller looked thoughtful. "Is there anyone I could write to and ask to be told the day he will come out?' she asked. "Certainly. If you are a relation or friend, that there was nothing like home, sweet and willing to look after him, and wrote to home—especially when the disposition of the the governor to that effect, no doubt you

would hear from him." gathered up her black skirts and left the mial visit to town, they had not left Hazl prison. She found her cab and was driven wood. House for any length of time six back to the railway station. It was some they settled down to rule its fortunes. The

curious prayer for a religious woman to called the upper circle. make, but after all not stranger than the prayers offered up by antagonistic armies. The train started at last and took her to Weymouth. Here she obtained refreshment, of which, indeed, she stood much in need. Somehow she made a mistake in the time, and missed the afternoon train. The conse-quence was that it was past eleven o'clock when she rang the bell of that methodically-

after half-past ten. Her masters were in waiting, and at once took her to task. She explained that she had missed the train, "What train;" asked Horace,

"The train from Weymouth, sir." "But Miss Clausen told us you were gone "Miss Clauson made a mistake, sir."

Mrs. Miller curtsied, and left the room. "She is a curious looking woman," said Horace. "I wonder if we were right in taking

her without a character?" CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Miller looked through her burs at the carried his sorrow with him, manfally re-

wine in wood saved them Heaven knows how much. Now, bottling wine is a nice, dignified, yet, withal, cheerful operation, in the performance of which a duke need not be ashamed to be seen. If I had the wine to bottle I would work at it ten hours a day. So when the brothers heard that Mr. Mordle wished particularly to see them, he was asked

Mrs. Miller looked through her bars at the convict.

at Mrs. Miller; the warder between them sat their resting-place by aid of a small spadereflecting great credit on the actors.

occupation. Horace turned the tap and rose from the half filled bottle; Herbert left the cork half driven in. They greeted their visitor and apologized for bringing him down to the lower regions. Although they were large coarse white aprons, fashioned somewhat like a girl's pinafore, they looked two well-bred

"I say," said the curate nervously, "you know I'm off the day after to-morrow.



fit in with them." Mr. Mordle was a privileged person. He could say and do what few others could.

he sherry cask. "Shall we go up stairs?" asked Horace.

What I want to tell you is this: Last week I asked Miss Clauson to marry me. She refused. Thought you ought to know." better than cold."

Horace looked at Herbert; Herbert looked at Horace. They stroked their beards meditatively, but for some time neither spoke.

"Well," said Mr. Mordle, "that's all." "I think, Mordle," said Horace sadly, "you should have consulted us first."

But it doesn't matter-I tell you now."

"Miss Clauson must decide," said Horace. "Exactly so," said Herbert. So the matter was left, and Mr. Mordle went away on his hard-carned holiday with a

clear conscience, if a heavy heart.

The brothers returned to their fascinating occupation and worked away for some tim

There was always a comfort in this reflec tion; especially now, when the fame of Miss Clauson's good looks had spread through half Westshire

It was indeed time that a suitable suitor home-lover is such that he takes an immen mercy would remove from earth a certain convict before the day came upon which he would be entitled to demand his freedom. A ling in the pursuits and gayeties of what i

However, her decision was a certain relic to her uncles. Had she selected to accompany them to town, they would hardly have known what to do with her. A handsome niece staying with them at their hotel would be—well, if not a nuisance, a responsibility. Approving as they did in the main of her treatment of Lady Clauson, they could not counsel her to go to her father's house. There were, of course, many families they knew no servant should on any pretence be out of charge of a nicce of theirs, but Beatrice's staying at another establishment whilst Sir ence of company demanded it, out of bed Maingay was in town would clearly show Maingay was in town would clearly show the world that there was a family feud. Nothing in the Talberts' eyes was worse than a proclaimed family feud. Hence it was that even now they spoke of Beatrice as only being on a visit to them. This delicacy en their part was a costly matter, for had they brought themselves to consider the girl as part of the house, they might with perfec justice and propriety have associated her with themselves in the June audit, so giving who held even a vicarious authority from himself making a mistake. So he said, with skill in accounts and estimates.

So when Miss Clauson refused to go to the said of the sa

Mrs. Miller."

"And." added Herbert, "the next time you want a helicitay kindly mention the fact to us as well as to Miss Clausen. We have a rule in these matters."

"And." added Herbert, "the next time you want a helicitay kindly mention the fact to us and for five weeks ruled Whittaker and the other servents as well as she could.

were not, as may easily be imagined, enthu fairly well-as they did most other things-

salved to do all he could to leave it on the knowledge of the proper treatment of game summit of Mont Blane or the Matterborn, to was more valuable when the game was lying summit of Mont Blane or the Matterborn, to summit of Mont Blane or the Matterborn, to sink it in the Lake of Maggiore or Como, or in the larder than when it was flying or in the larder than when it was flying or to cast it upon the flowing Rhine. He told himself with such cheerfulness as he could muster that he was deeply wounded but not shoot him. So it was that after their visit and muster that he was deeply wounded but not shoot him. So it was that after their visit and muster that he was deeply wounded but not shoot him. killed. Before he tied the label on his port- to Lendon they looked upon themselves as pretty well fixed at Hazelwood House until

the next spring. Beatrice was now just past 23, It really They were very busy bottling off a quarter cask of sherry. They found that buying their wine in word sweet them there are their feminine gifts to match making, began to think over the eligible young men in the

Then fate produced someone, whom, until now, she had kept in the background. But whether eligible or not is a matter we must discover by and by.

Beatrice entering the library one morning early in August found her uncles in high conclave. She saw at once that something had happened, and for the moment feared to hear that the red current jelly recently made from their own receipt, and almost under their own supervision, had turned mouldy. It was not that Miss Clauson was particularly fond of red currant jelly, her fears were simply on account of the distress such a catastrophe would cause her uncles' kindly natures. However, the matter was not so serious as she imagined. Uncle Horace handed her an open letter.

"Read that, my dear, and tell us how we shall answer it." She read the following:

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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COUNTERFEITERS BEWARE.

(From the Rochester 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 probibiting him from manufac-turing or selling "German Hop Bitters."

The President of the United States of America to Collatinus D. Warner, of Reading, Mich. his servants, workmen, salesmen 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 Diatrict, sitting as a Court of Chancery that you, Collatinus D. Warner, are manufactoring and selling a medicine named German Hop Bitters of the Hop. Extern in fraudulent imitation of the Hop Bitters made and sold by complainant; your said med-icine being devised, circulated and intended to mislead the public into purchasing such coun-terfest goods as the manufacture of the comlainant. We therefore, in consideration of the prem-

ises, do strictly enjoin you, thesaid Collatinus D. Warner, and all and every the persons before named, from using the words "Hop Bitters" on any fluids contained in bottles so a to induce the belief that such fluids are made by complainant; and further, from manufact-uring, selling 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 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. If when you call for Hop Bitters (see green cluster of hops on the white label) the druggist hands out any stuff called C D Warner's German Hop Bitters or with other h name, refuse it and shun that druggist as you would viper; and if he has taken your money for the stuff, indict him for the fraud and such him for damages for the swindle, and will reward you liberally for the conviction.

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WILLIAM BENNETT, Richland, Iowa, writes Nov. d. 1883. Thave been afflicted with Hay Fever and asthma since 1859. I followed your directions and am happy to say that I nover siept batter in my life. I am glad that I am among the many who can speak so favorably of your remedies.

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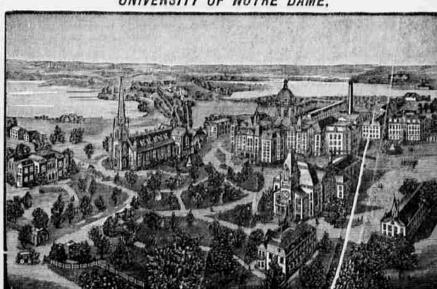
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A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY HUGH CONWAY,

tar on a mere pleasure jaunt.

No wonder she turned to the cabstand. The two or three cabs which it boasted were

rickety old machines, but the horses which were between the shafts were strong ones

Horses need be strong to earn a living in this

She drove a bargain after the manner of her kind, then took her seat in one of the

been grateful alike to the horse and the occu-

possessed of nerves of ordinary strength and therefore apt to rebel against being drawn up

hills as steep as the side of a house.

Some time before the cab reached the top

of the cliffs it had at intervals passed gangi

of men working by the roadside. At a dis-tance these men looked little different from

dinary navvies, but a closer inspection

showed that the garments of most of them consisted of a dark yellow jersey covered by

a sleeveless jacket of light fustian or some

and a curiously-shaped cap, under which no hair was visible. Occasionally one might be

seen who moved with a certain stiffness in his

gait, as if something which he would wil-lingly have dispensed with restrained the nat-

ural elasticity of his lower limbs. Here and

there the monotony of the attire was broken

by the appearance of some who were dressed

in blue instead of yellow; but taken alto-

gether the dress, if comfortable and enduring,

was scarcely one which a man being a free

The gangs which Mrs. Miller passed on the readside were for the most partengaged in handing lumps of turf from man to man.

They performed these duties in a listless per-

functory manner, although, standing on the

hillsideabove every band of workers, were two

men in long dark coats with the skining but-

tens of authority, and each of these men held

Farther away in the quarries could be seen many other such gangs, digging, delving, haul-

ing, wheeling barrows, and performing other

operations needful for extracting the fame

for some distance along the level ground, Mrs. Miller's cab reached a beautiful, tall, but-

tressed wall; skirting this it turned at right angles, and very soon drew up before an im-

posing entrance built of gray stone, and bear-

ing over the archway the royal arms of England. This was the entrance to her majesty's

of a barren land. A man who in the dis-

Portland island wants a garden or something

But Mrs. Miller did not even look at the

gay beds. She dismounted, and after telling the cabman to wait for her, walked boldly

of that sort. Without it the monotony of the

place would drive him mad.

ortland stone from the ground.

agent would choose for himself.

a rifle with fixed bayonet.

pant of the cab, supposing the latter

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days." She then embarked in another train; one that ran on a single line of railway-ran nearly the whole of its way with the sea or one side and a mighty hill of smooth, rounded pebbles, known as the Chesil Beach, on the other, whilst in front of it loomed fall errated, precipitous cliffs, at the foot or which was its destination.

Mrs. Miller paid no attention to the natural scenery of the place. She stepped from the train and walked out of the little station in a methodical, business-like way. It

was evident that the woman had not come s It was a burning day. The sun shot dow: its rays flercely on the treeless, shadeless barren island, or so-called island. Mrs. Miller's black garments seemed scarcely suitable to such weather—her frame certainly no strong enough to toil up those cliffs of oclitic limestone which frowned down upon her.











manteau he discharged what his keen sense of honor told him was a duty. He called on the Talberts and informed them how he had fared with Beatrice.

to step down into the cellar. Into the cellar he went. Not a bad place on such a sultry day. He found Horace scated on a low stool, with his long straight

legs spread on either side of the cask, in something of the attitude of a reversed Bacchus. He was filling the bottles with the golden fluid, whilst Herbert stood near him, and after dipping the corks into a little basin shaped mallet. As each bottle was filled, corked, and put aside, Herbert made a chalk mark on a board, and every fourth mark he crossed with another, so that the tally could be easily counted. The whole performance was beautifully methodical and business-like,

With their native politeness, the moment Mr. Mordle came in sight they ceased their



"Yes. We wish you a pleasant trip." "Thanks. Sure to enjoy myself. I want to tell you something before I go." They begged him to speak. They thought it was some petty parish matter on his mind. "Do you mind taking off your aprons for a minute? Somehow my news doesn't seem t

Moreover, his manner showed them he had something of importance to communicate.

Without a word they untied their pinafores, folded them up and laid them across "Oh dear, no. This will do capitally

"Quite so," said Herbert.
"Don't see it at all. Miss Clauson is of age. The brothers shock their heads gravely.
"I tell you," said Sylvanus, "because I'm going away to cure myself. When I come

"It is time Beatrice was married."
"Yes," said his brother; "but she isn't a
marrying girl. She takes after us, I think."

would slide until the end of their lives. They had of course seen the great world and vanities thereof, and now they found rould hear from him."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Miller. Then she sweetness. With the exception of the perentime before the train left for Weymouth; so she climbed to the top of the Chesil Beach and sat down gazing out over the sea. Her son did not accompany them. She said out lips moved, although the rest of her body right that she hated London, and loved Oak was motionless. She was praying, and the bury and its belongings. So at Oakbury sh petition she offered up was that Heaven in its stayed. A very curious choice on the par

conducted establishment, Hazlewood House.

And the rule of Hazlewood House was that who would have been glad to have taken

The Talberts had now settled down for th

remainder of the year. Autumn or winte would make little difference to them. The astic sportsmen. Sometimes they accepted an invitation for a day or two shooting CHAPTER IX.

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

Mr. Mordle went away the next week. He Although when they did shoot, they shot

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9 Approxim	ation	Prizes of 975	0	6

Or M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

PAID UP CAPITAL . . . 8250 OCF

URPLUS MAY1, 1885 . . 250,39

CHAS. SHIVERICK

OMAHA NEBRASKA

