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Largest Drug, Paint, Oil and Glass House of face. The brothers wondered mightily in the West.

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SAFES, VAULTS, LOGKS, ETC.

The fact is, I have heard that some time last year a child, a little boy, was left at your house, sent from no one knows where. Is this correct, gentlemen?"

"It is quite true," answered Horace. He "It is quite true," answered Horace. He

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Omaha, Neb.

BY HUGH CONWAY,

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days."

CHAPTER XV-CONTINUED. The gig in question was driven by a man who dismounted and helped to the ground a woman with a good-tempered looking shiny face, and who was dressed in refreshingly bright colors. One of them rang the bell timidly, and after a befitting interval the dignified Whittaker condescended to open the door. The man asked if the Messra, Talbert were in. This collective style jarred upon Whittaker, who had been in the family long enough to remember the time when "Messrs. Talbert and Co." was a well-known form of address. He replied that Mr. Talbert and Mr. Herbert were in, but at present

engaged.
"We will wait until they can see us," said the man. So Whittaker let them come into the house. They wiped their feet on enter-ing so carefully and thoroughly that all doubts as to their being persons of any importance were at once set at rest. Whittaker felt he was quite right in offering them chairs in the hall. They were too respectable to be left standing, but the gig and the feet-rubbing combined showed they were not

to be ushered into the drawing-room.
"What name shall I say?" he asked. "We are strangers," said the man. "You in say we have called on private and confi-

"You had better give me your name," said Whittaker.
"Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings," answered the

So Whittaker went up stairs, found his masters, and told them that a Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings wanted to see them on private and

confidential business. "Rawlings, said Herbert, with a shudder. "We know no one with such an awful name. Who are they, Whittaker?"

"I have no idea, sir," said Whittaker. As his masters adjudged the name horrible, he felt half offended at it being supposed he

knew any one named Rawlings.

"Where are they, asked Horace,
"In the hall, sir." Whittaker felt thankful a had not been tempted to give them sitting com honors.

"Whittaker," said Horace, gravely, shall be extremely annoyed if you have let persons come inside our house who are book nawkers, or, worse still, those who try to buy up recond-hand clothes, as these people say they come on private and confidential busi-

However, they put their eye-glasses up and went down to the hall and confronted their visitors. They found a woman whose philistinic attire set their teeth on edge, and pale-faced man with rather prominent light ue eyes and a weak looking, agitated kind what these people could want with them.

"You wish to speak to us?" said Horace, sunvely. Although they kept persons at a distance, as long as possible at arm's length, the Talberts were always polite and kindly

said the woman, glancing round the hall So Est imates Given on Plate Glass Furnished.

Herbert opened the drawing room door, and they all walked inside. "Now, then," said Horace, encouragingly, "what can we do for you, Mr. Rawlings—I believe that is your

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Rawlings, drawing out a pocketbook, and handing Horace a card, on which was printed, "Rawlings Bros., Purveyors of Pork, 142 Gray street, London." Horace shivered. He felt very

ngry.
"Pork," he said, "is a meat we never touch." Then he motioned to Herbert to ring the bell. But Mr. Rawlings interposed.

was sorry he had misjudged the man in thinking him a touting tradesman. "But why do you ask?" he added.

The man grew visibly excited. "Me and my wife," he said, "have strong hopes that the little boy is one we lost, or had stolen from us, more than two years ago."



You wish to speak to us?" said Horace suavely.

sible!" they ejaculated in one breath. foundlings such as this. It may be this one

'Why should it have been sent here?" unturned. May we see the boy?"

isfied it was not his missing offspring. So Horace rang the bell and desired that the little boy should be brought down. Mrs. Miller, the nurse, upon receiving in structions to this effect, imagined that her charge was to be shown to visitors of im-

He trotted into the drawing room a cabinet picture of childish health and beauty.

Rawlings looked at him with excitement in every line of his face. His light blue eye seemed to be starting out of his head.
"Maria," he whispered hoursely to his wife,

grown to. The same hair—the same eyes Maria, is this not your boy! Answer meand thank heaven we have at last found The wife looked at the child but did no

answer at once. them so, Maria."
"I hope it is," said his wife.

fied. The case was assuming undreamt of proportions. Dimly they saw that this recogion meant strange things. "My good man," said Horace, "you are

father be mistaken? Oh, my pretty boy-my long-lost lamb! Come to me and give me

Beatrice never to let the child become a nui-sance. Horace and Herbert, with arched eyebrows, sat staring at their visitors.

"We may take our little boy back with us at once, sir—may we not?" asked Rawlings. "Certainly not," said Horace. "You have not given us the slightest proof it is your child." "But it is, sir. I know, and Maria knows

do that we cannot admit your claim for an instant. It is absurd—you must be mis-"Absurd!" echoed Herbert.
"Tell me whose child it is, if it isn't mine!" retorted the man. "Do that and I will go

"Tell us how it came here. Until you can

retorted the man. "Do that and I will go away, I don't care how it came here. I know it. I recognize it. It is my poor lost little boy, and I will have it."

The man grew more excited than before. Horace was intensely annoyed. He turned to the woman. "You seem to have some sense," he said; "do you claim this child!"

She glanced at her husband and tears sprang into her eyes. "Yes, sir," she said, "I believe it is my child." The situation As it was the Talberts temporized; they

promised to consider the matter for a few days, and let Mr. Rawlings know the decision again asserted that he would not be robbed of his refound son, at last, to the unspeakable relief of our friends, drove away in his

Never had Horace and Herbert been placed

in such a difficulty. They sat stroking their

beards for at least half an hour, but could

see no way out of it. The arrival of the child on that evening of last year was as nothing compared to the present dilemma. Then, had they chosen to use it, there was at least a short cut out of the difficulty; now the man at least asserted that it was so, as if the matter was beyond doubt. The belief that the child was "some one's" child still clung to both Horace and Herbert. It seemed, morcover, an absolute insult that the child of such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings should have been sent to Hazle-wood House. Why should they have been chosen out of all the world to have this child foisted upon them? Why did not the unknown sender return it to its rightful Solomon. nome? The whole claim was a mistake; whether willful or accidental, it was a mis-take. Fond as they had really grown of the claim, the child and are prepared to make little boy, the Talberts were far too just to that claim good before the magistrates." think of wishing to keep him from his legiti-mate owners; but they had no intention of

surrendering him to the first claimant. Besides, what about Beatrice? what would as the apple of her eye. Bitterly they blamed

Horace wrote to Beatrice by the next post, said, was a great puzzle to him and to Herbert. They had deferred their decision nothing until her return.

Beatrice was alone when she read that let-ter. She turned deadly pale and seemed to gasp for breath. Then she rang the bell and ordered her things to be packed. At breakfast she quietly told Lady Clauson that she found she must return to Blacktown by the next train. She gave no reason for this abrupt departure, and her sudden determination annoyed Lady Clauson immensely. Sir Maingay said nothing. His daughter had long ago shown him she was entire mistress of her own actions.

"Mark my words," said Lady Clauson as will some day do something which will disgrace the family." "Oh, nonsense, my love," said Sir Maingay, who had now been married long enough to

find out that his beautiful wife was not all his fancy had once painted her. Beatrice reached Hazlewood House quite unexpected. The Talberts were out, so the girl ran straight to the nursery. "Where is my boy?" she cried, so vehemently that she startled Mrs. Miller who knew nothing of the purport of the visit paid yesterday. The boy was there all safe, and Miss Clauson, without removing her outdoor garments, hugged and caressed her pet until she was told that her uncles had come in. She went

to them at once. They greeted her in "What have you done about those wretched people?" she asked quickly, "The people who claim my boy, I mean."

"My dear, we have done nothing as yet." "You will not dream of giving him up?"
"I hope we shall not be obliged to." "Listen, Uncle Horace," her cheek flushed

as she spoke. "I will give him up to no one -no one at all." "I am sure, my dear Beatrice, you will be entirely guided by us," said Horace.
"Of course she will," said Herbert, kindly

They must have been sanguine men, as th set of Miss Clauson's browdid not promis well for her submitting to guidance of any "I shall never give up that boy," she said in a firm voice, "until the person who

claims it gives every proof that it is his. would rather run away with him and hide Horace looked extremely shocked, "My dear Beatrice," he said, "it grieves us both to hear you talk so wildly. The child is a

very nice child, but you speak of it as if it were of our own flesh and blood." Beatrice did not reply to this; but the up

shot was that the Talberts promised to write to Mr. Rawlings and say that they held his recognition of a child not seen for more than two years insufficient proof that it was his own, and in the absence of further evidence declined to entertain his claim. After this Beatrice left them, and for some time they mourned over this new and startling phase of demonstrativeness displayed by one of their own kin.

Two mornings afterwards Horace opened a letter addressed to him in clerkly writing. He read it and it seemed as if his jaw was about to fall. In silence he handed the letter to Herbert. Herbert read it, and his face reflected his brother's emotion. One glance passed between them and they knew that they were of one mind. Horace turned to

Beatrice. "Beatrice," he said in a voice solemn as the grave, and in a manner decisive as the laws of the Medes and Persians, "that child must "A field does not arrive unexpectedly in be given up.

She started, but before she could speak she heard Herbert's echo, equally solemn and decisive: "Beatrice, that child must be given

> CHAPTER XVL A TAME SURRENDER.

This is a true copy of the letter which fell like a bembshell between the gentle and peace-loving Talberts:

"Blackrown, Dec. 81, 18-.-To the

Messra, Horaco and Herbert Talbert: Gentiemen-We have this morning been con-sulted by Mr. Rawlings with reference to your refusal to restore to him his child, John Rawlings, whom he lost about two years ag in a mysterious manner, and whom he has recently discovered to be living in your

"The circumstances as explained to us by our client tend to show that the child was left by some person unknown in a railway carriage, and that it eventually arrived at your house, where, we understand, it has since remained. "Mr. Rawlings will call at your house or

next Saturday afternoon, at 8 o'clock, with a carriage, and we trust you will, without

his face against his leg set up a howl, which brought in Mrs. Miller, who at once whipped of his son, and we are informed that proper him away. She had strict instructions from legal proof as to the identity of the boy will be hereafter adduced.

"We are, gentlemen "Your obedient servants

"BLACKETT AND WIGGENS." No wonder that after reading the last paragraph, and realizing the fact that the man with the terrible name meant to fight for his offspring, Horace ejaculated: "The child must be given up?" No wonder that Herbert in his turn echoed his brother's exclamation. Unimaginative as they were, a dreadful pic ture of the consequences of resistance fixed itself on the mental retina of each.

But Beatrice was by far the most agitated of the party. Her cheek grew white; the hand which she mechanically held out for the letter trembled. Herbert gave her the epis-tolary bombshell, and whilst she read it the two brothers gazed at each other in that sadly calm and gravely reflective way at times natural to men whose minds are made up that a particular path of duty must at all "I suppose," he asked, as one seeking for cost be trodden to the end. When such a information, "it would be out of the question gaze passes from man to man it strengthens for us to do as Beatrice wishes?"

the feet of each to tread the stony course.

Beatrice read the letter twice. Without a word she returned it to Herbert; then she should be placed in a ridiculous position and grew worse and worse. It was well for the boy that he had made such friends of Horace and Herbert or he must have been sacrificed forthwith, if only to rid the house of his self-styled father and mother.

Word she returned it to Herbert; then she walked across the room to the fireplace and stood for some minutes tapping her foot upon the fender. Her back being turned to the Talberts they could not see the supreme emotion shown by her contracted brow and in walked across the room to the fireplace and stood for some minutes tapping her foot upon They shuddered visibly at the thought and tion shown by her contracted brow and in every line of her set, white face. Had they seen it they would have been more than surprised-they would have been shocked. they might come to. Mr. Rawlings wrote on Strong emotion was a thing to be shown by his business card the name of a hotel at well-bred personsonly under the most intense which he was staying, and having again and provocation. In this case it was uncelled provocation. In this case it was uncalled

Presently the girl turned to them, have quite made up your minds to yield to these people's threat?" she asked. There was a curious strained sound in her voice, "We can do nothing else," answered Horace. Herbert nodded a sad assent to his brother's

view of the case.

"Nothing else!" echocd Beatrice with a touch of scorn in her voice, "What right can these people have to the boy? It is not theirs. Uncle Horace, Uncle Herbert, you there was none. The more they thought the can remember how he was sent here. How more improbable it seemed that these people could be the parents of the boy. And yet cared for. Can you, can any one for a cared for. Can you, can any one for a moment imagine him as belonging to such persons? What are they! Pork butchers, you said.

"Purveyors," interpolated Horace, who loved to be precise. "How is it possible he can be their child?"

irged Beatrice "People in any station of life may have children, my dear," said Herbert, uttering the truism like a newly-found proverb of

"And," said Horace, speaking more to the

The most accomplished jack-of-all-trades generally breaks down when he interprets law—Horace was no exception. Had he she say? Beatrice, to whom the child seemed known that Messrs. Blackett and Wiggens could only obtain possession of their client's themselves for ever having yielded to her request that she might keep the foundling. child by a writ of habeas corpus or some such mysterious operation in a civil court he But what was done was done, and could not now be helped. might have felt more inclined to disregard the threat of "immediate legal action." As it was, his ignorance of criminal law inter-He told her that some persons had called and claimed her boy. The whole thing, he mistake shows how much better it would be for the general public if they consulted for a few days. If possible they would do solicitors in every emergency-and how much better for solicitors!

"Before the magistrates, my dear Beatrice," echoed Herbert, dutifully accepting his brother's version of the law

"Tell them to do so-tell them to prove their right," said Beatrice. The brothers held up their long, shapely hands in horror. "My dear Beatrice," said Horace, with the solemnity of a bishop rebuking a curate, "for heaven's sake be reasonable—we only ask you to be reasonable. How can we possibly appear before the bench and contest this claim? Fancy the talk—the ridicule! You must see the utter absurdity of your suggestion—the utter impossibility of to Mrs. Miller's care, again sought her own



My dear Beatrice," said Horace, "for Heaven's sake be reasonable.

"Tos, Beatrice, I am sure you must see it, enid Herbert. If Miss Clauson was misguided enough not to see the absurdity and impossibility of the course she wished her uncles to take, I am exercise, and the delight at having received sure she stands alone in her darkness. Horace such a summons from Miss Clauson. To-day and Herbert hailed before the county justices, he was leagues above his lugubrious name. and Herbert hailed before the county justices, charged by a purveyor of pork named Rawlings with unlawfully detaining the said purveyor's son and heir, would have made not only the hair of Cakbury, but also the kernel purpose of promoting circulation as on account of the cheerful sound of the detonations made by the meeting palms. He wished the kernel part of the purpose of promoting circulation as on account of the cheerful sound of the detonations made by the meeting palms. He wished the kernel part of the purpose of promoting circulation as on account of the cheerful sound of the detonations made by the meeting palms. He wished the hair of a portion of Blacktown stand on end. Think how the families of position which clearly implied that happy years were which clearly implied that happy years were the reception. and bitter the wiseneres who were suce the returned the greeting with due respect, and child was "somebody" would have felt when ventured to express his approval of Mr. Mor the lowly parentage was revealed! And even | dle's Christmas Day sermon. Then Mordle if Mr. Rawlings failed to substantiate his said something which made even Whittaker claim there would be scandal. People would laugh. Miss Clauson heard the curate's ask why the Talberts were so anxious to keep | brisk, crisp voice long before he was shown possession of this little stranger. Bentrice's into the drawing room. strange fancy for the boy would no; be a suf-ficient explanation. The Talberts knew the world and its pettiness and wicked tongue.

He greeted her pleasantly, and learned that her uncles were out. As the Talberts always took their out-of-door exercise of an Once they had braved it in deference to a afternoon, this news was no surprise to him. whim of Beatrice's, but the matter was now far too serious to take a girl's whim into ac- his call by their well-known clock-work habcount. They saw that one course only was its? A tote-a-tote is often pleasant, although open to them. When Mr. Rawlings' carriage the two heads harbor no thoughts save those came to their door little Harry must forth-

with be placed in it,
But Miss Clauson still continued unreasonable. She even returned to the attack. "I do not see it at all," she said. "If this man laid claim to one of your fields you would not were conventional, but there was something

"Take a better simile, my dear," said Herbert. "Suppose you picked up a soveraign in the street and a man came up and swore it was his. Although you might have every reason to doubt his assertion you would, I am sure, give it up in order to avoid unseemly

humorously, but as one who states a simple

"I don't think I should," said Beatrice, "Oh, yes, my dear, you would," said Horace, gravely. "I cm sure of it," added Herbert.

Beatrice did not pursue Herbert's ingenious argument further. "Nothing—no entreaty of mine will make you change your minds?" she asked. The brothers shock their beads It was painful to them to refuse her request, but their grave eyes looked into the distance and saw all the horrors which they imagined a contest with Mr. Rawlings would arouse. Beatrice knew that any further appeal would be waste of breath. "I must go and think," she said, wearily, as she turned away from the arbiters of the boy's

possible we would willingly have given libe use room until his future was assured." Beatrice took his hand and pressed it. "Thank you," she said, gratefully. Then she passed through the door which Herbert held

open, an act of politicness which not even the relationship of uncle and niece or the pro-verbial contempt bred by familiarity allowed the Talberts to forget.

The brothers resumed their seats, and for a while silence reigned. The truth is they felt angry and annoyed, perhaps even self-reproachful. Impossible as it was that Mr. Rawlings' claims could be contested, both Horace and Herbert felt a sense of shame natural to any Englishman who finds himself compelled to yield by a mere threat. The wish to fight everything out to the bitter end made England what it is. Perhaps, after all, when they came to think of it, the Talberts were fonder of the child than they cared to own. At any rate, after a long brown study, Herbert, at least, showed signs of wavering.

so far as the Talberts were concerned the

boy's fate was settled. To become the jest and pointed!

With minds ill at easo they sought distraction in their housekeeping. Although as a rule the "Tabbies" were just, if cheese-

gainst her brows. She did not weep, vas her look that of one resigning herself to tate and getting rendy to yield to the mevit able. It was rather that of one searching for and exploring every path which might

which he always greeted her. Miss Clauson took the little fellow on her lap, clasped him to her heart, stroked and curled his pretty ruffled bright hair, called him by a thousand endearing names and strange diminutives, kissed him on his lips, his eyes, his neck, his dimpled arms and fat legs, and generally went through the well-known ceremony of child worship. It was clear that no legal nenace, however dire, would make her acpuiesce in the tame surrender of her pet contemplated by her uncles. Not one of her many and rather wild ejaculations so much

By and by, with a face even paler than before, Beatrice took the child by the hand and went down stairs. She paused for second before the closed door of the room in which she had left her uncles. "I can see no

presented itself. A tinge of color leaped back to her cheek. With quick steps she led the boy away, and having consigned him thought. "It is but a slender chance," she whispered, "but it can be tried. To-day is Thursday, and no steps can be taken until After this she wrote a note to Sylvanus

house and seaher either that afternoon or early the next morning. She sent the note down to the village and then went in search They looked at her rather timidly, perhaps conscience stricken. They fancied she had come to renew her argument and offer up fresh entreaties. It may be they feared that in such an event they would be forced to yield, in spite of the consequences such an act of weakness must entail. But Beatrice did not reopen the attack. She quietly asked if she might have the clothes worn by the boy

remembered, were carefully stowed away by Horace in the big safe. As there appeared to be no harm in the gratifying of this request the safe was unlocked, and a neat brown paper parcel indorsed in Horace' ong, slim caligraphy given to the girl.

"You will not answer the solicitor's letter, hope," she said. "No; it needs no answer. The delivery of the boy will be answer enough."

In the afternoon Sylvanus trotted up on his tricycle. His face was radiant from the would have laughed! Think how annoyed the rule, sad ones the exception. Whittaker

"You want me," said Bylvanus, "Behole me. Here I am."
"I want you to do me a favor, so I ver

the middle of the night," said Horace-not -all." He spoke even more quickly and emphatically than was his wont. In his heart the good fellow fancied his aid was needed for semething concerning Carruthers whom he persisted in believing Beatric love i. Nevertheless, he would willingly have done all he could to help to happiness the man who had taken every vestige of

hope from him. But the favor resolved itself into this Would Mr. Mordle accompany Miss Clauson to-morrow morning to Blacktown? She had private errand which took her to a part of the city of which she knew little or nothing Sylvanus felt and expressed himself great! honored. At what time should be call for her? Would she walk or drive? Beatrice looked at him and spoke very slowly and as

know of this excursion," she said. you meet me at the cross roads at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning? If I trespars on your time or good nature please say s "Trespass! By no means, Ten o'clock, I shall be waiting for you."

long-lost lamb! Come to me and give me one kiss! Come to your father!"

He shot out his arms so vehemently that Harry was frightened, and instead of accepting the invitation ran to Herbert, and hiding the invitation ran to Herbert years are not fond of children, but your little friends to do Mass Clause the invitation of the depart the hiding the invitation ran to Herbert years are not fond of children, but your little further east Sylvanus was surprised, even the further completed to do Mass Clause t

A a sifke to any proceedings of the mysterious. course!" he said, making the qu assertion not for curiosity but as a sa

his conscience. "It is an errand of no evil," said Be-gravely. Her words satisfied Sylvanu the words of a fair woman always satisfy conscience of a man. The amount of con tion carried by beauty is truly wonderf

TO BE CONTINUED]

The new superintendent of Indian school has made reports to the secretary of the interior concerning the cundition of the Chooco Indian Endustrial school in the Indian territory, and the Haskell Entities at Law occo Indian Endustrial school in the Indian territory, and the Haskelf Institute at Lawrence, Kan. At the former, there are now 176 pupils. Their teachers are two young isdies. The male pupils are used as farm laborers and the girls do sewing and kitchem work. The pupils range from 5 to 18 years of sgs. One half of each day is given to school exercises. Their progress is slow but may be said to be satisfactory. At the Hascall institute, the progress of Indian children is reported to be something remarkable. The pupils are rapidly learning to speak, read and write English, and in the higher branches are making encouraging headway. The farm, garden and mechanical education is satisfactory.

COUNTERFLITERS BEWARE.

Michigan Concern Enjoined.

The following injunction has been obtained by the Hop Bitters Company, of Rochester, N. Y., against Collatinus D. Warner of Read-ing, Michigan probib ting 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,

Whereas, it has been represented unto the the Justices of our Circuit Court, the Hon Stanley Matthews, and the Hon. Henry B. Stanley Matthews, and the Hon. Henry B. Brown, at Detroit, within and for said District, sitting as a Court of Chancery that you, Collatinus D. Warner, are manufacturing and selling a medicine named German Hop Bitters in fraudulent imitation of the Hop Bitters in fraudulent imitation of the Hop Bitters made and sold by complainant; yoursaid med icine being devised, circulated and intended to mislead the public into purchasing such counterfeit goods as the manufacture of the complainant.

We therefore, in consideration of the premises, do strictly enjoin you, the aid Collatinus D. Warder, 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 manufacturing sulling as "Solid Tetre", from manufacturing sulling as "Solid Tetre", from manufacturing sulling as "Solid Tetre". uring, selling or offering for sale any bitters or other fluids in the bottles and with the labels.

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,

If when you call for Hop Bitters (see green cluster of hops on the white label) the drug rist 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 sue him for damages for the swindle, and will reward you liberally for the conviction.



J L. CALDWELL, city Uncoln, Neb.; writes, Jan 1884. Since using Dr. Hair's Asthus cure, for ore than one year, my wife has been entirely well, not even a symptom of the disease has app ared. WILLIAM BENNETT, Richland, Iowa, writes Nov. d. 1883. I have been afflicted with Hav Fever and Asthma since 1859. I followed your directions and am happy to say that I never slept better in my life. I am glad that I am among the many who can speak so favorably of your remedies.

A valuable 64 page treatise containing similar proof from every State in the U. S., Canada and Great Britain; will be mailed upon application. Any druggist not having it in stock will procured.
o order. Ask for Dr. Hair's Asthma Curo.
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Turn Tables, Draw Spans, Book T.usses, Piers and Sub-

McLouth, Agent.

"It is-I know it is," said the man. "Tell The Tulberts on hearing this looked stupe

making a complete mistake." "Oh, no, sir-no mistaka. How can a

The brothers' faces were perfect studies. That two people like this should lay claim to Beatrice's boy was simply absurd. "Impos "Don't say impossible," said Mr. Rawlings, "We may find our little boy at last; we have been hunting about all over England for

"I can't tell, sir. But I won't leave a stone The situation was growing ridiculous, and if the Talberts disliked, one thing more than another it was a ridiculous situation. The best way out of this one seemed to be that Mr. Rawlings should see the child and be sat-

portance. So she quickly put on his best gar-ments, and made him look very cherubic 'look at him. Just what ours would have

paring, in their management-not unreasonble, if exacting, in their requirements, tolay they drove the cook and poor Whittaker almost frantic, and set both wondering "whatever the masters were going to get to." In the meantime Beatrice had carried her white face to her own room. She locked the loor, threw herself upon a couch, where for long time she sat with her hands pressed

possibly offer a way of escape from a diffi-culty. But it seemed as if every path she trod mentally resolved itself into a cul de sac, for the girl heaved a hopeless sigh and the tears at last began to force themselves through her half closed lashes. She rose, rang the bell, and gave orders for the boy to be brought to her. He soon ran into the room with the cry of delight with

as hinted at the possibility of an impending separation. In no sense were her caresses some of which were tearful ones, intended as

other way. It must be done," she muttered. Then, like one full of a solemn purpose, she entered the room. Whatever she may have been about to do, the empty room seemed to give her a welcome respite. She gave a breath of relief. Nevertheless, it seemed that the respite was to be but short, for, after waiting a few minutes and finding neither Horace nor Herbert appear, she turned as if to go in search of them But at that moment her mood changed once more, or an alternative course at last

Saturday Mordle, asking him if he could come to the

when he nest disturbed the seclusion of Hazlewood House; which clothes, it may be

Who shall say that Sylvanus did not time

in her manner which made the quick-witte curate wonder. "Command me-in anything-everything

if with an effort.
"I wish no one—not even my uncles—to

[From the Rochester Morning Herald.

and each and every of them:

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.



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