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BY HUGH CONWAY,

CHAPTER XXII.

HARRY LEARNS A NEW WORD. am informed, by those who ought to ow, that a credit balance at one's bankers sses great virtues as an elevator of both icrals and character. That, apart from ny sordid consideration or miserly joy, it nables a man to face with greater courage he smaller ills and annoyances of life, ren-lers him less liable to many temptations, eaches him to regard his fellow-creatures with more affectionate eyes, and generally a acquiesce in the wisdom of the arrangenent which made the world as it is. If this be so, the universal desire to grow rich may have for its mainspring the noblest motives. As in nine cases out of ten a woman holds noney in far greater reverence and awe than man does, the possession of such a balance hould be to her doubly gratifying and devating. With money woman is a power. t was the weak concession, begun years ago or man's selfish ends, completed to-day for he sake of justice, that a woman has any ight to hold property at all, which has led p to the demand for womanhood suffrage, Beatrice had a very large credit balance

the hands of the family bankers, Messrs! Furlong, Stephens, Furlong, Seymour & Fur-ong, an establishment which, for the sake of revity, and on account of its antiquity, was ommonly known as the Blacktown Old Bank. It was a very large balance; so large hat it annoyed Horace and Herbert to think of its lying at the bankers. With their praiseworthy regularity the trustees had very half year paid their niece's income to ser account at Messrs, Furlongs, and as Beatrice did not spend one-fifth of it the noney bred with its proverbial fecundity. Until their niece came to stay with them

he Talberts had, without even consulting ter, invested all surplus income in good lividend-paying preference or debenture tocks, chosen because they only paid four per cent.—no well-advised borrower should think of offering more than four per cent. Doing so creates mistrust. During the last year Beatrice had asked them to let the money lie at the bank. So at the bank it was, as Horace said, not bearing a fraction of interest. It vexed him to see such waste. Only at Christmas he had remonstrated with her. "You are simply making our friends"—several members of the elongated firm lived in the neighborhood—"a handsome rearly present. Paying one of their clerk's alary, in fact."

"Perhaps that was why Mr. Stephens was so attentive to me at dinner last week," said Beatrice placidly.

"Oh, nonsense! It's a mere nothing to But why should they have your noney for nothing, and lend it out at seven or eight per cent.?" Beatrice could give no reason. She simply said she wished it to remain as it was for a

while. Horace and Herbert began to wonder if she had afoot any scheme for endowing a hospital, or restoring the parish church.

However, the money lay idle and at call, and if Horace's explanation of the method by which bankers make fortunes was correct, the page in the red basil-covered ledger, "Beatrice Clauson," must have been a gratifying sight for the Messrs, Furlong and the rest of the firm.

One morning-the very morning which Mr. Hervey had appointed for his second interview with Beatrice-a few minutes after the respectable liveried porter had drawn the bolts of the outer doors, and so proclaimed that the bank was ready for all comers, a check for one thousand pounds, payable to "self" or "bearer" and signed 'Beatrice Clauson" was handed across the road mahogany counter to the spruce cash-

He leaned across the counter and asked er in the politest manner:

'How'l-you-hav'-it?" Mrs. Miller would have five hundred in gold, and five Bank of England notes for one hundred pounds each. The money was counted out. Mrs. Miller buttoned the notes inside her dress. The bag of gold she placed n her pocket, where with every movement it bumped heavily but reassuringly against her leg, and in dumb but painful show proclaimed that it was safe. Then she rejoined ber mistress, and the cab carried them to Blacktown railway station.

They booked to Paddington. As they wanted no companions they entered a ladies' carriage. Every traveler knows that solitude is most often found in those compartments reserved exclusively for the fair sex. This is delicate compliment to man, but not, perhaps, fully appreciated by such men who, after eying vacant seats enviously, have to enter a carriage more than three parts full

The train started. For a while Beatrice at as one in a reverie. Mrs. Miller, who held the boy, watched her face. Beatrice sighed, looked up and met her companion's gaze. "He will follow us," she said. She trembled as she spoke.

"Yes, if he can find us. Poor dear! if he can do so he'll hunt you to death. We'll go where he can't find us. There we'll wait until he can trouble you no more, my sweet." "Ah, when will that be?" sighed Beatrice. "When he is struck down. When my rayers are answered. When you look on his lead face, and know that you are free!"

"Hush! hush! How can you dare to pray for a man's death! Even I, whom he has so wronged, could not force my lips to form that prayer."

"Oh, my dear! my dear! that is different. You would be praying for yourself. God would not listen; but I pray only for you and He will." "Sarah, be silent," said Beatrice. She had

always set her face sternly against her maid's religious flights. But Mrs. Miller's excitement had by now reached a pitch which resisted even Beatrice's commands, "See!" she said in thrilling tones, which

made even the child open his eyes in wonder; ment, "last night a sign came to me, a dream. I looked down from somewhere and saw my self as I must be, as it was fixed 1 should be before the world began, where the worm

dieth not---' "My poor Sarah, be calm." "Where the fire is not quenched. I saw myself, and I saw him. He was close at hand. Oh, God means to strike, and soon,

Her voice had such intensity, her eyes such a wild look in them, that little Harry, who had watched her in that spell-bound manner common to reflective children, came to the conclusion that something was wrong, and

"See," said Beatrice, reproachfully, "you have frightened the boy. The woman grew calm at once. The blaze of fanaticism faded from her face, and she was once more the attentive nurse and faith-

ful servant. The train hurried them on wards Flight! Yes, it was flight! Hervey's threat had struck home. It had carried conviction. Beatrice never doubted his assertion that although it might be impossible for aim to force her to come to his side, he could legally take the boy from her. She deter-mined to fly, leave no trace, hide for a while, and let the man in her absence do his worst. If he told her friends the tale of the marriage t would at least save her from the pain of so doing. She had not yet settled whither

to go, but she meant to night to be out of The little boy, as was usual when he appeared in public, had attracted much atten-tion while they waited on the Blacktown platform. So great is the interest excited by such a perfect specimen of childhood that every woman and not a few men turned and locked after him. At the first stoppage a lady who saw him through the window actually fetched her bushand out of the refreshment room to bok at his golden hair.
She was but a young wife, or she might have known better. Pleasing as such admiration must have been to Beatrice, it seemed

Beatrice, who now had the boy, hugged him tightly. "I won't-I can't do it," she

"We shall be traced all over the world by it, my dear," said Mrs. Miller, sadly. Anthur of "Called Back" and "Dark Days "Oh, Sarah! It is too cruel-too cruel! See, let us twist it up and hide it."

Therewith she twisted up Harry's sunny locks, turned them over on the top of his head, and fastened them with a bairpin. His cap ras replaced, and very comical the boy looked with his hair growing upwards.

And very pretty he looked when, a minute

afterwards, thinking this was a new sort of game, he shook off his cap, shook out the knot, and, presto! down fell the glowing It was tucked up again. It was shaken out

again-and again and again. It was fine sport for the baby, but Beatrice began to lance timidly at her maid, who shook her head ominously, "We shall be followed every-where," she said. Beatrice sighed, "He'll be a big boy in no time, my pretty," said Sarah, "then it must come off. Don't

run the risk now. There's not such hair in be three kingdoms." Strange that a woman who believed mplicitly in destiny, Mrs. Miller should be in her calm moments so calculating and fore-

Beatrice kissed the soft cloud, and said that was why it was such a sin. Sarah, without a word, drew out a newspaper and a large pair of bright scissors. Beatrice turned way to hide her tears.

Sarah cut a hole in the centre of the new paper—a hole just big enough for the boy to put his head through. He did so, and thought it great fun. His blue eyes danced with delight. "Hold the corners, miss," said Sarah. Beatrice with averted eyes took up two of them in her trembling hands. The cruel work began. Ruthless as the shears of Atropos, Sarah

plied her bright blades, and the boy's glit-tering locks fell in soft masses on the ontspread Standard. Never before had the olumns of that influential journal gleamed so brightly. Clip, clip, clip, went the scissors, every clip seeming to cut Beatrice's heart. In five minutes the work was roughly



Every clip seeming to cut Beatrice's heart. done, and the glory of Harry's hair gone

forever. Beatrice positively sobbed. She gathered ip every thread of gold, kissed and wept over the wreck, then put it away to be treas ured up. She clasped her disfigured darling to her breast.

"Oh, my poor little boy!" she cried. "My little shorn lamb! Oh, it was cruel, too cruel! A cruel, wicked mother I am to you, my pet." She hugged the boy, and bewailed the loss of his curls—a loss which the late proprietor appeared to view with intense satisfaction. He was experiencing a new sensation, and at every age a new sensation is a matter of great interest.

Presently something seemed to stir Beatrice into great animation. "Mother" she said, mother! Listen, my pet, say after me, mother,"

He smiled his little smile, pursed up his lips, and made, for the first attempt, a very once upon a time looked rather tenderly upon tears the boy passionately. "Say it again-say always," she cried, "mother, mother, mother.

The little autocrat, being in high good temper, consented to humor her, and all the way to London Beatrice taught her boy the new word-even made him dimly comprehend that it was in future to be the title of the person whom his lisping tongue had until now only given the name of Bee-Bee, or ome such infantile rendering of the style by which he heard her addressed.

The comfort which his readiness to catch p the new word brought to Beatrice's heart ilmost compensated for the regret she felt at he ruthless deed which had been done by the scissors.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

PAINFUL DUTIES. After the two great crimes of "removing the landmarks of the constitution to pander o the masses," and not wiping one's shoes-

the one an imperial, the other a domestic sin yet equally grave—unpunctuality at table vas the most beinous offense in the eyes of Horace and Herbert. Without being exactly gourmands they liked their food cooked to a urn. Most bachelors who have turned 40 exhibit the same liking. The Talberts took a great deal of trouble about their cuisine, and xpected to be rewarded by finding everyhing, from the salt to the salmon, as it ould be. Such a matter as a hard-hearted potato was all but unknown at their table, and would have formed the subject for a ourt of inquiry, and, if needed, a revision of kitchen utensils.

At their refined dinner parties it was understood that after a certain time of grace no one was to be waited for. It was their theory that keeping several guests waiting for one laggard was a breach of politeness. There were unkind people who said that the brothers would break this rule for a lord. They wronged our friends. They would have waited for no one under the rank of a duke or at least a marquis.

So that when Whittaker having struck the resonant gong and so proclaimed that lunch was ready, ten minutes passed by without Beatrice's responding to its hospitable summons, it is no wonder that Horace and Herbert began to look grave. The soup was on the table; Whittaker was waiting his master's commands. He, who from long association, felt the situation as much as they did looked absolutely sympathetic. Although he had no reason to suppose her stone deaf he ventured to suggest that Miss Clauson had not heard the gong.

The beauty of the Talberts' character was that politeness invariably triumphed over principle. Punctuality was here the principle; it was outraged, yet forced for a while to submit. Horace forbade a repeated summons, and they actually waited another five minutes before they sent Whittaker to inpuire for Miss Clauson. Whittaker reported that Miss Clauson, the nurse and the little boy had gone out immediately after breakfast and had not yet returned.

"Then the nursery dinner will be spoiled, oo," said Horace sadly, as he seated himself and ladled out the coup. Horace, with his ind heart, felt for any one who was doomed to suffer from a spoiled dinner. After a solemn lunch the brothers waited for a while in the dining-room. They ex-

coted every moment that Beatrice would appear. They did not of course mean to scold her, but were prepared to say a few words of mild remonstrance; to show her, in fact, how the bad example of unpunctual-ity must demoralize an establishment. But as Beatrice did not appear the well-

meant little lecture they were tacitly preparing turned into open expressions of wonder as to why her morning ramble should be so protracted. Perhaps, she had gone somewhere to lunch. Perhaps something had happened. Just as they had reached this last the trunk and superintended the packing. Much as they delighted in odd jobs of the DIARRHCEA, worst cases relieved and cyclosure by Durry's Poss Malt Whisser Recommended by lead of Physicians. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

to trouble Mrs. Miller. As the train resumed its course, she turned to Beatrice, i'lt must be done, my dear. It must be done, my dear. It must be ran-do not be uneasy; will write to-night,

They were greatly surprised, and marveled on what errand could she have gone to London! No doubt it was all right. She had most likely gone to her father's. Perhaps Sir Maingay was ill. Beatrice might have intercepted a telegram and impulsively started off at once. But why take the child and the nurse? Why? There they were unable to make head or tail of the matter, so could only wait for the morning's post, "Beatrice might have been more explicit,"

said Horace, looking at the telegram once "Yes," said Herbert, "she had nine words

to spare."
"Telegrams are one of the pests of modern life," continued Horace, "People dash off these ill-worded, unpunctuated phrases instead of a proper letter. No one can write a decent letter now."

Horace, who had the gift of writing pecu liarly well-constructed and elegant, if rather too lengthy, epistles, felt keenly on the tendency of the age to conduct its correspond-ence by means of short, snapping sentences, after the manner of Mr. Mordle's style of talking

"I hope she will be back soon," said Her-bert. "Frank comes to us the day after tomorrow.

"He is in good health now, isn't he?" "Splendid, I believe." "Then I think we can give him the '58 this time—the '47 is growing low."

This was not meanness. It was but the caution a wise man exercises over his cellar, Besides, who could complain of the delicate graduation! 1858 is a fine wine; many prefer t to 1847. Beatrice's promised letter came in the

norning. Horace read it first. His face was perfect blank. He read it again before he anded it to the anxious Herbert, who, albough he saw from his brother's face that omething strange had happened, was for nce unable to make the slightest guess at the truth. Here is Beatrice's letter: "My Very Dear Uncles: I should be ungrate

ful for the kindness you have shown me if I eft you in any anxiety a moment longer than could help. I sent you a telegram yester lay afternoon to show you that no evil had "I scarcely know what to say to you,

an at present offer no excuse for what I am bout todo, I can give no explanation. When came to Hazlewood House I hoped to be ible to make it my home for so long as you would keep me. Now, I find, I am forced to leave you and make a home of my own. More-over, I am forced for a while at least to keep ilence as to where that home may be, this moment I have not even determined. It will, however, be out of England. I cannot even tell you why this must be so. Will you ever forgive me!

"Please do not fear on my account. I am growing old and can well take care of my-self; besides, Mrs. Miller will be with me, also Harry, so that I shall not be dull. "If I cannot promise to tell you where I

am. I will at least let you hear from me now and then. Please, oh, please, do not try and trace me, but do endeavor to think kindly of your loving but unhappy niece, BEATRICE." "What does it mean, Herbert?" said Horce in sepulchral tones.

"What can it mean?" schoed Herbert, They sat staring at one another and feel-ng that such an unlooked for catastrophe had never before happened since the world began to be peopled by ladies and gentlemen. Their niece, the feminine counterpart of themselves; the embodiment, to their minds, of all that a well-bred, well-born woman should be, to be guilty of such an escapade. It was awful, perfectly awful!

They read the letter again and again, discussed the meaning of sentences, even of words; but this analyzing process helped them nothing. So they turned to reconsider in a new light Beatrice herself as they knew ger or fancied they knew her.

Although neither of the Talberts had ever felt the tender passion, it was thought by many that if either were attacked, Herbert would be the victim. A widow anxious re-enter the holy estate of matrimony would have directed her attention to the younger man as being of a more malleable material than the elder. There was, indeed, a vague tradition floating about that Herbert had some young lady, and that had not Horace streamed down Beatrice's cheeks. She kissed | with praiseworthy selfishness promptly interfered and nipped the affair in the bud he. Horace, might now be living in solitude with all the cares of Hazlewood House on his shoulders. So it was Herbert who first approached the puzzle from the romantic side. "You don't think," he said, "that Beatrice could have any-any unfortunate attachment of which we should have disapproved?"

"How could such a thing be possible?" "We thought such a thing as her leaving us like this an impossibility." This argument impressed Horace. He thought the matter carefully over. "No," he said, with the air of a judge giving a decision, "it is impossible. She has given no rigns of such a thing. She has seemed quite happy and contented. Her appetite has, I bank, been very good."

"Yes, very good," said Herbert, "Besides, who could there be? She is also er own mistress, and if she wished to marry we have no voice in the matter. She is quite capable of having her own way. Witness er leaving all that money idle.

Horace had never got over that present of ven per cent. to the bankers. Herbert, in obedience to his brother's views dismissed the unfortunate attachment theory and began to look for another. "I wonder, he said sadly, and after a long pause, "I wonder if we have misunderstood Beatrice's characterf'

"I am almost afraid it is so," said Horace, "She seemed so quiet and contented," sighed Herbert, "True, that affair about those people and the boy upset her."
"Now," said Horace, "I believe you are getting nearer the mark. Can it be possible that any fear that the child would be taken from her induced her to make this foolish

flight—I can call it nothing else?" Herbert objected in his turn. Beatrice had en so certain that the claim would come to nothing, and events had proved her sagacity. So they talked and talked, suggested and reaned, but never got near the truth. They could not even frame a theory. Nothing in his world is more annoying than to be with-At last Horace rose, "Something must be

lone," he said, decisively. "Yes," assented Herbert, inquiringly. "We are, it appears to me, placed in a most unfortunate position. This mysterious flight involves the most grievous conse quences. We must do something which feel sure will be repugnant to both of us."

"You will not employ any one to trace "Certainly not. She is her own mistress and can go where she chooses. I am think-ing more about ourselves. Life will become intolerable if the matter gets bruited abroad."

"How can we help it? All the household knows that Beatrice has gone, and gone without any luggage." "That," said Horace, with mild triumph, "I have thought out." He rang the bell and

asked for the parlor maid. "Jane," he said, "Miss Clauson has been called to London. Will you be good enough to get such things packed in her trunks as she s likely to want for a lengthy visit; also pack the nurse's box and the child's things."

Jane courtesied and withdrew. Presently she returned and asked how many dresses

she had better pack! "Two morning and four evening dresses, said Horace, promptly. Herbert admired his brother's great mind, which rose so equal to the occasion. Then Jane wanted to know which dresses

The two new ones, of coarse. Then what? The black silk, the black lace, the high body with jet trimmings, the brocade upper skirt, or what? For the moment even Horace was

kind, to-day they felt no pleasure. scarcely dar d to glance at each other. They felt ashamed, as all honorable men do, who by irresistible stress of circumstances are compelled to act a lie. The packing was completed. Jane was sent to secto Mrs. Miller's ard the boy's things. The selection of these our friends did not superintend. The boxes were brought down, placed in the wagonette, and Horace and Herbert drove away with them. Nothing could have been more skillfully managed. Even Whittaker

was completely deceived. They took the boxes and warehoused them in Blacktown. "You see," said Horaco, as he turned the horses' heads homewards, "Beatrice has gone to London. She means to make a lengthy stay. She must want her things. Any woman would "

"Every word you spoke was the exact truth," said Herbert, consolingly. But they were horribly upset; so upset that they forgot all about Frank's impending visit, or forgot about it until the next morning, when they found it was too late

to telegraph. Frank, with "hope eternal" growing like a eucalyptus, came down as he had fore warned his friends, by the morning train. He was rather surprised at not seeing his two tall cousins on the platform, or any signs of the wagenette outside the station. He secured a hansom and drove straight to

Hazlewood House, Whittaker opened the door. "All well, Whittaker?" asked Carruthers cheerily. He did not bear the servant's reply, for at that moment Horace and Herbert appeared and shook hands heartily. They took him into the dining room, and once more the three men shook hands.

"Well, how are you both?" asked Frank. They told him they were quite well, but, all the same, Frank knew by their solemn faces that something had gone wrong. He wondered what the cook had been up to. "And Miss Clauson! Beatrice!" he con

tinued with an assumption of carelessness

believed "not here" must inevitably be followed by "but gone above." He was immensely relieved when the speaker stopped

"Not here," he sail. "Gone out, you mean. My greetings must wait." The brothers' eyes sought counsel of one mother "Bentrice went to London yesterday,"

said Horace. Frank seemed much aston-"To London? She left London only a few days ago. Is she gone back to her father's?" He was already framing excuses for leaving Hazlewood House and returning to town. An ominous silence followed his question.

"My dear Frank," said Horace, "something strange has happened, but it is sestrictly a family affair that we are consider ing whether we ought to mention it to you. Not but what your advice might be of serv ice to us."

Frank grew seriously alarmed. "But

"What is the matter! Is anything wrong?"

he asked in great agitation.

am one of the family," he said hastily. The Talberts shook their heads doubtfully. They were not sure about it. The family consisted of two, or, counting in Beatrice, three at the outside. "I have another right to know-a stronger right still," said Carruthers, who was on thorns of suspense. "There is no reason

one hope is to make her my wife. I claim the right to know anything that concerns The astonishment depicted on the brothers' faces spoke volumes in favor of their trustful natures or Frank's circumspect lovemak-"Good heavens, Frank!" ejaculated

why I should make a secret of it. I have

loved Beatrice since the day we met. My

"Yes; I asked her to marry me before I left here last autumn. She refused; I was now going to repeat my offer." "She refused you?" asked Horaca "Yes," said Frank, sadly. "But what is

the matter! For Heaven's sake tell me "

"Herbert," said Horace, "I believe this gives us the clue to the mystery." Herbert "What clust What mystery! My good fellows, don't you see you are driving me

mad?" said Carruthers. "Beatrice left us yesterday. This morning we received this letter." The letter was banded to Frank, and whilst he read it the brothers drew aside and talked in whispers. Frank's astonishment need not be described. Like his cousins, he could only ejaculate,

"What does it mean?" Horace and Herbert came forward. Her bert spoke. As the romantic side of the question had again turned up, it was felt right for him to be spokesman. "Frank," he said, "we do not wish to misjudge you, but the fact of Beatrice's having refused you. and of your coming down to renew the offer makes us think that she must have fled to avoid you. We know little about such maters ourselves, but we have heard of young girls flying to get out of the way of distaste ful-ahem, what shall I say !-

"Persecution," put in Horace. "No, the word is too strong-distasteful advances, Frank. This is, of course, a matter entirely between yourself and your con-

As the oration proceeded Frank stared from one to the other. Then he burst into a short peal of laughter. In spite of his anxiety about Beatrice, the situation overpowered him. "There is nothing to laugh at Frank," said

"There is madness, sheer madness in the air, my good men," said Carruthers. "Do I look like a man who would subject a woman to distasteful persecution! Hang it! I am prouder than you are. I had Beatrice's pernission to come. Perhaps you may know that it was arranged that we should travel down together!" They remembered that Beatrice had told

them this, and at once saw the folly of their new theory. They apologized humbly to Frank. No men in this world could apologize more gracefully than our friends. Then they talked the whole matter over again, withou any result. Frank did not say much. He wanted solitude and quiet thought. By and by the wagonette came round to the door. You must excuse our not having sent to neet you," said Horace. "The truth is the reads are dirty and we could not have had the wagonette cleaned in time to take us

"Where are you going ; for a drive? "We are going to make a round of calls."
Frank marveled, and thought that under the circumstances this social amenity might

have been postponed. "It is a painful, a most painful duty," said Horace, "but we feel it must be done. We must go round and indirectly give our friends o understand that Beatrice has left us under every-day circumstances to pay a long promised visit in London. We can see no other way of arresting inquiry and seandal."

It was after hearing this that Frank under stood how truly great was Horace's natura. The brothers drove off. So far as time would allow they called upon every one they could think of. They called upon Lady Bowker who had known them from boys; they called upon Mrs. Catesby, the stately, yet affable, well-dowered and better connected widow. who loved artistic society; they called upon the rector's wife; upon the Purtons, upon the Fletzhers, upon many aristocratic and few simply opulent persons. Being such universal favorites with the ladies they had to scruple in continuing their calls even to the very latest moment allowed by society Then they drove home feeling they had don all they could to throw a curtain or

Beatrice's ex' aordinary indiscretion. TO BE CONTINUED

Take all in all.

-Take all the Kidneys and Liver

-Take all the Blood purifiers. Teke all the Rheumatic remedies, -Take all the Dyspapsia and indiges-

-Take all the Ague, Fever, and billions

-Take all the Brain and Nerve force -Take all the Great health restorers In short, take all the best qualities of

all these and the-best —Qualities of all the best medicines in the world and you will find that -Hop -Bitters have the best curative qualities and powers of all-concentrated in

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All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters: I have used seven bottles; the bardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs and it has worked a mirscle in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY.

Buffalo, October 1, 1881.

cest. I know it.

Poverty and Suffering.

tinued with an assumption of carelessness, but longing for the door to open and admit her. The Talberts exchanged and glances.
"Beatrice," said Horace, "is not here."

His voice was so solemn that Frank's blood ran cold. Horace was not addicted to the use of canting colloquialisms, but the words were spoken in such a way that Frank with Hop Bitters and in one month we were all well, and none was the use of canting colloquialisms, but the words were spoken in such a way that Frank with Hop Bitters for less than one dector's with will believed. "Into here?" must juve its his bear.

Prosecute the Swindlers!!! If when you call for Hop Bitters (see cluster of Hops on the white label) the druggist hands out any stuff called C. D. Warner's German Hop Bitters or with other "Hop" name, refuse it and shun that druggist as you would a viper; and if he has taken your money for the stuff, indict him for the fraud and sue



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