without contradicting one another."

Carruthers, and of course he read Beatrice's letter before he read Herbert's. He searched

the former in vain for his own name, little

thinking how the writer had sat for a long

time before she could bring berself to sea

her letter without sending him a crumb of

tary and smiled faintly as he drew a ludicrous

picture of Horace and Herbert making

counter statements to their friends. He

mused a while, holding Beatrice's letter in

his hand. Her fingers had touched that

sheet of paper; so he actually pressed it to

his lips, and in doing so caught a faint lin-

gering odor of what he remembered was her favorite perfume. It was clear that Mr.

Carruthers' disease was as rampant as ever.

his mind. At the time the woman's earnest-

to confess. Superstition is a quality to the

possession of which no man of our time is

willing to own, not even to himself. Yet

read it again. He found, moreover, that it

was written on paper similar to that used by Beatrice, and upon turning it over he saw

were written so faintly that he had to carry

the note to a strong light in order to de-

The words were "Madonna di Tempi,"

nine men out of ten are superstitious.

patient and waitf'

was months ago.

Beatrice's.

Wait!

comfort. He then read Herbert's commen

Take all in all.

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-Take all the Ague, Fever, and billious

-Take all the Brain and Nerve force

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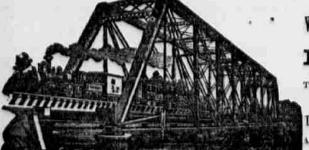
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### A FAMILY AFFAIR, Fight, happy

BY HUGH CONWAY,

"I CANNOT LIVE THIS LIFE!" Beatrice was at Munich. Munich, that ty for its size, perhaps, the most regal cap-Munich, with its fair streets, noble statues, palaces old and new, libraries ims, art galleries, and fast fleeting stands boldly out on a barren plain, no doubt feeling it has little which it need be ashamed to show to the world, except perhaps the vagaries of the eccentric being, its

Ecatrice never quite www what induced her to choose the capital of Bavaria for her resting place. Honestly, when she wrote from London to her uncles, she had not set-tled whither to wend her way. She might then just as likely have gone to Paris, Brusals, Vienna or Berlin as to Munich. She fixed on Germany for various reasons.

She had that feeling, which justly or un-justly, is common to most English people, that an unprotected and not unattractive woman is more free from annoyance in a German than in a French town. She also fancied she knew the German language better than she knew French. The scientific severity of the great Teutonic tongue had always charmed her. She had studied it deeply. She could read it in its classic forms with a certain amount of facility. She believed she could speak it well enough for the purposes of ordinary conversation. Alassaha was but one of the many who, when gutturals, compound words and divisible par-ticiples are flying about like hail, find what a fraud is the boasted phonetic spelling, and what an age it takes to feel at one's ease amid the elephantine gambols of the un-wieldy language. Nevertheless, for the above and other reasons she chose Germany.

As the party had left Blacktown provided with no traveling indispensables, except the most important of all, money, many pur-chases had to be made in London. All were, however, made in time to catch the evening train to Dover, and that night Beatrice and her charges crossed the channel. Then it seemed to her she was once more able to breathe. In London she had been baunted by the dread that Hervey would follow and

find her. Once out of England she felt safe. Be it understood that Beatrice was not flying from the shame which a revelation of her foolish marriage and subsequent act of deception would entail; although she would willingly have paid a large yearly sum, so long as her husband left her in peace and kept the secret. Gladly would she have made some arrangement which would spare her pride the mortification of her being nown as the wife of a felon. Gladly would she have done all in her power to save her father, her uncles, and such friends as she had, the pain they must feel when all was revealed. Yet it was not on this account she fled. Her one aim was to save the child from the man who was his father. She believed he could legally claim her

She knew he was villain enough to take him by force or fraud if the chance occurred. The moment Harry was in Hervey's hands she saw she would be at his mercy. She would be forced to submit to any conditions, however exacting and humiliating, in order to regain possession of the one thing which was left her, the one thing she could love, or was permitted to love. Flight gave her a respite; gave her time for consideration. It was the simplest and easiest way out of the difficulty. So she decided upon it. Once out of England they traveled by easy stages, and eventually reached their tion seemed as suited as any other to Bea-trice's needs, so she hired a furnished flat, engaged a good-tempered, handy Bavarian servant, and settled down to that quiet, calm life which she had in her letters to the

Talberts described herself as living.

These letters were sent under cover to a friend of Mrs. Miller's, who posted them in London, As English stationery can be procured on the continent as easily as every-thing else that is English, the letters conveyed no information which could be used to discover the retreat. Beatrice dreaded sending them; she feared that some unforeseen slip connected with them might disabode. But it seemed so unkind not to let her uncles know she was alive and well. She did not write to her father. She fancied her proceedings would not trouble him much, and felt sure that any letter sent to him would run the gauntlet of Lady Clauson's unkind comments. She trusted to Horace and Herbert to let him know all that

they knew. Beatries made few, if any, chance acquaintances. Some people never do. Just as there are men whom other men never think of asking for a cigar light, so are there women to whom other women do not make the first advances. Beatrice, with her re-

served but polite manner, classical features and distinguished bearing, no doubt conveyed the idea that she was a state not to be encroached upon without the passport of an So for society she had her boy and her faithful slave, Mrs. Miller.

However much a mother may love her child, she is not blamed if she finds that his constant company does not give all the pleasure the world can give. However aithful and intelligent a servant may be, he mistress may with a clear conscience

look beyond her for a companion. So Beatrice's life grew once more dismal and colorless. So much so that under its present conditions the late life at Hazlewood House, when contrasted with it, seemed a wild round of variety and dissipa-

She had her books and her music, but she had no one with whom to discuss the books, no one to listen to her music. She took lessons in painting from one of the thousand artists in the great art center, Munich, but this was but an aid to kill time, and unbroken with any ambitious aim. She had her These she shunned as much as possible. It seemed to her that there was nothing upon which she could look back with pleasure, nothing to which she could look forward with hope. She often recalled Carruthers' assertion that in spite of manner she must have some dream of happiness, and she sighed as she thought that now less than ever did life show any joy of which she even dared to dream.

Beatrice was sitting one afternoon in the room she called her studio. She was alone and in deep thought. She had just finished one of her periodical letters to her uncles. It was lying near her, directed but not sealed. Beatrice was wrestling with the temptation of sending a message to Frank. She could not bear to picture him thinking her cold and heartless. Should she add a line to her letter! Should she even write him a letter! But what could she say to him? Nothing, absolutely nothing! Besides, provided he had not yet learned the truth, the most he had not yet learned the truth, the most conventional message from her would raise hopes never to be realized. Poor Frank! why did he learn to love her! Why did she love she loved him; that she had found the power of loving and trusting still hers. Yes, hopeless as such love was, she rejoiced that she could love such a man as Frank. But no

word, no message must be sent. "It is a part of the price I must pay for my folly," she said as she scaled her letter. Her eyes were full of tears as she did so. Mrs. Miller entered and saw her emotion. "My sweet, my dear," she said; "what is it! There is no fresh trouble?"

"None, the old one is enough," said Beatrice. Mrs. Miller looked at her solicitously. "You are thinking of the man who loves you?" she said soothingly.

"Yes," said Beatrice with recovered com-Beatrice's latter, after having been perused and commented upon by the Talberts, "Yes, I am thinking that I may have wrecked his life as well as my own." "No, no, my poor dear. It will come from Herbert was inclosed with it. "You

happy."

Beatrice smiled a hopeless smile. "It will be-it is written;" continued Mrs. Miller, "Nothing can change it. God's arm is not shortened. His purpose—" Beatrice checked her sternly. Since Sarah's outbreak in the train all signs of fanaticism had been at once repressed by Bea-trice, "My letter is ready," she said; "take it and direct it to your friend. There are

once more deep in thought. She took two envelopes and also a stray half sheet of notepaper. Then she went into another room, and hastily writing a few words on the paper, placed it in an envelope, addressed it, and inclosed it, with Beatrice's letter, in the packet which was to go to her friend in London.

thought. Writing home had made her feel utterly wretched. It was now May; nearly five months had she been living this dreary life, and keeping every one in ignorance at to where she was. How much longer must it go on? She could, of course, leave Munich whenever she thought fit, but every other place would be just as dreary to her. Locality matters little when a sea of trouble sur-rounds one. Let a man count up his hap-plest days and he will find the place in which he spent them contributed not much to their happiness. Beatrice, who was now somewhere about twenty-three, had most certainly a right to expect son e happy days

She began to ask herself the questions which had recently been framing themselves in her mind, Had she after all acted in the wisest way? Was her life to be quite marred by that one act of folly? If she turned and firmly grasped her nettle, would the sting be fatal, or even more than she could bear! She was, like most of us, a blending of contradictions. She was wise and foolish; brave and timid; proud and humble, as pressure of circumstances forced has to the contradictions. of circumstances forced her to be. She began to leath this hiding, this shrinking integer corners. Could she nerve herself to come forth and face the worst?

What was the worst? The worst was her drend of losing her child. What if she wrote to Horace and Herbert and told them everything, begged them to forgive the harmless deceit which she had practiced; intreated them to see this man and make such termt to confess. Superstition is a quality to the as they could? Might she not, wh u they had assured her security and peace, face such scorn as the world would throw her? Then she began to wonder if Hervey had

revealed the truth? If her father, Lady Clauson-here she shuddered-her unclei knew that she was this man's wife. Although she had just been resolving to make it known to them, the thought of their being in possession of the knowledge was horrible to her. Yet all this while they might have known it-might have heard it from Her which had been of aid to him in his trouble. vey's lips. This thought half maddened her. She must learn if it was so.

If faith can move stubborn mountains, why not a heart which is willing enough to move

She thought regretfully of that peaceful in a particular direction? life at Haziewood House. Horace and Her-bert's little womanish ways seemed part and parcel of the pleasant home. She thought him his case was no more hopeless than it of old Whittaker, of William Giles, of the other servants. She thought, with a pang of deeper regret, of Sylvanus Mordle, who had also found in her the woman he could love. She even thought of young Purton's well-meant but unsophisticated advances. Then, of course, she thought of Carruthers on the back a few words in pencil. They -thought of him more than of all.

And Frank! Did Frank know, and if so, what did he think of her! Or, when he cipher them. knew, what would he think of her? Did he, would he, curse her very memory? Ah, so far as her love was concerned there could be when giving evidence, the handwriting was no hope for better days. At this juncture Beatrice broke down, just as she had broken down when she refused

"I cannot live it longer."

"I can bear it no longer," said Beatrice.

how I have been wronged-how I have wronged them. No," she exclaimed, start-

be other means. He is mercenary. Oh, I

leave me in peace-leave me and the boy in

"You!" Beatrice started at the idea.

"Let me go to England and see him," said

"Yes, Let me go. He is a wicked man,

but he can do me no harm. Oh, my dear

mistress, let me go. I can hear what he

wants-make him promise and put that down

in writing. Let me do this for you, my

"He is sure to be in London. If not, there's

those who can tell me where to find him,

Say I may go. Let me go to-day-to-mor-

Beatrice mused. After all, the suggestion

did not seem so absurd. Sarah was by no

means a fool. She could travel to England

alone perfectly well. She could hear what

this man asked now. Why should she not

let her go!

Mrs. Miller seemed on thorns of suspense

"Say I may go," she whispered.
"I will think, I will tell you by and by.

Send my boy to me; I will think with him

So the "shorn lamb," as he was now called,

came to his mother, and all the afternoon Beatrice considered Mrs. Miller's proposal.

The more she considered the more inclined

In the evening she told her she might go.

She gave her many instructions which were not to be exceeded. She was to find Hervey

and hear his demands. She was to be firm,

and above all have it clearly understood that

he must sign a deed of separation, in which he relinquished all claim to the boy. Mrs. Miller nodded grimly. She was not likely

"Take plenty of money," said Beatrice

"Give him money if be asks for it. Make

him understand that I have not concealed

So it was arranged. Fully one-half of that night was spent by Mrs. Miller on her knees. She was alone—Harry slept with his mother

as often as with his nurse—so she could offer

up her wild prayers without interruption. If ever a fanatic wrestled with the Supreme

Being in prayer it was Sarah Miller that night. For what did she pray! Perhaps it is as well not to ask, but to be contented

with the assurance that she prayed for Bea-

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MADONNA DI TEMPL

myself to save my money. That he car always have."

she felt to give it her countenance.

to err on the side of mercy.

trice's happiness.

lear. By the leve I bear you I ask it."

'H ow could you find him?"

hair as a mother might have done.

What did the words mean, and how far would they aid him in finding Beatrice? Frank's love. She laid her head on the table and sobbed bitterly. Sarah returning He soon settled in his mind that "Madonna di Tempi" must be the name of a picture. But what picture! Where was it to be from posting her letter found her so, and of course knelt beside her, cried with her, and found? "I cannot live this life!" sobbed Beatrice,

Of course, it did not follow that supposing he could ascertain all about this picture, which might or might not be a world-famed one, that he would find Beatrice near it. Nevertheless, the clew was worth fol-lowing. He would have followed a finer lowing. He would have followed a finer clew than this to the end of the world on the chance of its leading him to Beatrice. So he at once set about the task of getting information, if information could be got, respecting a picture called the "Madonna di Tameri". He haved the his hears were not Tempi." He hoped, but his hopes were not very strong. Indeed, he could not help comparing his case to that of the fair Saracen's, who found her lover by the aid of two words. Yet she was better off than he was, She at least had the name of a place for one of her talismanic words. He had the name of what he supposed to be a picture; noth-

Mr. Carruthers was not one of the inner circle of art worshippers. His sallet, his sturm und drang, his emotional days, were well over before the era of blue and white china. He had no rhapsodies, written or spoken, to arise hereafter and prick his concience. He had not bowed his knee to the intense, nor sacrificed on the altar of the incomprehensible. He was fond of pictures as 'I cannot live this life," sobbed Beatrice, pictures, and was bold enough to say he liked what he did like and that he disliked "My pretty dear! my poor darling!" said what he did dislike. Hence it will be at once the woman, her hard features transfigured seen that his opinion was worth nothing to by pity, and smoothing the girl's brown any one except himself.

Having found the knowledge not indispensable, he could not, like many men, check off on his fingers the principal productions "I will write and tell them all. Tell them of the grand old masters and name the spot of earth on which each one could be found. ing to her feet, "I cannot do it. There must But like the man who, when challenged to fight, replied, "I can't fight myself, but I will give him all if he will keep silent and have a little friend who can," and forthwith struck down his challenger with a short, stout poker, Mr. Carruthers, if he did no know these things himself, had a friend who

> This friend was a Mr. Burnett, a recognized art authority. Frank found Mr. Burnett at his rooms, writing-critiques on the recently opened

> exhibitions most likely. "Do you know any picture called the 'Madonna di Tempi!" asked Carruthers,
> "A picture callet the 'Madonna di Tempi." Ah, yes. The 'Madonna di Tempi.' Painte by Raphael. You have heard of Raphael,

"Where is it?" asked Frank quickly.
"It is in the Old Pinakothek." "My dear Carruthers, how ignorant yo

are. I thought you studied Greek at Ox ford-Pinakothek is derived from a Greek "I know all that, but where is it?"

"Your ignorance is deplorable. The old Pinakothek is in Munich. Munich, you may know, is the capital of----Frank jumped up. "Thank you," he said,

"I am so much obliged." "Not going, Carruthers! Oh, sit down and have a chat. Tell me all about your book. You must be dying to tell me all." "No, I'm not. I must go now. Good-bye."

"But where are you going?" "The words you read have fired me. I am going to Munich to see the 'Madonna di Tempi.'" And before Mr. Burnett could get out another question Carruthers was



The words you read have fired me. I am going to Munich.

will see"-he wrote-"that this letter is as unsatisfactory as its predecessors. It gives us absolutely no information as to where she is or why she left us. Now that we are called a "tick," sent Messra. Bidwell & assured of her being well, and, we suppose, Co, into retirement at the country's exsafe, our feeling about her prolonged and unexplained absence is more than regret—it is, in fact, serious annoyance. We find it eign land at the cost of the old lady of Threadneedle street. An act of Beatrice's quite a strain to answer inquiries about her that of penciling down in an fale morant the title of a picture which had struck her fancy, brought Mr. Carruthers in bot haste Naturally the envelope which bore Herbert's handwriling was the first opened by

CHAPTER XXX.

THE TRUTH AT LAST. Carruthers reached Munich late at night. de went straight to that comfortable hote the 'Four Seasons, and, feeling that the sour was too late to begin his researches, upped and went to bed. In spite of his exitement at the thought of being in the same but mortal, and after traveling as fast as i possible from London to Munich, it takes a great deal to spotl a hight's rest. So in the norning Carruthers arose refreshed and pager to begin the quest.

By and by be turned to see what else Fate But how to begin it! He was not even had brought him. Nowadays Fate shoots are that its object was in Munich. Because many of her arrows from the general post-office. Carruthers found among other lethe had written down the name of a picture it did not follow she was near that work of ters one addressed in a woman's handwritart. She might only have paid Munich a ing. It had been sent to Oxford and at Oxford redirected to London. He openedit flying visit-might now be miles and miles away. He grew very despondent as he realized the slender, fragile nature of the carelessly and found it contained a half sheet of note paper, on which was written: clew which he had so impetuously taken up Remember your promise. Wait, oh, be and followed. Nevertheless, he vowed he would not leave Munich until he felt sure it Carruthers threw it aside with a bitter did not harbor the fugitives.

smile. He well know who was the writer, He stepped through the swinging doors of his hotel and stood in the broad Maxi-What was there to wait for? However, the sight of those words brought back the memory of that strange necturnal visit; millians-Strasse. He besitated, uncertain what to do, which way to turn. So far as he could see, his only chance of finding Beatrice was meeting her in the public streets; his only plan was to walk about those streets until he met At any rate he would do nothing but this for the next few days. If unsuccessful he would then think whether he could apply He could not get the memory of that strange creature with her dreary belief, yet o such persons as might be able to tell him what strangers were living in Munich.

He turned to the right, went across the unswerving faith as to his own future, from

Platz, and into the fair Ludwig-Strasse. He walked on with palaces on either hand until ie came to the gate of victory. Preoccupied s Mr. Carruthers was, the number of magnificent buildings he passed greatly im-pressed him. However, he deferred his adniration until happier times. A kind of superstition made him think it

Carruthers told himself that such hope as be had gathered from Mrs. Miller's words was simply gathered because he believed her well to see the picture which had brought to be in Beatrice's confidence. Here he was wrong. It was the woman's brend but abhim so far. He inquired the way to the Old Pinakothek, and upon arriving there sought solute assertion, uttered with the passionate for and found the "Madonna di Tempi," He inspiration of a prophetess of old, that happistood for a long time contemplating it, not ness in this world awaited him and Beatrice, because he so much admired it as in the hope that fate might bring Beatrice to his side. She did not come, so he bade the "Madonna" not a heart which is willing enough to move adieu, and after having run quickly through the large rooms and cabinets in the hope of encountering Beatrice, he left the building And now this woman repeated her mes sage, and, as Carruthers read the letter, told wishing that the living masterpiece he sought was as easy to find as that of the lead artist. He took the note which he had crumpled up and tossed away; he spread it out and

Keeping to what seemed the principal and most populous streets he found himself once more in front of his hotel. He started off in an opposite direction, went down the broad Maximillians-Strasse. More palaces, more statues, but no Beatrice. At last he stood on the stone bridge which spans the shallow but rapid Isar. He stopped and looked at the curious artificial bed of smooth planks over which the river runs; and then he looked down into the little triangular pleas are garden which lies between the two arms of the stream. In the garden, on one of the seats, intent

engaged with a book, sat Beatrice. Her ittle boy was playing near her. It needed not the sight of the boy to assure Carruthers he was not mistaken. Like all lovers, he told himself he would have known that graceful head, that | rfect form at least a nile away. Yes, there was Beatrice! The 'Madonna" had not led him astray. Had Carruthers been a Roman Catholic he might cave shown his gratitude by the expenditure of pounds and pounds of wax candles. He stood for some time watching Beatrice.

Now that he had found her he trembled at his own act. He trembled at the thought of what he had to say to her, what she had to say to him. He comforted himself by the assurance that he had only sought sake of giving, or at least offering, such help as he could give,
After this he walked slowly down to th

garden and stood in front of her. She raised her eyes and knew him. Her book fell to the ground. She sprang to her feet and uttered a little cry, a cry that sounded very sweet to Mr. Carruthers, as it was unmis takably one of pleasure. At the unexpected appearance of the man she loved, for a mo ment there was no thought in her heart save that of joy. She stretched out her hands "Frank! Frank!" she cried. "You here?"



'Frank! Frank!" she cried. "You here?" He took her hands in his and regardless of bystanders gazed into her gray eyes. For a moment he could not speak. The sight of Beatrice, the touch of her hand sent the blood rushing through his veins. Days, weeks, months, he had pictured this meet-ing, and now it had come to pass! She was fairer than ever-fairer than

ever! The pure classical features seemed even more perfect, the clear pale face more beautiful, the dark gray eyes more wonder-ful than of old. And, as she had given that little cry of joy, something had leapt into her eyes which Carruthers had never before seen there, or never before seen so clearly and undisguisedly. The surprise of seeing him had swept away caution, and for the space of two seconds, Frank was able to read the very secret of her soul.

No wonder he held her hands and gazed silently in her face. What had he to say— what could he say! The certainty that she loved him made his task no easier—the task of telling her that he knew her secret, or at least a great part of it—the task of asking her to confide in him and let him help her. So he remained silent until she gently drew

The light had faded from Beatrice's face. She also, after a moment of forgetfulness, was coming back to her own world and its troubles. Her eyes dropped and her face

"How did you find me?" she asked in troubled tones "By a strange chance. I will tell you how

"Tell me now " Frank shook his head. "Not now," he said, "Let it suffice that

I have found you." "But," said Beatrice with agitation, do others know—can others find mer If you learned it why not another?"

TO BE CONDENUED.

The smallest slips ruin the most cleverly devised schemes. The emission or the addition on a bill of exchange of a simple mark instead of enjoying the fat of a for-

to her hiding place. Fate is turned by

-And that they will cure when any or all of these, single or-combined. Fail!! -A thorough trial will give positive proof of this. Hardened Liver. Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.
Since then 1 have been unable to be

> wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled. with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters: I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs and it has worked a miracle in my case; other-wise I would have been now in my grave.
>
> J. W. Morey.

about at all. My liver became hard like

Buffalo, October 1, 1881.

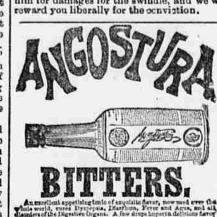
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I was completely discouraged, until one year ago,
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