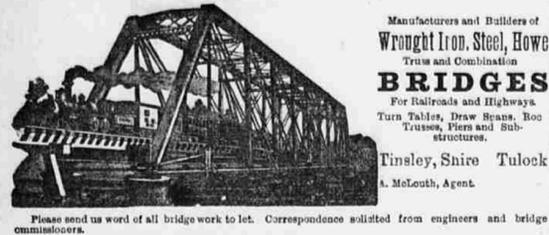


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GERMINAL,
 Or, the Story of a Great Miners' Strike.
 BY EMILE ZOLA.
 Translated from the French.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
 Anton Lantier, a young mechanic out of work, cooled the coal mines of Monstou, France, cold, hungry and penniless. The death of a miner makes a vacancy and he secures employment in the Vulture mine. Ma-hon, one of the miners, and his daughter Catherine, explain the work to him and assist him the first day. He hears the mutterings of the miners against the company and the death of a strike. The reactions of the independent and the small wages received goad the workmen to the verge of desperation and paved the way to the coming struggle.

CHAPTER VI.
 While going up in the cage with four others, looking like dirty bundles, Anton resolved to resume his journey and famish on the roads. As well starve at once as to again descend to the bottom of that hell, and then not even earn his bread. Catherine, shrouded in the darkness above him, was no longer by his side. But he must not think of such foolishness; for, with a deeper insight, he could not feel the resignation of these people, and, in the end, would struggle some-what.

Suddenly, his eyes, habituated to the gloom below, were blinded by the transition to daylight. It was none the less a relief for him to feel the cage firmly secured. The door was opened, and the group of workmen sprang from the cars. "Don't forget, Monquet," whispered Zicharie to a young man, "this evening at the Vulcan."

The Vulcan was a concert garden at Monstou. Monquet laughed, winking his left eye. Short and fat, like his father and sister, he had the greedy air of a boy who ate all he could get, without thought of the morrow.

At that moment his sister, jumping from the cage, playfully slapped him on the back.

Anton scarcely recognized the superintendent's office, last seen by him in the dim light of a lantern. It was very dirty. The daylight struggled through the dusty windows. The engine, slow, was bright; the steel cables, covered with grease, slid off like ribbon dipped in ink; and the drums above, the heavy frame-works supported them; the cages; the cars, all increased the sombre appearance of that room. The flying constantly shook with the ceaseless rolling of wheels, while from the ascending coil arose a fine black dust, covering the floor and walls as far as the tower.

Chaval, who had gone to look at the tally-sheet in the superintendent's office, returned furious. He saw that two cars had been rejected, one deficient in quantity, the other inferior in quality.

"We've done well to-day," he cried. "Twenty tons lost. This is what we get for taking in lazy people, who use their arms as a hog does its tail!"

His side-long glance was directed to Anton as he finished the sentence. The latter was about to respond with a blow of the fist; then he asked himself what was the use when he was going to leave. That thought restrained him. "No one can do well right off," said Ma-hon, to make peace. "It'll be better to-morrow."

Still they were angry, anxious to quarrel. When they stopped to give their lamps to the keeper, Lvasque swore at the man, whom he accused of alighting his work. But their anger abated somewhat in the waiting room, before the newly replenished fire, the reflection of which, upon the walls of that huge, windowless hall, seemed to fill it with flames. Turning their backs to the red-dening coals for the moment, all was forgotten, save that they were warm.

"In going," said Chaval, laying his tools back in his chest and putting on his shoes.

No one replied. But Monquet ran off behind him. The others sneered, knowing he was through with her; and Zicharie turned towards his sister with a laugh.

Meanwhile Catherine was talking to her father in a low tone. He appeared surprised, then gave an approving nod of the head, and calling Anton, gave him his bundle.

"Listen," said he, "if you haven't a son you'll starve before pay day. Don't you want me to get credit for you somewhere?"

The young man was embarrassed. Just at that moment he was going to ask for his thirty sous and leave. But pride prevented him doing so before the young girl. She watched him closely, thinking he was sulky.

"You know, I don't promise you anything," continued Ma-hon, "they can't do more than refuse us, though." "Then Anton consented. They would not keep him without money; he would eat something and then go away. But on hearing Catherine's joy he regretted not having said no; with a friendly glance she smiled, happy in the thought that she had helped him.

As they became warm, putting on their shoes again, one by one the miners left the room. Lvasque and the Mahons, shutting up their chests, went off together. But when they arrived at the screening shed a quarrel arrested them.

It was in a large shed, the black beams of which were covered with coal dust, with great windows through which a current of air continually passed. The cars brought here by boys, were emptied upon iron hoppers, on the right and left of which the screeners, armed with a shovel and rake, and mounted upon platforms of piled-up stones, pushed forward the good coal which finally fell through funnels into the wagons placed under the shed.

Phlommeau Lvasque, a small pale girl with the slender form of a consumptive, her face projecting from a blue woollen rag, and her hands and arms black as far as the elbows, assisted the mother of Peters in sorting the coal, the Brule, as they called her, who was a terrible old hag, with eyes like a screech-owl, and mouth drawn up as tight as the purse of a miser. These two were quarrelling; the girl accused the old woman of stealing her coal. This was a continual cause of strife, as they were paid by the basket.

"Knock a hole in her!" cried Zicharie from above, to his girl.

The screeners all laughed. The Brule answered back:

"You'd better mind your own business." Ma-hon tried to prevent his son from interfering, but at that moment an overseer came forward and all set to work screening the coal.

Outside the wind had suddenly calmed, but a cold dampness fell from the sky. The miners shrugged their shoulders, and, separating, went forth swinging their arms. They had passed an entire

day in the midst of dirt, and now came out black as negroes.

"Look! here's Bouteleup," said Zicharie, laughing.

Lvasque, without stopping, exchanged a few words with his lodger, a large, dark man of thirty-five years, with a steady and honest mien.

"Is there any soup, Louis?"

"I think so."

"Then the old woman is in a good humor to-day?"

"Yes, I think she is."

"Other miners were arriving, a new set, who came by were swallowed up in the mine. It was three o'clock, the time for another shift. The mine never rested; day and night human insects dug in the rock two hundred feet under the best fields.

The children had gone on before. Johnnie was confiding to Robert a plan for obtaining for some worth of tobacco, while Lydie followed respectfully at a distance. Catherine walked with Zicharie and Anton without saying a word. Before the tavern "A l'Avantage" Ma-hon and Lvasque joined them.

"Here we are; come on in," said the first to Anton.

As they separated, Catherine stood motionless for an instant, taking a last look at the young man, her eyes lit up like clear spring water; then, smiling, she went off with the others up the road leading to their alley.

The tavern was at a cross-road between the mine and the village. It was a brick house, two stories high, whitewashed with lime, and its windows ornamented with a sky-blue wash. Upon a hanging sign nailed above the door were the words: "A l'Avantage Inn, kept by Rasseneur."

In the rear there was only a narrow yard enclosed by a hedge. The company, which had endeavored to buy this place with its grounds, was greatly annoyed by this tavern, standing in an open field so near the exit of the mines.

"Go in," said Ma-hon to Anton. It was a small, bare room, with white walls. There were a dozen chairs, three tables and a bar made of spruce, behind which was a half dozen different drinks, three bottles of which was liquor, a decanter, a little red wine and a pewter tap for the beer--this was all. Not a picture, not a shelf, not even a game-board was to be seen. In the iron fire-place, varnished and bright, a block of coal was slowly burning. The roof was covered with a layer of white sand, which absorbed the moisture of that damp country.

"Give me a drink," demanded Ma-hon, of a large blonde girl, whose heavy face was pitted with smallpox. "Is Rasseneur here?"

The girl, waiting on him, nodded her head. Slowly, without taking breath, the miner emptied half the glass to wash down the dust, which choked him. He offered the company another. One other customer was there, a middle-aged man, seated before a table drinking his beer in silence, with an air of profound meditation. At a gesture his third drink was served him, for which he paid; then, without having spoken a word, he went away.

Anton, clean-shaven man, about thirty-eight years of age, entered a jolly smile breaking over his round face. It was Rasseneur, a miner whom the company had discharged as the leader of a strike which had taken place three years before. Being a good workman who spoke well, he soon became the chief of the miners. His wife already kept a shop, like many miners' wives; and when thrown out in the street, he became a tavern keeper, placing his saloon right in front of the Vulture as a menace to the company. His house, becoming a center, prospered, he enriched himself by the wrath which he had, little by little, kindled in his old comrades.

Here a fellow engaged this morning," explained Ma-hon immediately. "Are either of your two rooms empty; and will you trust him until the 15th?"

Rasseneur's face at once became clouded. He glanced at Anton and replied without hesitation.

"It's impossible. My two rooms are taken."

The young man, expecting such a refusal, who was not in the least disappointed. He marveled at his great desire to leave, and yet was unwilling to do so until he had received his thirty sous. One by one the other miners entered, and after drinking went off again alone. It was simply washing without joy or pleasure.

"Is there anything new?" asked Rasseneur, of Ma-hon, who was slowly drinking his beer.

The latter turning around and seeing only Anton said:

"They've been wrangling again. It's about the timbering now."

As he narrated the affair the saloon-keeper's face became very red. Finally, with flashing eyes, he broke out:

"Well, they are beats if they lower their price."

Anton made him uncomfortable. He continued to eye him closely while speaking of the director, Hennebeau, his old employer, with a respect, without naming them personally saying: "I could not always continue, the end was bound to come; the suffering was too great. He spoke of the works which were closed, the workmen who had gone away. For a month he had given out more than six loaves of bread a day. He had been sold the evening before that M. Deneu-llin, the owner of a neighboring mine, feared he would be compelled to shut down. Moreover, he had just received a letter from Lille filled with alarming details.

"You know," said he, "it came from that person you saw here one evening."

His wife had just entered, a tall, thin but goodhearted woman, with long nose and high cheek bones. She was more of a radical than her husband.

"The letter from Plachari," said she. "Ah! if he was master, it wouldn't be long before things would go better."

Anton listening, became excited with the suggestion of a revenge. That name, coming out so suddenly, made him start, and without thinking he said aloud:

"I know Plachari."

They looked at him as he hastened to add:

"Yes, I am a machinist, he was my foreman. A fine man. I've often talked with him."

Rasseneur inspected him again and a quick change of sudden sympathy came over him. At length he said to his wife:

"Ma-hon brought this man; he is a wheeler, and he wants him to get a room here, and asks if we won't trust him till the fifteenth."

Then the affair was settled in a few words. They had a room; the lodger had left that morning; and the tavern-keeper very much excited, insisted that he asked no more than was reasonable. His wife shrugged her shoulders, waving her right to speak.

"And you'll stay," said Ma-hon. "All this won't do you any good, unless you'll come along as they do that, things will never mend. Just think, you're a strong man,

now that you've been out of the mine three years."

"Yes, I'm much better off," said Rasseneur complacently.

Anton went as far as the door with the miner, thanking him, but the latter nodded his head without a word, and the young man watched him going quietly up the road to the alley. Mme. Rasseneur, wishing to serve some customers, asked him to wait a minute and she would conduct him to the room where he could wash. Should he remain? Again he hesitated, with an uneasiness which made him long for the liberty of the highroads, a thirst for the sun as well as for the joy of being his own master. He felt as though some years had passed since he had lived there, as he hated to go back to those dark galleries to spend hours under the earth flat on his stomach. No, it was too hard, his pride revolted at the idea of being a beast that they first made blind and then wiped out altogether.

While Anton was thus debating in his mind, he all at once became aware of the immense hall before him. He was astonished; he had not imagined it was so large when old Bonnemort had indicated it with a gesture amid the shadows. Before him lay the Vulture in a pile of dirt, with its buildings of brick and wood, its tarred screening shed, the tower with its slant roof, the engine-room and the high chimney of a light red--all rising out of the murky atmosphere. A pavement extended around the buildings. He had not thought it so large, changed by the coal dust into an ink lake, spanned by bridges and encumbered in one corner by an accumulation of timber that reminded one of a felled forest. On the right, a tall mine intercepted the view, colossal as a giant's barricade, already covered with grass on one side, but on the other, scorched by an interior fire which had burned for a year with a thick smoke, leaving on the surface slate and sandstone, with long trails of bloody fire-blast. Then the fields spread out before him, interminable fields of wheat and beets, but bare at that time of the year, and marred with stunted willows, while in the distance, thin rows of poplar trees divided the plain, and still farther off, were white spots indicating villages. Marchiennes on the north, Monstou in the front, while on the east the forest of Vandame, with its leafless trees bordered the horizon with a violet colored line. Under the sombre sky of that winter afternoon it seemed as though all the darkness of Vulture, all the flying coal-dust, was thrown over that plain, powdering the trees, darkening the roads, covering the entire earth.

Anton looked around, and that which surprised him above all was a canal, which he had not observed in the night. From the Vulture to Marchiennes, a straight canal, two leagues in length extended like a silver ribbon; an avenue bounded by large trees, elevated above the low ground and going out into infinity with a perspective of green banks, while in its pale waters dispersed a multitude of fishes. Near the mine was a wharf, at which boats were moored, waiting to be filled from the cars; then the canal made a bend, cutting across the marsh, a huge transport way for coal and iron.

Anton turned his eyes from the canal to the hamlet built upon the plain, of which he could only distinguish the red roofs in long, regular lines, at the end of a bend in the road; then they returned to the Vulture, pausing along the clayish slope at two enormous heaps of brick manufactured on the premises. A branch of the company's railroad passed lower down, turning at the mines. Doubtless this portion of the road had not been completed, for a number of men were pushing along a creaking car. It was no longer the unknown of the night shadows, with its inexplicable noises, and the flaming of strange looking lights. In the distance, the high furnaces and coke fires were subdued by the daylight. He stood motionless. The steam engine was puffing with the same great, long breaths, and he now distinguished its ascending clouds of gray steam.

And now his decision was reached. Perhaps he thought of again seeing Catherine's bright eyes; perhaps it was still more the sickening air which came from the Vulture he did not know himself. But he longed again to descend to the bottom of that mine, to suffer with the people. He thought of the savings of those people of whom old Bonnemort had spoken, of that unknown God to whom ten thousand famishing people were giving their lives without knowing him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COUNCIL BLUFFS, ADDITIONAL LOCAL.
MEETING IN WRATH.
 A German Finds His Wife in Council Bluffs After a Long Hunt, and Swears Vengeance.
 A year ago last May there arrived in this city a pretty young German woman, giving her name as Katrina Kausley. She secured employment at Neumeier's hotel, and has been at work there ever since. About two months ago a man arrived here, giving his name as Emil Kausley, and claiming to be the husband of the woman. He says that they were married in the old country, where he was a miller, and that the woman getting possession of about \$1,500 of his money deserted him, and has been hunting for her far and near, until a short time ago he learned by mutual acquaintances that she had come to America and was living here. Then he came here, and has been trying to get some satisfaction for his grievances. He found her on Saturday evening at the house of a German friend, Emil Helmermeister, and another German, named Henry Snelder, was also there. Kausley had been drinking, and when he came around the house to enter the kitchen, his wife in her fright run around to the front of the house, he giving chase and catching her there. Grabbing her he commenced threatening her, swearing, and shaking her, until the others interfered, and a lively row ensued in which Helmermeister got badly used up. The police were sent for and they arrested Helmermeister while Snelder was discharged while Kausley was fined \$5 and costs. It is claimed that he has abused his wife, when in the old country, until she did not dare to live with him any longer for fear he would kill her, and that since he arrived here and found her he has threatened to shoot her. One German, who knew him in the old country, says that Kausley was engaged in an affair there in which he stabbed his adversary, and had to serve a term in jail. He is an ill-favored looking man, and seems to have a terrible temper. His wife is now taking steps to secure a divorce from him, on the ground of cruel treatment.

THE PRODIGAL ACT.
 A Young Man Finds Himself Soon Robbed of the Cash part of His Estate.
 F. Hunter, a young man from Hezel Dell township, was in the city Saturday, and drew out of Officer & Pusey's bank \$400, money which had been left him by his father. Young Hunter proceeded to play the prodigal by wasting his substance in fast living, and after getting a few drinks he fell into the company of two men, Martin Shields and Frank Track, who are said to have got him to go with them on a drive to Sweigart's place, a short distance from the city, where Hunter is said to have been made still drunker, and when he awoke from his debauch he found his money and his companions gone, about \$8 alone remaining out of the nice little sum which he started out. Officer O'Brien at once commenced work on the case, and soon found Shields in a saloon drinking and arrested him. He found in his pocket about \$19 and he said it is said that he had here not a dollar before he fell in with young Hunter. The officer after lodging him in jail started out after Track, and found him in bed at Mr. Quirk's house, about twelve miles from the city, he being in Quirk's employ. No money was found on Track, but he had plenty of time to dispose of it if he took any. He was brought in at an early hour yesterday morning, and the two will have a chance to defend themselves in court.

THROWING OUT.
 An Indignant Landlord Arrested for Pitching his Tenant's Goods into the Street.
 If the charges made are true, Pat Hopkins is far from being a model landlord. He owns a little house near the K. C. round house, in the southern part of the city, which he has rented to W. M. Brayton. According to Brayton's story, the rent had always been paid ever since he has occupied the house, except \$5, which he had promised to pay Saturday last, but when he came home with his wages, he found that his furniture had been thrown out into the street, and his children placed on the sidewalk, his wife having also been away from home that day. He says that he had received no notice, and there had been no suit or any legal action that he knew of, and the ejection came with much surprise. The dishes had been broken, the stove was cracked, and the sewing machine damaged. In the reckless pitching out of goods, a package of concentrated lye had been scattered over some of his wife's dresses and clothing, eating holes in the garments, and Brayton estimated the total damages as reaching about \$100. He had Hopkins arrested yesterday, on a charge of malicious mischief, and his cause of complaint is to be examined into by Judge Aylsworth.

Fifty Dollars Reward.
 Frederick Spetsman, farmer, of Mills county, Iowa, mysteriously disappeared from home on Thursday, September 17, about noon. He is 64 years of age, about 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, wears full beard, dark brown, mixed with gray, hair same color, left hand cut off at wrist, was in his shirt sleeves, wore brown overalls, black slouch hat with L. D. Helmsheimer & Bros., Glenwood, Iowa, in gold letters on the sweat band of hat. The supposition is he was murdered or drowned in the Missouri river nearly opposite Bellevue, Neb. Tre above reward will be paid by the undersigned on the recovery of the body.
 H. H. SPETSMAN,
 Council Bluffs, Iowa.
 N. B.—Any information in regard to the above should be sent to Holtz & Spetsman, or S. W. Spetsman & Bro., Council Bluffs, Iowa. Nebraska papers will confer a favor by copying.

The motion for a new trial in the Stewart case and in the case of Stone against the city has been overruled.
 FOR PALE—A No. 4 Westminister base burner in perfect order. Inquire at 124 Bluff street.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS.
 A Perfect Shoe for Ladies, Misses & Children.
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 Look for our Name on the Sole.
J. & T. COUSINS,
 NEW YORK.

SARPY COUNTY FAIR.
 Sept. 22, 23, 24, 25,
At Papillion, Neb
Hon. C. H. VAN WYCK
 Will Deliver an Address on
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 RAILROAD TICKETS—Round Trip from Omaha, 60 cents.
 SPECIAL SPEED PROGRAMME EACH DAY OF THE FAIR.

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 AT
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MUSIC HOUSE
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Take all in all.
 —Take all the Kidneys and Liver
 —Take all the Blood purifiers.
 —Take all the Rheumatic remedies,
 —Take all the Dyspepsia and Indigestion
 —Take all the Ague, Fever, and Billous
 —Take all the Brain and Nerve force
 —Take all the Sick 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—How
 —Bitters have the best curative qualities and powers of all—concentrated in them.
 —And that they will cure when any one of all these, single or—combined. Fall ill—
 —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 I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard and like 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; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.
 J. W. MOSEY.
 Buffalo, October 1, 1881.

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 "I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick child and large bills for doctoring.
 I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and since then I have been a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor suffering ones, keep your families well with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."
 —A Workingman.

Prosecute the Swindlers!!!
 If when you call for Hop Bitters (see cluster of Hops on the white label) you drag-
 ists hands out any stuff called C. D. Warner's
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 names, refuse to buy them. They are cheap
 and you will find that they are not what you
 would a riper; and if he has taken your money
 for the stuff, indict him for the fraud and sue
 him for damages for the swindle, and we will
 reward you liberally for the conviction.

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ASTHMA CURE
 This invaluable specific really and permanently
 cures all kinds of Asthma. The most obstinate and
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 curing properties. It is known throughout the world
 for its unrivaled efficacy.
 J. L. CALDWELL, City Lincoln, Neb.; writes, Jan.
 25, 1884. Sir:—I have used Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure,
 for more than one year, my wife has been entirely well,
 and not even a symptom of the disease has appeared.
 WILLIAM BENNETT, Richland, Iowa, writes Nov.
 4, 1883. I have been afflicted with Hay Fever and
 Asthma since 1850. I followed your directions and
 am happy to say that I never slept better in my life.
 An agent that I am among the many who can speak
 to the favor 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.
 My druggist not having it in stock will procure

A PERFECT SHOE
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