

GEO. N. HICKS, REAL ESTATE BROKER, 1615 HOWARD STREET.

Offers for sale the following bargains in Omaha property:

The finest lots in HANSCOM PLACE, originally reserved by Mr. Hanscom, and now first placed on the market as the choice residence property of Omaha. Elegant east front lots, splendid corner lots, just on grade. Magnificent view, near street cars, park, and surrounded by beautiful homes and a splendid class of people. Over thirty substantial houses costing from \$2,000 to \$10,000 each, will be built this season in the immediate vicinity. Will sell these lots at PRICES AND TERMS THAT PLACE THEM WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL who desire "Hand-some Homes." And for investment, these lots cannot be excelled, as their location, natural advantages and the great number of costly houses to be erected will cause them to advance rapidly in price during the next six months. Also offer 3 beautiful east front lots in Marsh's Addition, near corner 25th and Leavenworth, one block from street cars, pavement, St. Mary's Avenue and Church, covered with fine shade trees, each \$2,300. Seven fine east front lots in Leavenworth Terrace, two blocks from Belt Line railway depot on Leavenworth street; lots around are selling for \$700 to \$900, can offer these lots for a few days only at \$550 each. Two south front lots in Cliffon Place, three blocks from street cars, one block from Leavenworth street, with its proposed grading, paving and Cable Line, covered with large oak and maple trees—a big bargain—the two at \$2,400. Eight lots in Burr Oak, convenient to street cars and railroad, at \$800 to \$900. Two lots fronting south on Leavenworth street, each 61 feet front, one a corner, will be valuable business property in one year, the two for \$1,500. Two acres in West Omaha, will make ten good lots, high and slightly location, splendid neighborhood; lots beyond are selling for \$1,000 and \$1,300; can sell the two acres if sold at once for \$7,000. Some nice lots in Hawthorn, near Thirty-third and Davenport; the nearness of these lots to center of town make them especially desirable investments at \$900. Five lots, one a corner, on Lowe avenue, near Dodge street, high and healthy location, splendid place for a home, very easy terms, only \$1,100 each. Six lots in Hartford Place, just this side of new M. P. depot and cannery factory, cheapest property in the market, only \$300, \$40 down, \$10 per month. Two lots, one a corner, in Shinn's 2nd addition, if sold quick, the two only \$1,600. A few choice lots in Ambler Place, Thornburg, East Side, Clark's Place, Walnut Hill, Washington Hill, West End, Orchard Hill and other favorite additions. Also offer a large list of improved residence property, ranging in price from \$2,000 to \$6,000. CAN OFFER FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS THE FINEST EIGHT-ROOM COTTAGE AND EAST FRONT LOT IN HANSCOM PLACE, ON GEORGIA AVENUE, ELEGANT NEIGHBORHOOD, CITY AND CISTERN WATER, A PERFECT GEM OF A HOME, ONLY \$4,300 IF SOLD QUICK. Also several six-room cottages with elstern and city water, slate mantels, good location, only \$2,250, \$250 cash, \$25 per month. 44-foot front on Harney, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, at \$1,000; first-class location for business, 65 feet on Howard, near Thirteenth street, only \$18,000; easy terms; splendid site for wholesale or warehouse purposes. 166-foot front on Capitol avenue, next to Masonic Block, is splendid business property and rapidly improving; has eight brick stores all rented; can make this the biggest bargain in Omaha if sold soon. Also offer two sections of choice farm land in Howard county, near good railroad station and St. Paul, the county seat, a town of 3,000 inhabitants. No better soil in the state; can plow every acre; surrounded by a good class of people and cultivated farms. Can offer this land for the next thirty days at a low figure and remarkably easy terms. The above are a few of the bargains I offer for sale. Investors, and especially parties from outside the city will do well to consult the list of property I offer before buying elsewhere.

NARRATIVES NEW AND NOVEL

Some Curled, Straight or Crooked, but Wagging Sagaciously.

POINTERS, PURPS AND POODLES.

Stories of Birds and Bird Nests—Turtle Takes Cut Short—Horned Toads, Flea Bites and Fowl Freaks.

About Dogs.

A Scotch colley belonging to Christian Toming, of Louisville, Ky., has adopted a brood of little chickens which have lost their mother. At night the dog guards them in his kennel, and by day he serves his meals with his adopted family. An escaping thief in San Marco, Texas, was pursued by a savage bulldog. When the dog had almost reached the man the latter pointed to a cow near by and induced the dog to think that was the game his master wanted. While the dog was worrying the cow the thief got away. Charlie Sheehan, a thirteen-year-old boy of Lafayette, Ind., went in bathing, accompanied by his dog. The boy could not swim. While reaching the bank in the water nearly up to his neck, the dog climbed on his shoulders and pushed him down. As fast as he lifted his head above the surface the dog pushed him under. The boy was drowned. A man of Lewiston, Maine, was annoyed by a thief that made almost nightly raids on his woodpile. He watched for the offender and was astonished to see a neighbor's Newfoundland dog appear and carry off a stick of wood in his mouth. After depositing the stick in his master's yard the dog returned for another, and met his death. Jake Watson, of Sweetwater, Florida, while hunting deer with half a dozen hounds, came upon a bear in a thicket. He wounded the monster, but it rushed at him and was almost on him, when one of the hounds rushed in front of his master and seized the bear by the throat. The brave dog made a gallant fight, but was soon killed. Mr. Watson, whose life had been saved by the dog, reloaded his gun during the struggle and killed the bear.

for brag; and again, in every part of the world there are dogs which are good for nothing save drowning in a bucket before their eyes are open to give them a glimpse of the world.

Facts About Birds.

A Paris parrot lived 133 years. There have been found 275 varieties of birds in Washington territory. Half a million wild ducks are annually killed in southern Louisiana and sent to the New Orleans market. Thomas Cary, of Fishkill Hook, N. Y., says he has a hen turkey which lays one egg every day except Sunday. On Sunday she lays two eggs. A mountain grouse, pursued by a hawk, flew through a pane of plate glass three-eighths of an inch thick, which was in the window of a Lake City (Colo.) store. The man was worth \$75. A North Carolina crow found a guinea hen's nest in a hedge-row. After trying in vain to break an egg with its beak, the crow clutched one in its claws and flew fifty feet in the air. Then it let the egg fall, breaking the shell. The beautiful plumage of a South African species of birds has been chemically examined and found to be due to copper. When the birds are kept from food containing copper they entirely lose the tint produced by that mineral. A hawk's nest was broken up by some boys who were attempting a tomahawk on a nest of a woodcock in Grove, N. Y. When the old hawk discovered that her nest had been ruined she swept down into the crowd of temperance workers, seized a straw hat from a man's head and flew away with it. A man of Day county, Minn., lives on the bank of a large lake where wild ducks make their nests. He hunts up the nests and replaces the eggs with eggs from his henhouse. The wild ducks have hatched out a number of the broods of chickens for him. His hens have no time for sitting around. A nearly life-size chromo of a cat was placed out of doors where the birds could see it. A catbird, coming up from behind, alighted on top of the picture, in spite of the warning of other birds, which were in a state of great excitement. Chancing to look down, the catbird saw the cat beneath its feet, and with a scream it turned a back somersault and flew away. A gentleman driving past a small pond near Monticello, N. Y., saw a great commotion among a number of swallows which were flying over the water. Presently a large black crow came flying along, and its presence seemed to quiet the other birds. The crow flew down to the surface of the pond and then rose with a large quantity of water in its beak. It caught a swallow by the leg, but in trying to free itself from the crow it allowed the smaller bird to escape. The crow flew away with the snake. A gentleman saw a humming bird among the blossoms on a yellow jessamine vine. He concluded to capture it by first making it drunk. Procuring a quart of full-proof corn whisky, he filled the bells of a dozen or more of the flowers with the liquor. The humming bird presently returned to the flowers and drank up every drop of whisky in them. It then flew to a neighboring limb and awaited developments. The gentleman filled the flowers again and again, until the whole quart of whisky was exhausted. The humming bird drank it all and was eager for more. The next day the little titer was again busy among the jessamine flowers, and did not even attempt to have a luncheon in its mouth from the effects of its dissipation.

Two colored men quarreled in a market at Raleigh, N. C., and one of them swung a top-knife and tumbled above his head and then brought it down upon the head of the other man. The blow inflicted a deep wound, and the wielder of the knife was arrested. The court will now be called upon to decide whether a turtle is a deadly weapon.

Jake Becker, a Louisville freeman, bought two snapping turtles and started to carry them home. One of the turtles snapped at a passing negro and grabbed him by the coat. While Becker was trying to pull the turtle's head away the other turtle grabbed his hand. In the excitement which followed the first turtle seized Becker's free hand. Neither would let go its hold, and Becker ran home with a turtle dangling from each hand. The creature's heads were cut off and still their jaws clung but were finally torn away with great difficulty. Becker's hands were so lacerated that he was laid off from duty.

There are so many rats in Kansas City that each policeman is furnished with a terrier.

Horned toads were a frequent article of mail matter at the San Diego, Cal., post-office until recently.

A chicken with four heads and four wings was held for exhibition at Big Rapids, Mich.

Picche (Nev.) Record: A lusus nature in the shape of a rabbit with five feet was brought into town yesterday by an Indian. The fifth foot of the rabbit was located on the end of its tail. The tail was perfect, with the exception of the foot on the end of it. Likely, after a long chase by the coyotes, for the purpose of giving its four feet a rest, the rabbit would turn up on its beam end and hop along on its fifth foot.

Baltimore American: Yesterday afternoon, two mules owned and driven by Mr. James L. Hitchens, No. 99 Holiday street, took fright at a wheelbarrow of the corner of Huntington avenue and Tenth street, Baltimore county, and dashing down the avenue for several squares, ran into a stout maple tree, tearing it up by the roots. The whole top of the wagon was also torn off. Fortunately, Mr. Hitchens leaped out of the rear of the wagon a moment before the team ran into the tree, and thus escaped injury.

A pickerel was caught in a cornfield in the Rock river, Illinois, bottoms, while engaged in husking corn. The water of the river has covered the bottoms for eight months, and much of last year's corn remains ungathered in the fields. The fish swam into the field and nibbled the grains of corn out of the husks.

A hen was killed last week on the ranch of H. Carvack, three miles north of Chicago, which was positively known to be twenty-two years old. She would probably have lived much longer, but was killed by a kick from a horse. Mr. Carvack had owned the hen ever since she was hatched, and is sure about her age.

What is the value of a flea? According to Professor Ebbin, who owns those marvelous insects now performing at the Exchange rooms in London, the highly trained Russian "pulex irritans" is valued at \$125—at least that is the sum offered by the professor for the recovery of a missing member of his troupe that plays "leading business."

The Hot Weather Of mid-summer has a weakening effect, both upon body and mind. You feel absolutely incapable of doing any arduous work, and even light duties are performed languidly and unwillingly. This low state of the system causes even greater infirmity, and gives opportunity for serious disease to gain a foot-hold. In this condition the system is quick to respond to the reviving, quenching and strengthening effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, regulates the digestive organs, and infuses fresh life and vigor into every portion of the body. People who have taken it, write us, saying, "It puts new life right into me." "It makes me young again." Reader, if you suffer from summer weakness, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. 100 doses \$1.

Studies in Birds' Nests. In New York the iron pillars which support the elevated roads have been pre-empted by the English sparrows, and there, in the midst of an almost constant

A RAILROAD ROMANCE.

Written for the Railway News by Alf. Stevenson.

"The railroad newsboy leads a rather interesting life, I may say, at times an adventurous one," said a young business man of this city, who for several years had been a newsboy between Chicago and San Francisco. "The newsboy," continued he, "deals with all kinds of people, and has the best opportunity in the world to study human nature and 'size up' different characters. The amusing incidents and episodes that he is a witness to or a participant in, in the course of a year, would fill a large-sized volume. Perhaps the most amusing and at the same time most romantic little affair that I ever was engaged in, occurred some years ago on a Central Pacific train while I was running between Ogden and San Francisco. Newsboys, you know, generally dress pretty well and make a good appearance, and are pretty smooth talkers. Most of them, as they go through the cars, usually spot some good-looking young lady to flirt with, and while away a little time when trade is dull or the train has been thoroughly worked. I was like the most of the boys, and I generally found some attractive lady passenger who was willing to be entertained. One day as I was passing through the aisle of one of the coaches with an armful of books, a handsome young lady, who didn't want to invest in any literature, asked me if I knew anything about the town of Oregona.

"Oregona isn't much of a town," said I, "it's only a station, with a depot, a section house, postoffice, a saloon, and one or two other buildings. It's about the loneliest place on earth."

"Isn't there a store there that furnishes miners' supplies?" she asked anxiously.

"Well, hardly. The only establishment of that kind is the saloon, which supplies the miners with whisky."

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "I am afraid I've got my foot in it this time. I am going to tell you all about it, and perhaps you can help me out of any trouble that I am likely to get into. Some weeks ago I saw an advertisement in a Boston paper from a man living at Oregona, inviting correspondence with a view to matrimony. I was anxious to get married, and not seeing much of a chance in the little Massachusetts town where I live, as there are but few men worth marrying there, I concluded to answer the advertisement. The correspondence was accordingly opened up, and in a few weeks we knew all about each other, and had exchanged photographs. The Oregona gentleman led me to believe that he was a prosperous merchant and dealer in miners' supplies, and that he was young and handsome. At least I judged so from his picture. The result was that we became engaged, 'unsight-unseen,' as the boys say, and I went on the way to Oregona to meet my future husband. But I am beginning to be suspicious that all is not right, owing to what you have said about Oregona. You must know every man in Oregona."

"I should say I do. I know 'em all like a book," I replied.

"Well, then, take a look at this picture and see if there is any such man in Oregona," said she, as she handed me the photograph of a good-looking young man of about thirty years of age.

"There is not such a man in Oregona," said I. Just then Conductor Bob Edwards came along, holding the picture up before him. "Is that Bob, is there anybody in Oregona who looks like that?"

"No, sir," he replied emphatically.

"By the way, Miss Talbot—that was the name she had given me—what is the name of the man who has been writing you?" I asked.

"Dalton," was her reply.

"Dalton?" exclaimed I.

"What, old Job Dalton," said Conductor Edwards in great surprise.

"Why Dalton is the saloon-keeper," said I.

"You don't say so!" almost shrieked the girl.

"Yes I do, and he is fifty-five years old and as bald as a billiard ball," replied I.

"Worse and worse," said the little lady. "Oh dear, what shall I do? Can't you help me out? Here we are almost at Oregona, and he will be there to meet me, as I have telegraphed him that I am on this train. What makes it all the worse is that he sent me \$200 to buy my wedding outfit and traveling clothes, and pay my fare. Oh dear! what shall I do?"

"Bob," said I, turning to Conductor Edwards, "that old bald-headed reprobate Dalton has put up a sneaking job on this young lady. He has got her out here under false pretenses. He has represented himself as young and handsome—the original of this picture, which is a stole for the purpose. If this young lady ever gets off at Oregona, she will have to marry the old rascal. She shan't do it if I can prevent it. What do you say, Bob?"

"I say the same thing—I'll stand by you," answered he.

"Oregona!" shouted the brakeman, as he struck his head on the door, and the train began slowing up.

"Oh, do something for me in a hurry. Hide me somewhere—anywhere—and I will go right on to Sacramento to get rid of that dreadful old brute," said Miss Talbot, in a piteous voice.

"Come with me quick," said I, as I took her hand and rushed forward with her to the baggage car, where I looked her over a good husband, woman are mighty scarce down there, you know. Remember that was way back in 1889."

"The train stopped at Oregona, and old Dalton rushed through the cars, looking for his bride. He couldn't find a trace of her, and going out upon the platform he said to Conductor Edwards, 'Bob, is there a young lady on board who looks like this picture, and whose name is Jennie Talbot?' He handed the photograph to Edwards, who replied that there was no such passenger on board."

"All aboard!" shouted Conductor Edwards, and the train moved off. Just as the brakeman, who was full of mischief, passed Dalton, he shouted, 'Say, old man, that gal in the baggage car, Billy, the newsboy, locked her up to give you the shake.'

"Dalton started on a run after the train, but he didn't catch on. At the next station a telegram was received from him for Miss Talbot, asking her to come back, but she wouldn't answer it. A more grateful girl I never saw in my life. She threw her arms first at old Dalton and kissed me as the tears rolled down her cheeks, and then she thanked Edwards in the same way. He took her clear through to Sacramento, and got her comfortable quarters at the Capital hotel, until she could either find employment or a good husband. If I had not been in love with another girl at the time, I might have felt inclined to propose myself. But I was too wild in those days to settle down, and perhaps it was a good thing for Miss Talbot that I didn't propose. On my return trip to Ogden I hid myself in the baggage car, as we passed through Oregona, for fear that old Dalton would shoot me, and for several trips afterwards I took the same precaution. Dalton soon took a run down to Sacramento, and endeavored to secure an interview with Miss Talbot, to whom he had conveyed the information in a letter that, although he was older and homelier than he had represented himself, he was worth \$20,000, and besides had a big interest in the Ry. & Pac. mine, which was having a big boom. Miss Talbot, however, would not admit him to her presence, and he returned a disconsolate man to Oregona, where he resumed his business of dealing in miners' supplies."

"A few weeks after his visit to Sacramento, old Dalton read in a daily paper of this city, a notice of the marriage of Miss Jennie Talbot to Homer Bestwick, a prosperous young man, proprietor of an eating house on the west end of the Central Pacific. Billy, the newsboy, that was myself, figured conspicuously in the account of the wedding, at which I was present as an invited guest. I received great credit in the newspaper for the part I had taken in saving Miss Talbot from a fatal mistake."

"While at the wedding I was struck with the remarkable likeness of Bestwick to the photograph used by old Dalton to deceive Miss Talbot. It seemed to me a remarkable coincidence, and I spoke to the happy bride about it."

"Oh, I must tell you about that," she said, "it's so funny. Mr. Bestwick is really the original of that photograph. I met him by accident, you know, while he was a guest at the Capital hotel, and I was astonished at his resemblance to the photograph. Becoming acquainted with him, I showed him the photo and asked him if it was not his picture. He said I was a guest at the Capital hotel, and I was astonished at his resemblance to the photograph. He seemed to fall in love with me at once, and in a few days he proposed and was accepted. So you see that the photograph which came so nearly getting me into a trap with an evil heart, had done me a good service after all. Rather romantic, isn't it?"

"I always had a warm welcome at the Bestwick eating house whenever the feet stopped there for breakfast. One morning about a year after the marriage, I walked into the dining-room, and Bestwick, with a broad grin on his face, escorted me into the bar-room, and said, 'Billy, it's a boy, and Jennie and I have determined to name him after you. We'll drink a bottle of wine to the health of the heir of the house of Bestwick.'"

"Six months later old Job Dalton died from the effects of too much miners' supplies, and sure enough his estate figured up about \$50,000, which he left to some relatives in the east. I conveyed the news to Mrs. Bestwick, and asked her if she was not sorry for having given old Dalton the shake, as she might have been widow with \$50,000. 'Sorry?' Not a bit, said she. 'I would not have married the old bald-headed reprobate, as you call him when you locked me up in the baggage car, for \$500,000. I can never forgive how lucky I was in escaping that net. It was a close call.'"

Whether you prefer the sea breeze or the bracing mountain air for your summer vacation you should not omit to provide yourself with a bottle of Anglo-American Starch, which is the acknowledged standard regulator of the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr. G. B. Siegert & Son.

THE MAGIC STARCH MADE BY MAGIC STARCH CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FINEST and BEST IN THE WORLD.

NEEDS NO COOKING Producing a rich, beautiful GLOSS and STIFFENESS.

No Starch yet introduced can be compared with the MAGIC. One package will do the work of two pounds of ordinary starch.

Sole and general manufacturer, SLOAN, JOHNSON & CO., Wholesale Agents, Omaha, Neb.

FOR SALE.

186 feet on 24th st., corner Douglas, \$23,250.

44 feet on 24th, near Farnam, \$5,500.

Lot on Dodge, corner 26th, 60x148, \$3,500.

Lot on Dodge, 80-foot front, corner, \$3,000.

48 feet on 26th street, near Dodge, \$1,500.

6-acre lots in Farnam Park, \$125 per acre. Easy terms.

Stock of clothing and furnishing goods in good location for sale or exchange for Omaha real estate.

Schlesinger Bros. Real Estate Dealers, 1018 FARNAM ST.

REAL ESTATE DEALERS, 1018 FARNAM STREET. SCHLESINGER BROS. THE BEST LOCATED. \$250 to \$350 Per Lot.

Table with columns for street names (Dodge, Farnam, Howard, etc.) and rows of lot numbers and prices.