

TRIED TO KILL HER HUSBAND

A Plum Creek Woman Arrested in Omaha For Attempted Murder.

HER VERSION OF THE AFFAIR

Taken Back to Dawson County By the Sheriff—Serious Cutting Affray in a Saloon Over a Dog Fight.

Arrested for Attempted Murder.

A waiter in Lewis' restaurant, 322 North Sixteenth street, who has been styling herself as Mrs. Gilbert, was arrested by Sheriff T. L. Taylor, of Dawson county, yesterday, charged with attempting to murder her husband last April. Her right name is Mrs. Jessie Quill, and her husband's name is David. On last Saturday she was arrested by the deputy sheriff of Dawson county, but managed to slip away from him. Yesterday, however, she was re-arrested by Sheriff Taylor and last evening was taken to Plum Creek, her former home, and from which she suddenly disappeared after the attempt on her husband's life.

Mrs. Quill is a young woman of unusual intelligence, and barring a certain disagreeable pertness and volubility of speech, is ladylike in her demeanor. Her version of the story bears the appearance of truth. She says she or her husband was married to Quill some six or seven years. Almost from the moment of her marriage to her final flight in April her life was one of misery. He drank, made her support herself, and continually abused her with curses and sneers as to her virtue. Three times she left him, but each time, yielding to the entreaties of friends and trusting his promises to do better, she has returned to him. Her final trouble with him was caused by her desire to go on a visit to her old home at Cedar Rapids, where she had not been for five years. He then took occasion to heap upon her the vilest of epithets, to throw out insulting insinuations and otherwise abuse her. She stood this for about half an hour, when, seizing a pitcher, she struck him over the head, inflicting an ugly cut. While the wound was being dressed she remarked to the physician that she wished she had killed him. She claims that it is the indirect cause of his wish that caused her pursuit and capture. The day after this episode she disappeared, coming to Omaha. She roomed on the corner of Cass and Sixteenth streets, and was well thought of by those who knew her. The husband's version of the story, however, makes her appear a fiend incarnate, without a single redeeming quality.

STABBED IN A SALOON.

A Dispute Over a Dog Fight Causes a Cutting.

Wharton & Storz' saloon at 1320 Saunders street was the scene of a cutting affray yesterday about 11 o'clock. Lon Krout and a plasterer named Mart Hoyer had some words over a dog fight in the saloon, when Hoyer suddenly whipped out a dirk and stabbed Krout twice. Krout threw up his arms to ward off the blows, and received a slight wound just above the wrist and a deep cut four inches in length on his left arm just below the shoulder. Not knowing he was so badly hurt, Krout seized a billiard cue and rudely belabored Hoyer with it. The plasterer made for the door, but Krout managed to get in one or two good right hands before his murderous assailant escaped. Krout was meanwhile bleeding frightfully from his wounds, when he first discovered himself covered with blood and saw how badly he was hurt, he almost fainted away. He was taken to his home at 1613 Franklin street and his wounds dressed. Although not dangerously wounded, he was very weak from the loss of blood.

ABOUT VENEZUELA.

A South American Visitor in Omaha Tells of the Country.

A full bearded man, past the middle age, having the appearance of General Grant, sat quietly in the office of the Millard. In conversation with a reporter he seemed to be enary of his words, as if wanting to weigh them before uttering them. Hearing the music of the Salvation army band, he asked its cause, and upon being told whence the heavenly strains proceeded, he expressed surprise, and said he had never heard of such a body of people before. He had traveled in nearly every country of the world and had seen everything from the Ganges to the Missouri, and heard all the musical strains from the greatest opera oratorio to the sweet singer of Michigan, but the Salvation army he had never seen, nor heard its music until that moment. This was Mr. Daniel H. Solomon, who is at present engaged in building railroads in Venezuela. He has been in Paris and procured a contract for building an important railroad, starting from Caracas and running across the country. When speaking of that country he forgets his usual reticence and his language takes on the form of a glowing eulogy. A city of 90,000 people, he said, is a most enterprising place and a paradise for enterprising young men. Venezuela bonds are now worth only 35 cents on the dollar, and those are being bought up largely by Mr. Solomon and the syndicate with which he is connected. The bonds, he claims, will be at par ere long, and all the troubles and petty jealousies now existing in the country will soon cease. In a country 900 miles from east to west and 70 from north to south, with an area, including adjacent islands in the Atlantic ocean and Caribbean sea, of 403,750 square miles, there cannot help but be a splendid future, and American enterprise is doing much to develop its vast resources. Perhaps there is not much more than 1 per cent of the population white, the greater portion being a mixed Spanish, Indian and negro blood.

A Rockless Drive Arrested.

A clerk named Charles Barker, while driving at full speed down Thirteenth street, knocked down and ran over an old man named Mike Donovan at the crossing on Harney street. Donovan was picked up and taken to the police station, where it was discovered that though badly bruised no bones were broken. On his breast is the print of the horse's hoofs, and it is possible that he may have suffered some internal injury. Barker was arrested, but was released on bail to appear this morning.

Notice.

A special meeting of the Bricklayers and Plasterers' union will be held at Cunningham's hall at 7 o'clock this evening. A full attendance is requested.

SOUTH OMAHA NEWS.

R. N. Wiers, of New Haven, Mich., is here visiting his brother Elmer, of the Washburn office.

Sight seers were numerous in the city yesterday afternoon.

The office of the South Omaha lumber company has been moved to where the warehouses are located.

Miss Mary Rafferty, of Sumner, Ia., is in the city visiting Mrs. Carroll.

Frank Whitney, a resident of Atlantic, Ia., is in the city.

G. S. Williams, of St. Joseph, Mo., was among the visitors to the city.

A very eloquent sermon was delivered at the M. E. church last night by the new pastor.

A new saloon building is being erected on I street.

The new packing houses were visited and inspected by a number of people Sunday afternoon.

Several consignments of stock were received last night.

Thomas Kilpatrick, of Omaha, has been so impressed by the appearance of this city that he has decided to start a large dry goods store here as soon as he can find a suitable location.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wyman have returned from Michigan.

A large crowd attended the shooting match yesterday afternoon, between Sitter and Gorman. The club shoot was also well attended.

A grand ball will be given by the Non-Parole Social club in the K. of L. hall on Wednesday evening, October 5. A large crowd will be in attendance.

A reunion of the old-time German printers was held Sunday afternoon at the residence of Judge Reuther. They were royally entertained by the judge, who amply supplied them with all the refreshments they could desire.

Music and conversation served to enliven the occasion. Among those present were George Leibnerich and wife, C. Nissen and wife, Jacob Seize, R. V. Shurley of the Levee, Frits Sanders and Martin Peters.

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

SOMEBODY BLUNDERED.

Mr. Doolittle Makes a Statement

OMAHA, Sept. 25.—To the Editor of the Bee: Very much to the regret of Mrs. Doolittle and myself we find our names dragged into public notice in a most unpleasant manner. The article in Saturday's Bee relating to Mrs. Jackman leads any reader to infer that we are authority for the statements made, which is a very great injustice to us, as well as to the family of Governor English. No one could be more unwilling than we to say anything derogatory to Governor English or family. I was acquainted with him in a business way many years ago, in New Haven, and have always held him in the highest esteem. Because of this respect for him and having no knowledge of the late history of the family, and moreover, out of sympathy for Mrs. Jackman, who is befriended, no matter whose daughter she is, I urged Mrs. Doolittle to call on Dr. Cascardi's and see Mrs. Jackman. The lady seemed to be familiar with the home of Governor English, of New Haven, and made the impression that her story in regard to being a daughter was correct. No such statement as Mrs. Doolittle knew Mrs. Jackman as the daughter of Governor English when fourteen years of age, or that "Mrs. English was a kleptomaniac," etc., was ever made by Mrs. Doolittle. Mrs. Doolittle never left the family, at all, and I think her reputation is such in this community as to make it impossible that any stain of "wilful misrepresentation" should rest upon her. I refer now to General Dennis' letter in Sunday morning's Bee. No blame can be attached to General Dennis for his defense of the family, nor possibly for his attack upon us, severe as it is and undesired, being misled by Saturday's article. We do not know the gentleman, but wish to assure him that it is very far from us to say anything that would reflect upon the family of Governor English. Very respectfully,

W. V. DOOLITTLE.

Are You Going East?

The Limited Express of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," which leaves Chicago at 3:10 p. m. every day, is in many respects the favorite train East, on account of its splendid equipment, admirable service and fast time, for which no extra charge is made. It carries superb Wagner Palace Sleeping Cars, running through without change to Toronto via the Canadian Pacific, to New York via the New York Central & Hudson River, and to Boston via the Boston & Albany railroads. Niagara Falls is passed early in the morning and the train halts several minutes at Falls View, where the scene is unrivaled.

A Pleasant Surprise.

Friday evening Mr. Charles Miles was tendered a surprise at his residence, Eighteenth street and St. Mary's avenue, and the beauty and gallantry of Omaha were represented. Supper was served and the guests sat down to a table that was groaning under the weight of all the delicacies of the season. Among those present were Mr. John Cosgrove and Miss Annie McAndrew, William Ormsby and Minnie Flannery, G. E. Cutts and Katie Nicholson, T. J. Ormsby and Katie Cosgrove, W. G. Drake and Kittie Purcell, S. G. Fletcher and Nora Gouly, H. Blackman and Maggie Dolan, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Parker, J. H. Jenkins and Sophia Folbot, Dave McAlvo, J. C. Quiggle and Sarah Flannery, G. Matson and Mollie Darling, L. S. Murray and Ethel Gordon, P. H. McAndrew and Ida Livingston, and many others. The Rev. J. P. Connolly and May Addison, P. McAndrew's string band furnished music for the occasion and all danced with light and merry hearts.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost short weight adulterated powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 111 Wall-st., N. Y.

TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS

Rev. O. W. Savigde Talks to the Knights of the Grip.

UNCLE JOHN VASSAR'S LIFE.

It Furnishes the Text For a Sermon On a Red-Hot Christian—The Paul of the Nineteenth Century.

Commercial Travelers.

A large number of knights of the grip were present last night at the Seward street M. E. church to listen to Rev. O. W. Savigde's sermon on the subject "Commercial Travelers." The text was taken from Luke 10:35: "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee." Mr. Savigde said: I preach this evening to the "Commercial Travelers," but other hearers need not settle back in their seats and think that there will be nothing for them. A good sermon is like an old-time shot gun, it scatters and hits a good many birds every time it goes off. I have several reasons for preaching this sermon: The traveling has requested it and I am always glad to preach to men who are willing to hear. I preach to you also because you need it. You are not saints but sinners, and all sinners need the gospel. You need more sermons than you get. Lately, I have been looking up your history. Like Dr. Johnson, I should like to know the biography of every man I meet. The time was when the dealers went to the great cities once or twice a year and bought the goods for their trade. Now the plan is entirely changed. The great manufacturing firms and the wholesale houses send out men in "every direct trade." I would like to know that in 1844, Daniel R. Wolff went to Philadelphia as a salesman for the dry goods house of Danton Gemmill & Co. As trade was dull, Mr. Wolff suggested that some one be sent out among the country merchants to drum up a trade. "Who will be the drummer?" asked one of the firm. "I will," replied Mr. Wolff. He went on the road and solicited trade among the merchants of southern and central Pennsylvania and New Jersey. He carried no samples but filled orders from samples provided by the merchants to whom he sold. In 1849, he thought struck Mr. Wolff that if he carried samples of his own, he could introduce new goods and sell more of them. He told the house that the samples were coming from the wrong end of the line. From that time on, samples were carried.

Since the war, however, your numbers have grown until you now are a mighty army, amounting to 250,000 strong. The growth of trade in this city has been phenomenal in the past ten years. For example ten years ago Omaha had one small jobbing hardware house, which sent out two men. Now one firm sends out nine. In the spring of 1888 there were not more than three salesmen in one of the leading lines making the state, now if you list the lines there are over twenty, and all other lines have increased proportionally. These hundred traveling men make their home in this city, and Omaha is only a sample of other great centers. The commercial traveler is, as a rule, a fairly well paid man. The average salesman gets \$1,200 a year. The average man who sells retail dealers gets as much as \$3,000 or \$4,000, while the men who sell to the jobbing trade sometimes get salaries of \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year. An incentive to do well, and the traveling man should be well paid, for he carries great interests and great responsibilities. The traveling man ought to be a whole man, for he has a man's work to do. The best men are born, not made. There is a natural gift to be a good salesman. He should also be a gentleman. A boor would have very little success on the road. He should be a gentleman at heart as well as in manner. He should be able to read character and have the good sense to let his customer ride a hobby if he insists upon it. If the traveling man can only have one gift, let it be common sense, for common sense is the genius of humanity. He must be honest—a man of his word. He must not need watching, for he goes where his employer cannot watch him. He ought to be a sober man, for when the commercial traveler can be a drunkard, and yet stand well with his house, is past, and past forever. He should be a hard worker. If unincumbered he makes one day's work in two, and with trunks he makes from one to two. Often, like that woman in the scripture, he "rises while it is yet night." He has need of genuine pluck, that is, he should have a hearty regard for his own life, and be able to whistle when it rains. He is a bright man. A fool has no place on the road. He meets and does business with the shrewdest men of the land, hence he himself must be intelligent. He must be the personal friend of his customers, and they must come to believe and even implicitly trust what he says. Trickery gains for a day, but old time honesty wins in the long run. The wise salesman knows how to rest. He who knows not this art will either break down or go crazy. The best traveling men are kind hearted and liberal, ready to wish the welfare of all, and to relieve suffering. Dr. Byers, of Ohio, says that the good Samaritan who spoke our text was a traveling man. A poor fellow going to Jericho fell among thieves, who beat and robbed him, and left him for dead; and though a priest and a Levite neglected him, a Samaritan, who was a commercial traveler, put him on his own back and took him to a hotel. He has things to say to you, my friends, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee. In his gifts the traveling man is seldom imposed upon, for he is quick to see the holes in a little boy's net, and if he gets into a hotel in Lincoln, broke his leg and spilled the contents of his market basket. The traveling men present sent the little unfortunate home in a hack and gave him \$18. In the city of Hastings not long ago a company of commercial travelers went to church. They were given seats in front and were attentive listeners. When the old deacon passed around the hat that he had in a silver bucket, and he got through with those men that deacon was obliged to take both hands to his hat.

A Ret-Hot Christian.

The Hillside Congregational church at Omaha View is building an addition, 44x38 feet, to the house of worship which was completed only last January. Extensive excavations have been made under the house and old new parts of the church, which will give in the lower story parlors, a reading room and kitchen. The singing of this church is done by a quartette, which is already attracting the attention of churchgoers and music lovers. Last evening the pastor spoke to a crowded house on "Uncle John Vassar, the Red-hot Christian."

December 6, 1878, a man died who might be called the Paul of the Nineteenth century. The secular papers of earth did not mention his death, but it made an excitement in heaven. One man enters glory as a sailor escapes from a wreck to the shore. Another has an "abundant entrance" into heaven. There was a waving of handkerchiefs from every window along the golden strand and a burst of music from all the bands of heaven when he, who hardly called himself the "Shepherd's dog," was welcomed home. He, like D. L. Moody and Joseph Cook, was not an ordained minister. Once in the army he was offered a chaplaincy at \$125 per month, but when some suggested that the coin was the cause of his seeking ordination he refused to go on with the exalted and continued in a carpenter's work with one-fifth of the salary. When Elder Knapp was holding meetings in Chicago with crowded houses, but no conversions, he inquired of Uncle John the reason. "Why do you not pray for the sinners of land, and I suspected he was thinking of real estate more than souls, so he answered, "Dear Brother Knapp it is not for the Lord's poor dust to attempt to be present at the meetings of a man wondering how one of the Lord's diamonds could shine with 1,600 acres of earth on it."

Vassar's heart was full of Christ. The doctor had a glimmer of truth. He was sent to pull men out of the fire. Religion was his mother tongue. From that midnight when under conviction he rushed to his wife's bed and cried, "How can you let me go, when I am going right down to hell," until the last word "Hallelujah," when he went up with a shout, he acted on the principle that the "King's business requireth haste." We are told that Knapp, while going the streets of aristocratic Boston, or praying in a Nevada mining camp, or conducting a revival before Petersburg in the army of Grant, his motto was: "I will not be a man of straw, but a man of iron." His most was to convert men. He touched men with an electric shock. He had a duel of wills with every one he met. His one question was: "My friend, are you ready to enter into the kingdom of heaven? So humble, kind and wise was the spirit that prompted the question that seldom was he rebuffed. Thousands will be eternally glad that they met this man.

Shown into the presence of General Stuart, by whose scouts he had been captured, he immediately pressed personal religion upon him, so that to save having a prayer meeting at the door he opened, the general sent him back to the union lines.

A young man who had attended his meetings, saw him enter the house at that hour, and he went in, and he crawled over into a hoghead. Uncle John, missing him at the dinner table and suspecting the cause, examined the out buildings. Finding the door of the hoghead open, he went in, and he crawled into the hoghead and in the narrow space bowed and prayed until the young man was converted.

Visiting a young lady who ran upstairs, he asked that the door be opened, knelt at the foot of the stairs and sent a prayer past her up to heaven.

At a fashionable boarding house in Boston a proud lady of skeptical tendencies came to him. When he had gone she said to her husband, "There has been an old man here talking to me about religion. 'Why didn't you shut him up?'" said he, gruffly. "He was not one of the men that you can shut up." "If I had been here I would have told him to go about his business." "If you had seen him you would have thought he was about his business." To a wealthy lady who would buy

far removed from home that what they do will never come to light, and the result is that traveling men, as a class, get a worse name than they really deserve.

In the sermon I should be recreant to my trust if I did not give some words of counsel. Be good men. There are hundreds of men among you now who are good men in the best sense of that word. They are honest, and they are not ashamed to let this be known. The Hon. Will Cunnack, of Indiana, ex- lieutenant governor and ex-congressman, is now a commercial traveler. This man is also a candidate for the nomination as governor for the next year. He has come from your ranks ar to-day being put forward for offices of honor and trust all over the land, both in church and state. God grant that the long list of good men among you may be greatly augmented. Good men are the wealth of our state.

Create a sentiment against the rowdianism in the "Sunday towns," which is particularly bad in your midst. Rowdianism is everywhere below par to-day, and you can hit it down among your men if you will.

Be reliable and thoroughly honest and you will surprise the brilliant man who is reliable only at times.

Keep busy for the busy life is a great shield against temptation. Pick up the gold dust of time. Carry a good book in your pocket and at odd moments you can store your minds with the most useful knowledge. Some of the world's best scholars have been the hardest workers and the most busy men.

Do not allow yourself to be enslaved by the "dross of sin." There is no rest for the traveling man to cork to-day. A commercial traveler was once told that he would have to drink if he did business with a certain man named "Thee," said the statesman, "I will not do the business." The trade was made; the traveler was asked to drink and smoke, and when he refused both, the merchant said, "That's right, old boy, stiek to that and you're right."

I would to God that every one of the 250,000 traveling men were total abstinence men and advocates of the abolition of the liquor traffic.

Do not indulge in games of chance. Earn what money you have and do not gamble for it.

Do not go with her whose house takes hold on hell. This woman will meet you everywhere, but in the name of God I warn you to keep your soul pure. Give the right hand to every movement which lifts you and your fellows up. I like the ring of "The Traveler's Protective association," one of whose aims is to elevate the social and moral character of commercial travelers. I am not surprised that this association at its last annual meeting in St. Louis had 8,607 members in good standing.

Find your way to the church on Sabbath morning. You may be a stranger in the city, but you will find your mother's bible and your mother's God in that church. Get all the good you can out of the church, and then, in the name of God, for your own soul, and I counsel you, above all, to give yourself to God. Then when you have sold your last bill of goods and made your last trip, you will not regret the hours of the great house calls for your final settlement.

Coming to Omaha.

Messrs. Mengler & Sprout, general agents for Diebold Safe and Lock Co. will on Oct. 1st open their store in 1415 Farnam st., and will be fully prepared to furnish safe and bank work of all kinds.

Home For the Friendless.

OMAHA, Sept. 24.—To the Editor of the Bee: Some of the various auxiliaries of the Home for the Friendless have requested me to inform them of the work of the friends of the Home. We intend to hold an annual state meeting, beginning on the second Wednesday of October. The hospitality of the city of Lincoln is too well known for me to refer to it in this connection. The ladies of the board of managers have stood nobly and are worthy of commendation and appreciation, and while the state realizes that it is doing a work that cannot be over-estimated, yet we also realize that the earnest co-operation of the auxiliaries is necessary. The delegates and presidents of the auxiliaries are earnestly invited to be present. Important business will be brought before them. Further notice of time and place will be announced.

F. J. EMBRIGHT, Organizer and Solicitor Home for the Friendless.

Personal Paragraphs.

Charles W. Axow, of Neligh, is at the Millard.

S. M. Nevine, of Kearney, was at the Paxton yesterday.

E. E. Bleekley, of Kansas City, is registered at the Millard.

S. D. Kilpatrick, of Beatrice, was at the Paxton yesterday.

W. A. Boyle, a well known politician of Kearney, is at the Paxton.

J. C. Harman and George M. Griffin, of Kansas City, are at the Paxton.

A. C. Davis, a well known business man of St. Joe, is at the Paxton.

H. C. Hope, of St. Paul, is at the Millard. He is in town on business.

E. W. Laken, of Beatrice, is at the Paxton. He will remain in town for a few days.

Hon. Patrick Egan, ex-president of the Irish National league, left for Lincoln last evening.

Dr. G. W. King, of Marysville, Mont., passed through Omaha last night on his way home from attendance at the international medical congress at Washington. He speaks highly of the result of the convention. He was the only physician from Montana in attendance at the Washington congress.

Sam Jacques, formerly with the West Davenport Furniture company, has accepted the sole agency for Nebraska for the Garden City Billard Table company of Chicago. This is the company which manufactures the Vivian cushion, declared to be the best in the world. Mr. Jacques will make his headquarters in Omaha, and will push the business with his accustomed vigor.

To Be Remembered.

Alcock's Porous Plaster is the only one which contains valuable curative properties; it never fails to do all that is claimed for it; it does not blister or irritate the skin; it can be worn for weeks without pain or inconvenience; it is the household medicine chest; it stands on its own merits as it has done for a quarter of a century; its valuable ingredients are found in none of its imitations, and it can be had of all druggists.

THE BEST WAY

To attract trade is to keep reliable goods and sell them cheap. We have done so and have had the satisfaction of seeing our business rapidly grow to be one of the largest in the country. The immense stock which we carry this season will easily convince you of the fact; with such a stock we cannot afford to make high prices, nor the profits exacted from the public by smaller houses—such a stock is the people's guarantee for fair dealing and low prices.

We have opened the fall season with an enormous variety of business and dress suits. They embrace all the new styles and novelties of the season in

WORSTEDS, CHEVIOTS AND CASSIMERES.

Among the many special bargains we start in the season with, we mention the following: 400 men's all wool cassimere suits, heavy weight, of attractive greyish color, serge lined, and well and substantially made, \$5.50. It may sound big to tell you that these suits are actually worth twice this amount, but an examination will convince you that we are not exaggerating, and you will have to admit that you never saw such a suit offered for less than \$10.

Another great surprise is our all wool corkscrew sack suit, elegantly made and trimmed, which we will sell for \$6.50. No house ever sold such a suit for less than \$12.

These are only a few samples of what we have in store for you this season.

All goods marked in plain figures and at strictly one price at

Nebraska Clothing Company

Cor. Douglas and 14th sts., Omaha.

none of his books he said: "I am legs for Bunyan, Baxter and Flavel." His quaint earnestness soon led the woman to her knees and the books to her library. Such incidents justify the sense of propriety of those tame, discriminating, moderate, prudent, decorous, half-hearted, easy-going, average worldly church members. Vassar, like Luther, Wesley, Whitfield and Moody, was not contented to sit like gilded bottles on the shelves of a drugist, while the sick world died. He came down and emptied himself into needy hearts with healing power.



Display at their warerooms, 1305 and 1307 Farnam Street, the largest assortment of Pianos and Organs to be found at any establishment west of Chicago. The stock embraces the highest class and medium grades, including

STEINWAY, FISCHER, LYON & HEALY PIANOS

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