THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

He Wants a Reform in Sleeping Cars and Mileage Tickets.

DRUMMERS' DAY VERY POPULAR.

A Parade at Betroit-Southern Men's Association-Omaha's Sunday Guests-Personal and General Gossip.

Railroad and Sleeping Car Companies The T. P. A. newspaper organs contain in each issue a long list of hotels whose proprietors have accoded to a reduced rate for traveling men, says the Merchants' Traveler, but a careful perusal fails to discover on the roll many first class houses. On the contrary. most of the hotels mentioned are thos comparatively unknown to the better class of commercial travelers, and therefore the concessions, made to attract attention, are of no particular value to a majority of patrons.

But there are institutions which interestall travelers attke-the railroads and sleeping cars. By trusts and com-binations of powerful corporations, prices are kept up and the traveling public is compelled to make a paying investment out of a bankrupt enterprise in the way of passenger traffic, while the firms doing the shipping of freight are compelled to pay three or four times the true value of transportation to enable the companies to get back the money which they have foolishly invested in jerk-water roads and connections.

A glance at the maps of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois will convince the observer that these territories do not require one-fourth of the network of railroads to do all the commercial and passenger business required. The remainder are dead timber, an increase of liability to the companies and a curse to the people who have to pay

The result is that officials are con-tinually groaning at the small profits connected with operating the roads, the stockholders growl about the small size of the dividends, while the patron justly complains because he has to pay a great deal more for the transportation of himself or merchandise by steam than he would have to by horse power. There are many horse car lines which will take a man a dozen miles for cents, and would be willing to do it for half that amount if they could be allowed to use steam instead of horse power, while the railroad companies charge the full limit allowed by law in all cases, or three cents a mile, for runs of 100 miles or more, and then complain because they do not get enough.

The next move is to see about raising prices on freight transportation. It is argued that 3 per cent is not enough to make on capital invested, but of course in this the watered stock is all figured in at par. The actual cost of the road in money is ten millions. It has been watered to thirty millions. The net earnings are three millions, or three per cent on the alleged investment or capital stock; but, as a matter of fact, the road has paid 30 per cent on the actual money invested.

Last year the Rock Island road jumped its fourth-class freight from 10 to 21 cents between Chicago and Rock Island. The only excuse for this arbitrary proceeding was that the state of Iowa had passed some hostile legislation which had made the railroad

Another feature of travel which needs the attention of the powers that be, is the sleeping car system, and it is eviof the public will do some good, for, in the west, where people are wont to assert themselves more forcibly than elsewhere, the accommodations are infinitely better than in other sections, the charges are more moderate. The Pullman system is getting about unbearable, with the petty, arbitrary rules, the forced feeing of the crew necessary to run the car, the exorbitant charges-\$2 for three hours' sleep in some instances-and the many annovances to which the traveler is sub-

If the T. P. A. managers would devote their attention to mitigating the evils practiced by railroads and sleeping car companies for awhile and give the hotels a rest, it seems that more real benefits might be derived. For instance, let word be passed along the line to the effect that no feeing shall be done to porters on sleeping cars, unless in payment for actual service rendered. and thus force the proprietors to pay the salaries of their own help, and work other improvements.

Long had short of it.

The general passenger agents of the country are not at all unanimous regarding the subject of a five thousand mile ticket. First a few railroad men. admired for their sagacity and good judgment on all matters pertaining to their interests, have declared themselves unequivocally opposed to the general introduction of a 5,000 mile Among other apparently good grounds for their opposition, one important feature that must, yet can not, be overcome, in order to secure the adoption of the 5,000 mile ticket, is the question of long and short haul to and from any given points. The mileage from distant points in the west to New York city varies frequently over different roads upwards of hundred miles. Given a 5,000 mile ticket over all the lines connecting the two cities under consideration. traveling salesman will certainly take the short line. He not only saves his mileage, but several hours time, which is an important item. The long lines would in consequence be out of the race, lose the advantage of the different tial rate enjoyed under existing condi tions, and would be completely at the mercy of the short lines. That the long lines will oppose and defeat any measures for the general adoption and introduction of 5,000 mile books, is still

Drummers' Day.

Since Omaha started the fashion, every exposition of any pretensions east, west, north and south, has it "Drummers' Day." An event of this sort took place recently at Detroit, in which several hundred Michigan traveling men participated, as well as some from New York, Chicago and other The New York and Chicago boys made things lively by advocating their respective cities for the world's An account of the affair, written by John De Witt, says: There were about thirty New York

men in line, decorated with yellow badges, which had on them in black let-ters, "New York Welcomes You in '92." As they marched to the boat, at every crowded corner they would give this concerted cry: "N-e-w Y-o-r-k, New York, 92-92-92," much to the amusement of the outsiders, and to the discomfort of some Chicago travelers in line, who immediately began to describe the beauties of Chicago, and how much money it had raised to hold the world's fair there."

They salted a Fresh Customer.

man from Newark, N. J., who essayed the role of jewelry salesman for one of heavy manufacturing concerns there. On reaching Chicago he got acquainted with a lively lot of drum-mers and they played a trick on him, as they do upon all unsalted members of the craft.

A drummer just arriving at the hotel was introduced as a heavy buyer, and the Newark lad opened out his samples and succeeded in getting from him an order for over \$5,000 worth of goods He was so overjoyed by his luck that he gave a little wine supper to the buyer and the friendly watch movement gentleman who introduced him. He sent the order to Newark and one of the older heads in the firm wrote back that no such man was known in the trade as a buyer, but that the name given was one belonging to a well known sales man who was given to practical joking. The Newarker then had to set up the wine again to hush the guying that he got from other drummers.

Created a Scene. According to the Grand Island Independent, J. C. Poor, a Kansas City drummer, created an uncalled for scene one day last week while at breakfast in the dining room of the Palmer hotel. It seems that he was accompanied by a woman, supposedly his wife, whose beauty attracted the attention of A. M. Lynaman. Of course Lynaman looked at and admired the fair lady, who imparted the information to her oversensitive and demure little protector, who, arising from his sent, walked over to Lynaman and demanded in tones more forcible than elegant that he cease to look in the direction of his

Oh! hallowed beauty-Lynaman, with his usual suave and courtly grace, re-plied that he was not aware of having given offense.

The young K. C. man, amid the jeers and ridicule of others who were present and heard his unwarranted attack upon Mr. Lynaman, returned to his table and choked down his dinner in apparent self-consciousness of having made a

Sudden Death of a Drummer. A recent dispatch from Des Moines savs: "John J. Casson, a well known traveling man, whose home is at Iowa City, died suddenly at a hotel in this city. The gentleman came to this city Thursday last and went to the Dereece house, the proprietor of which was an old acquaintance and friend. He complained of not feeling well, but apprehended no serious results. At 6 this morning, when the landlord called at his room, he said he had slept very well and thought he was better. Hall an hour later he was found dead. He has one son, a young man of twenty-one years, who is employed on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern road."

A Popular Resort. The Thurston hotel at Columbus Neb., under the management of J. G. Pollock, is becoming a popular place of resort for the traveling men. Many of them make it their Sunday stopping For a time after the opening of this hotel it was run at a loss to the proprietors, but the traveling man knows a good thing when he sees it, and now the Thurston is crowded every night.

Has Changed His "Line." I. N. DeLine, of cracker fame, who represented Shaver & Dow in Iowa and Nebraska for many years, is now state agent for the Northwestern Trunk company, of Racine, Wis., and talks trunks like a veteran. He is a good natured bachelor, a general favorite with the trade and his fellow travelers, and is greatly admired by the fair sex.

In the Road Again. D. J. Dunken, who represents the Consolidated Coffee company, is out again, after a long spell of severe sickness, and rustling for business along the Missouri Pacific line. Mr. Dunken knows, however, what it is to have a Græco-Roman catch-as-catch-can wrest ling match with old typhcid fever.

A Southern Branch.

The southern traveling men have organized an association at Savannah, and "the exchange," as they call their club quarters, says Secretary Robinson, will soon become one of the attractive places of that city.

Omaha's Sunday Guests.

At the Millard-W. G. Schwarzman, L. S. Hydeman, T. W. Davis, George F. Moulton, H. Meinhard, New York; F. W. Grummond, Binghamton, N. Y. W. S. Heaton, Detroit; H. F. Atwood Rochester, N. Y.; O. C Kemp, Chicago; Bob Branch, St. Louis; F. M. Baldwin, New York; J. J. Engermeyer, Milwau kee; W. C. Phippos, Kansas City; C. F Sisson, Chicago; W. H. Wray, Chicago; Charles P. Limbert, Chicago; W. S. Prugh, New York; J. C. Eyrick, Denyer; Sam G. Goss, Chicago; Thomas H. Craig, R. P. Hinchman, M. B. Hill, T. Brownsdon and Arthur Hall, New York

C. B. Haynes, New York At the Paxton-J. S. Valentine, G. Lehberg, H. G. Schramm, B. Oppen-heimer, F. J. Mackey, Chicago; H. C. Nutt, jr., Lincoln; J. H. Bigford, Boston; E. J. Foree, Lonisville, Ky.; J. N. Finlay, Pittsburg; W. S. Kane, J. B. Brady, W. Fletcher, New York.

At the Murray-George F. Anderson, William LaRosa, J. S. Mathewson, O. S. Smith, A. C. Walkins, A. Eustin, Chicago; John A. Manson, D. L. Ferry, A. T. Bloomer, C. F. Opper, Sol Smith, New York; E. Lutro, Philadelphia; G. W. Allerbuy, St. Louis; E. D. Sweesey, Rock Island, Ill.; C. L. Van Fleet, St. Paul; J. D. McCauley, Detroit. At the Merchants-H. C. Graham,

Milwaukee; D. Grannersen, Philadel-phia; G. A. Walter, Chicago; R. P. Fachen, Albion, N. Y.; C. H. Hillard, Sincinnati; E. P. Ingle, Minneapolis. At the Barker-Walter Fletcher. New York; N. E. Stock, Juniata, Pa.; N. P. Black, Chicago; R. Hunter, Rock port, Mo.; F. G. Buckhite, Grand Island; J. Byers, Des Moines; F. L. Small, Kansas City; S. H. Strongfellow, Omaha; A. B. Slater, Wayne, Neb.; C. R. Sims, Chicago; Will Hedden, St. Louis; J. B. Meloy, Omaha; J. V. Waddell, Pittsburg; J. F. Tetzloff, New York; Frank Chittenden, New York; James C. Dobbs, Philadelphia; Ed Rob-

At the Windsor-E. W. Holby. Omaha; Fred D. Waugh, Peoria; C. H. Gilham, St. Louis; M. M. Snider, Des Moines; C. E. Canen, Columbus, O. Samuel Lewis, Pittsburg; S. Philip, Chicago; M. J. Ratchford, St. Louis; John Jackson, Chicago; J. H. Pierce, Greenfield; John T. Spiney, Kansas City; L. A. Lawton, Herkimer, N. Y.; S. Jones, St. Louis; Ike N. Hahn, St. Louis; M. Sachs, Cheyenne; C. T. Hassis, Chicago; H. Atkins, Chicago: Hassis, Chicago; H. Atains, Chicago; H. B. Kinney, Gamesner, N. Y.; K. G. Paul, Gamesner, N. Y.; W. A. Sawyer, Gamesner, N. Y.; A. C. Blizzard, Davenport; William Kelley, Tipton; O. E. Moats, Chicago; R. S. Bostwick, Chicago;

Chicago.

F. W. Drummond, a very popular salesman, is accompanied this trip by his charming little wife, and they are guests at the Millard hotel. Mr. Drummond is a member of and represents the A good story is told about a young I tobacco manufacturing company

Hall, Drummond & Co., Binghamton, Among the Barker's Sunday guests

was J. F. Totzloff, a New York drum-mer representing the wine importing house of Hochsladter & Co. Landlord Balch entertained a small party of friends at dinner yesterday, and in honor of Mr. Tetzloff, who joined them at table, opened a bottle of Rhine that was certainly very excellent stuff.

HERO OF LOVE.

Translated from the French of Jack Moran: In a new and unfrequented quarter, near the Park Monceau, the unimer morning had opened splen-

A girl was at her window, behind half-closed blinds, smiling at some chimera, at some dream of the future; for heaven permits youth to have hope in life and to dream of possible happi-The apparition of a letter at the end of a thread, seeming to descend from heaven, startled her from her

taking hold of it she broke the slender thread, and the letter remained in her

Emma could not see that just above her window a good-looking young man, concealed also by his blinds, had been watching her for a long time, trembling and still resolute.

She opened the message arriving by this strange road. It was short, but con-

tained an infinitude:
Mademoiselle: I love you with my whole heart. I take the liberty to write, for I cannot delay to express my affection. For a year, without attempting to intrude, I have noticed your steps and voice. I am twenty-fours old, and live with my mother, who is a widow. My life is monotonous, but you are my loy, my sun, my hope. I am a poor painter, a pupit of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, t with courage inspired by love for you led to take the prize of Rome this year. That means glory and a future. It is of you alone that I dream. I trust that you will look with favor on me and let me believe that you are willing to accord my heart, my ife and my name, which will be celebrated, I promise, if you will make me happy.

I shall leave the institution in a few months, and then I shall ask your father to grant me your adored little hand, so delicate, and which must be so gentle.

I cover it with kisses, that dear white hand, and kneel before you.

FERNAND GRARD.

Emma read and re-read the delightful page, with lips half opened by a ra-diant smile, eager eyes and a palpitatng heart, agitated and entranced by this first love letter.

The broken thread was near her. No preeze, no breath moved it. It seemed to be waiting for an answer. She took a white rose which was pinned to her corsage and attached it quickly to the uspended thread. The rose mounted toward heaven as

by magic, even as the letter had decended, and following it with her eye, Emma felt that her heart flew away with the flower. For a long time she had noticed this intelligent young man, who turned so pale whenever he met Thus an enchanting romance com-

menced, the romance forever new and heavenly, full of the delicious intoxication of first love, in which the keenest sensations are excited by the exchange of a look, a sudden meeting, the thousand nothings, to others invisable, but to lovers fraught with terrible anguish or supreme joy.

The ingenious correspondence continued. Emma ventured to write in ner turn, experiencing exquisite happiness in imparting the facts of her lonely life, which had been very sad ince the death of her mother. father was a merchant. He often returned sombre and absent-minded, she said, allowing herself to be drawn artlessly into the joy of unbosoming herself to her friend. Fernand was now her only thought.

the first letter, her father, H. Ferald, on returning one evening from his counting room, said to her: "Don't sing so all the time, Emma, come this way, I wish to speak to you on an important subject. You are a large, sensible girl. You will be seventeen years old in a month. Listen to

me, my darling." 'I am listening, papa. What would you like? You look as though you were going to scold me," replied the girl, owering her large black eyes.

Emma was no longer a mere child. Though she still wore short dresses and a cunning red apron tied with a big knot behind in a little-girl style, her elegant and rounded torm was already full of promise. She was at that charming age of change when the young miss, without thought of care, becomes an intelligent and toving being. "Don't remain standing on one foot

like a bird on the perch; sit down. "Yes, papa,"

"I was saying that you are a young person—well!—well!—of an age to think of marriage." At these words Emma's cheeks turned redder than the cherry ribbon around her neck. She remained motionless. opposite her father, poised unsteadily on the edge of an arm-chair, with eyes wide open and breathing suspended, anxiously awaiting what would come

"I wish," continued Mr. Ferald, "to provide you with a husband who loves Emma smiled while thinking of Fernand. Certainly her father was right. Fernand loved her and always would

"The one who asked your hand is a man whom I love and esteem beyond measure. He is good, sterling in character, rich and honorable. I am certain that he will promote your happiness. But you know him already. It is M. Morizot, the good Morizot, my friend of twenty years' standing." Emma turned pale and cried in her

"I will never marry M. Morizot. He is old. I don't love him. I don't want him. I can't have him. "he isn't old. He is but thirty-five

years, and just the man, well proportioned and of excellent physique. In-deed, he is the husband that I have had in mind for you." "Father, it is impossible."

"Why, mademoiselie? Why do you not wish to marry?" "Why, father, do you wish me to marry M. Morizot?"

"My daughter; I will reply to you as an intelligent woman. You often see me anxious. It is because I have serious embarrassment. My affairs are in a bad, very bad way. I have large payments to meet. An extension is necessary for my paper, but I have other obligations in arrears. A terrible crisis has oc-curred. Money must be had immediately; if not-if not-the alternative is failure and ruin-that is to say, death, for I should not survive my shame," said Mr. Ferald; while his eyes filled with tears at the thoughts which

Emma threw herself upon his neck, embracing him with tenderness, greatly moved by the tears of her tather, whom she had never seen weep except on the day when her mother died.

If you marry Morizot he becomes my

partner and brings me 100,000 francs; that is to say, honor, fortune and se-curity, in place of shame, want and death!"

"Oh, father! what do you say, Everybody knows that you are an honorable man. What is this failure?" "My child, it is the most frightful

calamity that can befall a man. Remember that the house was founded by the grandfather of my father more than a hundred years ago; that the honor of the house is proverbial on the exchanges. I assure you I would sooner die than have our pame dishonored!"

For a minute Emma remained in susnense. Grave and death-like in look. she balanced her love for Fernand and

M. Ferald, seeing that she hesitated, fell on his knees, distracted, imploring

Vanquished, she slowly uttered these words, which could scarcely find expression: "Father, I will obey you." Then hastily retiring to her room

she passed the night in stifling sobs that she might not be heard. The next day she wrote to Fernand, withdrawing from the engagement, not daring to tell him of the terrible secret of her father, but informing him of her approaching and inevitable marriage.

Fernand in despair wrote in extravagant terms beseeching and threatening by turns the one whom he loved. He sought a personal interview, but she would not receive him.

Mme. Girard, who had been made a confidents by her son, called in his behalf on M. Ferald, but met with a refusal which left no hope.

One morning the young girl found a note at her window. It contained but "I will kill myself, I assure you, the

hour you are married. Emma did everything to forget this ove so violent and to which her heart yielded so willingly, but she was obliged to look often at the anxious and careworn face of her father, to brace up her courage for supporting the presence of Morizot, who had commenced his courtship and called regularly every

day.

He was an attractive bachelor, cheerful, courtly and good natured. Having known her from her childhood, the love

he now felt grew out of his former tenderness as an elder brother. The poor child endeavored to hide her grief, and he mistook her downcast and

resigned looks for timidity. Finally, the day for the marriage was fixed, and Emma put on the marriage-ring, which she took off as soon as she was alone. Everybody was congratulating and envying her, for M. Morizot was a fine match; but the poor girl answered only by a faint smile. She did not even look at the mirror when she tried on the white marriage dress. that wonderful and triumphant robe which all young girls auticipate in their dreams.

One evening, when for the first time her betrothed had touched her hair with a kiss, she drew back quickly, uttering a cry, and repelling him with her hands. It had not occurred to her that her promise to be Morizot's wife gave him the right to kiss her. As she threw herself back impulsively he tried to sustain her, but she withdrew from

"What is the matter, Emma? Speak to me. One would think you were straid. What have I done? I, who love you so tenderly, my dear Emma?" He took her hands and carried them

to his lips, kissing them passionately. "I do not wish you to kiss me," exclaimed the young girl, with vehe-"Ah! Emma, you do not love me."

"Yes, I do. I love you very much. You have always been very kind to me. "You like me as an old friend, but that is not love. I excite your aversion. But why do you decide to be my wife?" "I will be your wife. It is necessary."

"My dear little friend, I do not comprehend you. Come here, near to me. will touch the tips of your little fin-Have confidence in me. Remember you have always confided to me your secrets. Your father must have told you that my only desire is to make you happy. I have esteemed him very much during many long years. I know that he is at present seriously embarrassed. It will give me pleasure to be his partner. We will form but one family, having the same interests and affections. These are my sincere sentiments."

"Oh, how unhappy I am!" cried the girl.
Morizot regarded her eyes intently. He scrutinized that brow knit with

anguish, and broke out sadly: "Ah! I now understand it. It is to save your father that you consent. Not daring to say yes, her head fell

disconsolately.
"Poor fool that I was to think that you loved me. For some months your eves were so bright, your voice so sweet. that I thought-I believed that your

heart responded to mine.' He remained thoughtful for a moment. then said pleasantly: "If you do not love me pet, you will love me some day. Do you not think

She looked at him sadly, but could not tell a falsehood.

"It must be that you love another." he broke out impetuously. Emma moaned and concealed her face

in her hands. It was an acknowledge ment. "Who is this happy one that you love?

Does he love you, too? Oh! Emma, how you make me suffer!" At last he drew the secret from her. tistening, pale as a sheet, with breathless attention.

When the recital was concluded he said in a trembling voice: "My dear girl you do not love me. You love another. I would be a wretch to accept the sacrifice that you are ready to make. I restore your freedom and in order that you may never regret this release, I will still be your father's partner. Be happy, Emma, but at least keep a place for me in your romem-

Beaming with joy, with glowing eyes and outstretched arms, she fell on Morizot's neck and showered kisses upon him, breathing out these words, of themselves so cruelly ironical:

"Oh, how happy you make me! How much I love you!"

Three months later Emma married Ferdinand Girard, but M. Morizotcould

not face the happiness of his rivat. Having left almost the whole of his fortune to M. Ferald, he embarked for Senegal, where he died from exhaustion, bereft of strength to struggle for an existence which had become a burden: a poor hero of love.

The Parc Monceau—named from a vil-lage formerly occupying the site, and more recently a part of the district of the Champs Elysees—was laid out by Phillippe of Or-leans in 1778, and greatly beautified by Louis Phillippe. It was divided, and a por-tion passed into the control of the city in 1852, when a public park was a thing un-known within the Paris walls. The grounds of the Luxembourg are a magnificent gar-den, but the Parc Monceau is without a rival in its large and magnificent trees. A great variety of new kinds have been planted, and an amusing discussion arcse on the attempt to introduce the mammoth tree of Califor nia, an Englishman having discovered and named it Wellingtonia, while the Americans called it Washingtonia. As the French assume to settle all scientific disputes, the question was referred to a botanist, who de-cided that it belonged to the old family of

sequola, and sould be called sequola gigantea. † The Ecole des Beaux Arts (School of the Fine Arts), founded in 1648 and supported by the state, gives to the successful competing pupil in each of its departments a prize, called the prize of Rome, which entitles the recipient to support at the Academy of France in Rome for four years, with the option of devoting two years to instructive travel.

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Special, 200 very fine all wool Kersey Overcoats with excellent Italian lining and a rich satin sleeve lining. beautiful fitting garments, at \$9.00, they are really worth \$15,00, and are sold for that elsewhere.

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THE RAILWAY TIME TABLES

A. M. A. M. A. M. A. 1

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SUBURBAN TRAINS. Westward

Running between Council Bruffs and Al-bright, in addition to the stations mentioned, trains stop at Twentieth and Twenty-fourth attest, and at the Summit in Omaha. Broad-Trans- Omaha | South | Al-way, fer. depot. Sheely Omaha bright. A.M. A.M. A. M. 7:45 7:02 8:45 P. M. 12:45 P. M. 12:45 1:45 2:15 2:52 8:45 3:53 11:07 ar 11:00 } 12:05 iv 11:45 } 11:00 11:51 12:01 11:55

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