Phant? There's the newcomer, holding out his hands to the grateful warmth of the fittle kitchen stove. "You're a witch! Upon which particular broomstick did you fetch him turny absence. Nall?"

"A turkey brought him, see, here it is! A twin to are, and just in time to be

stuffed."
"Howay for us—a tandem team! To be strictly caudid, Nau, I meant to eat the turkey I brought home all myself—now you can have a taste. Four dramstricks! Uncleador, if I do have a weakness for anything bosides Nau its—"
"What's this? Pinet—look—look—look—

ness for anything besides Nau It's—"
"What's this? Flust—took—look—look"
Louder than her cries of wonderment is the noisy downfall of the strange contents of that little turkey. Silver dishes clatter and jinyle and chink upon the pine table dough board, the floor itself, and as if demented with their sudden liberty, the big round coins go rolling into this corner, that corner, under table, chair and slove!

How many broad stiver dollars that gaunt fort holds the astonished young people caunot tell; but to their widely opened eyes it seems a little fortune; and Uncle Job thinks himself amply repaid when two himpy children kneet behald a him and fall to cacrossing him as they weep; and the tears are not born of the chopped onlors in his lap—they are born fide tears of pure joy.

And afterward, when it comes to pass that the profits that accrue from the conomous sales of the new text books are all made over to the little bride and Mrs. Nan is accounted almost as wealthy as the repretted Gwendolin, Mrs. Tom allows John to turn the horses' noses toward the live-roomed cottage, to which as a addition is being built for Uncle Job's especial use, and, in her gentle daughter-in-law's little best room eats humble ple very prettily leaving a meesage for her son that brings heaven itself into the dining room, when at dusk, through the sweet air of a budding spring, he comes and takes his place at the supper table opposite his wife.

"But we over all our happlness to you, all to you, dear uncle! For suless you had come to our aid and played fairy goof-father we should yet be as poor as—as—"

"Job's turkey," suggests the professor.

"Job's turkey," suggests the pro-

Chicago's Revised Nursery Rhymes.

Here is the poer misguided man— The victim of the awful clan— Who was killed in the Carlson cottage.

Who was killed in the Carison cottage.

It.

Here is the equincold and white
Which drew the rig on the Intal night
That carried the poor magnided man—
The victim of the awful clan—
Who was killed in the Carlson cottage.

1 V.

Here is the "Fix" who had to flee— His name competies with a "C"— Who drove the equino old and white Which drew the rig on the fatal night Which carried the poor misguided man— The victim of the awful clan— Who was killed in the Carlson cottage.

Here is the man whose card was sent Hy some one and with what intent! 'I was carried by him who had to flee— Whose name commones with a "C"— Who drove the rightne old and white Which drow the rise on that main night That carried the gloor misguided man— The victim of the awfu chan— Who was killed in the Carlson cottage.

· VL

And here's the power behind the throne, Whose secret deads are not yet known, A friend to him whose card was sent By some one and with what intent! "I was carried by him who had to fice— Whose name commences with a "C"— Who drove the squinc old and white Which drove the poor ringuided man— The yietim of the awdi clam— The yietim of the awdi clam— Who was killed in the Carlson cottage.

As Absolute Cure.
The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-onase tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped lands and all skin cruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT. Sold by Goodman Drug commany at 18 cents per box—by mail 30 cents.

Here is the Carlson cottage.

#### HE TOOK LOVE'S SACRAMENT.

Why a Brilliant Young Priest Forsook His Church

THEY FOUGHT FOR THE GIRL.

Brawny Pennsylvanians Settle Their Claim to a Maiden's Favor-Mar-Gave it Up and Died.

Little Romances, News has just been received here of the death in San Francisco of Mrs. Sarah Ginevra Lake, widow of the Rev. Henry Lake, the brilliant young Cath-olic priest, who, nearly seventeen years ago, forsook the church to marry the woman he loved, writes a New York correspondent of the Chicago Times. The story of the committe career of this couple was yesterday told to the Times correspondent by an intimate friend of

theirs.

Father Lake was the son of Henry Lake, the sonior partner of the house of Lake & McCreery, leading dry goods men in New York fifteen years ago. He had been brought up in the Protestant faith, and at the age of fifteen caused much constornation in his fam-ily by the announcement that he had been converted to the Catholic faith. He was sent to St. John's college, at Fordham, where he passed through the various grades until ready to enter the priesthood. To better prepare himself he determined to go to Rome, and there entered the American cottege, having

as a brother student Rev. Dr. McGlynn.
While in Rome he collected a rare
Catholic library, said to be equaled in
this country only by that possessed by
the Jesuit Inthers of this city. For the
first six years of his priesthood be belonged to the Paulist order, but severed
his connection with it and became an
assistant to Father Preston, now chancellor of the New York archdiocese,
himself a convert to catholicism.

In the course of his study of elocution
Lake met Miss Sara Ginevra Chafa, a
girl of eighteen, who was studying
under the same teacher. She was a
young postess and public reader, who
made her debut as an actress under
Mrs. Sheridan Shook in the Union
Sounce theatre. She and Lake fell in
love, but for a long time kept their feeling concealed from each other. The
struggle between his duty to the church
and the love for the girl was a very bitter one, but love naturally wen, and
Lake deserted the church. They married secretly and lived in New York for
a short time under the name of Edmonds. Lake's disappearance was variously commented on by the papers, but
none discovered that the young priest
was married. The few friends who
were privy to the secret did not lot it bs
known till "Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds'
had left the city. Whither the couple
wandered was not known for several
years by the friends left behind, but in
1874 a letter was received from a lady
confidante in this city from San Francisco telling of the happy life they were
living.

The next heard of them was by a telegram received on Christmas day, 1875,
from Santa Cruz, announcing the death
of Father Lake's action. She says
in it; "I have been blamed for inducing my husband to break his vows and
leave the church. The charge is fusise.
When he told me of his love and we discussed the peculiarity of his position. I
advised him to investigate, and he concluded that the system had no

A desperate list fight took place at a secluded spet near No. 4 colliery, of the Delaware & Hudson coal company at Plymouth yesterday afternoon, says a Wilkesbarre, Pa., special to the New York Sun. The principals were Elmer Gross and Frank Anderson. For some time they have been rivals for the hand of the same girl, and as the did not show any marked preference, they decided to settle the matter themselves.

selves.

They selected William O'Brien, of Plymouth, as referee. J. R. Power acted as second for Gross, and Ed Hefferman for Anderson. A twenty-four-foot ring was staked out, and the battle began at 4 p. m. in the presence of about fifty appectators.

erman for Anderson. A twenty-four-foot ring was staked out, and the battle began at 4 p. m. in the presence of about fifty spectators.

Both are powerful and vigorous men. Gross stands near six feet high, and weights 185 pounds. His opponent was but little less. For the first four rounds Anderson seemed to have the best of it. He showed more skill and activity, and pressed Gross hard. In the third round he landed a terrific blow on Gross'eye that knocked him clean off his feet, and closed the eye. In the fifth round Anderson began to play out, while Gross, though badly punished, seemed as strong and fresh as at first. In the sixth and seventh rounds their positions were reversed. Gross forced the fighting, and drove Anderson all around the ring, pouring in a torrent of sledge-hammer blows. Finally he got in a smashing blow on the jaw, laying open Anderson's cheek, and knocking out several of his teeth. Anders on went down as if he had been shot, and sould not stand up when time was called. The referree gave the fight to Gross, and Anderson in the presouce of witnesses, renounced all claim to the maden for whose hand he had fough t.

Milton Boswell, a school-teacher

Milton Boswell, a school-teacher twenty-seven years old, who had been courting a young indy of twenty-three, has been married to his sweetheart's little sister, says a Washington dispatch to the New York World. About a year ago he fell in leve with Miss Tennison. of South Washington, and proposed marriage last spring. The marriage was to have taken place next January. Boswell and Miss Tennison quarreled about this time, but it was thought the

matter was settled, as his visits became more and more frequent.

There was, however, another stiraction at the home of the Tennisons for him, and that was the thirteen-sear old sister Mabe. Ecowell often left his office in the afternoon when school had been dismissed and acted as escort to Miss Matel, who was as deeply in love with Boswell as he was with her. The elder sister never suspected that she was slowly but surely being "cut out.", Hoswell went to the home of the girl in South Washington. Young Mabel was at the gate waiting for him. They rode to Anacosta in the street cars, and going to the residence of John L. Poates, on Polk street, they are suppersant Rowell and the license and the required number of witnesses were present, the knot was tied, and the newly made Mr. and Mrs. Hoswell went to the home of the bride's purcent, but Mr. Tennison declined to receive them,

"A young woman of Bukowaia has

Mr. Tennison declined to receive them.

A young woman of Bukowaia has had a wooderfolly romantic career. She was very beautiful, and all the young men who were in the district fell in love with her. She had a hundred offers of marriage before she was twenty, and before she accepted the 101st. Then her troubles began. Her first finnee died suddenly from accident, tho second was taken away by the army, likewise the third and foorth; the fifth and sixth were drowned; the seventh and eighth broke off on learning of the smallness of her fortune; the ninth got drank on his befrothal day and triad to beat the young woman, so she broke it off; the tenth seemed promising in every way, but as the marriage was about to take place that he had a wife and children in Bessarabia. The wedding was fixed for the eleventh, and, thereupon, the young woman gave it up and poisoned herself.

A pretty black-haired, black-eyed

it up and poisoned herself.

A pretty black-haired, black-eyed young woman with a pleasing way, about twenty years old, was arrested at Cloquet last jught wille tending bar in a saloon dressed as a man, says a Duinth dispatch to the Chicago Tribune. She appeared in that town Saturday and at once applied for work at the saloon of a man named Smith, and was promptly engaged as backeeper. Suspicion was aroused by her woman's voice, which she could not disguise. She was not surprised at being arrested and took matters coolly. Her antecedents and name are not known. She says she assumed the disguise to oscape from her lover, who is a horsethief. She is still in juil

Don't hey trashy imitations. Get the

Don't buy trushy imitations. Get the genuine Red Cross Cough Drops.

#### JOB'S TURKEY.

A Thanksgiving Story.

Bes West in Detroit Free Press.

"Forevermore!" walls Mrs. Tom.

"How provoking!" cries Mrs. Dick. "But then he's reported rich," asserts Mrs. Harry; "and if that is the case it's assuredly one of those cases that circum-stances alter wonderfully."

"I don't believe he's a rich man, for one," affirms Mrs. Tom, looking rucfully at the letter in her hand. "Why, when I wrote to Uncle Job—of all the names I do detest 'Job' comes first—when I wrote and ever so delicately binted I'd swal low my prejudices-

"A terrible indigestible mass you'd find 'em Bel!"

"And name Plantagenet Job' if it would be to the boy's interest later in

one to the ony a interest later in life, what do you think he sail?"

"His sawer was torse enough and it will be not relating on the part of those will be shown the sail of t life, what do you think he said?"
"Don't ask me—what dad he say?"
"His answer was terse enough and bruef enough to be easily remembered.

ual of small means, and left religiously alone.

Alone and uncared for—that is, if he except the little friendly "runnings-in" of Plantagenet, his grand-nephew, who has taken to the gentle old man from the first, and who is never weary of hearing of the professor's late trip to the petrilled tree tract of Arizona, or looking at the rare specimens so carefully collected—for Uncle Job is a learned geologist, and has written several remarkable treatiess on the subject—his "Sermons in Stones" having

been adopted as text books in many col-

been adopted as text books in many colleges.

And from stones Plantagenet easily leads the conversation to scarcely less adamantine subjects—the hearts of his unyielding parents—for cold, calculating and worldly, they have softened not one whit under the warmth of Plantagenet's young love; and it is Uack Job who unconsciously encourages him in his grim determination to brave the ire of his parents and marry his sweet. Nan in the teeth of all opposition.

And so they are quietly married—Plantagenet Alites and Nanette Gray—and go to housekeeping in a pretty little cottage in a pretty subard some miles from the splendid city home of his father.

Uncle Job, who has begun a few work on geology, shuts himself up in his third story these room and allows the world without to wag as it will.

And it soon begins to wag in a very cheerless manner for the two welded young tolks.

The bride, albeit she has braved the

And it soon begins to wag in a very cheerless manner for the two wedded young folks.

The bride, abeit she has braved the wrath of the stern purents of her dear one to please that irrate young man, feels the weight of their united displeasure like a material byrden bearing her down, and the bridegroom, ever and always a loving, thoughtful son, writhes under the thought that his deliberate displeadence has driven him from the happy home be hoped would open wide its doors to welcome Nan—his gentle wife.

its doors to welcome that his door wife.

But though shut out from one loved peradise, he has his Nan—his door, little, brave Nan, who smiles through great, unshed tears upon him, when suddenly she meets his sorrowful gaze after many a long quarter of an hoar's silent retrospection.

'Oh, it must come right soon, Pinnt—they never would shut you out of their lives forever!"

'You don't know them," mutters the boy.

"You don't know them," mutters the boy.
"I'm pretty well acquainted with you, dear; and if any father or mother could treat such a son as you are so eccevily—there, that's an ugly word I know. Plant, but It's the right one to use in this instance—all I have to say is that they don't deserve such a good child—there!" and two pretty arms, bared to the elbow for kitchen convenience, find their fond way about the neck of her chosen lord.

Her chosen lord smiles faintly at this speech and tries desperately to raily his drooping spirits.

speech and tries decoping spirits.

speece and trees despended to rain as drooping spirits.

"Let's imagine," says he, "that our parents have gone to Europe, you and me; and that we esn't see them anyhow for a year, at least; and they're having a splendid time, and we will begin to look for them home"—but a great sol he can not strangle at its birth masters him; and these two young things, folded in one another's arms, cloud their honeymon with a shower of blinding tears.

in one mother's arms, close their honeymone with a shower of blinding tears.

It was a very humble position that the college-bred Flantagenet Altick found himself obliged to accept to keep the little house going—the only position open to him when he, beside himself with a just indignation at an anreasonable opposition and a great and absorbing love, broke bounds and besought the faithful Nan to leave her position as governess in a wealthy family and share his five-roomed cottage and his meager salary.

Nan, too used to poverty to let it frighten her, and imagining, innocent soul, that no one could long be angry at so dear a boy as Plant, consented; and the home-coming, though a lonesome little affair, brought with it nappiness enough to hast a fortnight, at least.

Then Plantagenet saw that there was to be no relenting on the part of those he loved and reverenced with all the strength of his boyish nature, and his grief gew greater with every passing hour. To crown all, he has lost his position the second work in the November following, owing to the insolvency of the firm by which he had been empleyed; and though they have given him a splendid recommendation, there is no position easily obtainable.

One morning a stray thought, finding its way from out that great, mysterious

ileman's sad little sponments.

It is too much for Tom Altick. With
a laugh that fetches Mrs. Tom quickiy
from an adjoining room and provokes
her to join in its nearly roulades, he
declines the poor fowl, with thanks,
with a sarcasm voiled so lightly that

SAYINGS OF

Waifs From the World of Wit and Humor.

MONEY TALKS AT BLACKWELL'S.

Had Only His Appetite Left-What dozer Beaten-How Mabel Rebuked Archie

All He Had Left.

Barlington Free Press: Woman [to tramp who has eaten a whole mince nie]

You seem to have a good appetite. Traing with tears in his often Pres, maiam, that is all 1 have left in the world which I can rightly call my own.

The Money Was Sufficient.

The Money Was Sufficient.

Drake's Magnatine: They have got our authorities down very fine over at Blackwell's island, it seems. The following note, wrapped around a stone, was preked up outside the prison walls the other day!

"Please take this to George —.

"Brooklin. Dear George: I can escape if you will smuggle me in a small lile, a chieci and \$500 in money.

Bill."

"Italy "Nevermind the other things.

"Later-Never mind the other things just bring the tin."

He's in Luck

Terra Haute Express: When a woman clinches her teeth, shuts up ber fists, and remarks in a concentrated voice. "I wish I was that man's wife for about five minutes," it is mighty lacky for "that man' that she isn't.

Not That Kind of a Chent Not That kind of a Client.

Taxas Siftings; Lawyer to the Prisoner;—"May it pleas your honor, we
have shown by the evidence of the
barkceper that on that day this offense
was committed my client drank fortysever, whisky straights. Under the
circumstances, therefore, my client
was too far gone to know what he
was doing."

Prisoner [jumping to his feet)—"Hold
up, there! By Gad, sah, whisky had no
effect on me. I'm from Kentucky, sah!"

pose I should say—but Oollte of the Jurnsstel. "Indeed, sir! Well, I'm glad I'm not in the mossi-shell state of evolution—and I am also glad that you have come to dinner, dear professor!" "Honestly glad." "Honestly glad." "Glad enough to necopt this little turkey as an addition to your repast?" "O, Unche Job, how lovely of you! Why, what a feast well have, to be sure! I'm awfully hungry, and I'll realises to you now, sir, that I felt as if I could eat the entire turkey Plant brought home, my elf! I wouldn't tell him the whole teuth, but I was afraid he would find it out by my grawing the bosse! But now we're all fixed for a traurious courst—and oh, Uncle Job, don't you want to chop up this onton for me? I'm so dired of weeping, and onions always affect me so deeply!"

"Tears have forgothen the way to my eyes—give me the chopper!"
"There's the bowl, and there's—Plaut!"
"There's the bowl, and there's—Plaut!" Caused by Annexation.
Chicago News: The scarcity of fall pasturage in Illinois may be due to the awkward circumstance that Chiago, after annexing most of it, will not permit stock to run at large.

The Best of Experience. Lawrence American: Mrs. Dempsey
—Thomas, you must teil Willie not to
spend all his time looking at the circus
posters. It takes him all day to do an
errand.

errand.

Mr. Dempsey—Let him study 'em.
Mariar, and after he has seen the circus
he will know more about the deceits of
life than he could tearn in ten years in
any other way.

Put It in the Solitary.

America: Artist—I have brought you one of my paintings that I think the most of. Now don't you think it ought to be hang in the coming exhibition?

Committeeman—No, I wouldn't hang it. I am opposed to engital punishment. Sentence it to solitary confinement.

Where Hr Was Wrong.

Life: Visitor—I hope, my friend, that you now see the great error you have made.

Murderer—Yes, I see it clearer every day. If I'd only 'r killed de hired girl too there wouldn't have been ne one left to peach on me.

A Suggestion to Poets.
Harper's Bazar: It is a fact worth
pondering that though the night falls
around us it never breaks, whereas the
day breaks but never falls. We offer
this delicate fancy to some struggling
aspirant for poetical honors.

Rhrew tits Man.

Cbleago Tribune: "I want to open a saloon in this neighborhood, and I am trying to got the property-holders about here to sign my application," said the newcomer. "Do you think I'd better call at that house on the corner?"

"Why, that's where I live," replied the policeman.

"Good! That makes a majority," said the stranger, as he unrolled his petition and handed the officer a peacil.

Not in N v ids.

Puck: Mr. Softpedal (assisting at a little game in Nevada): -Two tens will open a jackpot, won't they, if I get another in the draw?

Mr. Drop (of the Three Queens Casino)--No; but they il open a grave.

Why don't you try Red Cross Cough Drops, five cents per box.



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Young and Laue Cubes Partoles, Se seath, the Mealinest
Monte and inthe Mealinest
Mealinest Parents, Se
Mealinest Property, Se
Mealinest Property, Se
Today, Se

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The auction sale which is now in progress at our store has caused so many inquiries that we take this method to answer the inquiries and inform the public at the same time. The object of the sale is not, as some have asserted, to get rid of our old stock for the best of reasons, we have none. Nor is it a holiday scheme to get the trade-but it is as advertised, to close the retail department of our jewelry business which we have been desirous of doing for many months, and having failed to find a cus-tomer to purchase the stock entire, and to put the stock in-to our wholesale department not being feasible, we have determined upon an auction sale of our entire stock of diamonds, fancy goods, art goods, and all. Without limit or reserve of one single article. We invite all to attend these sales, which will be held daily for the next thirty days (if not disposed of before) andsee if this statement is not a fact. MAX MEYER & BRO.

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Nervous Permanent in the permanent in th

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To Young Men and Middle-Aged Men. A SURE CURE 'the awful effects of warty and the sure of the sure of the sure of the sure transfers, distinguing both mind and body, with all transfers, the permanently carred.

DRS. BUILD paired themselves by improper indulgences and and author justes, which role both body and mad, unfitting them for business, stary or MAINTED MEN, or those entering on that happy its avery of physical debility quartly assisted.

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re authoring undaksum, and add golden years to life
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Manhood RESTORED. Enchood, &c., having trees to vanturery know dy, the discovered a storper manus of self car-in will send tanded; FREE to his fellow online below, J. M. BLEVER, P.O. Bog Sen, New Y.

THE FIGURE "9".

The figure "9" in our dates is with us and has come to stay. No man or woman now living will ever date a document without using the figure 9. It now stands on the extreme right—1859. Next year it will be in the third blade, where it will remain tent year. 100 will then nove up to the second-press.

There is another "9" which has also come to stay: it is called the No. "9." It is not like the figure "9" in our dates in the respect that it will have to wait until next year for third place, or ton years for second place, as it has this year stood in first place, and it will not move iron there; it is the new "No. 9" High Arm Wheeler & Witson Sewing Machine.

The "No. 9" is not an old style of machine having some slight change made in it and these called "new improved," but it is no entirely new machine. It was invested by the best mechanical experts of the age. What better proof is wanted of that fact than the following cablegram direct from the Paris Exposition, which was published in all the Chicago newspapers of October 2ndf Rayrogarino University. The "No. 9" has taken the first premium this year at the State fairs of lowa, Minnessita and Wilson Manufacturing Company.

The "No. 9" has taken the first premium this year at the State fairs of lowa, Minnessita and Wilson Manufacturing Company.

The "No. 9" has taken the first premium at overy county fair where it has been exhibited.

No woman, if she deaires to be happy should be without a "No. 0" No agent the happy and prospersons in this world, the "No. 9" for his home. No agent is happy until he has purchased the winessed with the only perfect sewing machine mechanism for family use, the "No. 9." Mo each with the only perfect sewing machine mechanism for family use, the "No. 9." We man mechanism for family use, the "No. 9." We men happy and trade has more than mechanism for family use, the "No. 9." We

age of progress unless he furnishes his custo-mers with the only perfect sowing machine mechanism for family use, the "No. 2." We are happy, for our trade has more than doubled since the hirth of the "No. 9." WHEELER & WILSON M'F'G CO., 185 and 187 Wabasis ave., Chicago.

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