the Four Hundred," said the little chick. There was no more solemnity in that school during that session. THOUGHTS IN LIGHTER VEIN

Waifs From the World of Wit and Humor

WHY MR. PATRICK WASN'T KILLED

Mr. Old Boy's Strat-gr-The Rush Accounted For-Method in His Madness-Said "Yes" From I orce of Habit.

The Force of flabit. The Force of Rabit. Fliegende Blactter, Algernon-Dear-est Emily, I cannot conceal my feelings any loager. I must tell you now how dearly I love you. May I bope for your love in return? Emily-Certainty. Will that be all

today?

Not Mad Enough for That.

St. Louis Critic: Angry Subscriber-I am mad all the way through, an' I want my paper stopped. Editor-Yes, sir; do you want to pay Editor-Yes, sir; do you wan, what you owe? Angry Subscriber-No; I sin't mad enough for that.

On the Desert Air.

Boston Carler: "Shall I play you this little Spanish fandango?" she asked, sweetly. "I-1 beg your pardon," he said, turn-ing red, "but the fact is, I don't under-stand Spanish."

Medical Times and Register: Galli-gan-Doctor, haven't you been attend-ing on old man Gilduay? Doctor-Yes. "How is he today?" "He is beyond the reach of medical assistance, I fear." "What I is he dying?" "What I is he dying?"

On Guard. Fliegende Biaster: "By thunder,old fellow! what has happened to you that you smile so all the time? What was so good?" "O, nothing at all! but you see one rever knows nowadays hut somebody might be photographing him."

Accounted For.

Accounted For. Dry Goods Chronicle: "Now, that's what I like to see," observed the visit-ing merchant to the proprietor of the great dry goods emporium; "all the clerks full of vim and energy." "Yes," assented the proprietor, "we close early today and they are all get-ting ready to go home."

ting ready to go home," No Supposition. Drake's Magazine: "You will no-tice," said the manager of the company, as he steepped in front of the curtain, "that the programme says that seven years are supposed to elapse between the second and third acts. In this case there will be no supposition about it. The sheriff of this county has just taken possession of the stage, and I think it will be about seven years be-fore we can get the matter settled. The sudience is now dismissed."

A Present for His Wife.

America: Mr. Oldboy-My dear, whon is your birthday? Mrs. Oldboy-Why, James! The idea of your not knowing! Why do you Mrs. Oldboy-Why, James! The idea of your not knowing! Why do you ask? "Well, I've lost my silk umbrella, and I was thinking it would be a good idea to get you one for a birthday present."

present." An Omitted Remark. Nashville American: The Rev Dr. K. a college professor, who wrote his sermons with the atmost care and logi-ch coherence, once found it desirable while preaching to omit a poglion. To-ward the close of the sermon there was a reference to the omitted portion, a fact which he forgot for the moment, and then, suddenly remembering it, he oxtrinated humself from the difficulty in this wise: "As I have bofore remarked -or in a part which I have omitted."

Why He Wasn't Killed.

Why He wava't Kuiled. Harvard Lampoon: Captain Spear-And were you never wounded, Pat? Pat-Faith, sor, and I was. In the fight av Sportsylvanin a dirty rob lifted his gun and fired. I was scared, I tell yoz. He struck me right under me left benut.

Be struck me right under me left breast.
 But if it struck where you say, the ball must have goue through your heart and killed you."
 "Oh, bednd, sor, me heart was in me mouth at the time."

Life in Fizen Creek. Toxas Siftings: Judge Pulltrigger-Is your wordiet guilty, or not guilty. Foreman Bill Caparejo tof the Dead Hoss Ranch)- We want to ask one ques-tion: The evidence shows that the pris-oner shot at the man six times, and then only hit him once in the foot. Ain't there no law agin such poor shootin?? Judge Pultrigger (reluctantly)-No. Foreman Bill Canarojo (sudly)-Not guilty, then. guilty, then.

One Great Advantage. One Great Advantage. Life: Maddox-I like your new house very well, except for one thing. Simeral-What is that?

"There is a saloon directly opposite." "That is a drawback in one respect, but think what a convenience it is to know where you can always find a po-liceman near."

"Halt! What do you want?" 'Carroll Austin." 'What for?" 'To hang him-higher than Ha

A Domestic Episole. Pittsburg Bolletin: American Heir-ess (now a counters) - My dear, have you put on your cost with the paided shoulders? The Coust (from behind the portier)--I haf. A. H .--- Has the valet laced your stays

"To hang him-higher than Ha-man." "You can't have him." "We will have him." "We will have him." The sheefil loft his place on the plazm steps, and wont half way to the lynch-ers. Through the dusk they could see that his strong face was white and workinz. His head was bare, his big double-barrel held muzzle down in token of parley. "Boys," he said, "ole friends, neigh-bors, grattemen, I know ye all, and ye know me-know Td go ten miles on my hands and knees ruther'n ter scratch the little fugger of er one on ye. Ye know, the do, Now, I tell yo, Tm gwine ter do it, no matter who's hurt. You're 200 to five, but we've got our backs to the wall, an' by the livin" Jebovah ye onin't tech our pria'ner while one of us can draw his gun. Now, disuerse-go back, an' wait for haw an justice." A. H.--Has the valet inced your stays properly. The Count--He hass, mo lofe. A. H.--And penciled your sysbrows, adjusted your wig and applied the rouge and powder artistically? The Count--All is penulivuly done. A. M.--Then you are a good boy. You shall have another thousand for your gambing debts, and shall ride with Fido and me,

She Stuck to Her Gam Drake's Magazine: "George, darl-ing," she murmured, as they strolled in the garden, "let us stopat that rustic seat yonder for a moment. "Certainly, pet," answered the young man. "That is the place where I pro-posed to you last night. Do you want to stop for the yout recollections that cling about the spot? "No, not exactly Dy on see I knew that it was coming last night, and that you would want to kiss me, so I took my your out of my mouth and stuck it on the bench. If it is there yet I want to get it. That is nil, George, duar. A derisive howl answered him. The molesum of the mob called out: "Sheriff Smith, Fli gree you ten min-utes to surrender your prisoner. At the end of it we will come and take him. If any man tries to stop us, his blood he on his own head."

his own head." "Ye needn't wait no time. "Ye needn't wait no time. Come on, ef ye're comin', an' let's have the thing over," the sheriff said. Then he gave command over his shoulder to the posse: "Stand solid, logy!" One minute of breathless waiting-two-three-the leader cried: "Come on!" The sheriff again shouted: "Halt!" and once more encouraged his posse:

Outside the Limits. Detroit Free Press: "Look at that coat" he exclaimed, as he entered the store of a dealer on Michigan avenue

the other day. "My frendt, vhas something wrong "My frendt, vhas something wrong mit dot coat?" "I should remark! You warranted it sse: "Hold ye fire till they're at the steps -and the Lord have mercy upon their 601118

She Stuck to Her Gam

How He Managed In

"I should remark: You warranted it fast color, and see how it has faded!" "Hem. I warranted it, did 1?" "You did." "How long ago whas dot?" "Four weeks ago-the day before I went to Toledo." "Ho, ho! You haf been to Toledo. sours." On came the lynchers, yelling, shout-ing, firing pistols in the air. Then the air grew thick with flame and smoke, with leaden pellets hurling through, the boom of the shotguns rolling over to the far hills. Over the tumoit Jum's voice rang: "This way, master; this way for your life!" When the Ingress moon rose round and sed that might have sever followers.

When the harvest mean rose room and red that night her rays fell on five dend faces gleaming up from the trampled sward. Sheriff Smith looked trampled sward. Sheriff Smith looked at them with a queer tremer about his The Fall of a Masher

ibps, and said:
 "Boys, who wants to be the county's officer? I've had erbout enough on it."
 Nobody answered him.
 A pair of big brown owls, a-perch on a dean tree near at hand, shouled out to each other: "Woo-oo-who-oo-who

The Fall or a Masher. St. Paul Globe: He was asmart young fellow of the anglomanine type, and he had been standing on the corner for some time, sunning himself in the rays of the genial January sun watching the muidens as they crossed the streot and amusing himself with a surreptitious study in crinoline. He was intent upon observing a young miss, more than or-dinarify fair, when a yellow dog bound-ed from the alleyway with a tomato can tide to his tail, just as the young man had struck an attitude intended to cap-tivate the fair one. There was a ratito. $-\infty^{p_1}$ At midnight the moon made the clear ings light as day, yet sent only a vivid clare-obscure through the cark depths of the swamp. A faint path wound in and out among the big trees, and huge

of the swamp. A faint path wound in and out among the bir trees, and huge twisted creepers, writhing from bole to bole. Here and there a patch of moon-beams struggled through the leafage overhead, to be abached in the thick most that covered the damp earth. Jim ran along the trail, half bent, and feeling the ground with a light staff, before trusting his weight to it. Carroll Austin followed him, walking upright and fearless, as though he trod a dancing floor. As they went forward, Jim said mourfully: "O! Marse Car-roll, why didn't you go struight away? You might be anfe now if you only hadn't come home-after it all hap-pered." had struck an attitude intended to cap-tivate the fair one. There was a ratio, a crash, and the frighteness canine rushed between the pedal extremities of the other puppy, and the would be masher came to the ground with a creash

masher came to the ground with a crash. There was a mixture of dog, tomato cas and youth tangled op in a confused mass for a few moments, and then the crushed Apollo rose to his feet, his face freecoed with the smut of the street, while the maiden passed him by with a merry giggle and the audionce of nows-boys looked on with a smile of hendish glee, one of them crying in a high pitched voice: "Ah, go and take a Turk-ish bath!"

hadn't come home-after it all hap-pene."" "I know it, but then my wife would not have kissed me." Carroll, said finging up his head proudly. "Poor love," he went on. "To think how un-just I have been to her. I made my will today, Jim-in case of accident, you know-and actually I gave all I could to Peyton Reid, who, if I die childless, gets the land by entall. You must see to it, Jim, that that will is destroyed." "II-II-you gave me to him let that part stand," Jim said slowly. "I like Marse Feyton next to you." Carroll scarcely heard him. Sufiden-How He Managed Is. New York Ledger: "The prairies of the west are great places for wind," said a wild west telegraph operator. "I used to have a station out in Nebraska, right out in the open prairie, and the way the wind blew there was a caution. But it was a lucky wind for me. At a station about thirteen miles west my girl lived, and, as I had no Sunday traines or business of any ktrul, I used to go up there and stay over Sunday. But a livery horse from Saturday night to Monday morning cest me too much money, so 1 rigged up a sail on an old tie-car, All I had to do on Saturday night was to holst my sail, push the kie-car out on the main track, and in less than an hour I was at my journey's end. For more than a year went to see my, girl every Saturday night by means of that sail-car. Pretty eleck, was 't ft." "Yes, pretty sleek. But do you mean to say that the wind blew in the same direction every Saturday night during all this time?" "'Ot course I don't!"

Marse Peyton next to you." Carroll scarcely heard him. Sufiden-ly he burst out: "Jim. look at me-touch mo-tell me i am human? I have shot a man-dead-dead-dead." "And the worst day's work that ever you did. Ah! Marse Carroll. there'll be no living here for you any more." Jim said, prodding what seemed a colled root. in the path before him. At a touch it leaped to life-there was a lighting stroke, a hiss, a horrible gliding away. A minute later Jim was rolling in agony upon the damp black

olling in agony upon the damp black

all this time?" "Of course I don't!" "Well, how did you manage on those nights when it blew in the other direc-tion?" "Easy enough. I had another girl at a station lifteen miles east." The Great Rock Island Route.

roung in agony upon the damp black earth. "The cotton mouth—it struck me here—in the neck—I'll be dead ir ten —minutes," he gassed, clutching con-vulsively the big roots, either side. Carroll knott beside him. "Jim, Jim," he cried, "don't give up. I will run back for help—you must have it. d I hang for it the next minute. Don't talk of dying." "It's no use Marse Carroll—the smake struck the hig vein—I'm dying—even sow. We have been together ever since we were born, master- dear Marse Carroll—atay with me—to—the last." "I will. I would die fit would save you." Carroll said, drawing the noor

"I will. I would die if it would sive you." Carroll said drawing the noor quivering face to his breast, convention and pride of race alike swept away in a flooding agony of that supreme minute. All at once Jim sunk to earth, laid his ear against it, then sprang upright, shricking thickly: "The-bounds!-the-hounds!"

the-hounds?" Carroli bent forward to listen. Faint and far came the low, beeming bay of bloodhounds. He knew that meant that the ijsnchërs were behind them. In an hour they would come up with him here beside his dead guide. He could go not a foot farther. Even if he could bring himself to leave Jim he would not dare sit ten yards in this

followed the coffin that was thought to hold the last of the Austins. Lisetts would not look at it, indeed she kept her room, refusing to see any-body until the coming of Payton Reid, the neir-at-law, a week later. Even then, she did not go below stairs until summoned to hear the reading of her husband's will. As she stapped outside her chamber door she came face to face with Jim, and, after one look, shrank back, erging out: wick, orying out: WGo nway-go nway-Carroll is dead -and you shall not look at me with his

yes!""""""""""""""""" Suppose—he was not dendy" "Suppose—he was not dendy" "" Are you crazy?" angrily. "I believe ou are. They tell me you have been my ever since you brought him home. et out of my way, and never say that orrible thing again."" "Then you are-glad-Marse Carroll 'is dead?"

-is dead?" "After what he had done-yes. It was the only way out of it. Even if he had got away he would have been a wan-deror, a vagabond, all the days of his life."

derer, a vagabond, all the days of his life." "Would you have gone with him?" "No-no-a hundred times no. I mar-ried a rich gentleman. When he delib-erately made himself a criminal he set me free." Jim drew aside to let her pass. As she swept round the turn of the stair-way, he said between his teeth: "I think that last will will be very apt to stand." It did stand. Though it left Mrs.

"I think that last will will be very apt to stand." It did stand. Though it left Mrs. Carroll far less than she expected, she showed neither surprise nor chargin over its provisions. In a quiet, pathetic, self-controlled fashion, she gathered up hep belong ings, and, in the course of a few weeks, went away. Peyton Reid found her resignation wonderfully touching. He was a gul-inat chivalrous, touder-hearted fellow, and would gladly have doubled her poetion, feeling, as he did, that she was ungenerously doait with. At the sug-gestion, though, a faint red flowed into her cheek, she said, slowly: "You are kind, but it cannot be done. Walle my hasband lived what he had was mine; now that he is dend I will take only what he chose to give me. He may have been unjust, but I cannot take

was mine; now that he is dead I will take only what he chests to give me. He may have been unjust, but I cannot take more and keen my self-respect." After that she went away, leaving a lively leaven of pitying tenderness tow-ard her in the new-comer's mind. He was rich before this windfall, but not in land. He was Austin in blood, if not in name, and scon decided to make his heme on the big plantation that his great grandfathers had bought from the Cherokees a hundred years before. With uncommon zest he set about making it a model place. The house was refurnished inside and out; barns made bigger; tabins and stables pulled down and rebuilt. Still, the memery of that August night hung over it like a pail. Few of the ecountry folk came about it, hough there was the inveliest curiosity as to the ex-tent of the betterments. Those who ventured came way saying:

was the invellest curtosily as to the ex-tent of the betterments. Those who ventured came way saying: "The biggest change of all was in Yeller Jim. Why, he used to be the jolliest nigger alive, and as humble as he was jolly-mow he was a regular say-nothin', an' as for hitchen' your horse when you 'lighted, or holdin' the stie-rup when you got up-li wasn't once in three times that be second ter think about don' it. It wasn't strange though. The new man made more of him even than Carroll. Austin had done; trusted him to everything, and even tet him sidep over the dining room, now that his mother's cabin was tern away. No wonder he was getting anpihe had big-gity-though really it didn't seem like he meant to be impertment. It was probably the trouble that had made him so light-headed and absent-minded." It was mainly to afford him amuse-ment.

. .

Christmas inverse and a number of the second second

Presently a carriage with four black horses drew up at the door, two people got out. The next minute Payton Reid stood in the midst of the throng, say-

her away?" Jim's mouth dropped. His mouth twitched nervously under his mustache. He said, slow and reflectively: "Of course I have been there-misself un-seen. They have not troubled the pince-not even the house. Mrs.-Raid -is still there--and I think they have given her a guard of bonor. "Dear little soul--her sweet eyes would tame a hungry tiers. I must see ing Friends and neighbors, I thank you all for coming here to do honor to my would tame a bungry tiger. I must see her tonight. Can you not help me to manage 12²⁷

People fell back a pace in dumb sur

People fell back a pace in dumb sur-prise. It was Lisette Austin who looked at them from the depth of silk and for. She raised her eyclica in a quick, hall frightened way, but dropped them instantly, and chung with timid appeal to her new hushand's arm. Be-fore the searest man could frame a con-gratulatory speech, a heavy fail startled them. Yellow Jim lay stark and sonseless just at the feet of the br. del manage it?" "Perhaps--but it will be--dangerous. You had better stay here and let her come to you," Jim said, still looking down. Peyton Reid exclaimed impatiently: "I cannot wait. Only plot me past the "I cannot wait. Only plot me past the pleket guard-and I will ask nothing more of you." more of you." "I am only afraid for you-as to me, nothing matters," Jim said, with a lit-tle reckiess laugh. Then he added more soberly: "Til go, and stand by you, come shat may."

"Let me slone."

The old unconscious tone of com-nand. Alice gave a low shrick, then an away, muttering: "That was Marse ran away, muthering: "That was Marse Carroll-or else his ghest." When Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Reid went down to a very late breakfast they found all their household in excited confusion. "What is it?" the gentleman asked of his gray old butter. "It's Jim, ser-yoller Jim," the man said, tooking down. "Surely he is not dend?" Mr. Reid said, cleing. A vivid gleam came into his wife's eyes as she bent forward to hear.

than 1 hate her." Poyton got up heavily, and held out his hand. "Forgive me, Carroll," he said husk-ly, "I look your fortune, your wife--everything. I would die ten times over if that would right the wrong." "Ha! What's that!" said Carroll, as a faint booming noise came to them. A picket gun answered him. Right down upon them, out of the world of dousk, came a thousand of the morriest rough riders the world has ever seen. It was trot, gallop, clarge, load, fire, strike home; a melee of hoofs and bui-lets and saber flashing, with the rebed yell quavering through and above it, and shouts of "Morgan! Morgan! John Morgan's come to town!" making up a rumbling bass. Though surprised, the blue coats fought like men. It was an hour ere they gave up and there were empty saddles cnough to prove that their bullets had gone home. Naturally they salled about the manison, the col-onel commanding was there—Carroll fact. Into the crest of the charging has the flucture the said gate; just as the farthest picket squad cume har-rying forward, firing as they ra. Bul-lets hurled around, above them, still they were untouched. They had almost wom the shelter of shrubberg where Poyton Reid still crouelhed. Then came a fank volley, better aimed than the rest. Two figures fell before it. At last Carrol voley, better a imed that wife, alike for time and wife, alike for time and eternity. The (BRINIA a MIDELYNE CUNTYNEY E The the state further the side or of the sold is a the further the side or of the sold is a state a such of shrubbergy where a final voley, better a imed than the rest. The officient a such of the shift wife, alike for time and eternity. The the such and the such of the state of the sold wife. The time and eternity.

I oved-loved her still-more almost than 1 hate her."

Poyton got up heavily, and held out bis hand,

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hear. "No, sir, not dead, sir," said the but-ler, "but-bat he wont to the stables with his bundles this morning and told the boys to tell you he had run away for good."

the oct both the set of the set o

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naroly impressed the beholder. His eyes were riveted on the face-a familiar face. Simultaneously the two men spoke.
"Marse Peyton Reid!"
"Yellow Jim?"
"Yes-at vour service-but come farther in. The blue coats have a habit of nabbing strangers that might be unpleasant to both of us."
"Tellow Jim owhere you have been-what you are doing here? Above all, why you left me as you die?"
"Don't talk of that now-1-was crazy. I think. Anyway a week of the swamp sobered my senses-1 worked my way to the seaboard, got a berth on a ship, and got back just in time to take a hand for the coafederacy."
"You talk of that now-1-was crazy. I think. Anyway a week of the swamp sobered my senses-1 worked my way to the seaboard, got a berth on a ship, and got back just in time to take a hand for the coafederacy."
"You talk to coald raise my hand against my own people? I explained my position to a man Marse Carroll befriended ones, and as ho is high in authority. I had no trouble in getting assigned to detached duty. In fact.I've been sconting ever tince it begun. That is what brings me here."
"Have you found out anything?"
"A little-1 know how many men of all arms are within supporting distance of the front, where there are arms and stores deposited, the number of men at each post, the alignment of pickets; in fact, I've benys there any tany any and a sing a signed to found out than what thave."
"Ah, Jim, you are a noble fellow."
Payton Reid said, wringing Jim's hand hard. "Now tell me-do you know may. Thing of sumerchands-of my if yet here way?"
Jim's mouth dropped. His mouth tricked nervously under this mean and strick deposited, the mean and shore here."

or away?

manh

man?" "Woll he's been fair an' square in all his dealin's with me, and with others so far as I know." "Isn't that sufficient to prove him a ian of storling integrity?" "Well, I danno. I nover traded hosses with him."

Why They Hon't Speak Now. Boston Courier: "Why, Lizzie, where have you kept yourself so long." "We haven't seen each other for a long while." "No, I was inquiring about you the other day and I was told that you were married, but of course that's nonsense." "It's the truth my dear." "Gracious mel"

Gracious me!" Yes, dear, and my husband is very "Very rich! Then he must be very old."

oid." One of the Four Hundred. New York Tribune: General Clinion R. Fisk a Sunday or two ago was dis-cussing one of the international series of Sunday school lessons at a prominent uptown Methodist Sunday school. The proven Siethodist Sunday school. The school Sunday school lessons at a promiser of the four values and there would be a sharp valuey af replies: "One of the four evangelist." But no response cames from a single scholar, when a little "Bud of promise" Held up her hand in-dicating that she could answer. "Teil-us, thes," said the general. "One of the shoriff's voice rang out, as the synchers came within hall.

The Great Horz Island Houte. In changing time on Sunday, Nov. 17, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Hy, have considered every point of in-terest to the Omaha traveling public. If you are going to Des Möines, Chicago or any point east, our solid vestibule limited train is just what you want. Leave Omaha at 4.25p, m arrive in Des Moines 9:30 p.m. and Chicago 8:30 a. m., dining car for supper leaving Council Bluffs and for breakfast before reaching Chicago. This train is also equipped with the finest sleepers and chair cars made by the Prilima Co., which leave from the U. P. depot, Omaha.every day at 4:25 p. m., making close connections at Chicago with all trains for eastern points. In addition to this magnificent train we have two other daily trains to Chicago, leaving Omaha at 8:15 a. m. and 5:15 p. m. For information as to routes, rates, time, etc., call at ticket office, 1365 Farmam street, telephone 782 S. S. STEVERS, General Western Agent. YELLOW JIM. YELLOW JIM.

N. C. Williams in The Epoch: Sheriff Smith stood on the plazza of Summer-lands, sorrowfully shaking his gray

"We orter ride like the devil was behind us, Carroll," he said to his pris-oner, "for thar comes the Ciayton set, shores you're a foot high.'

head.

Murier, with politics on the surface and a woman at the bottom, had been done that day at the county town. Car-roll Austin, the murderer, having sur-rendered when overtaken at his own gate, had been allowed to go to hus house in cushody of the more

house in custody of the posse. He was a dark, slender, handsome fellow, with smouldering eyes that flamed up savagely at sight of the hundred

would not dare stir ten yards in this treacherous spot. Hanging would at least be quicker than smothering in the black onze of the swamp. In any case, he had one shot left. If he needs must quit life he will do it like a gentleman. What a pity the snake had not chosen hum.

What a pity the snake had not chosen him. Poor Jin's agony was almost ended. He had snok in a stuppy, and there were porcepible intervals between his gapps. He would not know it when the hounds came up. What a deep note they had and how rapidly they came on now that they had struck the warm trail. Io ten minutes-in five-in three —he would be standing between them and the swollen features of his fead. A wild thought made him faint and weak. It meant safety, with a fearful risk behind it. He thrust it away, drew his pistol, and hid its cold rim to his forchead. Then the thought of Li-sette, his wife, love, iffecame over him. He fung the weapon down beside the dead man and began to work with the strength of a giant and the fury of a burricane.

harricane. Five minutes later the head of the Clayton clan was saying: "You beat us to the swamp, Jim, but you see we caught you after all. Wave up your fice master and tell him his time has come."

by your flue master and tell him his time has come." "I will to could wake him, sir; but I ain't Gabriel," an unsteady voice re-piled. A torchhearer ran up to the prostrate figure. The pext minute word wont down the line: "Carroll Austin has died a death that might make even his victim pity him." Dazed by the shock of the appalling tragedy, the community held shudder-ingly alcof from aught pertaining to its primal cause. Charley Clayton and the shoriff's victims had a functual train three miles long. Yellow Jim aione

br del Late at night as he hay feigning sleep and wishing for death, the door of his low chamber open cautiously and two women came through it-Hannah, the house girl, and Alice the new mistress' owa maid. They bent over the proze figure and space in awed whispers: "He is sholy struck with death," said Rhannh, shivering a little as she spoke."

said Haunah, shivering a little as she spoke." "An' lucky fer him, if he is," Alice returned a triffe mysteriously. "What make you say dat?" "Becase-I knows what I'm talkin' 'bout. Miss Zette do 'spise dat nigger, at' she ain't gwine res' till Mrs, Peyton sell him."

ad she an t gwae res thi Mrs, Peyton sell him, "You reckon so? Wrat she got 'gin He uster try metty hard tee suit her when she was mistris yere befo'." "Da's all you chuckle heads knows. Hit dida" suit her 'tall ter have Jim always hangin 'round when Mist' Clay-ton ao' her yother beau was here. She'll any im fer it now, sho'ns you's er nig' ger."

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more soberly: "Thi go, and shand by yos, come that may." At 10 o'clock the two stole under the windows of Summerlands. Nearly all were lighted un. Mrs. Reid had opened her doors to the officers. "for protec-tion." she said, though she had a special guard. She sat at the plano, the cen-ter of a gay group of blue-coated and shouder-strapped individuals, and sung unweariodly of war, of love, of home, as suited the tastes of her auditors. For each she had a merry word, a smile, a gracious courtesy, as he said good night. One by one they went away until only a small, fair man, in a colenel's uniform, was left with the songstress. At once he word up to her, took her hand, and lod her over to the soin by the fire. Evidently he was saying what it pleased her to hear, though his words were in-sudible to the two men outside. For a minute he stood looking down at her, then he bent and kneed ther twice, full in the mooth. n the mouth

in the moath. Peyton Rend tried to shout, to spring forward. Jim held his hand on his lips, and drew him heavily to earth. "No-no-not here-you will be shot like a dog," he whispered hoarsely in the struggling man's ear.

"Let me up! Let me up, I say! Do you remember she is my wife?" the other gasped.

"No-she is mine!" "Yours-God in heaven! What can ou mean?"

"Yours-God in heaven! What can you mean?" "Only this. I am Carroll Austin. When Jim died in the swamp I had choice of death or slavery. I took his coat, put my watch in his pocket, my rings upon his Rayers-darkness and poison did the rest. When I found, as you have done, that Lisette's love was for the last comer. I gave up all thought of ighting myself. If I had knows I would have warened you of her-I want a wayhoping she might not ruin your life as she had done mine-because too,



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