DECORATION DAY.

Samuel Davis in Carson Appeal. Dh! who would stand where hostile weapons Where camp fires glow and destinies are Or tread that misty bridge which spans the

That sweeps between us and the tragic To see the giare of crimson on the sky, Or hear the woods resound again with clam'rous battle-cry!

Wouldst view once more the heaps of mangled flesh. Where rise the smothered moans of men in

Wouldst see the wounds of martyrs bleed And red-mouthed trenches gaping for the The shivered sabre and the crushed cuirass; The hoof-fluided grain, the powder-blackened

No! rather seek some consecrated court, Where surpliced choir with organ's solemn

Chant requiems for the dead; or boys in sport Peer down the cannon's dark and rusty throat; Where seems of roses drench the summer air On ruined most, and black and yellow tiger-lilies flare!

Or find the rent redoubt, where ivy creeps O'er shattered shell and broken bayonet; Planting its leafy standard on the steeps, To win the grim, dismantled parapet Making a conquest none the less complete, Than when sanguined slope was precessed with weary feet.

The Past has left its heritage of hate To souls still grieving for the dead adored, But who would turn the dial hand of Fate To cancel legacies so golden-stored: Or rouse the ranks from fratricidal field, To place again the blot of bondage on a

HIS ADOPTED CHILD.

Nation's shield?

Atlanta Constitution: A man sits looking moodily into the open wood fire as leans lazily back in a luxurious arm chair. His surroundings are sumptuous. The whole apartment bespeaks great wealth used to the best advantage by the aid of exquisite taste. There are flowers in this room-a great, square window of paims, and rare blossoms, the cut rose, exhaling a delicious odor. But the one human figure is more interesting, more strikingly elegant, than anything in the room. Errol Jerome, though now forty-two years old, certainly deserves his reputation of being the handsomest and most distingue man in New York society. He has a stern, commanding face-the kind of face women adore and mon trust and admire. It is a face, with all its clear-cut, firm features, its brilliant dark eyes, and high, white, haughty brow, that one could imagine infinitely tender and sympathetic when moved by love or pity.

Just now the face is at its worst. By his side are a lot of bills, glancing at which his brow grows more densely clouded and he gives his head a fretted, quick, upward lift, like a fine racer chafing at its bit.

"D-n it," he says to himself between his teeth, "is this thing never to cease?" As if in answer to this self-questioning, some one enters softly and comes up to his chair.

"Hello, dad!" Errol Jerome turns and regards his son with the same look he has been bestowing upon the fire.

"Hello!" he replies, not rising from his chair, but giving out rather coldly his fine white hand to be shaken.

His son looks at him with an expres sion half worried, half amused. "What's up?" he says, as he drops

lazily into the chair opposite, "Up!" with cold, sarcastic accents; nothing up at all; everything down-at least everything in which you are concerned. I have just received another car-load of evidences of your debts, and I am tired of them." "Ah! I am sorry," with exasperating indifference.

"You will still have more cause for regret perhaps when I finally tell you that I shall pay them no more." "But you won't do that, Errol; I know you won't,'

The elder man's face softened. He likes to be called by his name by this young son, only twenty-two years his unior. Now," continued the young fellow,

evidently anxious to divert his father's mind, "let me tell you of my spring south, and the royal time we had fishing and hunting about the 'Murshes of Glynn,' You know Lanier wrote his most beautiful poem about those marshes near Brunswick. But before I tell you of the hunting I must tell you of a queer find I made near the marshes." 'What was that?"

"A child; and I brought it back with

"A Moses in the bullrushes?" "No, a small Pharoah's daughter." "Good heaven! and you say you brought her back with you?"

"And what are you going to do with "Educate her at one of the swellest

schools in the city. "And what then?"

"I don't know. "Rear her up according to your ideas? suppose that is your notion.

Well, judging by the many women you associate with whose ways seems to suit your taste, heaven knows what sort of woman would result from being trained by you from early youth."
The boy's face grows as stern and serious as his father's.

"I wish." he says angrily, "that you wouldn't talk of the child that way. She is nothing but a child, and is as countiful and pure as an angel. I found her in a but while out fishing one day. I heard a child sobbing and I opened the door. There sat a little girl by a pallet, holding the hand of a dead man, story was a short, sad one. The two were all alone. The father was a fisherman and the mother had died at the birth of the little girl. She was now ten years old. I had the father buried. and there was no one to take the girl. There wasn't even an orphan asylum convenient. It was suggested that I take her to Savannah and give her up to the one there; but I finally concluded to bring her to New York and place her in some such institution. We came by steamer from Savannah, and I liked her so well and felt so sorry for her that my whole soul went against putting her in a place where she'd have to wear ugly freeks and be made to work like a vant. I have therefore concluded to

educate her myself." Lysle Jerome did not observe the effect of this story upon his listener until it was finished. Then his father pushed the stool before him violently away, arose quickly from his chair, and faced he boy with his eyes passionately ablaze. His whole figure was trembling with

suppressed emotion. "I know," he said, "what the end of this education will be. You will marry this girl—this nameless, common fisher-

man's daughter. That is exactly what I will not do." "It is the sure result of such a freak,

testations from you upon the subject. I have little to say. I have not been positive with you heretofore, but I hink you know when I am in earnest. am terribly in earnest now, leave you this alternative: Give up this mad scheme about this girl and send her away from the city to some institution, and I will pay your debts and take you into my business; keep the girl as you propose, and not one dime of my money shall ever be given into your hands, not now nor after my death.

The boy arose too, and the resem-blance between father and son was more striking as the latter's face grew hot and angry.
"Then," said Lysle Errol, "I will de-

cide at once. I will educate the girl here in New York, and you can do as you please about the debts and your money. You might," smiling, "leave the latter to an orphan asylum.

"And how, pray, do you propose to ed-ccate the girl or take care of yourself— you who have never carned a cent during the twenty years of your life?"

That question need not concen eith er one of us, I am one of the lillies of the field, and I suppose the Lord will array

His atter coolness feazed his father a

"You are simply joking," he said, "You will do as I wish." "I don't mean to be unpleasant about it, Errol, but I will not do as you wish. "Then go." He pointed to the door, sat down in his chair, and took up a newspaper. The young fellow left the room without another word.

When Lysle Jerome found himself outside of his father's doos, however, he dropped his haughty air of independence and bowed his head in thoughtful selfcommunion.

"A pretty hard snap all around," he said to himself. "And then so unex-pected. Now what in the mischief am I going to do with a child on my hands and not enough even to support myself? I have my profession. The law is such a lucrative profession, too, with no money and no backing.

What he readly did do was to go to his apartments and sell out everything therein. He had a finer collection of curios, paintings and statues than any young swell in the city, and when he an-nounced cheerfully to his friends that he was dead broke and was going to work he found no trouble in disposing of these symbols of his former wealth. He had a number of handsome diamonds which Tiffany took back. He gave his debtormortgages on the property of his dead mother, which he would come into the next year, and the debts about covered Then with the money from his treasures he rented a small office down town and hung out his sningle. In this office he slept on a bed that was a desk in the day time and took his meals at the Dairy Kitchen and his lunch at 5-cent counters. The world was kind to him and his friends took it as a supreme joke that this young son of a millionaire was seemingly reduced to hard work and poverty. He had plenty of brains and soon his ability gave him a reputation He put the little girl at an elegant school and at the end of the year paid the bills in full. It was hard, self-denial for him at first, but he grew to love and take a pride in his profession. In five years he was making a magnificent income and took his old stand in the gay, wealthy world when he felt like it, but his life had grown too broad and serious in its ambitions for him to ever be a devotee of fashion again. He saw the little girl every now and then and he taught her to call him "uncle," and as such he was accepted by the teachers and schoolgirls.

He met his father out quite often and they always greeted each other affably pefore the world. No one knew save themselves that there had been a difference between them.

When the girl reached eighteen Lysic Jerome found himself in a state of utter perplexity. What was he to do with her. sure enough? He couldn't send her back to the fisherman's hut; he couldn't set up and establishment, and adopt her, and bring her out in society.

A happy thought struck him, and resulted in his finding himself in Mrs. DeLancey's lovely morning room, waiting for that leader of fashion to enter. Mrs. DeLancey was a woman that even women couldn't belp liking, and all men, save her homely old husband, adored her. Errol himself had been making harmless love to her since his boyhood. She was thirty-five now, but she didn't look out of the twenties as she entered the apartment in a morning gown of pompadour silk, all frills and lace.

"My dear, boy," she said tenderly, all her fair, fresh, dimpled face alight, "so glad to see you. Your visits are to be prized now that they are so rare and you

are getting so distinguished."
"Maybe," he says uneasily, "you won't
be so glad when I tell you what I want. It has occurred to me that having no children you'd like to adopt one. I have a girl whom I want you to adopt."

His fair listener looked at him as it she thought him joking or crazy. "I am in earnest," he said seriously and then he told her the story, and of

his present helpless position.
"And this," she says, "has been the reason for your sudden going to work and making a man of yourself—rare thing for an only child and rich man's son to do. I think you owe that girl more than she owes you, and I've a half mind to help you with her.

"You are an angel," he says grate fully, "and I am your slave for life if you will take charge of her."

"My dear boy, do not declare yourself my slave for life any more; rather let me be a mother to you and a grandmother to the child of your adoption.] have grown weary of homage. I have been growing desperate recently and threatening myself with entering a convent or doing the charity act. I was just on the verge of slumming when you came. This girl will be a blessed relief. She shall be the orphan child of a dead friend and I shall interest myself in her success. Of course she is pretty. I know you know me too well to ask me to chaperone an ugly girl. You know I

oathe ugly people "I think she is very pretty, but I will bring her to you first and let you see her. Now, about business arrangements. I will support her entirely, and—" his face flushed hotly. "As I've hereto-fore chosen her clothes I really would enjoy helping you select her wardrobe for the debut this winter. Since I ceased being a dude myself my chief pleasure was in having her dressed well. I really think she is the best dressed girl in New

"You say it with the pride of a mother," she laughed. "What is the girl named?" "Marion Tresvant."

The woman before him gave a startled movement, and her face turned old and pale. She bit her lip convulsively, "I knew a man of that name once," she said, under her breath, as if to herself; then rousing herself and rising "Go now, dear boy. I've an engage ment for lunch. Go, and bring the girl to me tomorrow; and now good-bye. The next morning found Jerome with his charge awaiting Mrs. Delancey in the same room. The man regarded the young girl with pleased sat-isfaction as she stood before him, taking in with delightful eyes all the charm and daintiness of the bright room. She was and I wish to hear no argument or pro- a tall girl, graceful and slender. Her | zero

eyes were alternately blue and grayvery large, and deep and dark, with long black lashes, and dark, arched The complexion was very dark,

"She is such good form, so thoroughly the elegant lady," thought the man, with infinite pride,

"So glad to see you," said Mrs. De Lancey as she entered the room and went up to the girl, whose back was half turned toward her. As the girl looked up with a bright smile of greeting the elder woman caught her breath sharply and turned suddenly pale.

"Where did you come from?" she asked quickly. "What was your fath-er's mane? What was your mother's? Where did your father come from?" All these questions poured out in rapid, breathless success

"I have my father's name," she re-plied, "and he came from the north to the south before I was born. He married my mother in Brunswick. That is all 1

"It is not all I know," replied the weman softly. "I loved your father. I was engaged to him when I married my I deceived him basely and ruined both our lives. He went away, never knew where. And so I am to take you as an atonement for the past. God ias been merciful in giving me such an easy and welcome atonement. Yes, Lysie, I will take this girl as my owntake her with all my heart. Her mother could not have been

tenderer to her than I could be. She leaned and kissed the girl softly, reverently, upon the brow, and took the tiny gloved hand in her own, and from that moment the two women were in

perfect loving sympathy.

The winter was a gay one, and Errol saw little of his adopted daughter. She was a great social success, and he stood and watched her from afar, with infinite pride. He atways compelled himself to keep away from her. He was determined not to let his adoption end as his father

"It would be disgustingly common-iace," he said to himself, and then he would turn to match-making for her and himself what man he'd like best to have her marry, The question was unanswered in his mind—perhaps because he thought no one worthy of her. Anyway, his life seemed awfully unsatisfactory and lonely. He had grown out of car ing for women in general, and this young girl had been his object of ten-derness and solicitude many years. He was getting out of sorts. He thought he'd go abroad in the spring. He needed rest and a change—that was all.

As for the girl herself, she seemed perfectly contented and light of heart. She had a world of homage at her feet—with this what girl of eighteen not happy? To Mrs. De Lancey she seemed strangely unimpressionable however. One night as they sat in her houdoir discussing, as women will, the various men they knew and their faults and virtues, Mrs. De Lancey suddenly asked: "What do you think of Lysle Errol? I never heard you define an opinion of him."
"I don't count him with the men in so-

ciety," she replied, evasively, "But counting him by himself,"

"It is hard to say what one thinks when one thinks so much." Then, as if determined not to shirk a full answer, she turned her great eyes on the ques tioner, her face flushed hotly as the words came quickly from her lips: "I think he is the greatest, noblest man I ever knew. All men seem insignificant beside him. He is handsomer, stronger, nobler than any other man ever was or I can't say all I think, but this is a little."

"I was right," said Louise De Lancey to herself, as she dropped in her downy "They are in love with each

The next day when Errol called Mrs. De Lancey came in first. "Do you know," she said, incidentally, to him, "I believe Marion is going to end her season by marrying young Var-

Why do you think so?"

"Oh, well, from things in general, She sems to like him very much better than anybody else, and the rich and good ooking are generally attractive. He's a confounded ass! "Why, I heard you praise him."

"Oh, as a society fellow he will do better than most of them, but he is a lude, and don't know how to earn a dol-But he doesn't need to. He has plenty

of them all earned for himself. "That's all a woman asks," he replied bitterly. "Oh, well, if Marion wants him she can have him. I have never objected to her having anything she wanted yet, and a husband is a necessity to a young woman's social life sooner or

later. Just then Marion entered the room. and Mrs. De Lancey excused himself on ecount of an engagement.

Errol took her hand caressingly in her own, as he had not done since he began to realize that she was a grown woman. He drew her down in the chair by his side.

"I'm going to say something to you that I did not intend to say when I came," he said, with his eyes pent tenderly upon her. "I don't know why I haven't said it long ago. I know it has been in my heart to say for a long time. I love you. I have loved you so long I can't remember when it commenced or how. I don't want you to eel obliged to love me because you think I have been kind to you. You have done everything for me; but for you I should never have been anything. My father turned me away penniless because I determined to adopt you, and then I had to work for you, and I made a man of myself Instead of an idio. "Here he fellows one meets in society." Here he fellows one meets in Society. "My father self instead of an idlot-like lots of rich thought bitterly of Varley. "My father is married again now, and I don't expect to be heir to any of his property,' went on, "but I have made a great deal myself, and ---

Her face grew pale and trembled. 'Why do you speak of money?' she ald, "when you tell me you love me? Do you think I'm thinking of money?" "I thought all women did now." urning to tender pleading again: really didn't think it of you, only Mrs. De Lancey said you might marry Var-ley, and it nearly killed me—that was I never knew how terrible it would be for you to marry some one else until

the idea was suggested to me." She turned and looked him clearly in the eyes and said: "I will never marry anybody unless I marry you."
And so he took her to heart for all eternity-the child of his adoption,

Eureka.

The motto of California means, I have found it. Only in that land of sunshine, where the orange, lemon, olive, fig and grape bloom and ripen, and attain their highest perfection in mid-winter, are the herbs and gum found that are used in that pleasing remedy for all throat and lung troubles.

Santa Abie, the ruler of coughs, asthma and consumption, the Goodman Drug Co. has been appointed agent for this valuable California remedy, and sells it under a guarantee. fornia remedy, and sells it under a guarantee at \$1 a bottle. Three for \$2.50. Try California Cat-r.cure, the only guarantee cure for catarrh. \$1, by mail, \$1.10.

A woman, Miss Jessie Carson, drives the stage between Osage and Park Rapids, Minn. She has done it for years—three trips a week—summer and winter, and often with the thermometer down to forty degrees below

WOMEN WHO MADE IT WIN.

and the cheeks were full of rich color, and her hair was black and silkly soft. A List of the More Successful Female Financeers of the World.

> COSTUMING A LA

> How the Petticoat is Robbed to Piece Out the Sleeves-Are You a Poser ?-American and English Waists.

> Some one who is well informed writes as follows about money-earning women Madame Modjeska could raise \$75,000 on personal values tomorrow if anything

> happened to her. Mrs. Mary Livermore has \$75,000 of the \$120,000 made from her lectures, and impless Anna Dickinson, who cleared \$15,000 in one season and \$160,000 in ten. hasn't a dollar of it left. But she is wiser than she was.

> Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has published ten books in the last forty years, the proceeds of which amounted to about \$6,000 each. Oulda has earned more money than

> any other woman of the country, with the exception of Madame Patti. Mrs. Southworth's novels brought her Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is coining

With the exception of Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Mary Ann Connety, who came to this country forty odd years ago as a steerage passenger, and who pulled basting stitches for two years, has ore money in her own right than any of the Vanderbilt women, every penny of which she made with her needle. She owns about ten cottages at Long Branch, faceticiously known as the "Party Dresses," one of which is fit for a king, and brings in a kingly rent every sum-

most successful money maker is Lydia Van Finkelstein, a native of Palestine, a woman of about twenty-eight, and something of a linguistic wonder She lectuaes, or talks rather, on the Holy land, knows the whole geography of Asia Minor, and could enlighten Colo nel Ingersoll on the mistakes of the bible, which she knows from cover to cover. In less than six years this large, blonde biblical talker has cleared \$100, 000. She gets \$100 a lecture with a per centage of the receipts, and talks from October to May, aften giving three lectures a day. Can You "Pose?"

The posing young woman is very much

to the fore, and as fashionable drawing rooms are furnished with a view of aiding her in her artistic desires she is happy, says the Indianapolis Sentinel You see a tall, slender girl in some sort of soft frock draped in Greek fashion, with fillets of gold about her hair, standtall palm tree. You think what a good back ground she has and now lovely the entire effect is, and if you are a man you think it is an accident. If you are a woman you give her an admiring glance and say to your chum: "She has her pose." You see a tailor made girl, who is calling, with her hands clasped behind her, standing up in a very creet way against the side of a mantel shelf, and it all seems to harmonize-the natural wood, the straight lines of her figure, the somewhat decided way in which she is speaking, the polish on her patent leather shoes, and her smoothly braided hair, she has succeeded; she is posed there. There's another girl who has come in in a lingering, dawdling sort of a way, enveloped in a long, soft, full cloak, and with a picture hat laden with plumes crowning a mass of fluffy, disorderly hair, and after she has said her good afternoon to the hostess she half sits, half reclines against a pile of footstool to her and her small foot, in its Louis Quinze shoe, shows to best advantage and she drawls as she talks. She's got her pose. It's the semi-lazy, semi-serpentine effect of a woman who looks awkward in a tailor suit, whose angles are too many for her to pose against ; palm tree, but who is filled in and rounded by her full draperies and her soft. many colored backgrounds. They do study it out and there is no reason why one should dislike it. If a woman looks the better for being well posed society is the gainer rather than the loser by it.

Costumes a la Ballet.

It is little wonder that Delsarte matinees and physical culture scances flour-ish, for if ever the human form-needed to approach the divine it is at the present season, when the cut of the fashionable gown rivals the costuming of the Nero ballet in its possibilities for revelaions of every curve and outline of a woman's form except, perhaps, the con-tour of the arms, which are muffled in quantities of material evidently scrimped out of the petticent, says the New York Sun. The Murray Hill darling, who is never allowed to step her proud little foot on the pavement without a duenna n attendance, walks the avenue all fearessly in a skirt which is very nearly as uteresting to the admirer of physical charms as is the conventional attire of the queen of the chorus. The tight little petticoat is as scant and narrow as she can step in, apparently, and the drapery is pulled back and up at the sides. We haven't seen the girl try to sit down in the sheath-like skirt, but it is our private opinion that she takes it off when she isn't standing. Still it may be jointed somewhere, like the armor of mediaval knights; and then the girl of the period has quick intuitions and in-ventive power. She has sufficient genius to find her pocket occasionally, despite the dressmaker's efforts to conceal it, and she may think of a way to sit down in the dress without breaking any bones.

Mrs. Cleveland's Morning Mail. Mrs. Cleveland's mall has not suffered any diminution since she left the white house, says the New York World. How dear she is to the women and the school girls of America is best expressed in the notes and eards that continue to come from the north, south and west filled with "sorrow that she could not have remained," and "hopes, prayers and good wishes for her return the next time." The sincerity and genuineness of these expressions of admiration is found in the addresses and full names of the fair writers. The begging letters are simply countless, and the audacity of the scriblers incredible. Her interest is inited to unpaid policies, expiring leases foreclosed mortgeges and overdue rent, to sick children, unemployed men and women, ambitious and impoverished students, artists and specialists, and asylums, homes, churches, schools and so-cieties of every creed, character and need. Autographs, jewels, personal property, books, Americana, plate, china, wearing apparel and decorative art works are offered for purchase or disposal, and inventors and designers of every imaginable article for tollet, household and mechanical use appeal to her for influence or financial assistance. The autograph hunters are legion, and then there are those contemptible busy ladies who hunt up disagreeable paragraphs and send them to her pasted

on the backs of postal cards. Mrs. Cleveland is too sensible to allow these intrusive letters to annoy her and too wise to pay any attention to the frivolous ones. It is, however, worthy

of note that reduced to currency the postage of these aimless letters would amply pay for the lady's gloves, shoes and slippers.

Three Hundred Wives in One House. The household of the khedive of Egypt is a happy one, for the khedive himself s a sensible, kind-hearted man, very popular with his people, and very of his wife, writes Mary J. Holmes in the Ladies' Home Journal. She was the granddaughter of an ex-sultan of Turkey, and, it is whispered, holds the matrimonial reins rather tightly, and keeps so sharp an eye upon her husband that he has never taken a second wife, although the law provides that he, or any other man, may have four lawful wives

and as many unlawful ones as he pleases. Taking advantage of this privilege, old Ismall, father of the present khedive, had in his different palaces three hunfred at a time; but so wretched was his life, with so many women to please and stand between, that he offered £50 and a gold watch to any man who would take one of them off his hands. But as no one was found courageous enough to do t, he emigrated with the entire three hundred to Stamboul, where, I was told they are all living under one roof and eating at one table.

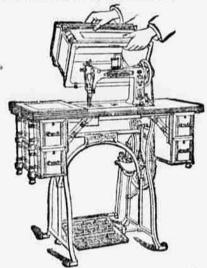
Buying a Wedding Trousseau. In buying a trousseau I advise every young woman to commence with under wear, gloves, shoes, hosiery and such articles as do not change much in a year, while the hats and gowns should be the last selected, as then one is more likely to have the latest styles, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. Too many gowns for one's position in society and too few pieces of underwear, etc., is better reversed. It is customary for a bride to provide table and bed linen and all oweling necessary for her prospective rome, but this part of the outfit I do not include in my present list. If the bride, to be, can save a trifle in the buying of her wardrobe she will find that a small sum is convenient to have to expend in pretty things for her new home, which cannot rightly be included with the furniture. In furnishing a home it is a wise plan to buy for the kitchen first, then bed rooms, dining room and lastly the parlor, for one may do without many things in a parlor, but, "where is the man who will do without dining?"

THE FIGURE " 9.

The figure 9 in our dates will make a long stay. No man or woman now living will ever date a document without using the figure 9. It stands In the third place in 1800, where it will remain ten years and then move up to second place in 1900, where it will rest for one hundred years.

There is another "9" which has also come to stay. It is unlike the figure 9 in our dates in the respect that it has already moved up to first place, where it will permanently remain. It is called the "No. 9" High Arm Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. The "No. 9" was endorsed for first place by the experts of Europe at the Paris Exposition of 1889, where, after a severegontest with the leading machines of the world, it was awarded the only Grand Prize given to family sewing machines, all others on exhibit having received lower awards of gold medals, etc. The French Government also recognized its superiority by the decoration of Mr. Nathaniel Wheeler, President of the company, with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The "No. 9" is not an old machine improved pron, but is an entirely new machine, and the Grand Prize at Paris was awarded it as the grandest advance in sewing machine mechanism of the age. Those who buy it can rest assured, there fore, of having the very latest and best.



WHEELER & WILSON MFG CO., 185 and 187 Wabash Ave., Chicago P. F. FLODMAN & CO. 220 North 16th Street.

EXCELSIOR Sleeping COACH.



Furnishing House, ON WEEKLY PAYMENTS.



\$100.00 WEEK. Agents Wanted! Portraits Enlarged to any size Write for Special Torms and Catalogue Chicago Electric Light Enlarging Co. 245 to 253 E. Randolph St. Chicago, Ills



ALLAN LINE OCEAN STEAMERS

Passage to and from Great Britain and an parts of Europe. Montreal-Liverpool route, by the waters of St. Lawrence, shortest et al. Ginagow to Boston, to Philadelphia. Liverpool to and from Baltimore. Thirty Steamers, Class excelsior. Accommodations unsurpassed. Weekly sailings. ALLAN & CO., Gen. West, Ag ts. C. J. Sundell, Manager, 112 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.



MAX MEYER & BRO.,

Diamond Merchants, Importers and Manu-

CORNER 16TH AND FARNAM STS., OMAHA. Read our "Special Bill of Fare" for this week. We will offer both "Rare" and "Well Done" novelties in every department at lowest prices.

Diamond Finger Rings from \$2.50 up to \$500. Dinmond Lace Pins from \$5.00 up to \$1000.00. Diamond Ear Rings from \$10.00 up to \$2,500.00. Diamond Studs; Diamond Scarf Pins; Diamond Collar Buttons; Diamond Cuff Buttons; Diamond Hair Pins; Diamond Lockets; Diamond Bracelets. Loose Diamonds mounted to order at short notice.

Bracelets. Loose Diamonds mounted to order at short notice.
WATCHES—Large assortment Fine Solid Gold Stem Winding Watches from \$15.00 up to \$500.00. Gold Filled Watches, \$15.00 and upward. All kinds Silver and Nickel Watches, from the Cheapest to the Best. See

our New \$5.00 Watch.
Solid Gold Watch Chains from \$7.50 up.
Finest Rolled Plate Chains, only \$2.50, worth \$5.00.
500 Elegant Watch Charms and Lockets, 50c up.
12 dozen Solid Sterling Sliver Bracelets from 50c up.
One lot of Rolled Plate Bracelets, assorted patterns, sold formerly at

\$2.00 and \$3.00, now 50c each to close them out.
1,000 Fine Solid Gold Finger Rings at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up to \$10.00, worth \$2.00 to \$20.00. A beautiful line of the celebrated "Parisian Diamonds," (imitation diamonds) in Gold Settings, Studs, Scarf Pins, Lace Pins, Ear Rings, etc., from \$1.00 upward. SPECIAL-We offer for a few days only, until all are sold about 100 Fine Steel Carving Sets, 3 pieces, at only \$2.00, worth \$5.00. Call

early, as they will not last long. Bargains in Clocks, Lamps, Silverware, Umbrellas, etc. Be Repairing in all its various branches.

Store for rent and fixtures for sale,

The Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute.

For the treatment of all CHRONIC AND SURGICAL DISEASES. Braces. Appliances for Deformities, and Trasses. Brail Facilities, Apparatus and Renedles for successful treatment of every form of disease requiring Medical or surgical Treatment. NINETY ROOMS FOR PATIENTS. Board and attendance. Bost Accommodations West. Write for circulars on Deformities and Braces. Trusses, Club Feet Cirvulares of Spine, Piles. Tumors. Cancer. Cutarrh. Branchiis, Inh lation. Electricity. Pacalysis, Epiles v. Kininey. Bladder, Eye. Ear. Skin and Blood, and all Surgical Operations. DISEASES OF WOMEN a specificity. Book of Diseases of Women Fros. We have fately added a Lying in Department for Women during Confinement Strictly Private). Unly Reliable Medical Institute making a specialty of PRIVATE DISEASES.

All Blood Diseases successfully treated. Syphilitic pois in removed from the assion we troof me corr. New Restorative Treatment for Loss of Vital Power. Part os unable to visit us may be treated at home by correspondence. All communications confidential. Medicine or instruments sent by mail or express securely packed, no marks to Indicate contents or sender. One personal interview preferred. Call and consult us or send history of your case, and we will send in plain wrapper our BOOK TO MEN FREE, non Private Special or Nervous Diseases, Importency, Sphills, Gleet and Varrecode, with question 1st. Address

Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute, Corner 9th and Harney Sts., Omaha, Neb.

Set of Teeth on Rubber FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

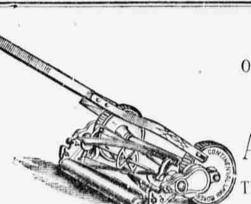
Dr. R. W. Bailey, Dentist, Paxton Block, 16th and Farnam Streets. We Are Here to Stay. Our offices have recently been enwith all the latest facilities for dental work. We make a full upper or lower set of teeth on rubber for five dollars, guaranteed to be as well made as plates sent out of any dental office in this country. Do not be prejudiced by what others may say against us, but come and

see us and examine our work; it will all bear inspection.

chloroform, gas, either or electricity. Gold and silver fillings at lowest rates, gold and porcelain-faced crown, teeth without plates, etc. DR. BAILEY, Dentist, Paxton Block, 16th and Farnam.

Teeth extracted without pain or danger, and without the use of





Our hose is guaranteel for two seasons and will stand Anv Pressure

The Best is the Cheapest Buy none but the Continental Lawn Mower, (high wheel); cuts grass

7 inches high. Over 400 in use in Omaha, and all giving perfect sat-HIMEBAUGH & TAYLOR,

1405 Douglas Street. .

DEWEY & STONE, Furniture Company.

A magnificent display of everything useful and ornamental in the furniture maker's art at reasonable prices. ORIGINAL

Stove Repairs and Water Attachments For all stoves and ranges of any description. Gasoline stoves and gas burners cleaned and repaired, work guaranteed, Robert Uhlig, Prop. C. M. Eaton, Mangr. Omaha Stove Repair Works, 898 - 810 N. 15th St. Telephone 999.

Engravings. Artists' Supplies. Mouldings. Frames.

Emerson. Hallet & Davis. Kimball. Pianos & Organs. Sheet Music

1818 Douglas Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

TO WEAK MEN