"Good Laud! Mr. Gazaway! you yah

HOPE'S VOICE.

Written for The Bee. Parting from thee brings sadness; Robs life of all its gladness; Makes dim the brightest sunlight; Makes dull the fairest moonlight.

Yet you must stay And I must go; We now must part— Fate wills it so.

Parting from thee brings sadness; Robs life of all its gladness, Yet in the darkest hour Speaks a voice with soothing power: Sometime, somewhere-I know not when-

We'll meet again.' What should the voice deceive me And I forever leave thee!

Ah, no! It's tones are stronger;
I cannot doubt them longer.

Sometime, somewhere—

I know not when—

Sometime, somewhere,
We'll meet again.
-[Floy E. Armstrong. HASTINGS, Neb.

## THE REVIVAL AT MT. GOLLY.

Atlanta Constitution: Magnolia, a small village in south Georgia, was the center of a thickly settled colored population. It was Saturday afternoon, and the city fathers-and, for a matter of fact, the country fathers also-sat around the postoffice discussing affairs, both national and local, but more especially the condition of their crops; for there was a great revival going on among the negroes, and they had stopped work to see after their souls. Both city and country fathers were naturally irate, and discussed the question from several standpoints, at times giving it a national

The weather was warm and they were gathered around the door of the postoffice, seated some on the steps and some in split-bottomed chairs leaned against the side of the house in the favorite national attitude, engaged in the national pastime of chewing and expectorating, Indeed, so continually did they work their jaws, that they reminded one of cattle chewing the cud.

There was but one exception to the ruminators, that was Mr. Pease, and he sat whittling a stick. He was from Ver-mont, and, fleeing the cold of that sterile region, fled southward, and located at Magnolia. He was a pale, tall, attenuated man, who looked as if his blood had been frozen and never thawed again, and he was in vivid contrast to most of his companions, who were gaunt and sallow, looking as if they had been sun-

Mr. Pease was a calm, placid man whom nothing ruffled, though he ruffled many for having come from the land of ideas, he knew a great deal more of than the Georgians did of the southern problem -negro question-and all other prob lems and questions which perplexed the country at large. He acted upon the Magnolians as a wholesome friction and so kept things from stagnating in the little village where everybody thought alike. His superior knowledge concerning their affairs, gathered in his six months residence among them, stirred their bile and kept their livers

from being torpid.
"How's eraps?" asked Mr. Stallins, the postmaster, who was also the principal storekeeper and merchant, to one of the country fathers. This remark went deeper than a common rural conversation, for they were in his debt for sup-

"Pretty po'ly," said Farmer Frisby, "what with this yere revival meetin' at Mount Golly, the niggers won't work, and I can't git my crap in nor what is in,

"This country is going to the dogs, said Judge Stubbs, the chief of the city fathers, the village lawyer and a justice of the peace, "plum to the dogs. The nigger shouldn't be suffered to have remeetin's. "What?" said Mr. Pease, suspending

his work. 'No, sir," said Judge Stubbs, defiantly, "they shouldn't-not in the plant-ing season," he added, qualifying his

assertion. "All o' mine struck work, saying they was 'bleege to 'tend to their souls,' said Farmer Frisby.

'Souls!" snorted the judge, contemptuously, "they ain't got no souls." "Or p'raps they may have some sorter leetle black shadder," suggested Mr. Stallins, who was a kind of exhorter, and so felt it incumbent to stand up ror

Well, they may have a shadder, and probably a black one, but nothing more, said the judge.

things spiritual.

tain Brown?"

"I knows they have great big bodies. said Farmer Frisby, impatient of the metaphysical turn the conversation was taking, "and how, I ask, are they to be fed when they won't work? If this meeting at Mount Golly don't soon break, why, we will! What with the visiting preachers and the converts to be pampered up, all my chickens are

gone."
"Mine, too," said Mr. Stallins.
"Mine, also," said Judge Stubbs.
"Mine, too," echoed the company, and they all looked at Mr. Pease with derisive glances. But that cool individual smiled and continued whittling his stick, "Why," said the judge, "the hungry rascals even took my little boy's pet rooster last night." "No!" cried Mr. Stallins. "Took Cap

"Took Captain Brown," said the judge, nodding his head. "And tough enough, no doubt, they found him. It may be said, in passing, that Cap-

tain Brown was a cock of local reputation. He was an educated bird, and Judge Stubb's cook declared he could He was a large Brahma cock. last of his race in Judge Stubb's yard, and, on account of his exceeding to ness, had hitherto defied the chicken thieves, at whose hands had perished the wife of his roost (if not of his bosom). the excellent Mrs. Brown, and Alex. the judge's little son, had taken him for a playmate, in lieu of a better.

Yes, sir," continued the judge, "they were hard pushed when they took Cap tain Brown, and I comforted myself with the hope that the meeting would break; but Pease here got in his supply of chickens today, so you may recon on the meeting holding on till his chicken house is exhausted."

All the company looked at Mr. Pease, and broke into hilarious mirth. "What on earth made you throw 'way your money, Mr. Pease?" asked the mild

"I ain't thrown it away," said Mr. Pease. "I calculates on making my support from them three hundred chick-

"Three hundred chickens! O, Lordy!"

cried Farmer Frisby.
"Three hundred chickens," said the judge, "Three hundred has Mr. Pease subscribed to the revival meeting at

"Not so fast, judge," said the imper-turbable Mr. Pease. "Not one of them chickens will Mount Golly, or mount anything else get."

"I'll bet you a thousand dollars," said the judge, "that not one of them chickons is here in a week

Done," said Mr. Pease,

know as I kin say a thousand, but I know I kin say \$5. I'll bet you \$5 there ain't a chicken left at the end of a week 'Five dollars let it be," said Mr. Pease. "You see," said he, as he started off, "you all don't know how to manage—" "O, of course not," interrupted the

judge. "No," pursued Mr. Pease, "neither the chickens nor the niggers."
"No, no, to be sure not." assented the judge, sarcastically.

"Niggers, like snakes, has to be handled properly," continued Mr. Pease, anxions to enlighten. "And you know how to handle them,

I suppose?" I do," said Mr. Pease, smiling.
"And I know you don't," said the judge, taking his quid out of his mouth and hurling it from him.

"To prove it," said Mr. Pease, "I am not only willing to bet you \$5 that I keep all my chickens a week, but I'll bet you another \$5 that I will get my lot behind my house worked this week by negro abor, and free at that!"

"I hate just to take a man's money, began the judge, looking at Mr. Pease

began the judge, looking at Mr. Pease as if he thought he had lost his mind.

"Never you mind, I'll risk it. Will you take it up?"

"Then I say, done," said the judge.

"And gentlemen," he continued, addressing the company, "I invite you all to meet here, and I'll treat you all out of

Mr. Pense's money.' The company received the invitation with tunultuous applause, while Mr. Pease, unruffled, smiled upon them.

The sun had set, and the cooks of Magnolia were hurrying up supper, that they might hasten away to the revival. All but Selina, the cook of Judge Stubbs, she sat by the kitchen window looking musingly out. "W'y S'lena," said Demas, the judge's

man of all work, "huccum you no gittin' supper? Ent you gwine tuh de re-"No, I yent," said Selina; "I too 'sturb n mine tuh bodder with rewival.

"Eh, eh! huccum so?" asked Demas. 'Sturbed 'bout wot?" "De los ob Cap'en Brown, dat some triflin' nigger snatch from yah last night. An Alex, po' chile, he's so hurted he done nuttin all day but go bout de ya'ad an' call, 'Cap'n Brown, way's you, Cap'n Brown?' I know dis minit he's in de stomach ob sum ob dem

wisitin' preachers."
"Eh!" tried Demas, a little startled. 'Wha' mek you say dat?" "Kaze nuttin" short uv wisitin' preachers could hab had de ha'at tuh chaw on Cap'n Brown. You know he

was tough as ledder.1 "Den he wuz no great los," said Demas. "He wa'nt?" cried the angry cook; "no money could ha' paid fuh him. Cap'n Brown wuz sma'ater dan inny

nigger I know. W'y he could talk."
"Git out!" cried Demas. "He could. Ebry day w'en Alex was way at school, and I'd feel lonesome, I'd

look fuh Cap'n Brown outen de kitchen windah, an Td say, 'Cap'n Brown,' an' he'd answer 'Caw!' An Td say, 'T sees you Cap'n Brown,' An' he'd tun his nend an' look atter me jis as plain as "I s'pose so," said Demas. "Caw is

auttin' tuh say. An' ef you ent goin' I'll leave. "You needn't hurry," cried the cook.
"Mr. Pease jis fotch tree hundud chicken tuh town; de rewival will las"

tell dem's done. "You shouldn't mek light er sacred tings," said Demas, "er a jedgement "ll befall you."

Alex ran into the kitchen, "Cap'n Brown is gone! Is gone!" wailed he, "I can't find him anywheres,

"Po'chile! po' chile!" cried the cook. "Dat nasty nigger! I wish tu de Laud I had him yah; ef I wouldn't wear out

"Demas," cried the little boy, "can't you find Cap'n Brawn?" "Oh, he's a roosin' round some ways,

interrupted his musing. Demas resaid Demas, hastily retreating. mained motionless while a stout body "Yes, in some nigger's stomach," wriggled itself in with much hard breathcried the angry cook. "I wish tuh de Laud I hadn't a tetched was careful to make no noise.

dat rooster," though Demas, as he hurried on, "Laud knows, ef I hadn't been so ha'ad pushed, wid two preachers an tree diligits tuh de revival, tuh feed, I'd nebber a tetched him, nebber! I was stuck allea a heap, w'en S'lena say way he was roostin'—an' he wuz dat tough! He e'en amos' cracked day jaws tuh chaw on! Dese yah chicken ob Mr. Pease is a plum God send'; but fuh dem de dewival would hab plum broke up.

When Demas reached Mount Golly the revival was in full blast, and the pastor, the Rev. Gilead Gazaway (for whom Mount Gilead, vulgarly called Mount was named), was in full blast, preaching with great unction.

"Bredren," said he, "I'm a-gwine tuh reach tuh you frum disher tex, 'Wha' vill a man gie in exchange fur his soul? Now in slabery times a white man would schange his nigger fur lan er money but in dese glorious times ob freedom, de debil tek a han' in de game, an' he bein' sma'ater dan de white man, meks er grab fuh yo' soul, an it is under dese conditions dat de scriptur ax: 'Wot will er man gib in schange fur his soul? W'y eeny almos' inny ting wen de debbil is atter him. Now, de wiite man is quarrellin' wid us fur habin disher great rewival, 'stead er wuckin in de But I say try fus anh sabe yo soul, fur cordin' to my tex, 'Wot will er man gie in schange fur his soul?' Shill he gie er cotton crap? Wot advantage tuh mek a great crap en lese yo' soul? Wot? 'Stead o' dat, wuck fus yo' ha' at; yea, breddren, sow de seed o' rightousness, wuck yo ha'at ha' at tell its sof' and mellow; tell yo ha'at is cleaner dan er cotton bole w'en de lint is pick outer it; yes, my breddren, gadder in de wite cotton uv repentance, en we'll borrow de gins uv le wicked an' clean outer de seed uv sin En, we'll hab our craps ready to haul tuh de ma'arkets ob de New Jerusalum, and schange um fur de milk an'de honey ob de kingdom, and hunger no

"Amen! Laud grant it!" cried Demas's diligit, whose appetite had only been whetted by the drumsticks of Captain

Brown. "Ameu! Bless Gaud!" cried sister Tempy who was not even sustained by

the captain's drumsticks. "Tuh come tuh disher great conclusion," continued the Rev. Glicad, "we mus' stribe tub be hones'—tub tech no man's property, I year a mighty rumblin bout a whole passel o' chicken come tub disher town lately. My bredren, I trus' you'll not tech one ob dem-not so much is de tail fedder.

"No, my Laud! nurrer wing fedder eder! Not eben a top-knot!" cried old dster Tempy, clapping her hands, "let

"Don't gib de wite folks no 'tunity tuh me'k game 'o us," continued the preach-er, "not eben fuh chicken! Fur, my bredren, dere is no greater snare ob de debil dan a game chicken. In his crow is a' inwitement tuh sin, an' in puttin 'pendence in his spars you lose yo' soul an' yo' money togedder. So, my bredren, flee frum de temptations eb de debil, fur he knows way we is weak, an' temps us so'ly wid chicken an' udder lus' ob de To be delibered frum dese let us Brudder Shadrack, will you lead

So Brother Shadrick, who was "edicted," prayed: "O Laud, bless dis-congregation effugently, feed dere-souls wid unction frum on high; quench "Well," said the judge reflectively, souls wid unction frum on high; quench arminghis quid in his mouth, "I don't dere thirst with de Balm uv Glied (\*

neat compliment to the pastor) and de Anoint dere heads

illy uv de valley. Anoi wid pe Isle ob Patmos True, Laud!" screamed Sister Tempey, "tell we's pure cober ober wid de isles ob de sen!

An' put on de golden crown.

bleege tuh fly 'fo' he git any crown

And he took his way towards Mr. Pease's

past two weeks erecting a fancy poultry

enough to accommodate hundreds of

through, and the door was as strong as

that of the jail. To save himself the

trouble of constantly opening this pon-derous affair, Mr. Pease had a most com-

modious scuttle-hole made in one side of

the house, quite close to the ground.

The hole was round and two feet across,

so that a turkey gobbler could easily go through it. After the carpenters left,

Mr. Pease added a few touches to the

shan't scora me no mo' fur habin nuttin'

but Cap'n Brown leg tuh gie em; fry chicken, stew chicken fuh brerkfas' to-morrow!"

As he thus mused his practiced hand

went up to the roost and pulled down chicken after chicken, until he had as

many as he could "tote." Holding his

booty by their necks, he started to take

himself and them through the hole, but,

to his surprise, there was little or no

hole to go through, and sharp iron

"Eh, eh!" muttered Demas, "wha de

In his perturbation he let go the chick-

fought, and tore at the bars to get out,

while he meditated what he should say

ting, er Alex would hab had

A scuffling at the hole at this moment

"Who kin dat be?" thougt Demas, but

The new comer now pulled eight

"Good land!" muttered he, and threw

away one handful and Demas recog-

nized his pastor. "Blessed Laud!" as

he still failed to make an exit, and he cast from him the other handful. Then,

as he still failed to escape, "Laud, help me! Wot shall I do?" he mut-

Here Demas could hold in no longer

"Gil-le-add!" cried Demas in sepul-

"Git dee behine me, Satan!" cried the

"I dunno," said Demas in his natural

breacher, frantically, "git dec behine

voice, "I dunno how much behinder

kin git. Laud knows, I wish I was afo

you." Is dat you, Brudder Demas?" cried

from his fright and resuming his minis-

"Not 'spectin' to fine me? Huccum

"I spec' you'll fine 'tis Mr. Pease's

"Dat's so, Brudder Demas, Let us try

This they did, but in vain; no mortal

"Debblish furriner!" muttered the

\*Blessed Gaud! wot we gwineter say?

great one, an' I wish I wuz inny ways

This was so, steps were rapidly approaching. The two silently rolled themselves away from the hole, while

the new-comer worked his way in, se-

cured his booty, and tried to work his way out, while they amused themselves

with his grants and exclamations of hor-

rack!" muttered Demas, bursting to

wha' you' doin' yah?"

'Ef 'taint de Riverant Diligit Shad-

"Laud, Demas, is dat you? How you are me. Wha' you doin' yah?"
"Gittin' yo' breakfus'," said Demas

"Is dat so," cried Shadrack, "I wish tuh de Laud I had a knowd it, fuh den I

I wuz dat hongry wid nuttin' but dat ole

rooster leg tuh gnaw on I wuz jes bleegter come." "Cap'n Brown," said

Demas, "dis is a jedgment on me fuh

git out," insisted the Rev. Diligit Shad

"So does!" said Parson Gilead.

"But I wanter know how we gwinter

would nebber bin in disher snare.

"Ki! Brudder Shadrack," cried

'Hush!" said Demas; "somebaudy else

"Dat we git in tru mistake," said his

"Laud knows I feel dat tis a

an' juck out dem spike an' git away an

yah; I naturally t'aut wuz sperit.

you yah yo'self?" retorted Demas.

business tuhmorrow maunin,"

reverend gentleman, recovering

and began a series of hollow groans. "Laud, help me, I do pray!" cried the

Rev. Gilead, moaning in terror.

chral tones. Gil-le-a-add!'

chickens by their necks from the roost

and started out, but the bars barred his

to Mr. Pease in the morning.

spikes thrust him back on all sides

in a trap!

Cap'n Brown."

passage.

terial tone.

in lofty tones.

Demas, coolly.

so disappint him.

ob a leetle chicken."

pastor.

laugh.

scare me.

terkin' him."

-comin'.

hands could pull them out.

skirts of the village.

in de fare.

In vain he shouted:

boun' tuh fly.

chicken house.

"So it 'pears," said the reverend gen-

tleman, moodily.
"Now, I axes you pintedly, wha' we gwinter do?" demanded Dilig it Shad-"Amen!" cried the brethren, smacking their mouths at the expanse of

"Stay yah," said Demas, "Tell Mr. Pease let us out wid de chickens.' The sound of pattering footsteps interrupted them, and then Sister Tempy's voice, speaking to her little grandson, a very small boy with a very big name.

grease set before them.

"An' feed dem full," continued
Brother Shadrick, "wid all manner ob
cornucopias! Amen."
I believe, I believe, dat w'en I die, I'm boun' "Please Gaud, Nicodemus, yah is a great big hole dat buckra man leave, wot a fool! De idee ob leabin' sicher De gospel train is a-comin', I shum round de scuttle hole fuh chicken, w'y e too big fuh tuckey! Showly de Laud mus' hab De angel engineer on boa'd, a-strained' eb'ry O, git on boa'd—
Little chillun, git on boa'd. Little chillun, git on boa'd, blinded him so he me'k it big 'nuff fuh po' nigger tuh slip tru. Go in, Nicodemus, an' kotch a chicken.'

Dere's room fuh many a mo'.

De ca'ah w'eels is a-rumblin', de rich an' de "Granny, I feard," said the little boy "e soda'ak in dey-buggah ketch me."
"Buggah indeed! Trus' in de Laud
an' go in. Ent you gittin' vitils fuh yo' po' is dere; No secon' class aboa'd dat train—no diffr'nce po' ole granny, an' dat preacher diligit I got tuh feed? De buckra man rich, he At the word fare, the thought of tomorrow's provender rose before Demas, who was singing with all his might, and wunt miss a chicken er two, dat we te'k—not steal—fuh he kin afode it, an' received an emphasis when the hungry he so close inny how, Trus' in de Laud, Brother Shadrick fell on him.

Nicodemus, an' crawl in. Thus urged Nicodemus obeyed, but he "I believe, I believe dat wen I die I'm had no sooner got in than an awful His peace of mind was gone; he rose from his seat and crept out. "Eh, my Laud," he muttered, "dis po' nigger groaning, snorting noise from Demas caused him to try and beat a retreat. when, to his terror, he found he could not escape.

"Granny, granny!" he yelled, "I's cotched, and de house is full ob gos'es." "No dey ent," said his grandparent, Now, Mr. Pease had been busy for the nuttin but rooster groan on de roost. Don't be so chicken-hen'ated, but snatch house, that excited the mingled mirth and scorn of the Magnolians. It was large er chick-

"Um-oh-ah-um! Um-mo-nm! groaned Demas. The small windows were se-"Blessed Laud! wot is dat, ful true? Child, come outer yah, dat strange buckra man full his chicken-coop cured with iron bars, put so close to-gether that a rat could hardly squeeze

"Um-ah-um-oh-um," rumbled the strange sound.

"Mek a light, granny," yelled the lit-tle boy, "I can't git out, de hole is fasten." Hole fasten?" echoed Sister Tempey. running her arm in, and, in an instant, comprehending the rat-trap arrange-ment. "Good Laud," she groaned, "do buckra man mek trap tuh ketch po' building, and that very day put in the nigger.

three hundred chickens received by ex-Agonizing groans burst from the little boy.
"Oh, Good Laud!" prayed the old woman, "who bin deliber Dan'el from de Mr. Pease's residence and poultry house were in the midst of a commodious lot, containing several acres for a truck den ob lions, deliber now my Nicodepatch, which was situated on the outmus outer disher chicken den. You bin save Shadrack, Meshack and 'Bednego frum de fiery furnace, oh, tek my boy now outer disher buckra man furnace. Demas now approached this treasure house, and after scouting around spied the hole, and chuckling at the Yankee Help, Laud: oh, sen down de angel what man's foolishness at leaving such a hole, speak tuh Balaam ass, an' speak tuh mine, an' tek him outer disher hole, erept in. "Now," thought Demas, "dat diligit

Here Demas laughed aloud;"Tain't no use, Sistea Tempey, de Laud ent gwine to yer you, Nicodemus is yer tuh

"Is dat you, Brudder Demas? Wha' you do de day?" "I cum tuh hep yo little boy," said Demas, satirically, "deze debblish chick-

ens atter de bottom ob it all,"
"Debblish fuh true, I wish de las' one was daid. I yer some bawdy comin' I gwinteo leab my boy in your cha'g' an steal 'way an' mek out I knows nuttin' bout it.

dis?" He let go the chickens in his right hand to feel his way. "Good Laud!" muttered he, "I ketch like rat The near approach of steps caused Sister Tempy to flee. The newcomer soon dived into the hole, and from now on till daybreak there were constant accessions to the company in the chicken ens in his left hand, and struggled, and house, till a goodly portion of the male members of Mount Golly were there as-sembled. With light, the chickens but in vain. After a half hour's frantic effort he gave up and retired to a distant began to flutter about over them, to corner, where he roosted upon his heels their great disgust.

"Good Laud," prayed the Rev. Gilead, "Deliber us frum disher snare ob de "I allus did 'spise Yankees," mused fowler-an disher noisum pestilence," as Demas, "dey's so sly an a'atful. Now, a rooster lit on his head and tried to jedge wouldn't hab demeaned hisself to set nigger trap liker dis; he neber tink

"Sposen," said Diligit Shadrack, "we has a prayer meetin' tuh baig fur de liberance from disher pit into which we's fallen.

"Dat's so, brudder," said Gilead.
"You begin, an baig help and cumfut
from our present down-trodden con-"O Laud, deliber us frum de lus' ob be

flesh; let us not be like Esau, who sole his birthplace fuh a nes' ob partridges, an' sell ours fuh a chance atter dese yah chickens-which ye's los'. Deliber us, O Land, we pray."
"True, Laud," cried Gilend, inter-

rupting, "in the words of Marse Psalm'st, 'mek our feet like hin feet, so we kin rar up an scape.

"Lemme, Laud," cried Shadrack, "corree" ob Brudder Gazaway an' gib de right kotation, 'Let our feet be liker hen's feet. Let us take de 'zample ob de hen wen she is sottin' on her roos'! So let de claws ob our souls hole onter de rock tight an' fas'.'"

"I'se no way consarn bout feet now, muttered Demas to himself, but I wish tuh de land I could gib dat Yankee man eg-bail, fuh wot I gwine to say w'en he open dis do'?" Before Demas could-solve this riddfe

Mr. Pease, armed with a shotgun, en-tered the house. He manifested no surprise at the quantity of game his trap and caught, but said quietly. "Unless you wish me to put you all in (groans from the Rev. Gilead)

you will all come and work in my "Not 'spectin' to fine you truckpatch today.' To this they joyfully assented, and were marshaled to Mr. Pease's toolroom, where, armed with picks, spades, shovels, hoes, they grubbed and dug for dear life, while the master of the patch, shot-"Dat is my business," said his pastor gun in hand, sat on the fence watching them. Then he fetched out a sack of peas, and by dark he had his field nicely

planted down with his namesake. The news of this planting bee spread abroad, and the Magnolians were astonished to see their own laborers working for dear life for Mr. Pease.
"See here, Demas," said Judge Stubbs,

approaching his servant," what does this mean?"
"Laud knows, jedge," muttered Demas, "'taint my fault. It's all along ob dat deb'lish furriner, but fur him I'd Rev. Gilead; "who but Yankee would hab tinker sicher ting—a low down trick to defraud po' down-troddennigger "We'll be up-trodden tuhmorrow w'en been now cleanin' yo' hoss." he gits in yah an' fine we," said Demas.
"Pa'son Gazaway, wha' we gwine tuh

Mr. Pease refused to reveal the mystery till the next Saturday, when he claimed his bet. All his three hundred chickens were safe and forty negro men had worked for nothing from the rising of the sun to the going down of the

"I think I have won my bet," he said. "Very true," said the judge, "but—"
"No buts about it," cried the company; 'fork it over and treat.'

"The truth is," said the judge frankly,
"I haven't \$10. Pease, you are a monied man, lend it to me. ' It was never clear to the Magnolians who did pay the bet. But the revival at Mount Golly was broken up and the crops were started.

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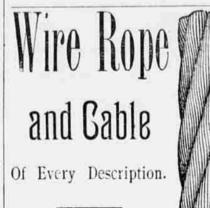


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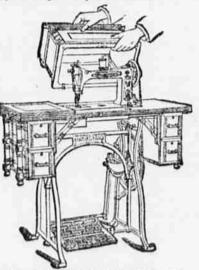
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THE FIGURE "9."

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 1890, 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 severe contest with the leading ma chines 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

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