

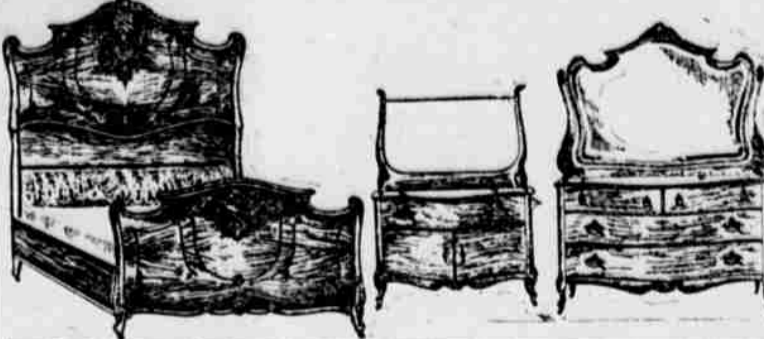
# DEWEY & STEELE

1115 FARNAM ST.  
1117 FARNAM ST.

## Furniture Co.

### Special September Sale.

Two thousand Bed Room Suits in more than 250 styles. That is one of the features of our September Sale represented in all the wanted woods. It took planning and business foresight to gather these great stocks together and organize such a movement as our Special Sale. The statement grows each day more conservative when we say that the furniture we are selling is worth half as much more again as we ask you for it. The past week's sales were the best proofs, as they were larger by half than we even hoped for.



### Chamber Suits

- \$13.00 Suits..... Sale Price \$ 8.25
- \$19.00 Oak suits..... Sale Price 11.75
- \$35.00 Curley Birch.... Sale Price 19.50
- \$42.00 Oak Suits..... Sale Price 29.00
- \$75.00 Solid Mahogany.. Sale Price 47.50
- \$110.00 Bird's-Eye Maple.. Sale Price 72.00
- \$175.00 Curley Birch... Sale Price 98.00

### OUR FIRST Special Sale.

Is not a clearance sale and needs no pleading apology or explanation. It is not a mark down to close out old goods. Seventy-five thousand dollars worth of furniture has been bought since July 1st. This sale is universal and represents all the newest designs and novelties manufactured for fall trade. Not a few selected items offered at an alleged reduction, but the whole vast stock at straight prices. Our reputation of 31 years is sufficient guarantee that goods will be as advertised.



This \$7.00 Rattan Rocker Reduced to \$3.15 for September

### Fancy Rockers

- \$3.00 Rockers, reduced to.... \$1.55
- \$5.00 Oak Rockers, reduced to 2.65
- \$5.50 Birch Rockers, reduced to 2.75

The gathering was never so lavish. From \$1.00 to \$50.00, any price between. 300 styles to choose from. The woods—Birch, Maple, Mahogany and Antique Oak.

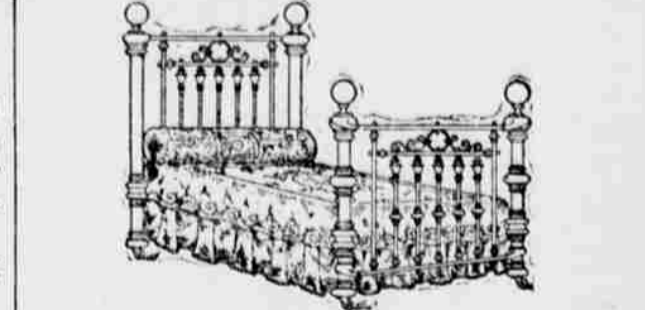
### Parlor Pieces

The collection of furniture includes cabinets for curios, pedestals for vases or figures, fancy chairs, ornamental and useful divans and arm chairs, beautiful new designs in Mahogany, inlaid rockers and tables, palm stands, music cabinets, etc. It is impossible to quote prices as this line is so large we cannot intelligently explain either quality, design or values.



- \$12.50 Oak Sideboard, sale price... \$ 7.75
- \$15.00 Oak Sideboard, sale price... 9.50
- \$33.00 Oak Sideboard, sale price... 18.75
- \$70.00 Oak Sideboard, sale price... 46.50

Our line contains over 200 designs, mahogany and oak, up to \$250 each. Goods can be selected at once and delivered any time during the month. Store open Monday and Saturday night of this week.



### Brass Bedsteads

- \$25.00 Beds, sale price..... \$15.50
- \$42.00 Beds, sale price..... 25.00
- \$65.00 Beds, sale price..... 42.50
- \$100.00 Beds, sale price..... 68.00

### Iron Bedsteads

- \$5.50 Beds, sale price..... \$2.75
- \$7.00 Beds, sale price..... 3.90
- \$12.00 Beds, sale price..... 6.75

### Bookcases.

- 55 patterns in Antique Oak \$3.75 to \$100.00
- 42 patterns in Mahogany... \$1.00 to 175.00
- 18 patterns in Birch..... 8.50 to 75.00

Library Tables, Desks and Chairs to match many of these Bookcases to make complete library suits.

### Draperies.

- \$1.50 Nottingham Curtains..... 85c
- \$5.50 Brussels Net Curtains..... \$3.75
- \$10.00 Tapestry Curtains..... 6.25
- \$15.00 Velour Curtains..... 8.75
- \$25.00 Brussels Net Curtains..... 14.50

Estimates and designs furnished on all special work. Everything can be found in our unlimited stock, from the most simple piece of Swiss muslin to the finest silks or tapestries.

## THESE PRICES ARE GUARANTEED FOR SEPTEMBER ONLY.

### THE DEPOT'S KILLING EFFECT

Omaha's Famed Structure Roused a Traveler's Evil Spirit.

### THE BEGINNING OF A BAD MAN

A Five Hours' Stay in the Vicinity Drove Him to Strong Drink and Made Him a Killer—Story of His Career.

The first "bad man" I ever knew happened to be, I have since discovered, a fair specimen of the average of his class, says the New York Herald. Occasionally one rises above the level, and becomes—or is naturally—something heroic. But as a rule the "killer" is a coward.

A dozen raw with a bottle of Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne is an after thought.

wants to shoot. And he can dispense with fair play. And he can become quite famous without any courage. He didn't approve of Omaha, or the depot, or the weather, or anything else. He told me in a confidential aside that two other members of the party were bad—not "bad" in the sense which he finally achieved, but by no means gentlemen. I have no doubt he expressed similar opinions concerning me. He was from some modest city in Ohio and had worked about horses. He had also worked in a carriage factory. But he disapproved of labor and told some stories which indicated his contempt for toll or any other equivalent for work. He was a good all-around fellow, but we got along with him. At Cheyenne he wanted a door open when the brakeman—and every one else—wanted it shut. They had some words. Scott's face flamed and his ready tongue coined the epithets of his class. But the matter dropped there. Several times later I noticed the expression of his hatred for the brakeman and thought little of it. In fact I rather hoped he would provoke a conflict, for the brakeman seemed a very capable man. I never thought of bloodshed.

The brakemaker told me he was a "bad man" and had killed four people. So here he was, with a full-fledged reputation. He added to that night. He was playing roulette, and losing. The banker twirled the wheel and dropped out: "Twenty-one in the red," and set a stack of chips on the number—winnings for a bet he had there. Scott reached for the stack, and a man across the table stopped him. "No, you don't," said the stranger. "That's my bean."

THE GERMAN VICTOR BY LUCK. He was trying to draw another revolver. In falling both were discharged, and bullets went clean through him. The German was untouched, but he could scarcely be persuaded to give up his supposed punishment. From beginning to end Dan Scott was a type of the man who, twenty years ago, was "handy with a gun."

## THE HILLS OF THE FUTURE

CHAPTER VI. The attainment of Preble Key on recognizing the gateway into which the mysterious lady had vanished was so great that he was at first inclined to believe her entry there a mere trick of his fancy. That the confederate of a gang of robbers should be admitted to the austere recesses of the convent, was a miracle of familiarity. It was incredible. He again glanced up and down the length of the shadowed but still invisible wall. There was no one there. The wall itself contained no break or recess in which one could hide, and this was the only gateway. The opposite side of the street in the full moonlight stared emptily. Not unless she were an illusion herself and his whole chase a dream she must have entered here at the moment.

But the chase was not hopeless. He had at least tracked her to a place where she could be identified. It was not a hotel which she could have taken at that moment unobserved. Though he could not follow her and penetrate its seclusion now, he could later—thanks to his old associations with the padre of the contiguous college—gain an introduction to the lady superior on some pretext. She was safe there that night. He turned away with a feeling of relief. The incongruity of her retreat assumed a more favorable aspect to his hopes. He looked at the hallowed walls and the slumbering peacefulness of the garbled old trees that in the convent and the reminiscence of his youth stole over him. It was not the first time that he had gazed wistfully upon that chaste refuge where, perhaps in the bright eyes that followed in the quaint school procession under the leafy Alameda in the afternoon were at last closed in gentle slumber. There was the very girl who had been the wicked Conchita—or was it Dolores?—had shot her Parthian glance at the lingering student. And the man of 35, prematurely gray and settled in fortune, who had been driven away, and forgot the adventures of 30 who had brought him there.

The next morning he was up betimes and at the college of St. Joseph. Father Cipriano, a trifle more snuffy and aged, remembered with delight his old pupil. Ah! it was true then that he had become a minor official and that was why his hair was gray, but he trusted that Don Preble had not forgot that this was not all of life, and that fortune brought great results to the persons that they could not get for themselves. He had thought of bringing out some of his relations from the convent, and placing a niece in the convent. This was good, and the convent was a good education in this new country one must turn to the church. And he would see the lady superior? Ah! that was but the twist of one's finger and the lifting of a gray head like that. Of course he had not forgotten the convent and the young seniors, nor the discipline and the attendant boys. Ah! it was a special grace of our lady that he, Father Cipriano, had not been worried into his grave by those foolish muchachos. Yet, when he had extinguished a snuff candle, he would accompany him to the convent that noon.

It was with a slight stirring of shame over his elaborate pretext that he passed the gate of the Sacred Heart with the good father. But it is to be feared that he speedily forgot that in the convent he might find that which he had sought. The lady superior was gracious and even enthusiastic. Ah, yes, it was a growing custom of the American caballeros—who had no homes, nor yet time to create any—to bring their sisters, wards and nieces here, and—with a dove-like glance toward Key—even the young señoritas they wished to fit for their Christian brides! Unlike the caballero, there were many business men so immersed in their affairs that they could not find time for persons that they could not get for themselves, which was to be regretted—but who, trusting to the reputation of the Sacred Heart and its good friends, simply trusted the convent to her some trusted female companion. Notably this was the case of the Senor Rivers—did Don Preble ever know him?—a great capitalist in the Sierras, who let the young señoritas, his ingenious creature, was the pride of the convent. Of course it was better that it was so. Discipline and seclusion had to be maintained. The young girl should be educated as she home. The rules for visitors was necessarily severe. It was rare indeed—except in a case of urgency, such as a mother's death, that that ever a lady, unless the parent of a scholar, was admitted to the hospitality of the convent. And this lady was only the friend of that same young man, the capitalist, although she was the one who had brought her there. No, she was not a relation. Perhaps Don Preble had heard of Mrs. Barker, the friend of Rivers, and Don Preble knows them not. Ah! Possibly good! The lady would be remembered, being tall, dark and of a fine presence, though a few hours earlier and she might have been judged for herself, for, as it were, she might have passed through the visitors' room. But she was gone—departed by the convent. Key hesitated and telegram—those heathen contrivances that blur out things to you, with never an excuse, nor a smile, nor a kiss of the hand. For her part she never let her scholars receive them, but opened them herself and translated them in a Christian spirit, after due preparation, and she had seen Mrs. Barker go, or, without doubt, she would have of herself told to the Don Preble, her comarader of the Sierras, how good the convent was for his niece.



HE AGAIN GLANCED UP AND DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE SHADOWED, BUT STILL VISIBLE WALL.

at least prevent an open scandal. Yet he was resolved, and seizing this last straw, he hurriedly mounted the stairs, determining to do battle at any risk for the girl's safety, and to perjure himself to any extent. She was standing in a room by the window. The light fell upon the coarse serge dress with its white facings, and a single grille that scarcely defined the formless waist, on the huge crucifix that dangled ungracefully almost to her knees, on the hideous white-winged coat that, with the coarse but dense white veil was itself a renunciation of all human vanity. It was a figure he remembered well as a boy, and even in his excitement and half resentment, touched him now as when a boy, with a sense of its pathetic isolation. His head bowed with boyish deference as it approached gently, passed him a slight salutation, and closed the door that he had forgotten to shut behind him. Then, with a rapid movement, so quick that he could scarcely follow it, the soft veil, rosary and crucifix were swept off and the young pupil of the convent stood before him. For all the somber suggestiveness of her disguise and its ungraceful contour, there was no mistaking the adorable little head, tumbled all over with silky tendrils of hair from the hasty withdrawal of the veil, the blue eyes that sparkled with frank delight beneath them. Key thought her more beautiful than ever. Yet the very effect of her frankness and beauty was to give her all the danger and incongruity of her position. "This is madness," he said, quickly. "You may be followed here and discovered in this room at any moment!" Nevertheless he caught the two little hands that had been extended to him and held them with a frank familiarity that he would have wondered at an instant before.