

Convertight, 1898, by Octave Thanet.J. in a steaming cup without asking a question. Judith Hunter had been out at service before she married Billy and she had learned a good many things besides cooking beef to a turn.

Billy sat with his legs out and his head sagging on his breast. It was a spring day, but Iowa springs have chilly nights following sunny days, and the warmth of the fire in the air tight stove was grateful to him. To another observer it might seem a phain little parlor, and he might smile over the mingling of the gorgeous chromos that came with their garden seeds (neatly framed in brown paper) and two or three photographs of famous pictures; but to Billy the fresh paint and bright paper, the ribbon and lace tidies, the one plush easy chair and the glistening cabinet organ made it a dream of luxury. They had eight rooms in the house, if you include the leanto, which was such a comfortable laundry and summer kitchen for Judita. It was a very good house, in-

deed; and the garden was so targe that judith kept a tidy poultry yard. In the summer it was beautiful to sit on their own plazza and be shaded by their tree (really a tree large enough to shade) and to look at the honeysuckle and geraniums and the green rows of onions and pareley. No landowner in town cauld be prouder yesterday then Billy had been of his little domain. Now, his handsome brow wrinkled sullenly above his black eyes and he gazed about h m in a dreary stare, seeing and not seeing, like a man taking forewell. He sighed before he drank the coffee. His wife, still saying no word, smoothed the short curls saying no word, smoothen the short curis which his hat had matted on his forehead. He pattad her hand. She was a tall woman, as tall as he, and of a fine, supple figure. Her eyes were very bright and her skin very clear and she had delicate, ir-regular features which changed so prett by when she talked that no one ever found fault

when she taked that he one ever found taute with their irregularity. "It's you that I'm thinking about, Judith, you and the kid," said Hunter; he nodded his head toward the open door through

which one could see a cradle rocker. "We'll do, Billy," said Judith. "Come row, you eat a piece of pie; it'll do you more good now than for breakfast, and I'll get your pipe. Are they going to str ke,

Well, as bad. They voted to send a committee to Hollister and ask him to sub-mit their differences to an arbitration committee, or they'll strike, Monday. Hollister won't listen to them. Not to anybody, I guess, and not to Robb and Luke Wigger, aryhow. He sent Luke off a week ago; an the other man is Johnny Mellin who's mild as skim milk and was put on to represent us. He'll set there and git red in the face and say, 'That's right,' to whoever speake

"But did you speak to them, Billy? Did you say the things you were going to?" Billy's face grew red. "Yes, I did, and I wish I hadn't; I never made a speech before, but I felt so worked up about this I thought I could talk to the boys, jest give 'em plain sense how this here strike ain't got a show on God's earth of succeeding; but-you'll say you got a fool for a husband, Judy-I got up on my legs and I got scared; I was jest as scared as I used to be when I'd play hookey, when I was a kid, and met Father Mahan, and he'd be saying, 'Is your

1 - though I may be glad enough to come to Billy Hunter came back from the meeting at almost 12 o'clock, dead tired. His wife had the coffee hot for him, and brought him is a street job myself, little as I ever thought hadn't gone against him now, for I got to go to see him with Fitzmaurice and young Lossing, tomorrow." "Will he help you, do you think, Billy?"

"I ain": much hope. You see he's after an oil or lard or some kind of inspectorship, good pay and awful little work; and Timberly can git it for him; and Timberly's for the strike, and I bet he won't mad Timherly and the boys, too

"But why is Mr. Timberly for striking? Don't he kncw-"

"He don't care, Judy. He's running for the legislature, and he wants the labor vote;

the legislature, and he wants the labor vote; so he's making a big splurge." "How smart you are, Bill, about such things," said the wife, proudly. But the unfeigned praise only brought a dark cloud to the man's blow. "I was forgetting an-other bad thing," said he. "Morris, the foreman, he is going to Illincis to his wife's folks; he's got a job there; and he told me today he recommended me to the boss; and he as much as taid be'd speak about me to

down and wrote him all about the thing; down and wrote him all about the thing; and told him I was on the chase after him, and if I didn't catch him, would be come over to pa's for a talk? I guess he will; but we'll try running him down first, be-cause the committee may do more mischlef than even Mac can undo if we wait. They said he had gone to Meyers'. The son was after him with a story of his mother being dead." The Meyers were not Meyers really, but some unpromounceable Russian name of which the first two syllables ran into some which the first two syllables ran into some similitude to Meyer, and Meyers they had aminitude to Meyer, and Meyers they had been christened by their gentile acquaint-ances. The father was very old and the family were supported by a son who dealt in junk and rags. They were not popular in the Eighth ward, because they were dirty. If one considered, there was no especial presses why they should be discuss a radiu

If one considered, there was no especial reason why they should be clean; a feeble old woman, deformed by rheumatism, the only person to care for an old, old man, and a son who lived by collecting and sorting rubbish. But no one did consider.

"And I guess," said Tommy, meditatively, "that the alderman is about the only person In the world who ever gives them a civil word; and he does it from habit, without

knowing." All this time Billy was listening with a mind distraught, wearily coming the ugly possibilities of the future, wishing that he had not been so foolhasty as to "mad Alderman McGinn's" and struggling after a way out of these troubles that should not be through favors asked. "I never asked any-

tocay he recommended me to the boss; and he as much as taid be'd speak about me to Hollister—" "Oh, Bill, do you call that bad news? It would be \$15 a month more; it would pay the payments on the house!" "And do you think," said Bill, bitterly, "do you think that they'll be making a

HE GOT THE BOY FIGHTING MAD.

have, when he's always helping somebody: But I heard, yesterday, the men was terribly stirred up, and I've been that distressed, I can't quiet my mind at all." "But," said Harry, rather stupidly, "I

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1896.

thought your some weren't in the Hollister?" The widew looked surprised. "No, to be sure, sir, God be thanked! Did you think it was for myself I was scared? Oh, it ain't for me and mine, it's for all the sore hearts there'll be in this neighborhead. Poor Mrs. Whinney, she was crying over it this very morning. 'The boys'll be on the street from morning till night,' says she, 'and God knows what'll happen!' You've heard of ber trouble? 'Twas the strike made the fight. And Molly Aiken, the dressmaker, she was worrying how she wouldn't have no workoh, there's more misery than just losing wages comes from a strike, and so I told the alderman."

"I hope he agreed with you, Mrs. Hoff-

man," Billy spoke out of his anxiety, meet-ing her eye at that second. "He says, 'Don't you fret, Mrs. Hoffman; it'll all come right in the wash!" You know I is joking way. And I'm hoping more cow." Irish face was as impassive as a mask.

man. and doing of his. Here it was a joke, and there a shrewd bargain, and most often a trivial, good natured kindness. But they did not find him. And present's Fitzmaurice, who had grown thoughtful, spoke testly: "I hope to the Lord, Mac an't lying low, wait-ing for the cat to jump before he commits himself. But it looks like it. If he is, it's all up with heading off the strike."

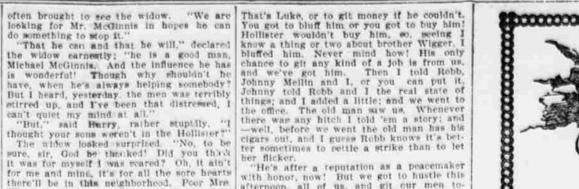
"Maybe he's in Moscley's," suggested Billy; he goes there sometimes or maybe home." "He isn't home; did you see that boy talking to me at the last place we stopped? I hard, some ways, and desperately aggeravating to Mac's and he'd just got back. Mac hadn't been home and he'd sent word he wouldn't be home to dinner. I don't a howling grievance to win the public symplice the way things look. But we can try pathy, and they ain't got it. They couldn't

auch obliged, said forming. Harry's jaw dropped. "Say they're going to have a strike at Hollister's." the grocer continued, while the two young men stood uncertain. "I hope not." S rik 's a fearful bad (11 g for business. fearful. I got a lot of Hollister men on my

fearful. I got a lot of Hollsser men on my books. They're good pay; there ain't no bet-ter pay than workin' people, but when you ain't got the money-where are you?" "That's right," said Tommy, "good morn-ing." He looked at Harry. Harry was

driving very fast. "What's your next move?" said he. "I'm going to Hollister, himself." said Harry. "McGinnis doesn't mean to risk his popularity or his job. He has no more conscience than a saloon sign. I'll drop you. conscience than a saloon sign. I'll drop you, whoreever you say; and Hunter and I will go to Hollister--I know he's at the office, this morning--and we'll talk to him as two honest men to a third and we may do some.

"I may not be an honest man," said Tommy was scowling at the off horse's head. They drove along the wide street lined on either them freshly painted, all with their little and white need cardings to one side. For contrast, and white needed and states, and white spire that bore aloft the symbol of sacrifice and peace, sent forth a single peal of bells. Tommy, half unconsciously, bent his head and crossed himself. He locked up and way the grine walls of the great foundry where Hollister meant to run his own business. The smallest of the doors opened, through which four men emerged in a huddle. One of them swung the door half open again for a parting speech. He was a portly man, still young, with black curls that shone in the sun. He wore a



with honor, now! But we got to hustle this afternoon, all of us, and git our men to-gether, and then Robb will give 'em taffy and Hollister has promised a little bit; and we'll have the meeting and settle this strike fast? Secon: flat! See?'

They were all there (for Billy was flattered deeply by the way the alderman asked his opinion on subjects of which he knew a good deal) discussing how to see the most men and do the most in the shortest time, when Harry Lossing returned. Some of Hollister's speeches were sticking in his brain. "Look here, Lossing, you may say what you please, that Irishman has got something more than boddle in him,"-this was one of thom-"the way he managed those fellows and by -, the way he managed me, was immense! And Billy's own hopes began to warm his heart I'm hanged if I don't believe he was disin-again. He left the widow's comforted. But terested in the affair. He'll get knifed by again. He left the widow's comforted. But terested in the affair. He'll get knifed by Harry Locsing frowned. Tommy's handsome Timberly for his mediling (a true prediction) They drove to many places after the alder-nan. They heard of more than one saying nd doing of his. Here it was a joke and

went straight at the fence.

"I wasa't sure how you would feel, Mr McGinnis," says he.

"You ever seen a big strike, young man?" "Yes, I know what it is." "Well, now, take it in. This is the ward that I represent to the best of my humble As long as I'm representing it, I go ability. for what will help and for-against what wil hurt it. Every time. Look at those fellers They couldn't win that strike. Hollister's hard, some ways, and desperately aggeravat-ing; but he's honest; and he does a good

he wouldn't be home to dinner. I don't like the way things look. But we can try Mozeley's, No harm in trying, as the bur-glar said of the latchkey." Mozeley kept the corner grocery. He was sunning himself on his efore steps, smoking one of his own "elegant clgars" which he retailed at a nickel apiece. "Mac?" he suid, "why certainly, I seen him not two hturs ago; he was driving by with Captain Timberly. "Much obliged," said Tommy. Harry's jaw dropped. "Say they're going to have a strike at

"Timberly be hanged!" said the alderman with deliberation. "You haven't broken with Tim?" crie

"I just have, then," said the alderman, "between Mike McGinnis gitting an office, no matter how good, and the Eighth ward

going without meat for supper and having to sell its cab'net organs and sewing machines and losing the little houses that ain't quite paid for-the office ain't in it, that's

Lossing can't blame me." Harry laughed not said something about

being glad to work with McGinnis that day, himself; and paid him a neat compliment I may not be an holest hain, said formy ou. J can't help it if I didn't find Mac." Harry gave his friend a gleam of his blue even, which missed fire, however, for Tommy was scowling at the full horse's head. They with an ingenuous flush (i) his own young cheeks. Then, in turn, he held out his hand. "Oh, that's ail right," said McGinnis, looking rather surprised. It was several years before he understood entirely all that simple gesture meant from young Lossing, "Well, I see Father Mahan down the street, and I COAL. gardens. The windows, in general, had white lace curtains to one side. You could out that families in the Eighth word kept a parlor. There were few people on the streets, must git him after the boys. See you later, gentlemen.



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Father Mahan, and he'd be saying, 'Is your mother sick, Billy Hunter, that you're out of school?" I could feel my voice wabbling under me, and all I could get out was some fool thinge about a strike that failed was worse than no strike; and then Robb, he got up, so slick and with such a lot of fine, big words about organized labor and the great union behind us, and capital al-ready on the run, and he worked 'em up chout those new fellers (and they are a dis-construction of the strike a dot. I began at \$1.50 a week construction of the run and hey are a dis-construction of the strike a dot. I began at \$1.50 a week and patched the ricket outside staircase and and patched the ricket outside staircase and striker a foreman? No, they'll bring a striker a foreman? No, they'll bring a strange feller and put him over us!" He got up; he began to walk the floor in strong agitation. "Then, it ain't all that-it's more; I've worked at the Hollister, man and boy, for almost fifteen years. Well 1 Moore, who was foreman then, and his prom-ising me a job. I began at \$1.50 a week ready on the run, and he worked 'em up about those new fellers (and they are a dis-grace, they can't manage their blast no-how! And they may be killing somebody and he called me his cautious friend—lke l was a covard! And then they all hollered. You see, he's got such a way with him, a little, smiling, white-teethed feller, and smart as a steel trap, and there ain't any-thing on earth we workingmen like like a numerable wrinkles. He fastened a dim eye on the visitors, the only sign of life "I can't but think that it'll come right," that he gave. He can't spk on Englis," explained the young man. He was short riged Judy. She comforted him, unreason ably, but just as efficiently as wives do comand bent and hollow-cheeked. He coughed fort their husbands, whatever their class, 1 talked. may say whatever their intellect. Insensibly, under the spell of her pretended horefulness and her real tenderness his heavy heart "You have a bad cold," said Harry, with

thing on earth we workingmen like like a

feller who can talk!" "Can't he see himself it's crazy?"

"He sees we've got \$2,000 in the treasury, and how we've been cut down, and cut down, this winter, and he sees Hollister's t some big orders on, now, and that's all does see. If you tell him Hollister's obstinate's the devil, he jest laffs and says he's heard folks threaten to bite off their nesso to spite their faces before, but they on't do it, all the same, and Holl ster can't bluff him! I don't think Hollister's so bad as they make him out. But he's got the devil's own temper when you git his mad

They'd have struck this very same if it hadn't been for young Fitzmaurice.

"But he don't belong to the union," said Judith, who was now seated by her husband of a contractor); she whispered how he led listening with absorbing interest; "how'd he junketing parties of aldermen on visits to other cities at the expense of rival railways get in?

"Well, we've had him for a lawyer, 'cause he worked for nothing and he was a poor hoping to haul rival brickmake's' brick, and how they partook freely of hospitality, both boy that's worked up; and he certainly has done well by us. Well, he came in, in time solid and liquid, furnished them-somehow she declared aloud that he was in every "job" ever passed by the city council. But to see Robb wipe up the floor with me, mid he made a speech; said he just got back to the Eighth ward, after every explosion of virtue on the part of his fellow citizens, out-side, grinned and re-elected Alderman Mctown this afternoon with Alderman Mc-Ginnis and he wasn't prepared to speak, but he hoped they would give themselves time Ginnis

to see things clear. Two things was neces-sary, to have a good cause and a fighting It was in the latest unsuccessful assault It was in the intest unsuccessful assault that young Harry Lossing had locked horns with the p pular ald rman—ard been dif ated. Harry, at this time, had just been taken into business with his father; he was just beginning to feel the exhilarating pressure of large affairs on shoulders so young and strong that they welcomed rather than finched from chance to win; so, he got them to appoint the committee, that was the best he could Fitz is a good man, but he can't stop boys. They've got a head of steam on and they're bound to let her whiz! It's a kind of crazy fever. They're mad at me. that they welcomed rather than finched from burdens; and he was in the first blaze of a Boys I helped many a time. Now they're young man's enthusiasm for municipal re-form. He had spent days running about the town marshaling the languid and reluctant forces of the "decent citizens" against a

forebodings.

own ward.

. . . .

His wife looked at him wistfully. "If they strike will it be a long strike, Bill?" "God knows! I went to see Harry Loss-

cortain paving contract of the alderman's; and when the alderman was too strong for him in the council, had defied him in his ing, and says he: 'Don't you let the hot heads fool, you! Hollister's got his mad ab; nes going to run his business or quit. He knows where he can get some new men and if you strike he'll get them. You boys will maybe fight a week, a month, two months; and then you will have to go back on his terms, or you won't have the chance to go back at all.""

Judith clasped her hands together involuntarily. "But if you strike, how will we pay for the house""

'We can't pay for the house. Not un-

He hesitated and she completed the word

He hesitated and she completed the work for him, "Not unless my brother could pay you back what you lent him. But he'll be out of a job, too." "That's it. And we got to live, too. And if the stores trust us they'll have to be paid. Mr. Lossing, he was awful kind and said: 'You tell Judy not to worry, she sha'n't lose her house;' but we can't lay right down on him. I don't see how a man, jest to git himself talked about, jest to make a name in the newspapers and have folks say what a big man he is—I don't see how he can be bringing other men to ruin that way. Josh feit awful 'bout it; he got up and said how he was situated and how after being sick so much and his family sick he was jest gittin' on his feet and thow attire being sick so much and his family would knock him flat again. He 'most cried, he felt so bad. But it didn't do no wood. They're crazy'''

would knock him flat again. He 'most cried, he felt so bad. But it didn't do no good. They're crazy!" Judith found no word of cheer, but she did not ask him whether he could not keep at work whatever the others d'd. The service and the source of the sour

his ready interest. "Oh, it notin', notin', only like it make m lightened and his sore vanity was soothed. But it was late in the morning before he set down so often-when I git the bag full." He added: "Mister Alderman McGinnis give me medicine. A full bottle. Taked It out of his pocket." fell asleep. Perhaps it was later before the wife, who had seemed so peacefully slumbe -ing, drifted beyond the reach of her own

"Isn't he here?" "No, he gone to next street. Whinneys der name. Say, he's good man!" He spoke rap dly to his father if his own

Alderman McGinnis was popularly supposed hold the Eighth ward in the hollow tongue and as if in answer the old man nodded several times and lifted his tremhand. Rumor wagged her tongue and shook her head over the alderman's paving con-tracts (his own private avecation was that bling hands, "He prays for him, he is so good," ex

plained the son, with a reverent air; "he seen bout my mother's coffin-everyt'ing. He lond me all de money and he git a friend take my junk for so I can pay; he's goodyou bet!

"If he is so good he can't want the strike to go on," thought Billy, as they drove on to the Whinneys. Harry, in front, said not a word; what he thought of Alderman McGin-nis' goodness he kept to bimself. Neither did Fitzmaurice speak until they were rein-ing up before the Whinneys' white picket fence. "Here's the Whinneys," said he,

"largest family in the ward, four votes in it. Mrs. Whinney's a widow an an awful hard worker, but the boys are wild." The Whinneys had a teaspoon of a garden and a small porch on which sat three of the wild boys, smoking, in their Sunday clothes. They said that the alderman had gone to the

Widow Hoffman's. "You all well?" asked Tommy. "Well, yes; but Jimmy's in trouble." This

from the eldest, the others mutely assent "What's the matter with Jimmy?" "Fight. Tony Becker. And he hit him harder'n he meant."

"Either of them drunk?

Therefore, McGinnis had been elected by "Both," said the brother, sententiously, "Well, now, that's too bad." said Tommy, rather more than the usual majority and that was how it came to pass that poor Billy Hunter, all night, was haunted by snatches of his own speeches against the arbiter of the Eighth ward, and tortured his brain trysympathetically, as if he had been told that they were both cripples, and he clicked his tongue against his teeth.

"Ma's dreadful upset about it," said the youngest brother. ing (in the clumsy fashion of a man used to express himself by action only) to explain those fatal jokes and criticisms. Say, how about bail?"

"Of course. Say, how about ball?" "Oh. Mr. McGinnis seen about that. That'll be all right." Before Harry had finished his breikfast text morning the workingman was at the house, and the young reformer did not keep

"Got into the papers?" "No, sir. Mr. McGinnis seen a reporter. Maybe he can keep it out." "There's a man to tie to!" exclaimed

Tommy, warmly. "That's right," cried all the Whinney boys n concert

ness, tho Hunter?" Then Harry drove on to the Widow Hoffincurable disease. She had been a woman of mark in the ward, rearing five orphan children, with never a cent from her hus-band, nor so much as a lump of coal from the poor overseer; and yet, of no one in the ward were there recorded more acts of kind-

ness, small and great. The widow's Sunday cap showed at the window. She was a large-featured, gray-haired woman, who omiled with her eyes oftener than with her lips, a woman that strangers called plain;



ward, too, if necessary for the good of the whole town?" "But that's municipal good government.

Johnny Mellin bestowed a furtive wink and smile on the astomethed Hunter, who barely noticed him, for Fitzmaurice had asked: "How about the strike?" And the alderman had answered, "Oh, the strike's off, I guess. Good morning Mr. Lossing, while you're talking to Mr. Hollister, I want a word with Mr. Fitzmaurice and Mr. Hun-ter. I guess he and I will agree on this busi-ness, though we don't always. Hey, Mr. Hunter?" That's reform!" "Oh. Lord! I guess I'll have to go for it!"

groaned Tommy. And thus, in one Sunday morning, did Alderman Michael McGinnis lose a good office, avert a strike and unconsciously plant the seed that was to convert the brightest of his machine politicians, elowly but surely, into a reformer.

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she—each and every one of her—will be in a coat bodice of some kind. Dainty bits of gauze tissue with Moorieh embroidery on Being of the spread of a spread o

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A. F. Soffran, 11th St.

Carl Kramer, 13th St. M. Vogel, 11th St. CLOTHING, Frischolz Bros., 11th St. J. H. Galley, 11th St.

L. W. Weaver, 13th St.

CARPETS. J. A. Barber & Co., 13th St.

F. P.

BARBERS.

BICYCLES.

CIGAR FACTORY,

CREAMERY.

DENTISTS.

DRESSMAKERS.

M. Vogel, 11th St.

S. C. & C. C. Gray, Cor. 13 & North Sta, SHOE STORES AND SHOEMAKERS. Emil von Bergen, 11th St. Frischolz Bros., 11th St. Frischolz Bros., 11th St. J. H. Galley, 11th St. A. M. Gray, 13th St. Greisen Bros., 11th St. J. M. Honahan, Neb. Ave. William Schilz, Olive St. STEAMSHIP AGENCY, Anderson & Roca, Olive St. SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER, L. F. Gottschulk. L. F. Gottschalk. TOYS. Carl Kramer, 13th St. UNDERTAKING. UNDERTAKING. Henry Gass, Cor. 11th and Louis Sts, WALL PAPER. J. C. Echols, Olive St. WINES-JOBBER. Wm. Bucher, 11th and Louis Sts. WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS. J. P. Abts, 13th St. Wm. Bucher, 11th and Louis Sts. Sam Gass, Olive St. Wm. Hagel, 11th St. Wm. Hagel, 11th St. L. J. Lee, 610 12th St. The Senate, S. J. Ryan, 11th St.

SEEDS.

## Nebraska City's Leading Business Men

ATTORNEYS.	DRUGS.	COMMISSION.
P. Irehnd. J. Stevenson. C. Watson. F. Warren. A. Rooney.	F. H. Eilis. McCartney & Brown. Schwake's Drug Store.	A. P. Stafford. LUMBER.
F. Warren. A. Rooney.	DRY GOODS.	L. F. Cornutt. D. P. Rolfe & Co.
BANKS.	Birkby & Borchers. L. Wessel.	TAILORS.
armers' Bank, erchnu,s' National, ebraska City National toe County National	FLOUR MILL P. Schminke & Co.	J. A. Nelson. NEWS DEALERS,
BARBERS,	FURNITURE. J. W. Butt.	Nebraska City News Cor
A. Snider. Billings.	GRAIN ELEVATOR. M. E. Duff.	NOTIONS. Harrison & Sons.
BOILERMAKERS, H. Burnwood.	GRANITE AND MARBLE. Neidhart & Forbes.	PRINTERS. News Printing Co.
BOOK STORE.	GROCERIES.	PRODUCE,
R. Young.	R. Lorton & Co. W. F. Rodenbrock, Stalhut & Hocbine.	Hughey & McCuaig. RESTAURANTS.
BOTTLING WORKS. BUTCHERS.	LIFE INSURANCE. George B. Sutler.	Gallagher's. James Bain.
W. Trail.	LIVERY.	ROLLER MILLS.
BOOTS AND SHOES.	Levi Bros.	Star Mills.
CLOTHING.	HARDWARE, Wm. Bischof,	SALOONS. 7
Goodman. Goldberg. Stenl.	HOTELS. Hotel Watson.	Kloos & Bauer. J. M. T. Schneider. Geo. Thomas. Thiele & Fastenay.
COAL AND WOOD,	Grand Pacific. Atlantic House.	T. L. Whitehill. SECOND HAND STORES.
P. Rolfe & Co.	JEWELRY.	M. Baumgarten,

Alexander Camelet. J. C. Conley. James Thompson.

Billy colored and cheked, but he Billy colored and choked, but he was spared necessity for reply, since the alder-man (toward whom he now felt a veneration similar to that expressed by the young Rus-sian) had rested one foot on the hub of the new fashions must have pockets full of money with which to run out and buy whatever is the latest, for no sooner is the statement abroad that coats are to be the wheel and was explaining the morning events to Tommy Fitzmaurice with much relish. "I heard something down town last night correct thing than out come all these women in coats. Just see a matinee audi-"I heard something down town tast high that made me open my eyes. The idea of their cooking up such a thing when my back was turned! Well, I didn't lose no time. I went straight to Hollister and saw how he felt; he knew I would give him straight goods and treated me nice, and I got him to remnise to see the committee Robb and all." ence disperse, take a surreptitious peep about church; call on Miladi early in the day; catch her out shopping, and two to one