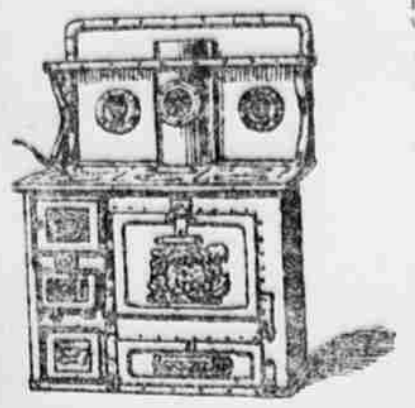


Attractive Bargains

Culled from an enormous stock to help make ours the busiest house in Omaha this week.



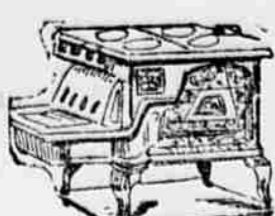
Economy is well practiced when you buy a stove. We are sole agents for the "Star Range" the finest range ever made—a write, guaranteed to last with every one sold. We place our special price on this week a fine Star Range, worth regularly \$45.00 for **\$29.50**

A great purchase made with the ready cash got for us 350 of the **Genuine Beckwith**

Round Oak Stoves,

which we place on a forced sale as we have not the room to keep them. We have them in all sizes and styles and offer for this week the regular \$19.00 kind for only **\$9.50**

A fine No. 8, 4-hole Cook Stove, 16 inch oven—nicely nicked, fine baker, on sale this week, worth \$15, at **9.75**

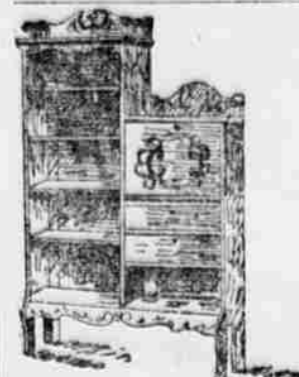


A great sacrifice in Base Burners. A fine Base Heating Stove, just like cut—a powerful heater, and well worth \$30.00, on sale this week at **17.75**



It pays to trade at the People's

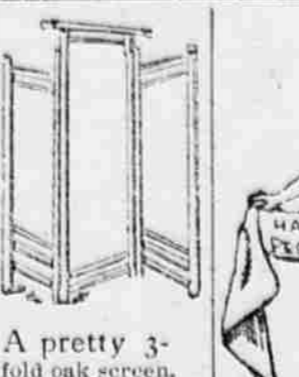
WE ADJUST the TERMS to SUIT YOUR CONVENIENCE



Beautiful solid oak combination Bookcase and desk highly polished; worth \$18.00, this week **9.50**



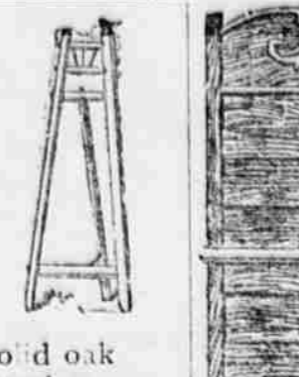
This fine antique extension table, highly finished, on sale this week **4.50**



A pretty 3-fold oak chair, similar to cut, regular price \$3.00—this week **\$1.20**



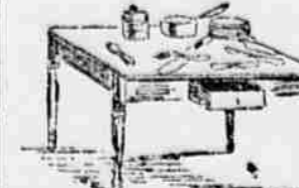
Child's Crib—sides and legs fold together—worth \$7.50, this week **2.75**



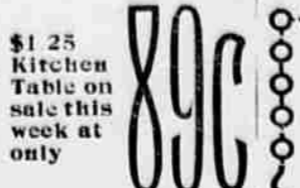
Solid oak Easel—well worth \$1.50 on sale this week **75c**



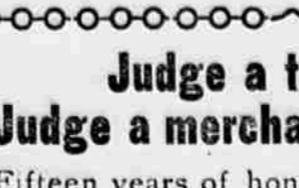
This fine antique bed room suite—3 pieces highly finished, heavy plate mirror—worth regularly \$20.00—on sale this week **15.50**



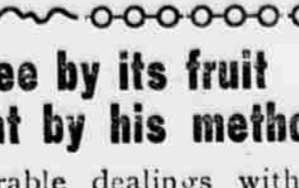
\$1.25 Kitchen Table on sale this week at only **89c**



Big Inducements in Parlor Suits—5-piece parlor suit—upholstered in tapestry, fine oak or mahogany finish frame, worth \$40, this week only **21.50**



Iron Beds at Startling Prices The greatest inducements ever offered in Iron Beds.



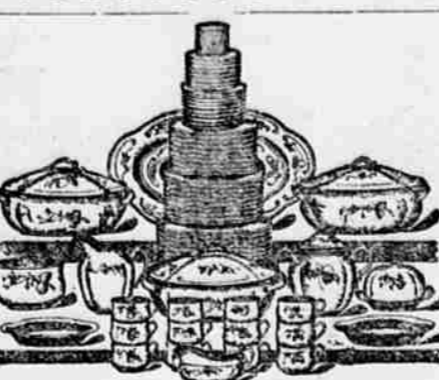
A \$5.50 Iron Bed—white enameled, heavy brass trimmings, on sale this week at the ridiculous price of **3.20**



A beautiful Iron Bed with brass rods, etc. in different delicate tints, well worth \$10, we offer it this week at **5.50**

Judge a tree by its fruit Judge a merchant by his methods.

Fifteen years of honorable dealings with the people of Omaha and vicinity have stamped us pre-eminently the leading, the most reliable furnishers. We're the busiest people in Omaha today because we're giving the best values and most liberal accommodations. If there's a gap in your purse our convenient credit system will fill it.



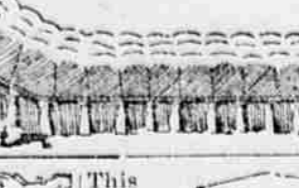
Fearful Reduction in Queensware. We place on sale this week a beautiful English dinner set of 100 pieces, including big plate, pretty shaped tea cups—coupe soups, etc. in pretty decorations and shape. A set worth anywhere \$8, we place it on sale this week for only **7.65**



300 Toilet Sets of 6 pieces each on sale this week. Worth \$3 our price **1.75**



This handsome tufted chair—upholstered in velvet and corduroy, yours elsewhere for \$18 our price **9.75**



This high grade Chiffonier, nicely finished—has lots of drawer room, worth about \$12, our price this week **6.50**



This Center Table—solid oak or mahogany—worth \$2 this week **74c**

More Basement Bargains—

- \$30.00 China Set—handsomely decorated—just received 15 cases—all on sale this week **15.75**
- 35c after dinner cups and saucers—this week **15c**
- 45c tea cups and saucers—this week **20c**
- 5c tumblers—this week **01c**
- \$1.00 4-piece glass sets—this week **45c**
- 5c salts and peppers, each—this week **01c**
- \$3.50 wringers—this week **1.75**
- 25c coal hods—this week **16c**

This beautiful brass and onyx banquet lamp—Rochester burner—

worth \$4—on sale this week **1.75**

People's Furniture & Carpet Co.

1313-1315-1317 FARNAM ST. Tables and Chairs for rent for card parties

Are you in need of Carpets—

- If so, you will find it profitable to scan this list—
- All Wool Ingrains, worth 75c—this week **47c**
 - Good Brussels Carpets, worth \$10—this week **57c**
 - Velvet Carpets, worth \$12.50—this week **89c**
 - A-1 Axminster Carpet, worth \$1.50—this week **1.05**
 - Mattings, worth 30c—this week **13c**
 - Oil Cloth Treatments **10c**

Lace Curtains—

- Lace Curtains, worth \$2.00—this week **87c**
- Lace Curtains, worth \$3.00—this week **1.25**
- Lace Curtains, worth \$5.00—this week **2.25**
- Novelty Lace Curtains, worth \$5.00—this week **3.75**

Tapestry Curtains—

- Tapestry Curtains, worth \$5.00—this week **2.50**
- Tapestry Curtains, worth \$5.50—this week **4.25**
- Tapestry Curtains, worth \$10.50—this week **5.25**

Rope Portieres—

- Rope Portieres, worth \$6.00—this week **2.90**
- Rope Portieres, worth \$8.00—this week **4.50**

Art Squares—

A big lot of Art Squares, 2 1/2 x 3 feet, to be closed out at the ridiculous price of **2.25**

Bedding—

- Great attractions in this department—
- \$2.50 Comforter—this week **95c**
 - \$3.00 Comforter, finely padded—this week **1.65**
 - \$2.50 Blanket—this week **90c**
 - \$5.00 Blanket—this week **2.25**
 - \$5.00 Blanket—this week **3.75**
 - \$2.00 Pillow, per pair—this week **95c**
 - \$1.00 Pillow, per pair—this week **2.00**

Misfit Carpets—

Great sale this week on misfit carpets—all grades with and without borders—at surprising prices. Bring along the size of your room and perhaps save yourself a few dollars.

Everything for the accommodation of everybody.

LORNE'S LONG DRIVE

A CATTLE STAMPEDE, HOW IT STARTED AND HOW IT ENDED.

By C. M. HARRIS

This was the problem that confronted a tall, well-formed young man of 29. Transfer for a herd of 1,800 cattle from the Bar L ranch of Texas to market in St. Louis in sixty days. Lorne Mitchell stood by his father's bedside and considered it.

"Just this depends on it, boy," the elder man said. "If I lose, it means the profit of a year's work, for there is a forfeit up. If I get them here, we will be well fixed. O, I wish I could go myself."

"But you cannot, and I will."

Lorne went out on the porch of the little southern Illinois home and thought it over. When he had considered the matter and determined to fill the contract taken by his father, but which illness had prevented carrying out, he was ready to undertake a trip which long years afterward became a classic among the cattlemen of the southwest. Indeed, only the other day, a ranch owner recalled it as showing how much youth would accomplish when perhaps age through excessive caution might fail.

The railroads did not then cover the prairies, the war had destroyed the Mis-



straight as the crow flies, to the ranch lands gathered the herd of "long horns," and turned the little son of this nervous father northward. There was a sea of sharp, branching horns, too, and such was the wildness of the range cattle of those days that horse or rider alone would meet death among them. Only the man on horseback was respected.

The herd made a pretty picture as following the self-selected leader. It swam the red river, only the heads and the necks being visible, as the animals formed an army-like line across the broad stream. Lorne, on the opposite bank in the Indian Territory, Lorne halted the herd and had a conference with his cowboys.

"We must pack 'em hard," he ordered. "for there's no time to waste. Every one of you must be on your guard all the time, for there's danger from Indians an' stampedes."

It was a new business to him, and he wished to take no chances. A mess wagon followed the herd, and his assistants were well scattered alongside the eager, restless animals.

Soon the procession settled down to a businesslike movement, the stretched-out herd winding its way over the rolling plain. It seemed to Lorne that his task was to be an easy one.

As they left the Washita mountains behind and crossed the Sac and Fox reservation they passed an Indian village. A few miles farther they were met by a redskin on horseback with a gaudy blanket over his shoulder.

"How," he grunted.

"How," replied Lorne, imitating his tone.

"Ov'take beves here," said the Indian. "Chie's country—have to pay."

This was a new complication and marked the beginning of the Indian's demand for a cattleman's toll for crossing their reservations.

"But I won't pay," said Lorne. "I have no money."

"Then go back," grunted the ambassador. "But if I won't?"

"Indians stampede beves,"

Of course, he had not thought of that. A half dozen bucks on ponies waving blankets could send the whole herd racing over the plain as if demented, and it would be a wonder if it could be gathered together again.

"We go back," he announced sadly, and gave orders to turn the herd eastward.

For ten days they traveled, until it was judged that they had reached Arkansas, and then, traversing scant-grazed, uninhabited hills, their course was taken toward the north.

Only once was there a scare. A sound as of a galloping horse was heard at midnight, and Lorne, listening, could distinguish the quick movements of a thousand of the Texas steers as they hastily rose to their feet. He feared a stampede, and hurried to his sleep.

But as he came to the line of cowboys riding steadily around the herd, he heard another sound. In a clear, manly voice that rose steadily and strong on the night wind, came the words:

"Mia pressures an' palaces
Thou art, my man,
There's no place like home.
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho."

It was one of the cowboys singing the herd out of its nervousness. It was a common practice in those cattle-driving days, and soothed the excitable steers. Lorne's eyes filled as he listened to the words, and he returned to his ride bed.

Then they reached the Bad Lands.

It was the country where had located but few settlers, and for days they scarcely saw a house or met a traveler. Lorne was congratulating himself on having made much progress—but he did not know that he was in dangerous territory.

Lorne picked his company of cowboys, rode hastily across country, almost as

He had been "rounded up" and the first watch of guards had begun their ride, circling the herd, when suddenly a yell was heard on a hilltop and clattering down a slope came the enemy.

They were a dozen roughly dressed men, a match for the cowboys and more. On their heads were conical caps, and each pointed forward a revolver.

At the first crack of a weapon the cattle went off to the west like wild things. But there was no one to stop them. Lorne and his aids were surrounded and halted.

"Hands up!" called one of the bandits, for such was the nature of this company that infested the middle Arkansas hills.

"What d'ye want?" replied Lorne, determined not to surrender. He reached for his revolver, but the leader of the band had already pointed at his head.

"Want yer hands up, an' mighty quick, too, or we'll shoot."

There was an ominous clicking of iron, and up went the hands of the young drover and his men.

The leader of the attacking party stepped forward, took all the knives, revolvers and the tree where the leader sat helpless.

"Then another hitch and another, bend, crack, crack, and the cook, with the upper part of the sawing still tied to him, was on the ground. But he was near Lorne, and by a good deal of writing and twisting got his teeth near the knots that held the lariat with which the leader was bound. At last, after it seemed he could work no more, the knot



gave way and he saw Lorne rise painfully and slowly and stretch his cramped arms and limbs.

A few minutes more and the cattlemen were free.

"That's one step," remarked Lorne, as they stood a weebone company, in the early morning light. "The next is to find that herd of cattle."

"Going to the cook's wagon, which stood a considerable distance back in the ravine, they found it had not been disturbed, and from its contents they made a hearty breakfast.

A few knives and one shotgun were found there for weapons, and Lorne slung over his shoulder a sack of salt, thirty pounds or more.

"What's that for?" asked the cook.

"Nothing, perhaps, but we may need it tonight."

Then they trudged away, following the trail plainly marking the course of the cattle. The herd had kept fairly well together, and ran for two miles before it was finally halted by some particularly luscious pasturage.

Thence it had evidently been driven westward in an orderly manner, and no straggler even was in sight.

On the little party trudged. The two horses belonging to the cook's wagon had been found near the vehicle, and the cattlemen took turns riding them. By night they were still out of sight of the herd, and Lorne had serious thoughts of giving up and returning home.

"We'll try it one more day," he answered, and the next morning, after a meal on a jack rabbit their sun brought down, they followed the herd's course.

Late in the afternoon they climbed a sharp spur of the Ozarks and saw on the

western slope a picture that made their eyes glisten. Scattered over the rich grass were the cattle, and only two guards kept the stragglers within bounds.

The robbers evidently thought themselves safe from pursuit and were resting up the stock before turning them northward.

The excitement lasted until dusk, then Lorne gave his orders.

"Stay here until you hear a meadow lark's call over on the other side. Then stampede the herd down the valley. It will demoralize the game and we will trust in luck. They will think there's more of us than there are."

"But how will you stop 'em?"

"Not mind—obey orders."

Lorne rode away on one of the horses and an hour later was two miles down the valley where the cliffs contracted the outlet to the plain and yet made a gap through which the herd must pass.

Losing the sack of salt he let a fine stream run from the cover as he walked back and forth across the valley.

"There," said he, surveying the white lines dimly visible in the gathering darkness, "that ought to do it."

"But how will the cowboys hear, clear and sweet on the evening air, a meadow lark's trill—repeated—and repeated."

Racing down the slope, they were near the outlet before the cattle realized their presence.

"Then with a yell and some outlandish cries they started the beasts, which were only too ready to break away."

And break they did, a rushing, pushing mass of hide and horn, galloping down the valley unimpeded by the two guards, who, reinforced by two others, were vainly endeavoring to stem the tide so rapidly escaping.

The cattlemen came up they began an attack on the robbers, and soon had control of their horses and two of the men prisoners. But there was no time to parley or to hold prisoners, and the men were released, while they went on after the fleeing herd.

"They'll be scattered an' lost, sure, this time," said the cook.

"Can't nothin' help it," agreed the chief herder.

But Lorne, sitting on a ledge down the valley, heard the rattle of the hoofs and did not feel alarmed.

Upon the next instant depended his fate and his fortune. If the herd went on and became scattered over the prairie and through the ravines, he could scarcely hope to get the cattle together before the robbers would be upon him.

Nearer and nearer came the herd, an occasional hoarse bellow showing the excitement. The leaders rounded the curve, an undulating mass, dark and seal-like in the darkness, followed, an instant now and the success of his experiment would be shown.

Lorne almost fell off the ledge where he sat in his eagerness to distinguish what happened. The leaders passed by, the next row threw down their heads, the next tried to stop, the fourth a stop, as far as the pushing force behind would allow it, and then the big herd was crowding and fighting to get a taste of the salt. It was a victory for Lorne.

Lorne laughed almost hysterically as he saw what had occurred.

All night the men drove the animals northward and halted at daylight. He forced, as they rested a sound rose beyond a limit the row of hills that made all their faces beam with joy.

It was the reveille of an army camp.

A small force of soldiers from Fort Smith, on a reconnoitering tour, had camped for the night, and was glad to act as escort for the young drover as he pushed his herd toward the Missouri line.

Soon the way was safe. Though time passed swiftly, the city's smoke was in view and the stock yards gate opened ten days before the limit—and Lorne had won.

One day, four years later, some prisoners were brought into court from Arkansas. One of them Lorne recognized—the man that had once worn a conical cap and helped the young drover to a tree. He looked to visit some retribution on the culprit, but concluded that the court would do it with greater justice—and it did.

"None," replied Nellie. "I've been on an exertion with mamma."

Governor—Why don't you ask your cousin, Bertie? Bertie—Cause I asked Harry what became of the conical cap discharged, and he said she was in the camp.

The Sunday school class was singing "I Want to Be an Angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" asked the teacher. "I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman. "No," answered the boy. "The pain's in me."

"Johnny Jones hit me with a rock." "With a stone, you mean. A rock is as big as a house." "Well, this one felt as big, anyhow."

"Where does it hurt, dear?" asked Tommy's sympathizing relative. "Where would it hurt you, Aunt Rachel?" groaned theurchin who lay dozing up on the lounge. "If you'd been playin' in an apple orchard all morning?"

A little girl who had told a lie was escorted to her bedroom by her mother and told to ask God to forgive her for her sin. This he said, the listening mother heard: "O, God, I thought you could take a joke."

The pupils in a school were asked to give in writing the difference between a biped and a quadruped. One boy gave the following: "A biped has two legs and a quadruped has four legs; therefore, the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."

There are 22,302 Band of Hope societies in London, with a membership of 2,812,900.

The Disciples of Christ are endeavoring to raise \$25,000 for the endowment of a biblical chair at the University of Michigan.

Out of a population of 122,000 Indians in Canada about 38,000 are Roman Catholics and the same number are Protestants.

The smallest Episcopalian diocese in the world is said to be that of St. Helena. The bishop oversees three clergymen and receives a salary of \$900.

The vestment of the Presbyterian church last year paid into the treasury of the foreign board \$229,114.93, which is \$25,535.09 more than was paid by the churches.

A Texas gentleman says there are lots of people who mix their religion with business, but forget to stir it up well. As a result the business invariably rises to the top.

Rev. George A. McEwen, M. D., of Farmington, Mo., has been sent as a missionary by the Presbyterian church to the Klondike gold fields.

Rev. Dr. William A. Niles, who died at Farmington, N. Y., at the age of 74, was a graduate of Williams college, class of '47, and had been for thirty-five years of active life a leading Presbyterian minister, besides writing much for the press.

Rev. Washburne West, who died recently in London at the age of 86 years, had the distinction of being elected, through a judicious distribution of his property, to cast twenty-three votes at each parliamentary election.

In the 1892 election he managed to vote the contrary at his own election.

There are 73,909 Buddhist temples and 100,000 Buddhist priests in Japan. On an average there is one temple for every 540 people and one priest for every 540 people; an average of 160 temples and four priests for every square mile. Twelve million dollars in United States money is contributed each year for the maintenance of these temples and priests.

A sensation was created a few weeks ago when Cardinal Vaughan appeared at the archbishop of Canterbury's garden party. So far as is known, this is the first time a Roman Catholic dignitary of the highest rank has been seen at Lambeth palace since the churches of England and Rome ceased to be in communion. It is reported that the cardinal and archbishop held each other in peculiar esteem.

Bishop W. C. Borradaile, who has charge of the work of the Anglican church in the diocese of Selkirk, in the extreme northwestern part of British America, has lived for over thirty years a life of exile that has few parallels in missionary annals. Since 1865 he has been laboring among the Indians far beyond the comforts of civilization, and though for twenty-three years he has been a bishop and has had repeated opportunities to change to better fields, he has absolutely stuck to his chosen work.

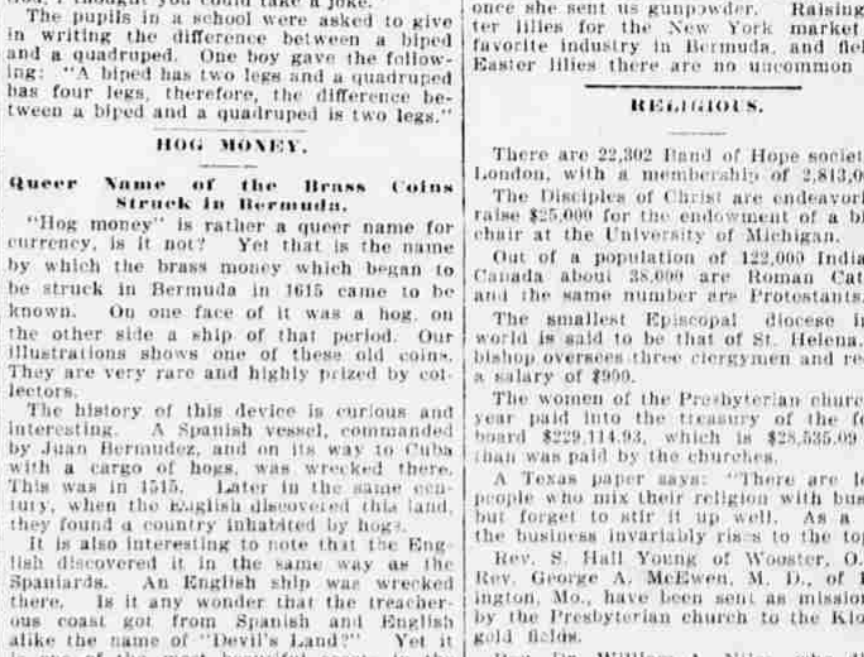
Queer Name of the Brass Coins Struck in Bermuda.

"Hog money" is rather a queer name for currency, is it not? Yet that is the name by which the brass money which began to be struck in Bermuda in 1615 came to be known. On one face of it was a hog on the other side a ship of that period. Our illustrations show one of these old coins. They are very rare and highly prized by collectors.

The history of this device is curious and interesting. A Spanish vessel, commanded by Juan Hernandez, and on its way to Cuba with a cargo of hogs, was wrecked there. This was in 1515. Later in the same century, when the English ships began to be sent to the island, they discovered the land, they found a country inhabited by hogs.

It is also interesting to note that the English discovered it in the same way as the Spaniards. The English ship was wrecked there. Is it any wonder that the treasurer's coat got from Spanish and English alike the name of "Devil's Land"? Yet it is one of the most beautiful coasts in the world, and it has been claimed that in British Mediterranean effects are not at all equal to those of Bermuda. Bermuda is said to be the island of Shakespeare's "Tempest." The strange names which mariners heard coming from this island, and which they did not then know was produced by hogs, caused them to say that it was haunted and to report weird things of it.

While we are talking about Bermuda we might as well tell of the queer way in which the people there get their building material. The houses are all built of coralline rock. When a man wants to build a house he cuts his plank out of the ground and builds away. If he wants a plank for anything, he goes to the side of his yard



PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Why, Nellie dear," said the little girl's teacher, "I haven't seen you for several