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WANTED, typewriter, to be taken in part payment on piano. Address U 68, Bee. Z—M710 1

FOR EXCHANGE—2,240 acres near Loup City, Neb.; all fenced and cross-fenced, watered by mills, tank and pools; four miles from town and two R. Rs.; blue stem and buffalo grass; the best ranch in that country; will carry 1,000 cattle; will grow alfalfa; all good clay soil; will price right. Address 424 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. Z—136 1*

FOR EXCHANGE—320 acres on the Elkhorn river, 3 miles from a town of 1,500; 2 R. Rs.; good buildings, orchard, fenced and cross-fenced, cuts 100 tons hay, all alfalfa land; will exchange for stock of implements and buggies or a residence in Omaha; this is a fine location for small stock and grain farm. Address 424 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. Z—129 1*

EXCHANGE—Land and cash for merchandise; hardware and implements for land; will pay cash for 320 to 640 acres improved farm, east Nebraska. T. M. Cline, 1235 O St., Lincoln, Neb. Z—M172 3

FOR EXCHANGE—An improved farm, 80 acres, all in cultivation, in central Nebraska, near a good town, to exchange for furniture and lease of first-class rooming house in Omaha; give full description, location and price. Address W 17, Bee. Z—151 1*

FOR EXCHANGE—Improved farm in central Nebraska for improved, clear income property in Omaha or South Omaha. Call on or write "Owner," 604 Bee Bldg., Omaha. Z—152 1*

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TWO young ladies desire board in private family within walking distance of city. Address W 22, Bee. K—135 1*

WANTED, washwoman to take family washing home. Call at 541 S. 26th ave. C—137 2*

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LADIES' Chichester's English Pennyroyal Pills are the best; safe; reliable. Take no other. Send 4c. stamps, for particulars, "Relief for Ladies" in letter by return mail. Ask your druggist. Chichester Chemical Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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without pain—no cutting, tying or burning. All blood, kidney and bladder diseases cured; a guarantee given in every case treated by W. C. Maxwell, M. D., 524 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb., graduate of Bellevue Hospital Medical college, New York City.

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KEISTER'S Ladies' Tailoring College, SUITE 53-4-5-6, Douglas block, 16th and Dodge. C. D. Snyder, Mgr. Write for booklet —102 1

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SEND 25c and stamp, with date of birth, and get trance reading of your past, present and future. I tell full names, dates, full name of future husband or wife, with age and date of marriage; give advice on love, business, marriage, speculation, divorces, changes, etc., and tell whether the one you love is true or false; guarantee satisfaction. Address, Mme. DeVere, Lock Box 915, Kansas City, Mo. —923—1*

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A. K. JETT, 2015 Cuming st. —650

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OMAHA PLATING CO., Bee Bldg. Tel. 2536. —464

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FARM FOR RENT. 70 acres, 6 miles northwest of Omaha, unimproved, $3 per acre. GEORGE & CO., 1601 FARNAM ST. —M677 F1

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FOUND—Bunch of keys. Call at Bee office. Found—296

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BRASS and aluminum casting, nickel plating and finishing. Specialty Mfg. Co., 41 N. Main St., Council Bluffs.

GOVERNMENT NOTICE.

FORT RILEY, KAN., FEB. 1, 1903.—Sealed proposals in triplicate will be received here until 11 a. m., March 3, 1903, for construction of two double sets of non-commissioned staff quarters. Information furnished upon application, here; also at offices of Depot Quartermasters, Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo., and Omaha, Nebraska. Bidders will state in their bids the time in which they will complete the work, as time will form an important consideration in the award. United States reserves the right to accept or reject any or all bids, or any part thereof. Envelopes to be indorsed "Proposals for Public Buildings," and addressed Captain G. O. Cress, Q. M. F1 d4t M1-3m

STEAMSHIPS.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.
NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, via BOULOGNE.
Sailing Wednesday at 10 A. M.
Amsterdam .....Feb. 4 Amsterdam .....Mar. 11
Ryndam .....Feb. 18 Statendam .....Mar. 18
Rotterdam .....Mar. 4 Rotterdam .....Mar. 25
Holland-America Line, 39 B'way, N. Y.
Harry Moores, 1601 Farnam st.; J. S. McNally, 1323 Farnam st.; H. S. Jones, 1502 Farnam st.; Louis Nezer, First Nat'l Blk.; F. E. Fiedman & Co., 1514 Capitol ave.; Chas. Mares, 512 So. 10th st., S. L. Kostorys, 609 So. 12th st., Omaha, agents.

UNION PRESIDENT ACCUSED

Indicted by Grand Jury for Having Concocted Plan to Get Rid of Manager.

ELY, Nev., Jan. 31.—A special grand jury called by Judge Brown to investigate the tragedy which occurred on January 3, in which three men were killed and two wounded, closed its session today.

Mine Managers Trailor and Gaskill were exonerated, but two indictments were returned against William Lloyd, president of the Miners' union, who is charged with having concocted a scheme for getting rid of Trailor, either by kidnaping him or taking his life.

REVENUE CAPTAIN IS GUILTY

Court-Martial Sustains Charges Filed of Conduct Unbecoming Officer and Gentleman.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 31.—The Chronicle says: Captain W. H. Cushing of the revenue cutter service was found guilty on charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman by the court-martial convened here early in the month.

This announcement will be made from the Treasury department in Washington today. The findings have been approved by Captain C. F. Shoemaker, chief of the service, and Assistant Secretary Spalding, as has the sentence which the court-martial imposed.

THE SEVEN SECRETS

by WM. LE QUEUX.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr. Lane's Romance.

The Seven Secrets, each distinct from the other and yet connected, each one in itself a complete enigma, formed a problem of which even Ambler Jevons himself could not discover the solution.

Contrary to his usual methods, he allowed me to accompany him in various directions, making curious inquiries that had nothing apparently to connect them with the mystery of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay.

In reply to a wire I had sent to Ethelwynn came a message saying that her mother was entirely prostrated, therefore she could not at present leave her. This, when shown to Ambler, caused him to purse his lips and raise his shoulders with that gesture of suspicion which was a peculiarity of his. Was it possible that he actually suspected her?

The name of Slade seemed ever in Jevons' mind. Indeed, most of his inquiries were regarding some person of that name.

One evening, after dining together, he took me in a cab across the city to the Three Nuns' hotel, at Aldgate—where, in the saloon bar, we sat drinking. Before setting out he had urged me to put on a shabby suit of clothes and a soft hat, so that in the East End we should not attract attention as swells. As for his own personal appearance it was certainly not that of the spruce city man. He was an adept at disguises, and on this occasion wore a reefer jacket, a peaked cap and a dark violet scarf in lieu of a collar, thus presenting the aspect of a seafarer ashore. He smoked a pipe of the most approved sailor's type, and as we sat together in the saloon he told me sea stories, in order that a group of men sitting near might overhear.

That he had some object in all this was quite certain, but what it was I could not gather.

Suddenly, after an hour, however, a little, undersized, old man, of dirty and neglected appearance, who had been drinking at the bar, shuffled up to us, and whispered something to Ambler that I did not catch. The words, nevertheless, caused my companion to start, and disregarding the fresh whisky and soda he had just ordered, he rose and walked out—an example which I followed.

"Lanky sent me, sir," the old man said, addressing Ambler, when we were out in the street. 'E couldn't come hisself. 'E said you'd like to know the truth."

"Of course, I was waiting for it," replied my companion, alert and eager.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I'd better tell yer the truth at once, sir."

"Certainly. What is it?"

"Well, Lanky's dead."

"Dead!" cried Ambler. "Impossible. I was waiting for him."

"I know. This morning in the Borough market 'e told me to come 'ere and find you, because 'e wasn't able to come. 'E had a previous engagement. Lanky's engagements were always 'interestin'," he added, with a grim smile.

"Well, go on," said Ambler, eagerly. "What followed?"

"'E told me to go down to Tait street and see 'im at 8 o'clock, as 'e had a message for you. I went and when I got there I found 'im lying on the floor of 'is room stone dead."

"You went to the police, of course?"

"No, I didn't; I came 'ere to see you instead. I believe the poor bloke's been murdered. 'E was a good un, too—poor Lanky Lane!"

"What!" I exclaimed. "Is that man Lane dead?"

"It seems so," Jevons responded. "If he is, then there we have further mystery."

"If you doubt it, sir, come with me down to Shadwell," the old man said in his cockney drawl. "Nobody knows about it yet. I ought to have told the perlice, but I know you're better at mysterious affairs than the silly coppers in Leman street."

Jevons' fame as an investigator of crime had spread even to that class known as the submerged tenth. How fashions change! A year or two ago it was the mode of society to go "slumming." Today only social reformers and missionaries make excursions to the homes of the lower class in East London. A society woman would not dare admit today that she had been further east than Leadenhall street.

"Let's go and see what has really happened," Ambler said to me. "If Lane is dead, then it proves that his enemy is yours."

"I can't see that. How?" I asked.

"You will see later. For the moment we must occupy ourselves with his death, and see whether it is owing to natural causes or to foul play. He was a heavy drinker and it may have been that."

"No," declared the little old man. "Lanky wasn't drunk today—that I'll swear. I sam 'im in Commercial road at 7, talkin' to a feller wot's in love wiv 'is sister."

"Then how do you account for this discovery of yours?" asked my companion.

"I can't account for it, guv'nor. I simply found 'im lying on the floor, and it give me a shock, I can tell you. 'E was as cold as ice."

"Let's go and see ourselves," Ambler said; so together we hurried along the Whitechapel High street, at that hour busy with its costermonger market, and along Commercial road east, arriving at last in the dirty insalubrious thoroughfare, a veritable hive of the lowest class of humanity—Tait street, Shadwell.

Up the dark stairs of one of the dirtiest of the dwellings our conductor guided us, lighting our steps with wax vestas struck upon the wall, and on gaining the third floor of the evil-smelling place he pushed open a door and we found ourselves in an unlit room.

"Don't move, gentlemen," the old man urged. "You may fall over 'im. 'E's right there, just where you're standin'. I'll light the lamp."

Then he struck another match, and by its fickle light we saw the body of Lane, the street-hawker, lying full length only a yard from us, just as our conductor had described.

The cheap and smelling parraffin lamp being lit, I took a hasty glance around the poor man's home. There was but little furniture save the bed, a chair or two and a rickety table. Upon the latter was one of those flat bottles known as a "quartern." Our first attention, however, was to the prostrate man. A single glance was sufficient to show that he was dead. His eyes were closed, his hands clenched, and his body was bent as though he had expired in a final paroxysm of agony. The teeth, too, were hard set, and there were certain features about his appearance that caused me to entertain a grave suspicion from the first. His thin, consumptive face, now blanched, was strangely drawn, as though the muscles had suddenly contracted and there was an absence of that composure one generally expects to find in the faces of those who die naturally.

As a medical man I very soon noted sufficient appearances to tell me that death had been due either to suicide or foul play. The former seemed to me the most likely.

"Well?" asked Ambler, rising from his knees when I had concluded the examination of the dead man's skinny, ill-nourished body. "What's your opinion, Ralph?"

"He's taken poison," I declared.

"Poison? You believe he's been poisoned?"

"It may have been willful murder, or he may have taken it voluntarily," I answered. "But it is most evident that the symptoms are those of poisoning."

Ambler gave vent to a low grunt, half of satisfaction, half of suspicion. I knew that grunt well. When on the verge of any great discovery he always emitted that guttural sound.

"We'd better inform the police," I remarked. "That's all we can do. The poor fellow is dead."

"Dead! Yes, we know that. But we must find out who killed him."

"Well," I said, "I think at present, Ambler, we've quite sufficient on our hands without attempting to solve any further problems. The poor man may have been in despair and have taken poison willfully."

"In despair!" echoed the old man. "No fear. Lanky was happy enough. 'E wasn't the sort of fellow to hurry hisself out o' the world. He liked life too jolly well. Besides 'e 'ad a tidy bit o' money in the Savin's bank. 'E was well orf once, wer' Lanky. Excuse me for interruptin'."

"Well, if he didn't commit suicide," I remarked, "then according to all appearances, poison was administered to him willfully."

"That appears to be the most feasible theory," Ambler said. "Here we have still a further mystery."

Of course the post-mortem appearances of poisoning, except in a few instances, are not very characteristic. As every medical man is aware, poison if administered with a criminal intent, is generally in such a dose as to take immediate effect—although this is by no means necessary, as there are numerous substances which accumulate in the system, and when given in small and repeated quantities ultimately prove fatal—notably, antimony. The diagnosis of the effects of irritant poisons is not so difficult as it is in the case of narcotic or other neurotics, where the symptoms are very similar to those produced by apoplexy, epilepsy, tetanus, convulsions, or other forms of disease of the brain. Besides one of the most difficult facts we have to contend with in such cases is that poison may be found in the body and yet a question may arise as to its having been the cause of death.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Poor Mrs. Courtenay.

Ambler appeared to be much concerned regarding the poor man's death. When we had first met beside his vegetable barrow in the London road he certainly seemed a hardworking, respectable fellow, with a voice rendered hoarse and rough by constantly shouting his wares. But by the whispered words that had passed I knew that Ambler was in his confidence. The nature of this I had several times tried to fathom.

His unexpected death appeared to have upset all Ambler's plans. He grunted and took a tour round the poorly furnished chamber.

"Look here!" he said, halting in front of me. "There's been foul play here. We must lose no time in calling the police—not that they are likely to discover the truth."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because the poor fellow has been the victim of a secret assassin."

"Then you suspect a motive?"

"I believe that there is a motive why his lips should be closed—a strange and remote one." Then turning to the old man who had been the dead man's friend, he asked: "Do you know any one by the name of Slade?"

"Slade?" repeated the croaking old fellow. "Slade? No, sir. I don't recollect any one o' that name. Is it a man or a woman?"

"Either."

"No, sir."

"Do you know if Lanky Lane ever had visitors here—I mean visitors not of his own class?"

"I never 'card o' none. Lucky wasn't the sort o' chap to trouble about callers. He used to spend 'is nights in the Three Nuns wiv us; but 'e'd sit 'ours over two o' gin. 'E saved 'is money, 'e did."

"But look here," exclaimed Ambler, seriously. "Are you quite certain that you've never seen him with any stranger at nights?"

"Never to my knowledge."

"Well," my companion said, "you'd better go and call the police."

When the old fellow had shuffled away down the rickety stairs Ambler turning to me, said abruptly:

"That fellow is lying; he knows something about this affair."

I had taken up the empty dram bottle and smelt it. The spirit it had contained was rum—which had evidently been drunk from the bottle, as there was no glass near. A slight quantity remained, and this I placed aside for analysis if necessary.

"I can't see what this poor fellow has to do with the inquiry upon which we are engaged, Ambler," I remarked. "I do wish you'd be more explicit. Mystery seems to heap upon mystery."

"Yes. You're right," he said reflectively. "Slowly—very slowly, I am working out the problem, Ralph. It has been a long and difficult matter, but by degrees I seem to be working toward a conclusion. This," and he pointed to the man lying dead, "is another of London's many mysteries, but it carries us one step further."

"I can't for the life of me see what connection the death of this poor street hawker has with the strange events of the immediate past."

"Remain patient. Let us watch the blustering inquiries of the police," he laughed. "They'll make a great fuss, but will find out nothing. The author of this crime is far too wary."

"But this man Slade?" I said. "Of late your inquiries have always been of him. What is his connection with the affair?"

"Ah, that we have yet to discover. He may have no connection for aught I know. It is mere supposition, based upon a logical conclusion."

"What motive had you in meeting this man here tonight?" I inquired, hoping to gather some tangible clue to the reason of his erratic movements.

"Ah! that's just the point," he responded. "If this poor fellow had lived he would have revealed to me a secret—we should have known the truth!"

"The truth!" I gasped. "Then at the very moment when he intended to confess to you he has been struck down."

"Yes. His lips have been sealed by his enemy—and yours. Both are identical," he replied, and his lips snapped together in that peculiar manner that was his habit. I knew it was useless to question him further.

Indeed, at that moment heavy footsteps sounded upon the stairs, and two constables, conducted by the shuffling old man, appeared upon the scene.

"We have sent for you," Ambler explained. "This man is dead—died suddenly, we believe."

"Who is he, sir?" inquired the elder of the pair, bending over the prostrate man and taking up the smoky lamp in order to examine his features more carefully.

"His name is Lane—a costermonger, known to his intimates as Lanky Lane. The man with you is one of his friends, and can tell you more about him than I can."

"Is he dead?" queried the second constable, touching the thin, pallid face.

"Certainly," I answered. "I'm a doctor, and have already made an examination. He's been dead some time."

My name and address was taken, together with that of my companion. When, however, Ambler told the officers his name, both were visibly impressed. The name of Jevons was well known to the police, who held him in something like awe as a smart criminal investigator.

"I know Inspector Barton at Leman street—your station, I suppose?" he added.

"Yes, sir," responded the first constable. "And begging your pardon, sir, I'm honored to meet you. We all heard how you beat the C. I. department in the Bowyer square mystery, and how you gave the whole information to Sergeant Payling without taking any of the credit to yourself. He got all the honor, sir, and your name didn't appear at the Old Bailey."

Jevons laughed. He was never fond of seeing his name in print. He made a study of the ways and methods of criminals, but only for his own gratification. The police knew him well, but he hid his light under the proverbial bushel always.

"What is your own opinion of the affair, sir?" the officer continued, ready to take his opinion before that of the sergeant of the criminal investigation department attached to his station.

"Well," said Ambler, "it looks like sudden death, doesn't it? Perhaps it's poison."

"Suicide?"

"Murder, very possibly," was Jevons' quiet response.

"Then you really think there's a mystery, sir?" exclaimed the constable, quickly.

"It seems suspiciously like one. Let us search the room. Come along, Ralph," he added, addressing me. "Just lend a hand."

There was not much furniture in the place to search, and before long, with the aid of the constable's lantern, we had searched every nook and cranny.

Only one discovery of note was made, and it was certainly a strange one.

Beneath a loose board near the fireplace Jevons discovered the dead man's hoard. It consisted of several papers carefully folded together. We examined them and found them to consist of a hawker's license, a receipt for the payment for a barrow and donkey, a postoffice savings bank book showing a balance of £26 4 shillings and several letters from a correspondent unsigned.

They were typewritten, in order that the handwriting should not be betrayed and upon the flimsy paper used in commercial offices. All of them were of the highest interest. The first, read aloud by Ambler, ran as follows:

"Dear Lane—I have known you a good many years and never thought you were such a fool as to neglect a good thing. Surely you will reconsider the proposal I made to you night before last in the bar of the Elephant and Castle. You once did me a very good turn long ago, and now I am in a position to put a good remunerative bit of busines in your way. Yet you are timid that all may not turn out well. Apparently you do not fully recognize the stake I hold in the matter, and the fact that any exposure would mean ruin to me. Surely I have more to lose than you have. Therefore, that in itself, should be sufficient guarantee to you. Reconsider your reply, and give me your decision to morrow night. You will find me in the saloon bar of the King Lud in Ludgate Hill at 8 o'clock. Do not speak to me there, but show yourself, and then wait outside until I join you. Have a care that you are not followed. That Hawk Ambler Jevons has scent of us. Therefore, remain dumb and watchful.—Z."

"That's curious, I remarked. "Whoever wrote that letter was inciting Lane to conspiracy, and at the same time held you in fear, Ambler."

My companion laughed again—a quiet, self-satisfied laugh. Then he commenced the second letter, typewritten like the first, but evidently upon another machine.

"Dear Lane: Your terms seem exorbitant. I quite understand that at least four or five of you must be in the affair, but the price asked is ridiculous. Besides, I didn't like Bennett's tone when he spoke to me yesterday. He was almost threatening. What have you told him? Recollect that each of us knows something to the detriment of the others, and even in these days of so-called equality the man with money is always the best man. You must contrive to shut Bennett's mouth. Give him money, if he wants it—up to £10. But, of course, do not say that it comes from me. You can, of course, pose as my friend, as you have done before. I shall be at the usual place tonight.—Z."

"Looks as though there's been some blackmailing," one of the constables remarked. "Who's Bennett?"

"I expect that's Bobby Bennett, who works in the meat market," replied the atom of a man who had accosted us at Aldgate. "He was a friend of Lanky's, and a bad 'un. I've 'eard say that 'e 'ad a record at the Old Bailey."

"What for?"

"'Ousebreakin'."

"Is he working now?" Ambler inquired.

"Yes. I saw 'im in Farrin'don street yesterday."

"Ah!" remarked the constable. "We shall probably want to have a chat with him. But the chief mystery is the identity of the writer of these letters. At all events it is evident that this poor man Lane knew something to his detriment, and was probably trying to make something out of that knowledge."

"Not at all an unusual case," I said.

Jevons grunted and appeared to view the letters with considerable satisfaction. Any documentary evidence surrounding a case of mysterious death is always of interest. In this case, being of such a suspicious nature, it was doubly so.

"Are you quite decided not to assist me?" another letter ran. It was likewise typewritten, and from the same source. "Recollect you did so once, and were well paid for it. You had enough to keep you in luxury for years had you not so foolishly frittered it away on your so-called friends. Any of the latter would give you away to the police tomorrow for a £5 note. This, however, is my last appeal to you. If you help me I shall give you £100, which is not bad payment for an hour's work. If you do not, then you will not hear from me again.—Z."

"Seems a bit brief, and to the point," was the elder constable's remark. "I wonder what is the affair mentioned by this mysterious correspondent? Evidently the fellow intended to bring off a robbery, or something, and Lane refused to give his aid."

"Apparently so," replied Ambler, fingering the last letter remaining in his hand. "But this communication is even of greater interest," he added, turning to me and showing me writing in a well-known hand.

"I know that writing!" I cried. "Why—that letter is from poor Mrs. Courtenay!"

"It is," he said, quietly. "Did I not tell you that we were on the eve of a discovery, and that the dead man lying there could have told us the truth?"

(To be continued.)

CONDITION OF OMAHA'S TRADE

Volume of Business for January Much Larger Than a Year Ago.

PRICES ON ALL LINES ARE QUOTED FIRM

Spring and Summer Lines of Dress Goods Now Moving Freely and Jobbers Note Some of the More Popular Styles.

The business situation as a whole still remains very satisfactory to Omaha jobbers and manufacturers. A large number of early buyers arrived on the market last week and placed liberal orders and advices received from the country clearly show that spring trade will begin in earnest this coming week. In most lines the volume of business transacted in January shows a good increase over last year, but in a few cases trade has not held up, owing to peculiar circumstances. That is most noticeable in the rubber trade, where dealers have been withholding their orders in the hopes of better prices later on. If all the different lines are combined, however, it is safe to say that there is a big increase over January of 1902. The outlook for the next several months is also considered very encouraging and jobbers expect to enjoy a good lively spring demand through the season.

Values are on a good firm foundation, with prospects of their remaining that way for some time to come. Jobbers in almost every line are experiencing considerable trouble in getting their orders filled promptly, showing that manufacturers are finding a ready market for all the goods they can turn out. That is not only the case with spring lines but with next fall goods as well, for buyers who have recently returned from eastern markets report that many large manufacturing plants have sold up their entire output between now and fall. As a result they consider the outlook for continued firm prices very encouraging.

Salmon at Low Figures.

The demand for groceries in a wholesale way was of very liberal proportions last week and a good gain for the month of January is reported over the same month of last year. The market did not show any great changes, but still there are a few worthy of mention. The salmon market is still attracting considerable attention. It is reported that the Alaska Packers' association closed out its allotment of chum salmon last week. It is also stated that the buyers of those chums received only 30 per cent of them and 70 per cent of the pink fish. The association has announced, however, that the prices recently made, which well posted men say are below the cost of production, will rule for the opening pack of 1903. These prices, though, may be withdrawn at any time. It seems to be the intention of the Alaska association to discourage the pack of this class of goods which they claim have never been a credit to the industry and injure the trade.

The market on dried fruits is without special feature, but it is believed that the prices now ruling are about at the bottom. Any increase in the demand would tend to raise the price of several kinds of California dried fruits.

Cables from Europe last week gave the information that Japan will have to import some 8,000,000 bags of rice this year, where previously that country has been heavy exporters of the better grades of Japan rice. The Pacific coast has been a large purchaser of that stock in former years, while now the southern mills must supply this trade with the greater part of their requirements. India is also short some 4,000,000 bags. These conditions, together with the great damage to the domestic rice crop, point to very much higher prices in the near future. Those well posted on the situation claim that the amount of available stock in the south at the present time is less than 25 per cent of the supply a year ago. That being the case, the market is in a very strong position, with every indication of much higher prices ruling in the near future.

The sugar market is in just about the same position it was a week ago, both on raws and refined. Cheese is also unchanged, except that stocks are getting lighter every week and prices therefore growing firmer.

There is no change in the market on tea and coffee.

Popular Spring Dress Goods.

The early buyers who are arriving on the dry goods market are giving a good deal of attention to the dress goods department. In speaking of the popular lines a local jobber said that wash fabrics for the spring and summer seasons are shown in an endless variety of cloths, colorings and ideas. Printed fabrics still hold their own against the invasion of woven fabrics and are beautifully designed and printed. They come in batiste, dimities, lace stripes and mercerized cloths. Plain colors in the above are very good in woven wash fabrics, tissues, madras cloth, oxfords and etamines are very much sought after and without doubt will hold good throughout the season and these latter ideas will be shown and sold very largely for the fall season.

In wool dress goods there has been some effort on the part of manufacturers to force fancies on the market, but they are not taking very largely, although some ideas are selling in a small way. Plains in colors and mixtures, as well as blacks, still hold their own and are large sellers. Of course, violets, staminas, boutonnes and eolienne are sold to the better classes, who feel they can afford to buy drop skirts made of silk to go under them.

The market on wool dress goods is very firm and on many lines prices have advanced. For fall a general advance over a year ago is noted, amounting to from 5 to 15 per cent, with all desirable cloths sold up. There seems in fact to be more trouble in getting the goods than in getting them at satisfactory prices.

Silks are also still in good demand in plain cloths. Glace taffetas have taken a prominent place in the silk world this season and are very good. Prices of silks are very firm and manufacturers are only filling contracts taken at old prices. Any new contracts are made at an advance of from 2c to 7c per yard.

So far as the general trade situation is concerned, local jobbers say they have no complaints to offer. A large number of buyers arrived on the market last week and still more are looked for this coming week. Several of the buyers for local houses are either in the east or have just returned after placing orders for fall goods. They report that fall goods are going to be very scarce and will command strong prices. In fact, many large manufacturers have sold up their entire output for fall of such lines as blankets, hosiery, underwear and domets.

Hardware Market Unchanged.

There has been no special feature to the hardware trade during the week under review. Trade has only been of fair proportions, but an improvement is looked for in the near future. A few spring lines are beginning to move out, but it is still a little early for that class of stock. Advices received from the country though indicate that business will be of good proportions when it does set in.

There have been practically no changes of importance in prices since last report. The market is firm all along the line and so far as can be told, no very radical changes will take place in the near future.

Rubbers Holding Their Own.

Both retailers and jobbers are still keeping their eye on the rubber goods market, but there has been no change in the situation. So far as can be learned, there has been no price cutting, so that jobbers feel confident that there will be none. Merchants, however, are holding back their orders to quite an extent, and as a result jobbers did not sell nearly as many rubbers in January of this year as they did in the same month of 1902. The orders, however, are bound to come sooner or later, so that no one is doing any complaining.

Leather goods for spring are selling freely and unless something happens to change the situation the sales of local houses will go far ahead of last year.

Fruits and Produce.

The demand for fruits and vegetables last week was only fair and almost no changes at all took place in ruling prices. New southern beets and turnips arrived on the market last week and are selling at 50c per dozen bunches. Florida strawberries have also put in an appearance and are held at 50c per quart. The quality of the berries is said to be good for this early in the season.

The egg market took quite a drop last week, as will be seen from the quotations in another column. The butter market also eased off considerably. Poultry is a trifle lower, but still the demand has been sufficient to prevent much of a decline.

WEARE COMMISSION COMPANY.

110-111 Board of Trade, Omaha, Neb—Telephone 1516.

CHICAGO, Jan. 31.—WHEAT—Sold down to 77c for May, the low point for the week, on continued liquidation. There was a good deal of covering on the break, however, and the market rallied a little over Friday's close. The feature has been covering by houses which usually act for Captain Phillips and Cudahy. St. Louis gave some help, reporting a demand from France. The seaboard reports 25 loads taken for export. Local cash sales, 2 loads; clearances, 572,000 bu. World's shipments will be around 8,000,000 bu., with 6,500,000 bu. to Europe. It is expected the visible Monday will show but little decrease. There was a decrease last year of 1,500,000 bu. The weather map shows mild through the winter wheat belt. California wheat was strong, although there was further rain on the coast. Primary receipts, 663,000 bu., against 420,000 bu. last year. In the northwest 329 cars, against 306 cars a year ago. Local receipts, 23 cars, with none contract. Estimates for Monday, 35 cars.

CORN—Market has been quiet but steady for the deferred futures. Trade has been unimportant. January was weak, apparently on account of the absence of any short interest. The sample market advanced ½@¾c on small receipts. Local receipts, 236 cars, with none contract; estimate for Monday, 235 cars. Clearances, 664,000 bu. Receipts have exceeded shipments this week and there will be some increase in stocks. Primary receipts, 653,000 bu., against 364,000 bu. last year. New York reports 5 loads taken for export.

OATS—Market has been firm within small limits, helped by some buying by Howe. Cash oats were ¼c higher on small receipts. Local receipts, 215 cars, with 6 contract; estimates for Monday, 220 cars. Clearances, 44,000. Shippers say oats can be sold where cars are obtainable. There is very little standard oats both in receipts and from mixing houses.

PROVISIONS—The feature in provisions has been the severe decline in January pork, which touched $13.00 yesterday, dropped to $16.40, and January lard from $10.00 to $9.47 in very few trades. The rest of the list was about steady, with trade small. There were 15,000 hogs here; estimates for Monday, 45,000. Hogs in the west, 37,000, against 73,000 last week. Estimates for next week, 300,000.

WEARE COMMISSION CO.

OMAHA WHOLESALE MARKET.

Condition of Trade and Quotations on Staple and Fancy Produce.

EGGS—Fresh stock, 17c.

LIVE POULTRY—Hens, 8c; old roosters, 4@5c; turkeys, 12@13c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, 7@8c; spring chickens, per lb., 8@8½c.

DRESSED POULTRY—Young chickens, 10@10½c; hens, 10c; turkeys, 15@18c; ducks, 11@12c; geese, 10@11c.

BUTTER—Packing stock, 13½c; choice dairy, in tubs, 15@17c; separator, 24@25c.

OYSTERS—Standards, per can, 28c; extra selects, per can, 35c; New York counts per can, 42c; bulk, extra selects, per gal., $1.75; bulk, standard, per gal., $1.55.

FRESH FISH—Trout, 9@10c; herring, 5c; pickerel, 8c; pike, 9c; perch, 6c; buffalo, dressed, 7c; sunfish, 3c; bluefins, 8c; whitefish, 9c; salmon, 16c; haddock, 11c; codfish, 12c; redsnapper, 10c; lobsters, boiled, per lb., 30c; lobsters, green, per lb., 20c; bullheads, 10c; catfish, 14c; black bass, 20c; halibut, 11c.

BRAN—Per ton $13.50.

HAY—Prices quoted by Omaha Wholesale Dealers' association: Choice No. 1 upland, $8; No. 1 medium, $7; No. 1 coarse, $6.50. Rye straw, $6. These prices are for hay of good color and quality. Demand fair; receipts light.

CORN—59c.

OATS—34c.

RYE—No. 2, 45c.

VEGETABLES.

NEW CELERY—Kalamazoo, per doz., 25c; California, per doz., 45@75c.

POTATOES—Per bu., 40@45c.

SWEET POTATOES—Iowa and Kansas, $2.25.

TURNIPS—Per bu., 40c; Canada rutabagas, per lb., 1¼c.

BEETS—New