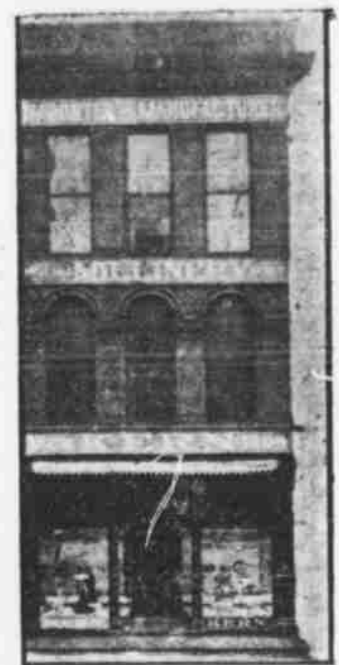


Klein

LARGEST EXCLUSIVE RETAIL MILLINERY HOUSE IN THE WEST.

POPULAR PRICES



INVESTIGATE

Stylish Millinery Properly Priced.

2000 Imported and Domestic Hats to Choose From.

BEAUTIFUL HATS AT \$4, \$5 AND \$6.

1508 DOUGLAS STREET.

A Talk About Watches

The reason that I sell more watches than any other jeweler in Omaha is because I sell only watches that I can guarantee to keep perfect time. I carry all grades, from 7 to 24-jeweled, all sizes, all styles. When you buy a watch of me you'll have one that's a timekeeper. Any movement—any style case that suits you. If your watch fails to keep time bring it to us for repair. We'll do it right.

JOHN RUDD, Jeweler,

115 South Sixteenth Street.

Watch Inspector C. St. P. M. & O.; C. & N. W. Hy.

OUR MOTTO:

Honest Value,
Lowest Price.



Klein's Apex Rye
9 Years Old.

4 Full Quarts

\$3.15

3 Gallons in Keg or Bottles.

\$8.50

5 Gallons in Keg or Bottles.

\$12.50

All Charges Prepaid.

Klein's Apex Rye is a necessity on your sideboard and in the sick room, as it is highly recommended by all doctors for medicinal use.
This same grade whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$3.00 a gallon.



J. KLEIN
Wholesale
Liquor Dealer.

N. E. Cor. 26th and N Sts.
SO. OMAHA, NEB.



Henry F. Kieser

He Sells
Stationery

1615 Farnam Street.
Opp. N. Y. Life Bldg.

JUST ARRIVED—New Omaha Souvenir
Post 1 Corbis in colors. Send them to your
friends.

Henry



S

TAY, stranger; friend thou mayest be, but stranger sure art thou. Knowest thou where wine may be procured? For, surely the flames of Phlegathon were naught compared to the thirst wherewith I rage; and I would also seek in the rosy cup a boon of sweet nepenthe, though I doubt that Lethe's flood could blot from memory that which I have this night been witness to." It so happened that the wayfarer thus addressed was looking himself for a place open after hours, and when he found himself hailed by an individual of noble mien, bareheaded, wrapped in a flowing robe of white, like a winding sheet, and shod with sandals, standing at a downtown street intersection, he pulled himself together to make sure he was awake and didn't have them, and then answered: "Sure; if you'll go with me, I'll put you next to stuff that will not only wipe away your thirst, but will make you rob your own coat if you drink enough."
After a waiter had removed the first bottle, pulled the cork of the second and had again filled the glasses, the first speaker resumed:

"By Bacchus! I should know that drink. Methinks it is the foaming mead wherewith the barbarous Gauls do steep their senses into slumber. I drank it first when, following Caesar's glorious eagles, I passed the Rhone and journeyed to the Rhine. Perchance! That were a march whereof those who returned have not yet tired of prating. Yet nothing did we do or see like that which I have seen since last I wakened. I know not what my friends will say; when I see Rome again and there give word of that which has befallen me, I will be marked as one kissed of the gods. And truly have I been, or else most sorely tricked. For last night I did lay me down after a revel at the house of noble Decius Quintus; to-night I am told that Rome is distant a myriad of leagues. I, Antonius, centurion, and a friend of Caesar, am here held stranger and scoffed at. By Bacchus! should ever I again approach the seat of Caesar, it will be to give him tidings of this ill-mannered people who bow not at the name of Rome, and laugh and make a sport of our great mother's name. They shall be made to feel her power, and in the dust and with bitterness shall they repent the jest wherewith they strive to mock at our majesty. Praise to the gods I vow it, and to my return I pour a libation of this filthy drink."



Keepers of the Test.

"Say, Doc, who's your friend?" said one eying me askance.
And he proceeded to empty on the floor the liquid on which Milwaukee's fame is founded, and to show that he had not lost his presence of mind, he filled himself another and clamored for the third bottle. The wayfarer, whose interest in a place that would be open for hours had been somewhat satiated by the first bottle, was inclined to end the interview, believing himself to be in company with some libulous person who had escaped from a Turkish bath before he was thoroughly cured of his early evening potations; yet there was something in the main and tone that held him there, and when the waiter had come and gone again, the noble Antonius resumed his discourse concerning himself and what he had witnessed. Nearly as could be gathered from his tale he landed in Omaha just before the electric lights were turned on in the evening, and it was probably just as well that he had; for had he appeared on the streets in daylight, he would have been placed under restraint. As it was, he was merely taken for someone connected with the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben, and had been sent forward to the Den by way of the Dodge street trolley. What he saw there really made up the interesting part of his tale, although his comments on the welcome he received from a crowd of new-boys he encountered before he was put aboard the car, and some of the advice they gave him were as amusing as they were serious. By the time the third bottle had gotten well on its way in pursuit of the first and second, the noble Antonius had succeeded in establishing himself as a prominent citizen of Rome of about 49 B. C., an officer in the army of the republic, and a close friend of Julius Caesar and other notables of the time.
"Faint I was and famished, and seeking for that wherewith to stay myself, when I was set upon by a rabble, who reviled me with many shouts and jeers. 'Get onto him,' cried the one, and 'W'en djer get away?' demanded another, and naught I could say would appease them, nor gain me any civility. 'Come out of it,' they shouted and 'To de den widjou.' To the den? Me, to the den? Methinks my finish loomed up not far off. For well I know the meaning of 'to the den with him!' But why I should be hailed to the den I knew not, nor did I have long time to ponder thereon, for of a sudden there came a sound of grinding of wheels, and a roaring, and a strange appearing car stopped beside me. 'Laboard!' cried out the officer who seemed in charge; though most strange he looked and stranger did he look. Move up in front; step lively now. Dere's room in front. Fare, please. Coliseum? Sure. Dat's



Ready for the Next.

swarmed toward a great structure of whose dimensions I could gain no notion, so faintly were they outlined in the night. Well I knew it could not be our noble Coliseum, for I did miss the familiar figure of its majestic walls. Little I had I for thought, for soon was I jostled through a narrow doorway that gave ingress to a mighty hall.
"My joy can scarce be told, for here I found myself again in Rome; the glorious eagles of our senate, the faces of the lecturers, the Praetorian guard, and Caesar himself, seated upon the tribune. My wanderings at end. But, strange was the sight on looking around, for seated where the Roman citizens should have been were none but barbarians, and were it not for my countrymen upon the arena's floor, I might have fancied Rome had fallen.
"Oh, mighty Caesar, began a herald, and I listened while he told of the return of the army from its latest conquest, and learned that many of those I saw about me were barbarians, fated to make a Roman holiday, while many whom I had thought were barbarians were in truth Romans, like myself. Now, among the guard there did arise some talk concerning me, principally between two centurions, both mighty men and strong.
"Damfino," responded him who had been hailed as Doc; "some guy 'Foxy Grandpa' has run to fill out. I reckon."
"And how a mighty acclaim arose, for Caesar had arisen from the tribune to address the multitude, and when the lecturers had commanded silence, and the heralds had advised the citizens that it was the will of the mighty and imperious Caesar that the pestilent malcontents, who were confined within the strong dungeon should be dealt with after the manner of Rome, again did the shouting fill the whole edifice, and across the arena dashed the soldiers, while the trembling wretches were led forth from their cells. Nowhere could I deery the den wherein were safely held the animals to whom these malefactors

should be fed; but I doubted not that all were ready.
"Say, wot's your politics?" demanded him who had been hailed Doc, clutching a barbarian as he spoke. Now, when did Mother Rome concern herself with the politics of one she destined to grace her games for the edification of her citizens? Most singular it appeared to me nor did I hear the mumbled reply of him to whom the query was addressed, but the shout of those who held him answered me well. He had fallen.
"Away widdim!"
"Swift was he hurried off, and near where a sacrificial fire burned, and in which iron to sear the flesh of beasts were kept in constant heat. Another and another failed of the test, and all were condemned to die that Rome might be merry. I felt my blood leap light within my veins, for very joy, and looked about for one to lay a wager with, when lo! across the floor there rolled an altar on which burnt offerings were laid, and on it quickly did the soldiers bind a victim.
"Ain't he fat, Doc?" laughed the centurion whom I had first noted, and who I learned in private is a dealer in fagots at the city's gates. To him the odor of a burnt offering is more than savory incense for it means a further increase in his traffic. And he shook his sides with laughter as he watched the victim writhe upon the altar's horns.
"Sure," answered Doc, "and merrily will he splutter when the flames shall lick around his limbs and sizzle with the heat that drips into the blaze."
"While I pondered on that word 'sure,' that seemed peculiar among these men, so that it was used by all, the flames were kindled at the victim's feet, and the priests did slowly drop the curtains that screened the altar, that this votive offering to great Jove might be the more acceptable because not profaned by barbarian gaze, for yet were the barbarians looking on. In time the flames died down, and when again the curtains were drawn up, the calcined skeleton of him who had been bound upon the altar alone remained. Unused am I to ailments of stomach, but it did sicken me to see with what callousness did these men take that which lately was a man, and with a rudeness strange to Roman usage, toss it into a receptacle, strangely inscribed, SANITARY DEPARTMENT, CITY OF ROME, which came and went with great clangor. And they at once demanded another victim, and from the barbarians asked a vote, by the usual sign. Every unregenerate thumb was downward turned, and with horrible glee did the burly centurions hasten forward with another of the condemned to bind him upon the smoking altar, when a noble Roman youth did crave a boon.
"A boon, oh, Caesar!" he did cry, and Caesar, all graciousness, did hear him. He did set out how the barbarians, glutting their bloodthirstiness, did condemn to death

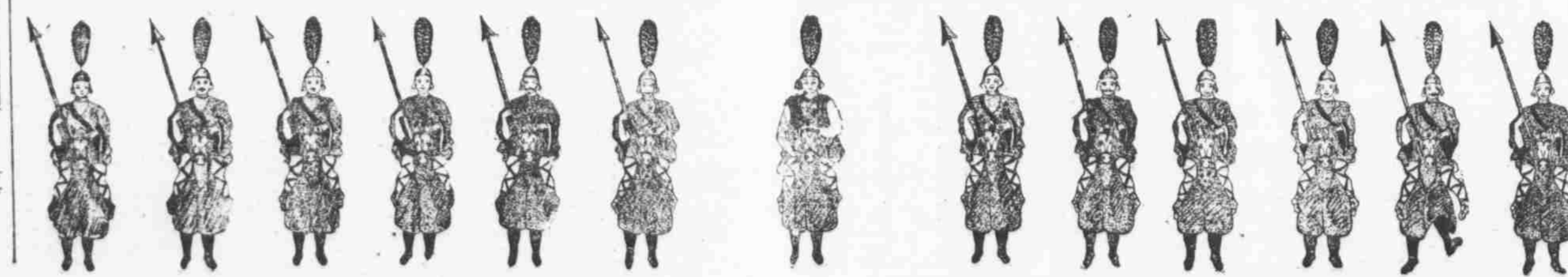


"Ben Hur."



What the Elephant Did.

(Continued on Page Eight.)



The PIANOLA

Makes Music AVAILABLE TO ALL

THE PIANOLA is an ideal instrument for the Country Home. In these retreats, away from musical entertainments, a PIANOLA provides the pleasure of hearing any composition one's mood may call for at any time, with the added pleasure of producing the music one's self. Symphonies, overtures or rag-time favorites may be summoned at will. Dance music is always available. The PIANOLA is an inexhaustible source of entertainment and an invaluable ally to the hostess, for it can be played by ANY ONE. Price, \$250.

May be purchased on easy payments. Send for booklet. Visitors always welcome.

SELLING AGENTS **SCHMOLLER & MUELLER.**
1313 Farnam Street, Omaha

Rubber Goods

When you visit Omaha this week, it will pay you to call at our store and see our goods and compare our prices before you buy.

We sell a good 3-qt. Fountain Syringe, worth \$1.00, for .58c
We sell a good 2-qt. Water Bottle. 48c
We sell a good 3-qt. Water Bottle. 52c

Our stock of Rubber Goods is complete. We keep everything and sell at a low price.

OUR PRICE FOR PATENTS

IS ALWAYS THE LOWEST IN NEBRASKA.

1.00 Perina	50c Hild's Honey Almond Cream
1.00 Listerine	50c Chamberlain's Cough Syrup
1.00 Wine Cardui	50c Doan's Pills
1.00 Pinkham Vegetable Compound	50c Malted Milk
1.00 Pierce's Remedy	50c Mellin's Food
1.00 Kirk's Kidney Cure	50c Bromo Seltzer
1.00 SSS, small	50c Omega Oil
1.75 SSS, large	50c Ayer's Hair Vigor
1.00 Scott's Emulsion	50c Menon's Talcum Powder
1.00 Malted Milk	50c 411 Soap
1.00 Hood's Sarsaparilla	50c Packer's Tar Soap
1.00 Hostetter's Bitters	50c Pear's Unscented Soap
50c Syrup Figs	50c Calicura Soap
50c La Blanche Face Powder	50c Castoria

Toilet Soaps and Perfumes

Soap buyers will always find a well assorted stock at our store. We make a specialty of soap, and like all other drug merchandise, sell it away down. During the Fall Carnival we will place the following on sale. Customers will be allowed to purchase any number of cakes or quantity as long as it lasts.

100 gross good Toilet Soap, worth 50c	25c Packer's Tar Soap, 4c box, cake, 15c
cake—CARNIVAL PRICE	25c Pear's Unscented Soap, per box
100 gross Tar, Glycerine and Witch	12c cakes, 11c—per cake
Hazel Soap, worth 25c box—CARNI-	25c Pear's 30 per cent Glycerine Soap,
VAL PRICE, box	per box, 4c—per cake
100 gross Toilet Soap, worth 50c	10c Myers' Oatmeal, Glycerine, Turk-
100 gross Toilet Soap, worth 50c	ish Bath and Elder Flower Bath
100 gross Toilet Soap, worth 50c	10c Myers' Oatmeal, Glycerine, Turk-
100 gross Toilet Soap, worth 50c	ish Bath and Elder Flower Bath
100 gross Toilet Soap, worth 50c	10c Myers' Oatmeal, Glycerine, Turk-
100 gross Toilet Soap, worth 50c	ish Bath and Elder Flower Bath

MYERS-DILLON DRUG CO.
Sell Drugs at 16th and Farnam. 'Phone 150.
SELL LOWE BROS. HIGH STANDARD PAINTS 1416 HARNEY. 'PHONE 3425.