

Gunther's

Famous Candies, are the most delicious candies made. It is an absolute fact that it is a question of "not how cheap, but how good" they can be made. Mr. Gunther is constantly giving instructions, to buy the best crystal sugar—the best materials of all kinds and make them as good as possible. There is no glucose in them. They do not leave any of that peculiar "after-taste" in your mouth.

Candy for the Children

should be as pure as possible. It is hard to refuse them all they want at Xmas time, and if it isn't made of the best materials it is bad for them. If you buy Gunther's, there is no danger. You can let them eat all they want.

In Prettily Decorated Boxes

It is put up in boxes—thus keeping it clean and fresh, in quantities from a half pound to two pounds. Also in what we call package goods—that is chocolate creams, chocolate nuts, etc., etc., are packed in small quantities—in sealed packages. Nice, clean and fresh. Ask to see Gunther's package goods. They are just the thing for the children's stockings. They cost from 5c to 25c a package.

Gunther's Bulk Goods

Bulk means loose—all piled up on a tray—but they also are nice and fresh, and made of the best material, and extreme care is taken in handling them. We use scoops and don't grab a handful in weighing them out. Ask us to show them to you—then taste them and see if they don't melt in your mouth.

Candy Department **BRANDEIS & SONS** Exclusive Agents

Alfred Donaghue, Jr. Florist

1607 FARNAM ST.
 —Announces the Opening of His—
NEW FLOWER STORE
 Saturday, Dec. 19

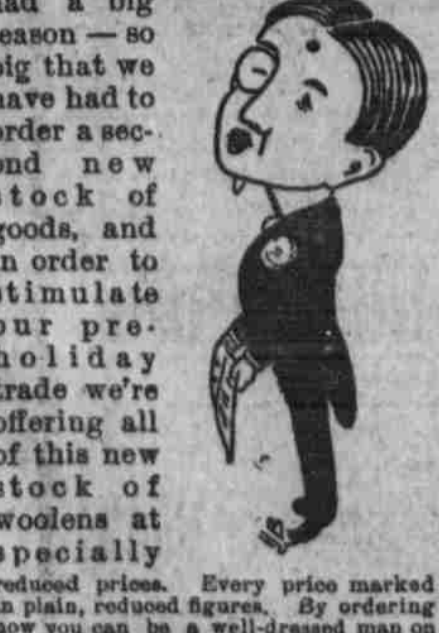
ESPECIAL DISPLAY STOCK will be on exhibition. Call and see the conservatory, where ENGLISH HOLLY will be found GROWING, and many beautiful novelties well worth the visit.

Christmas Candy

50 Sticks Candy	10c
Christmas Mixed	10c
Broken Mixed	10c
Choice Mixed	10c
Champion Mixed	15c
Cream Mixed	15c
Wrapped Caramels	15c
Peanut Candy	15c
Cream Candy	15c
Yankee Peanut	15c
Kindergarten Mixed	15c
Home Made Fudge	20c
French Creams	20c
Assorted Chocolates	20c

BRANDEIS & SONS

We've had a big season—so big that we have had to order a second new stock of goods, and in order to stimulate our pre-holiday trade we're offering all of this new stock of woolsens at specially reduced prices. Every price marked in plain, reduced figures. By ordering now you can be a well-dressed man on Christmas day at small cost.



Nicoll TAILOR

W. C. JERREMS, President.
 209-211 South 15th Street.

THE CARE OF THE HAIR
THE IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR

Christmas Perfumes

Never in the history of this store have we sold so much perfume as at present. The reason is we handle only the best odors and keep them properly. We have made a specialty of Perfumes for years and know all the good kind that is sold. You can't give anything more acceptable than a bottle of fine perfume for a Christmas gift. Come to us for choice perfumes at cut prices.

Atomizers

All styles—all shapes—all colors, the richest, cleanest, brightest stock in Omaha. Prices the lowest.

BRANDEIS & SONS

The Only Double Track Railway between the Missouri River and Chicago.

6 DAILY TRAINS OMAHA TO CHICAGO

8.25 PM THE OVERLAND LIMITED
 8.00 AM THE ATLANTIC EXPRESS
 Pullman tourist sleeping cars and/or coach. Dining cars east from Chicago.

5.50 PM THE EASTERN EXPRESS

Pullman dining car, tourist sleeping cars, free reclining chair cars, buffet library and smoking cars.

3 OTHER DAILY TRAINS

3.40 AM Through service Omaha to Chicago, North-Western, Grand Central and free reclining chair cars to Chicago. Dining cars.

11.30 AM Through service Omaha to Chicago, Pullman dining car, buffet library and smoking cars and free reclining chair cars.

4.25 PM Free chair cars to Chicago, Pullman dining car, buffet library and smoking cars, and free reclining chair cars.

2 DAILY TRAINS OMAHA TO ST. PAUL-MINNEAPOLIS

7.50 AM Observation sleeping car, buffet car and Pullman dining car.
 8.15 PM Pullman dining car, buffet library and free reclining chair cars.

BLACK HILLS

2.50 PM To Fremont, Lincoln, Wahpet, David City, Joplin, York, Redfield, Howard, Ogden, Sutherland, Earl, Grand Island, and Norfolk through reclining chair cars Pullman sleeping car service.

8.05 AM To Fremont, Lincoln, Wahpet, Norfolk, Grand Island, Grand Island, Grand Island and the Missouri Indian Reservation country.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,
 1401 and 1403 Farnam Street.

The Holiday Repentance of Strong-Arm Smith

By William Hamilton Osborne.

(Copyright, 1903, by William H. Osborne.)
 Mr. George Washington Biddle was a conscientious young man. He had had great ambitions, but these were lost sight of in the fact that he supported his sister, his widowed mother and his maiden aunt, and at intervals other members of a family which had ever been, and ever would be gently poverty stricken. So young Mr. Biddle pegged away at his job in the metropolis.
 But looked in his bosom was a tremendous secret. He had taken a little flyer down upon the street. He had put up just so much margin, saved by a judicious avoidance of lunch counters for several months, and had placed the small amount in the care of a discretionary broker. Mr. Biddle was not the only individual who was taking a flyer on Wall street just at that time. The rush was for Consolidated. As usual, the crash occurred just at the unexpected time. Consolidated went down as though it would never stop. Young Mr. Biddle sighed deeply. This should be his first and last experience. He had lost and it had served him right.
 At this juncture he received a letter from his broker. It requested him to call. He called, assuming that it was a demand for more margin, or, what was worse, a demand for a loss—a loss that he could never pay. The broker saw him as he entered, stepped over to a clerk, and came toward Mr. Biddle, waving a narrow strip of paper in his hand as he came.
 "You are one of the lucky few, Biddle," he remarked, as he passed the paper over. It was a check to the order of George Washington Biddle for just \$500. Biddle nearly fainted.
 "But I thought," he gasped, "that you bought Consolidated. You—you told me you would." The broker grinned. "I did—first," he answered. "Later I was fortunate enough to sell. And there you are. Come in again." Mr. George Washington Biddle thought in his heart of hearts that it was just possible that he might come in again. But not just now. He would wait awhile.
 All this happened about the first part of December. Mr. George Washington Biddle made up his mind that it would not do to tell his mother or his sister or his aunt of this stroke of luck. Christmas was approaching. Mr. Biddle had always yearned to celebrate Christmas after a most luxuriant fashion. Here was his opportunity. He would secure this \$500 until Christmas time; then he would lavish on his family and friends a host of presents which would be the real thing and no mistake. And he would blow the whole crowd off to a dinner in New York, and the theater on top of that. Then he might tell them about his little flyer—they could forgive him then.
 "This Christmas," remarked Mr. George Washington Biddle to himself, "will be a Christmas that is Christmas and no mistake."
 Mr. Biddle was only one atom among the aggregation of people who contemplated it with full hearts and empty purses; some with full purses and empty hearts.
 One of the many men who contemplated it was a gentleman of the name of Strong-Arm Smith. Strong-Arm Smith, however, albeit usually in funds, found himself possessed of barely \$50 with which to spend the holidays.
 "And what's \$50," muttered Strong-Arm Smith, "to a man of means like me? I need \$500 if I need a cent. To work, to work, my boy. For Christmas is coming and merry will be."
 Strong-Arm Smith is a man who is well known in New York and vicinity. Several gentlemen are constantly on the lookout for him. Even in winter, the climate of each place was overwarm for Mr. Smith. When one place became too hot, he strolled on toward the next. It was only a few days before the holidays that his individual fortune had dwindled to the aforementioned sum of \$50. And it was only a few days before Christmas that he happened upon the suburban city in which resided Mr. George Washington Biddle. Mr. Biddle's town was quite a town. It has its own department store and was well equipped in every way.
 From the time that Mr. Biddle received his check from his broker, for just two days before Christmas, he occupied his mind continually with the allotment, the quantity and quality and price of presents. He carefully prepared a list, changing it materially several times a day, but finally getting it arranged to his satisfaction. Then he got his check cashed. On December 31 he reached home early, took an early supper and satiled out at an early hour. With him in his pocketbook was his \$50, and his list of purchases which it was his purpose to make.
 Another man with Christmas plans afoot also called forth. It was Strong-Arm Smith. But he went about in a queer manner. While all the town was crowding the stores Mr. Smith lurked in the shadow of a very dark alleyway.
 Mr. Biddle had never seen Mr. Smith, but he never seen Mr. Biddle. But what's the odds—one man was just as good as another to Mr. Smith. He heard the footfalls of Mr. Biddle. He peered out.
 "This duck," remarked Mr. Smith to himself, "don't look like a great deal, but he may have the stuff. I suppose I'll have to do a half dozen or two before I get what I'm looking for."
 George Washington Biddle reached a point just opposite Mr. Smith, and stopped

on the list and sent them out by mail—he had Biddle's address, of course, from Biddle's cards. While he had ransacked the wallet he had come upon two letters signed by the name of "Peggy." They were letters of an unmistakable kind.
 "It isn't on the list," said Smith, "but by George, I'll do it!" He visited a Fifth Avenue jewelry store and picked out a handsome solitaire. "Just put a card in that, will you," he said, "and say, just mark it, 'Sweet Peggy.' If you got time. I don't know her, but I bet she's sweets all right, all right."
 "And now, b' George!" he finally remarked, "I'm through—through, and just about cleaned out. But it's all right, all right. And now for Christmas for myself."
 Back in Biddle's town fifty parents of fifty children were buying "My Christmases" on Strong-Arm Smith's which he had distributed at the church. The whole police force were watching out, without result, for Strong-Arm Smith. The local department store was crowded. Everybody was buying anything and everything.
 "Everybody but George Washington Biddle. He could not buy because he had no money. He was forced to reconcile himself to the situation.
 "Hang it all," he exclaimed profanely, "there I was going to propose to Peggy and buy her a ring—just on the strength of that \$500. Now it means just wait, and wait, and wait."
 But if George Washington Biddle had been astounded when he had won out on the decline of Consolidated, he was still more so when the local express wagon drove up to the Biddle house on Christmas morning and unloaded everything it had.
 "Must be some mistake," said Biddle to the expressman. The expressman snorted. "Ain't no mistake," he answered, "not if your name is George Washington Biddle, and this here is 19 Sylvan Place." Biddle



"IT'S ALL DUE TO THE GENEROSITY OF A MAN NAMED SMITH."

noticed the packages. They were all faintly marked.
 "Dear me," he exclaimed, "I can't understand it. They—they must belong here."
 Just at that moment the postman swung along and handed him a letter and a small square box.
 "Were the Biddle family surprised? They were surprised from the tops of their heads to the soles of their shoes. For George whistled about and knocked the covers off everything and opened them up. And there they were.
 "Come now," he exclaimed after awhile, "get over it, for you and I and— and Peggy Wallace—are all going to have a day in New York."
 "George!" gasped his mother, "how did you—ever—do—it!"
 George waved his hand. "It's all due," he said, truthfully, "to the generosity of a gentleman named Smith." He rubbed a bump on the back of his head as he said it.
 That was as near as the family ever got to the secret of George Washington Biddle. That afternoon at the theater George whispered into the ear of Miss Peggy Wallace, and receiving some kind of an answer, he slipped a fine solitaire upon her finger. So it was satisfactory all around.
 Beyond that George Washington Biddle was \$500 ahead of the game. For in that letter the postman brought he found that sum, and a little note beside. The note read as follows:
 "Dear Sir—I note from some correspondence in your wallet that you took a little flyer on the street. I want to say that that's the way I started, and that if you really want to lose your money, it's pleasanter and safer to be knocked in the head as you were the other night. Don't do it any more. The enclosed five is mine and it's my Christmas present to you. Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night. Yrs.
 "He needn't know how or where I got the extra five," said Mr. Smith to himself. Smith knew, however, for on the night of December 31 he had cracked a provincial bank and relieved it of about \$2,000 in bills. Five hundred of this had gone to Mr. George Washington Biddle, to whom it never occurred that it was stolen money. The balance lasted Mr. Smith until the second day of January.

noticed the packages. They were all faintly marked.
 "Dear me," he exclaimed, "I can't understand it. They—they must belong here."
 Just at that moment the postman swung along and handed him a letter and a small square box.
 "Were the Biddle family surprised? They were surprised from the tops of their heads to the soles of their shoes. For George whistled about and knocked the covers off everything and opened them up. And there they were.
 "Come now," he exclaimed after awhile, "get over it, for you and I and— and Peggy Wallace—are all going to have a day in New York."
 "George!" gasped his mother, "how did you—ever—do—it!"
 George waved his hand. "It's all due," he said, truthfully, "to the generosity of a gentleman named Smith." He rubbed a bump on the back of his head as he said it.
 That was as near as the family ever got to the secret of George Washington Biddle. That afternoon at the theater George whispered into the ear of Miss Peggy Wallace, and receiving some kind of an answer, he slipped a fine solitaire upon her finger. So it was satisfactory all around.
 Beyond that George Washington Biddle was \$500 ahead of the game. For in that letter the postman brought he found that sum, and a little note beside. The note read as follows:
 "Dear Sir—I note from some correspondence in your wallet that you took a little flyer on the street. I want to say that that's the way I started, and that if you really want to lose your money, it's pleasanter and safer to be knocked in the head as you were the other night. Don't do it any more. The enclosed five is mine and it's my Christmas present to you. Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night. Yrs.
 "He needn't know how or where I got the extra five," said Mr. Smith to himself. Smith knew, however, for on the night of December 31 he had cracked a provincial bank and relieved it of about \$2,000 in bills. Five hundred of this had gone to Mr. George Washington Biddle, to whom it never occurred that it was stolen money. The balance lasted Mr. Smith until the second day of January.

A Safe Cough Medicine for Children.
 In buying a cough medicine for children never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is always sure to follow. It is especially valuable for colds, croup and whooping cough.
 St. Louis Fire Fatal.
 ST. LOUIS, Dec. 18.—Fire today partially destroyed tenement houses at 61 North Twenty-third street, in which Mrs. Esther St. Clair was burned to death and Miss Ray Belmont was seriously injured by jumping from a third floor window. Miss Lester was almost asphyxiated when dislodged by flames and carried out, but was finally revived. It is believed that escaping gas started the fire.

MUNYON'S PAW PAW



TO THE PUBLIC:

Knowing that I have found a positive cure for Dyspepsia and most stomach troubles, I do not hesitate to urge every sufferer to try this new vegetable papain.
 I know that it will cure Dyspepsia.
 I know that it will cure Nervousness.
 I know that it will cure Sleeplessness.
 I know that it will give strength to the weak.
 I know it from the testimony of hundreds of people that it has cured.
 I know it so surely and believe it so completely that I have put my reputation and my fortune behind it.
 I want the public to know it as I do, and believe in it as I believe in it. I value your confidence and respect more than I value your money. I earnestly ask every doctor, every chemist, every scientist to carefully investigate the merits of this medicine and then honestly tell the public the truth about it.
 I want every dyspeptic to try Paw Paw. No matter what remedies you have taken or what doctors you have consulted; no matter how many years you have suffered, get a bottle and see how speedily you will be benefited and how quickly you will be cured.
 I want every irritable person, every nervous person, every weak person, every person who cannot sleep, to get a bottle of Paw Paw. Take it according to directions and notice how quickly it will soothe and calm the nerves; how soon it will give vigor and strength to the whole system and enable you to sleep restfully and soundly.
 Don't take whisky! Don't take beer! Don't take narcotics, which are worse than either of them. Remember Paw Paw exhilarates, but does not intoxicate. It lifts you out of dependency into the high attitude of hopes, and holds you there. Set aside all drugs, all medicines, all stimulants, and give Paw Paw a fair trial, and you will have cause to give your heartfelt thanks to Yours very truly,
 MUNYON.
 Large size bottles can be had at any drug store; \$1.00 per bottle. Paw Paw Laxative Pills, for those who need a gentle laxative or an active cathartic. 25c per bottle.

Christmas Excursions

To the Old Country.

I can offer you some cheap trips across the Atlantic.
 Call at ticket office
1502 Farnam Street.
Burlington Route
J. B. REYNOLDS,
 City Passenger Agent.

"Wenn man die Etiquette liest—so weiss man was nicht drinne ist!"
 "When you read the label on a bottle, you generally know what it does not contain." This is often the case with wine, but when you read the words
STORZ BLUE RIBBON
 on the label of a beer bottle, you know you have got the right stuff—you have what it is made to be—the PUREST and BEST table beer. The name Storz Blue Ribbon stands as a guarantee for quality, purity and strength—the beverage is one of which Omaha may be proud.
 Storz Blue Ribbon (for family use) will be delivered to any part of city direct by Bottling Department.
 Phone 1260 **Storz Brewing Co.**

ASTHMA

Medical authorities now concede that under the system of treatment introduced by Dr. Frank Whitely of Chicago.
ASTHMA CAN BE CURED.
 Dr. L. E. Scott, Lebanon, Ky.; Dr. F. E. Brown, Birmingham, Iowa; Dr. J. C. Currier, St. Louis, Mo.; Dr. C. F. Beard, St. Paul, Minn.; Dr. H. H. Foster, St. Paul, Minn., bear witness to the efficacy of his treatment and the permanent cure of the asthmatic's own case. Dr. Whitely's new method is a radical departure from all other methods of treating asthma, bronchitis, whooping cough, croup, etc., which relieve but do not cure.
FREE TEST TREATMENT
 prepared for any one giving a short description of the case, and sending names of two other asthmatic sufferers. Ask for literature free of charge. Write to:
DR. FRANK WHITELEY, 30 S. W. D. B. Dept. 14, American Express Bldg., Chicago.