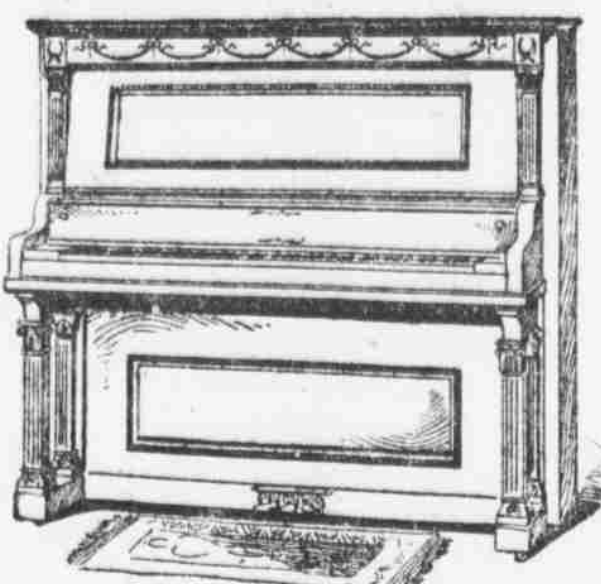


A GREAT PURCHASE OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOLLOWED BY THE GREATEST SALE EVER HELD IN NEBRASKA

Last week we purchased the entire stock of the Collins Piano Co., 113 South 17th street, who are retiring from the retail business. The Collins Piano Co. was one of the oldest and most reliable houses in the west, making a specialty of high grade instruments. Our cash offer for the stock and good will was accepted by the firm and we took possession of the stock, which consisted of Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Accordions, Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos, Talking Machines, Records, Music Boxes, in fact everything known in musical merchandising. This stock goes on sale Monday morning in our Musical Dept. If you are expecting to purchase anything in the way of musical instruments for Xmas now is the great opportunity to do so and make a great saving in your purchase. If you select a piano in this sale this week we will set it aside and deliver it Christmas eve if you desire. The extremely low figure at which this stock was purchased enables us to sell a very fine high grade piano at a wonderfully low price.

There is nothing you can buy for an Xmas present that will be of more benefit to the one that receives it, than a musical instrument. They are instructive, entertaining and interesting. Look over this grand assortment of Pianos and you will find such well known makes to select from as the Cable, Conover, Shubert, Fischer, Chickering, Estey, Kingsbury, Franklin, Wellington, Jacob Doll, Behr Bros., Steck, Schaeffer, Melville, Clark and several other makes. Below will be found a few of the many bargains to be sold during this—THE GREATEST OF ALL PIANO SALES.

	Collins' Price.	Our Sale Price.
One Upright Piano	\$ 150	\$ 75
One Upright Piano	175	82
One Upright Piano	200	100
One Upright Piano	225	115
One Upright Piano	242	118
One Upright Piano	255	132
One Upright Piano	265	147
One Upright Piano	272	168



	Collins' Price.	Our Sale Price.
One Upright Piano	\$280	\$ 175
One Upright Piano	295	192
One Upright Piano	315	205
One Upright Piano	325	218
One Upright Piano	335	238
One Upright Piano	350	247
One Upright Piano	365	263
One Upright Piano	400	270

Square Pianos—\$15.00, \$18.00, \$22.50, \$25.00, \$27.50, \$32.00, \$35.00, \$40.00.
Organs—\$5.00, \$8.00, \$11.00, \$15.00, \$17.50, \$21.00, \$24.00, \$26.00, \$28.50, \$32.00.

All small musical instruments purchased from the Collins Piano Co., will be closed out at about one-fourth their actual value.

One Talking Machine, regular price \$10—Sale price..... \$5.00 One Talking Machine, regular price \$20—Sale price..... \$10.00 One Talking Machine, regular price \$30—Sale Price..... \$15.00
One Talking Machine, regular price \$15—Sale Price..... 7.50 One Talking Machine, regular price \$25—Sale Price..... 12.00 One Talking Machine, regular price \$40—Sale Price..... 20.00

Cylinder Records at 15c each. All the latest popular sheet music will go in this sale at 9c per copy, or three for 25c; 1c extra by mail. All pianos in this GREAT SALE will be sold on easy payment plan if desired. 150 empty piano boxes for sale. New pianos for rent. Write for catalogue and prices.

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HAYDEN BROTHERS

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SIGNS FOR THE OLD WEST

Inroads of Civilization Provokes Regrets From a Frontiersman

THE JOY OF LIVING IN THE PAST

Moving Picture of the Grand Old Days and the Characters That Flitted Before the Lights and Vanished.

"The old west is going, and with its passing comes civilization, and with civilization the grind; but it will not be in my day, and although it is approaching, I will have passed over the great Divide before it really arrives."

"The speaker was John Donovan, one of Colonel Bill Cody's right-hand men. After hours of walking about the hard St. Louis pavements until, as Mr. Donovan expressed it, the soles were almost worn off their shoes, one of the boys remarked:

"Say, John, let's be getting back for this walking about the city streets is just like walking up one canyon and down another."

"Now, that's just about the way I feel about the matter," said Mr. Donovan. "The big cities are all right for a time, but then the craving for the open plains and the long trails gets hold of a man, and then if he can't get back he feels like as if he were in jail. Why, every time I come to a city and I look about and see the men in the grind, I am more than ever convinced that I am in the right place back in the plains and hills, and then I just pull up stakes and follow that thought, and then I'm happy again."

"But then the old west is a-going and a-going fast, and nothing shows it better than when a man sets out with a couple of horses for a trip. In the old days ox teams could set out on long trips, and they were able to find plenty of grub for the teams and there were twenty oxen to a team. Now a man with a couple of horses must buy fodder all the way. The reason is that there is no grass open for a man to feed his horses on, and what places are open the grass is all cropped down close. No, it ain't like the old days in the least, and the railroads and the wire fences are the cause of it."

Picturesque Characters.

"It has just taken twenty-five years to see the change. Some of the other states got it the worst, but Wyoming was the

last to see the change. The old-time characters are all dying off, and in a few years they will all be gone. Buckskin Jim, who was well known as a government transporter, died a year ago, and when Jim died the old west lost another of its most picturesque characters. Then there was Calamity Jane. She's gone over the divide with the rest of 'em. Calamity was a gal that gal in her day, but from all I know she was all right, except that she loved to drink and fight. Why, I've seen her come into a barroom and order his nips behind the bar to set up the drinks like the best of 'em.

"Then with the disappearance of the characters that made the west famous some years ago has gone the big game. It ain't so very long ago when we could take a rifle and go out after a buffalo. But where do you find 'em now? Only in zoos and in Yellowstone park. The rest of the game has almost gone, too. The game is being driven to the summits of the mountains. The railroads have cut up the country so much that the hunting grounds are smaller and the game is taking to the woods, as they say in the city.

"Where are the old-time bad men? Well, they've taken to the high timbers, too. I don't know whether it was the railroads or the wire fences or the generous use of hemp that scared that class of men out of the west, but they're gone anyhow. Once in awhile one turns up. Sorter drops in from Mars to pay his respects, and then if he does anything but a painful duty falls upon the good citizens, and one bad man has gone to join the thousands that have gone before. But even in the old days the bad men had a pretty rough road to travel and never carried any 'em.

"Of course, those were rough days, and the dancin' used to see lots of shooting out another man's lights, but the better element were generally in the lead, and anything that looked real dirty was looked into. If two men, fully armed, met and had a difference and went at it like men and one got potted, it was all right. That was fair. Some poet said something about gun fighting once. He said:

"He had sand in his craw, but was slow to draw.
So we buried him under the daisies."
"That's the way it was in them days, as long as things were anyhow fair. But when it was a deliberate case of assassination or murder, then the better citizens took a hand, with the result that there would be a little hanging, and justice being done, the incident was forgotten. Yes, there were bad men in plenty, but they began to see their finish before long. The American people are a good people, but they are not a nation of killers.

Finished the Bad Men.
"The disturbing element in the old days was generally made up of gamblers, bad men and cheap sports. Sometimes a lot of 'em would get together and then they would make a hell on earth for the fellows that tried to be anyway decent. At Blenmark one time they had a bunch of about fifty bad men, but before the better fellows got through with them there were thirty-three dead bad men. Then there was another section in the old days that had a wonderful groove of the law, men. They got so bad that they sorter thought they owned the earth, and murders got to be right common.

"Well, there was a meeting of a crowd of good citizens one night. As a result of the meeting a judge was chosen, a prosecuting attorney and an attorney for the defense. The sheriff was instructed to bring in the bad men. He got plenty of deputies and soon the court had a lot of business on hand. Well, after they had got about sixty-two bad men and had handed mostly all of 'em, things began to clear up a spell in that territory.

not take the jury long to find him guilty, and then he was ordered to be hanged. Before the hanging job was carried out the prisoner was asked if he had any prayers to say or last words to leave before the sentence of the court was carried into effect.

"Well, that fellow started off on a long, rambling story of what an innocent child he had been all his life, and the like. Finally the gang began to see that he was talking against time, and then they got suspicious that he had a reason, and when they suspicion got strong enough he was hanged forthwith. He had hardly got through kicking before his wife rode up on a horse covered with foam, and she had two six-shooters. She told us that she and her husband, the aforesaid bad man, had an agreement. It was that if he was ever caught, and he knew what that would mean, she was to come and shoot him. Most men would rather be shot than hanged. They think hanging is too much like a dog's death.

Tough and Bloody Days.
"Those were tough and bloody days sometimes. Why, I know lots of saloons that kept a blanket for no other purpose than to carry out the dead men. A saloon fight was generally over in a second. There would be a few words (sometimes even the words would be omitted), the crack of a pair of shooting irons, and then the blanket would be brought in and the body carried out of the bar room, where it was apt to offend delicate guests. Then the dances used to see lots of shooting. Those dance shooting affairs were generally caused by women. At most of the dances you would find bad women, bad men and bad whiskey—and, say, that is an awful combination when it is mixed up, and it was no wonder that a few men would be buried the next morning. A shooting affair, at a dance only lasted a few minutes, and then the dancing would be resumed.

"In all my experience I found that the safest way to keep out of trouble was to leave the shooting arms where they were safe. I never carried a gun in a town, because it wasn't safe. We all carry them when we're out on the trail, but the wise men leave them off when they go to town. Now, I used to know a lot of men who carried two guns, and even a knife, but they're all dead now. Then I used to know a lot of men that carried one gun all the time, and they're pretty nearly all dead. And I might say that I knew a lot of chaps who never carried a gun at all, and strange to say, they're all in the land of the living yet. The reason of it all is simple. The chap with the two guns was more apt to get into a fight than the man with one, and the man with one more so than the fellow without any at all. The man without the gun did not have the tendency to get into trouble.

"From my years of residence in the west and the places where the bad men flourished, I might say that the shooting affairs were the result of three things. The first reason was one man taking a woman away from another; the second, jumping claims; and the third, grabbing money in card games. Once in awhile a fight would result over some big personal spite, but as a general thing the man that did not mix up with any of the three reasons was pretty safe.

leave 'em at the hotel when they got practicing about town, and that's the safest way after all. I've done almost everything but stick up a coach and marry, and it wasn't because I didn't have sand in the first case, although I didn't in the second, and yet I've managed to keep a whole hide, when so many dashing fellows with a load of guns are sleeping under the willows. If you're looking for trouble you generally get it, and no man had to get gunned unless he was sorter looking for it.

"No, I'm glad to get back to the west. I feel better than I do here, but the grind is reaching up there. I remember a few years ago when the fellows would walk along with their heads up high and their hats on the backs of their heads, but now you see 'em coming along with a frown on their faces and looking at their feet. They've learned to scheme. It's all a part of the grind, and they'll be in the middle of it before long, but until that time comes I will be happy only on the plains. I feel sorry for many of the men in the city. Take men working for wages. Some day they must all be fired, it comes to you sooner or later, and even when they are working, they ain't getting the benefit of their work. Back in our country, when a man digs a post hole and puts in a post, he is bound to get some benefit from it at some time or other, and then, if he had good leads and a clear conscience, he is as well off as anyone.

END OF CELEBRATED CASE

Transition of a Noted Episcopal Minister to the Greek Catholic Church.

The ecclesiastical history of this country has received few announcements more astonishing than the one that Rev. Dr. Ingram N. W. Irvine, unfrocked by the Episcopal church, had been received into the Greek Catholic church of Russia and was to be a full-fledged priest. Dr. Irvine, who had been wrongly treated by the Cathedral of St. Nicholas in New York, and has appeared in the pulpit several times.

This marks the ending, or it might be proper to say, a new development, in a case that has been one succession of sensations. Dr. Irvine, at first an Episcopalian of rank, accused of immorality, and unfrocked, foe of Bishop Talbot of the Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania, in bitter litigation, returns to religious work, the first American ever to take orders in the Greek church.

NEVER RELEASING HIS EFFORTS TO GET A VINDICATION, AND THERE WERE TIMES WHEN IT SEEMED HE MIGHT SUCCEED, FOR HE WAS ATTRACTED TO HIS CASE MANY INFLUENTIAL EPISCOPALIANS, AND SOME WENT SO FAR AS TO TAKE BISHOP TALBOT INTO COURT.

But in the end every effort failed. The House of Bishops sustained Bishop Talbot by a vote of 5 to 4, and the case was dismissed by the supreme court of Pennsylvania for want of jurisdiction, the ruling being that it was one that came entirely under ecclesiastical law.

Through his battle Dr. Irvine has held many partisans, and his work in his new field will be closely watched.—Washington Post.

Interesting Kelle.
An interesting paperweight has just been given to Epworth university at Oklahoma City. It is a section of the brass pump rod of the steamship Sirius, the first steamer to cross the Atlantic. The trip was made in 1838, and the vessel left Cork on April 3 and arrived in New York on April 22. The ship was lost on the English coast in June, 1847, and was salvaged in 1886, fifty-one years later. The metal work of the vessel was purchased by the Macons, a firm of Birmingham, England, ship suppliers, where the pump rod was cut into sections and the souvenirs made. The paperweight is about half an inch thick and four inches in diameter. It looks as bright as if it had never seen the bottom of the sea.

He Died Unannounced.
Representative Adamson of Georgia while going to Washington one day not long ago noticed a crowd around the depot at one of the stations on the Southern, down in North Carolina, and poked his head out of the window and asked of a negro, "Adam, what's the matter here?" "Jim Johnson's dead, sah," was the answer. "Somebody shoot him?" "No, sah; nobody done nothin' to him; he just died all of sudden."

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The parish became vacant, the members made efforts to get Bishop Talbot to choose a successor, but falling in this after a delay, they met, and, as they had a perfect right to do as an organized parish, they elected Dr. Irvine to act as rector.

This action was repudiated by the bishop, but the chancellor of the diocese decided that it was perfectly legitimate.

On March 17 Dr. Irvine was hailed into court on charge of forswearing. The evidence developed that Bishop Talbot had apparently made a systematic campaign to get rid of Irvine, and, when the latter was held and called for trial some months later, Bishop Talbot appeared before the grand jury of Huntington county and assisted counsel in pressing the indictments against Irvine. The indictment was quashed and Irvine freed.

Dr. Irvine cited before Bishop Talbot to show cause why the pastoral relation between them should not be dissolved, replied by having the bishop cited for violation of the laws of the church.

The bishop appointed a committee of investigation, and signed its findings, reflecting seriously on Dr. Irvine. Then came an ecclesiastical court. Dr. Irvine declined to plead.

SENTENCES OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

There is a tide in the affairs of education which, taken at the flood, leads straight to matrimony.

Money talks and stops talk. Some orators have a fine command of other men's language.

Anyone can be a power of evil—it takes character to be a power for good. The fact that someone else does it, is society's excuse.

Certain men are determined to get their share of what does not belong to them. You can lead a man to college, but you cannot make him think.

You can fool everyone save God—and yourself. Talk is not always cheap. A man always with his eyes on the ground bumps his head; a man with his nose always in the air stubs his toe.

When he can wear his left shoe on his right foot your pessimist will be pleased. Dignity carried to excess is a malady.—American Magazine.

HEARTRENDING

Was the state of A. C. Suckel's daughter, Miletus, W. Va., with a leg sore. Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured her. See For sale by Sherman & McConell Drug Co.

EXPLODING DIAMONDS.

A curious fact regarding diamonds is that it is not uncommon for the crystals to explode as soon as they are brought from the mine. Sometimes they have burst in the pockets or the warm hands of miners, due to the effect of increased temperature. Large stones are more likely to do this than small ones. Valuable stones have been destroyed in this way. By way of a safeguard, some dealers imbued large diamonds in a raw potato for safe transport from South Africa.

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