

SENSATION CREATED IN PIANO CIRCLES

By the Great Bankrupt Sale of the Par-field Piano Co's Stock of Fine Pianos.

Dealers and Agents Trying to Get Under Cover—The Big Cut in Price Has Started the Ball Rolling.

Business So Far Has Been Marvelous—But these Pianos Must be Sold and Prices Are Made to Suit Purchasers.

Open Evenings—Easy Terms or Cash
1611 FARNAM ST.

Bear in mind that this immense stock of pianos must be sold by order of the U. S. Court and that to do so prices have been cut to sell them at once. The way we have been selling them this week you would think that we were giving the best value that Omaha people have ever had offered them. This is certainly a hurry-up time to buy a piano. Every piano is fully guaranteed by the maker. If you are from the way they have been selling they will all be sold within a short time. We mean business and will not refuse any reasonable offer for any piano in this stock. Agents will tell you any kind of story to try and keep you from coming to this sale, but as the saying "The proof of the pudding is in eating it," we say to you, pay no attention to them, but come and see how far your money will go in buying a piano when we are forced to sell as we now are.

| | |
|------------------------|-------|
| \$250 Pianos now go at | \$ 87 |
| \$275 Pianos now go at | 107 |
| \$300 Pianos now go at | 117 |
| \$325 Pianos now go at | 137 |
| \$350 Pianos now go at | 157 |
| \$375 Pianos now go at | 187 |
| \$400 Pianos now go at | 218 |
| \$450 Pianos now go at | 258 |
| \$500 Pianos now go at | 298 |
| \$600 Pianos now go at | 358 |
| \$700 Pianos now go at | 397 |

We have during the past few days refused to sell any of this stock to dealers and for their benefit we again say no piano sold to dealers. This is the people's opportunity and we urge you to call at once. If you have an idea of buying a piano during the next two years, we can please you and save you one-half in price by buying now. Remember the time.

1611 FARNAM ST.

Free Lectures on Character Analysis and Health Culture

AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

Three nights; Tues., Wed., Thurs., Oct. 9-10-11

Katherine M. H. Blackford, M. D., the distinguished scientist and lecturer of the Boston College of Vitosophy, will deliver a brilliant course of lectures on the New Philosophy of Human Life, teaching Financial Success, Health and Happiness in a new and practical way.

Tuesday night, 8 o'clock. Subject: Character Analysis.

Wednesday night, 8 o'clock. Subject: Work; its Importance in Mental and Physical Development.

Thursday night, 8 o'clock. Subject: Health, Physical, Mental and Moral.

Public delineations of character of prominent citizens selected by the audience each evening.

Katherine M. H. Blackford, M. D. Scientist and Lecturer

Go Somewhere

Round Trip Rates From Omaha

HOME VISITORS' EXCURSION

To many points in Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, New York, Ontario, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, October 19th.

RATE: Fare and one-third for round trip. LIMIT: Thirty days.

| | |
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| Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, Oct. 13 to 16, inclusive | \$18.15 |
| Kansas City, Oct. 5 to Oct. 13 | \$ 7.75 |
| Kansas City, Oct. 15 to 20 | \$ 7.75 |
| Dallas, Texas, Oct. 6-7 | \$21.20 |
| Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 10-11-12 | \$26.75 |
| New Orleans, La., October 11 to 14 | \$23.60 |
| Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 14-15-16 | \$28.00 |
| Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 15-16-17-18 | \$19.60 |
| Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 8-9 | \$32.10 |

One-Way Colonist Rates Daily.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, etc. | \$25.00 |
| San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, etc. | \$25.00 |
| Spokane and Eastern Washington | \$22.50 |
| Butte, Helena, Salt Lake, etc. | \$20.00 |

Better call or write and let me plan your trip for you. I can give you all the latest information and free descriptive literature.

J. B. REYNOLDS, C. P. A.,
1502 Farnam St. Omaha, Neb.

You can read the newspaper and cure your cold at the same time if you use SALUBRIN, the safest and most effective cure known for

La Grippe, Coughs, Sore Throat, Etc.

Positively free from injurious drugs.

For sale at

SCHAEFER'S CUT PRICE DRUG STORES

Cor. 16th and Chicago Sts., Omaha. 24th and N Sts., So. Omaha. Corner 5th and Main Sts., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

LAND OF GREAT DISTANCES

Vastness of South Africa Appeals the Traveler from Abroad.

BEAUTIFUL MORNINGS AND SUNSETS

Civilization Looks Out of Place as Train Crosses the Veldt—Days of Quiet and Noisy Nights.

It is fashionable to allude to a railway journey in South Africa as a journey of the traveler lives in the past. He feels, if he has any imagination, that he is at the present moment he has become part of an ancient civilization, which still survives the train and the telegraph; he moves through cities with a story in every stone; each mile brings new pictures of the night and the wealth of the land. The most enchanting pages in the book of history.

In America you cross a land of the future. The cities are marvels of inventive genius; even away in the country there is an echo of the hum of restless enterprise, the murmur of a people confident they are hurrying on to realize a great destiny.

But across the great plateau of South Africa you seem to live always in the present. It becomes a dominating idea. You cannot picture a past save like the present or imagine a future differing from today. The veldt and it looks as if it would always be as it is. The slender thread of steel which crosses the illimitable space, the little towns set down at such great distances from one another, play no part in the scene. There are, it is true, but they look fortuitous, out of place.

Modern haste out of place.

Trains clang across the Karoo and pant up the hillsides from Natal, but the veldt is slow; it does not adapt itself to them. The slow-moving or wagon almost fits in the picture the mail train, with its searchlight piercing the darkness and peace of the night, is, and always will be, a thing apart. It always seems to me that there is something curious, almost uncanny, about the train of the south and Karoo—something you do not find in other great lands. The haste of modern life clashes with the spirit of the veldt. There is a silent protest against the intruder.

The country calls for a more dignified and drouth to its aid to prevent its freedom from being shackled by the bonds of civilization and the handicuffs of progress.

The space destroys speed. As you hurry northward or eastward from London in a mile-in-minute express the close-set villages fly past, increasing the impression of haste, but let the engine pull the train northward from the Cape into the heart of Africa and its speed will seem to slacken. Steam cannot eat up the distances of such a continent and there are no contrasts, no near landmarks, by which to measure the onward rush.

Yet such a journey, monotonous as it is, brings scenes which give it a fascination all its own. No one can paint in words or on canvas the beauty of a South African morning just after sunrise. Your carriage stands still at some wayside station, with its solitary one-story house and inevitable dwarfed trees.

Lifelong, exhilarating air.

Away as far as the eye can see stretches the thin grassland. The landscape holds nothing to attract save its space, but the sunshine is something new. England never knows, the air is like a draught of champagne, the marvelous clearness and freshness—which no other land can equal—gives new life. No breeze yet awails the dust across the plain. All the world is still, as though in the silent worship of the loveliness of the moment.

A few sleepy Kaffirs, wrapped close in blankets which display a rainbow of color, gaze with languid eyes at the panting monster. The white man and his ways are familiar today in the heart of the dark continent. Yet there are men living who remember the time when the coast tribes believed that white men were a production of the sea, which they traversed in large shells, their food being the tusks of elephants, which they would take from the beach if laid there for them, placing beads in their stead, which they obtained from the bottom of the sea. History has been made quickly in South Africa.

A shrill whistle and on again into space. All day you clatter forward—a little uncertainly at times. There are mysterious wayside halts in the wilderness, when it seems to have run out of the world and been sidetracked far from the haunts of men; there are waitings at tiny stations from which not a habitation is visible and where the only possible traffic appears to be a well buck or an occasional stray bullock. The land is empty. The swarms of natives you expected to see are absent; the country looks deserted. Space—only space. Now and then there glides into the picture a town with a name known to history, the site of a siege, the field of a battle. The impression it leaves is simply one of insignificance. No ordinary town could look imposing upon such a plain.

Veldt Always the Same.

All day the train toils onward, growing weary at times as though disheartened at the miles which will stretch ahead. A few herds of goats or cattle; a shy figure in the distance, which makes you think of the hunter of the bush, the wild Vaal pines; now and then a hivellike kraal appear under the shade of some trees. But no incident, no break—never was there such monotony. Yet you can not conjure up a different picture. Even in imagination you can not transform the veldt. It was then when the first white men pushed toward from the shelter of the coast settlements into the unknown. It is thus today. It will be thus in a decade—perhaps in a century.

Sunset is as wonderful as the dawn. The still, cloudless sky darkens rapidly as the sun sinks below the rim of the plain. A solitary kopje becomes purple, then black, a fitting haunt for some robber chief, the terror of whose name has desolated the countryside. The last glorious glow which no painter could reproduce dies away and a chill breeze sighs through the dry grass. The train puffs wearily on in the blackness of the night; ever forward, with the searchlight before the tunnel, like a huge eye sweeping the land to find a human being.

In the middle of the night there happens a curious thing. The country becomes peopled. There is a grinding stop. A few lights flicker, horse voices about unattended orders, there arises a banging and a clattering sufficient to wake the Seven Sleepers. What happens? It is happened—why it happens—no man knows. It is an eccentricity of a South African railway. The live-long day slips by with a silence which almost forces one to shout to break the stillness, but at night these mysterious noises arise.

Men emerge from nowhere and talk loudly of nothing being the waiting train; figures with hammers beat upon the wheels or hold consultations in Westonian tones over grease boxes. A popular song is roared under the windows of sleepers; even a whole troop train of terribly wide-awake soldiers has been met on a partitioned dark night. But these things never happen in daytime. There are people in this wide

land, after all, but they only spring up at night.

Ever a Feeling of Vastness.

So on through another day—always the same space. At last, at last, falls once more you enter a region of snow-white hills, which look ghostly in the moonlight, of queer towers of iron bars and enormous wheels, as of the torture chamber of a giant'squisition. Stations slip past more quickly, houses grow more numerous. Finally appears a great city, where electric trams glide through the streets and a blaze of electric light shows a background of tall buildings. It is the reef and the golden city, the magnet which has drawn the railway all these hundreds of miles from the sea. But it is soon forgotten. The veldt laps the walls of Johannesburg and will remain, after it has gone, to cover the scars made by man.

Further on—you lose count of time in a South African train—is a gorge, down which you descend to a narrow river. The stricken land toward Delagoa bay. You have heard of bold hills, of grand scenery, but the winding descent is disappointing. The hills look low, the valley is not deep. The country which stretches away around you is too immense. No picture could look imposing in this enormous frame.

This is the last, as it is the first, impression of a South African railway journey. Space, also, vastness. There are snow-capped mountains, swift running rivers, forest, bush, hill, valley, upland, desert. There is much that is striking, many things that are novel, but the greatest, the most lasting thing, the impression that remains when the others have become a blur, is the distance. This is a land of great distances. It fascinates you. Finally it depresses you. What can man do with such a land—a land which has never changed—which means never to change? We build and scratch in little corners, but we have done nothing which really counts. The space is too great. The veldt is as it was—and always will be.

—Fall Mail Gazette.

IN AND OUT OF THE TOILS

Few Choice Notes on Society of the Erring Under High Pressure.

Friday evening a phone message was received at the police station advising the officers that a man had been held up by several colored men near Ninth and Bancroft streets and badly cut up with knives. The patrol wagon was hustled to the scene of the alleged hold-up and found Benjamin Higgins of Hanover, Ia., sitting on the curbstone with his face covered with blood. Higgins started the story of the holdup, but the police are experts in the matter of makeups and discovered that Higgins had a few blood spots on his face and smeared his face with the gore and imagined the story of the holdup. He finally confessed that he was trying to steal a ride on a freight train and had been pushed off by the brakeman. Higgins was locked up as a suspicious character, but was discharged after a police court Saturday morning.

In police court Saturday morning, W. Lewis, 801 North Sixteenth street, indignantly denied he was intoxicated Friday night, although the officers found him dead to the world on a porch in the rear of 219 California street. He had been sent to deliver some curtains for a second-hand dealer, but the porch looked too inviting when he was feeling so sleepy. The case was continued until Monday morning.

Several years ago Lewis stole a coil of lead pipe, which was so heavy that he walked until an officer came along and had the officer help him steal the lead by putting it into his wagon. After the officer found how he had been hoaxed he went in search of Lewis, who was eventually apprehended and punished for his offense, but the pipe which the officer had so kindly helped to load was never recovered.

The parades and excitement of the Ak-Sar-Ben carnival were the attraction which lured Bennie McGuire, the young son of Captain McGuire of the Lincoln police force, from his home several days ago. His parents believed correctly that Bennie would head for the city and he was picked up on the streets Friday night and placed in the matron's department at the city jail for safe keeping. His father arrived Saturday morning and will take his trunk soon back to Lincoln, where he will receive the attentions of a worried mother. Judge Crawford discharged Rivers Mackey, colored, in police court Saturday morning on the charge of discharging firearms on the city streets without having a permit from the mayor. Mackey and John Pearl took a few shots at each other Thursday afternoon near the corner of Twelfth and Dodge streets, injuring a bystander by the name of W. Shields, but failing to perforate each other. It appeared from the evidence that Pearl started the hostilities and escaped, so Judge Crawford thought the best solution of the problem was to discharge Mackey, as he was not the chief offender.

YEISER DISMISSES CONTEST

Carries Out Agreement Made with Republicans for the Legislature on Senatorship.

As a part of the compromise agreement reached among the candidates for state legislature Friday, John O. Yeiser Saturday morning dismissed his recount contest before the board of canvassers and the official count will stand. No other defeated candidate had filed the necessary affidavit to secure a recanvass of the votes and Mr. Yeiser's dismissal of the proceedings ended the matter. The recount, as far as it had proceeded, made little difference in the general result, except to reduce Charles J. Andersen several points below Yeiser. Yeiser also gained a few votes over the other candidates.

Fifty Years a Blacksmith.

Hibburg, adjoining the famous Appomattox, where the gallant Lee surrendered to the famous Grant, is the home of Samuel R. Worley, now 85 years of age, and actively engaged in horseshoeing, who often relates how he shod horses of unknowns and confederates from 1860 to 1865, making the shoes and fitting them. Mr. Worley says: "I have been shoeing horses for more than fifty years, and Chamberlain's Pain Balm has given me great relief from lumbago and rheumatism, which advanced my age and hard work brought, and it is the best liniment I ever used." When troubled with rheumatic pains or soreness of the muscles give Pain Balm a trial and you will be certain to be relieved with the prompt relief which it affords.

DIAMONDS—Frenzer, 14th and Dodge sts.

Very Low Rates Tuesday.

Every Tuesday, balance of the year, the Chicago Great Western railway will sell tickets to Minnesota to Wisconsin, North Dakota and Canadian northwest at about half rate; to other territory, first and third Tuesdays. Write H. H. Churchill, G. A., 1512 Farnam street. State number in party and when going.

Police After Bird Shooters.

Several boys residing in the vicinity of Harboison park and also in other parts of the city are likely to cause considerable trouble for themselves and their parents if they do not immediately discontinue the practice of shooting at the birds and squirrels in our parks. Citizens who know any such dangerous and vicious parties should be stopped and the chief has detailed several officers to see that his orders are carried out to the letter. It therefore behooves the good citizen to be on his toes and to see that his own appearance in public will be sure put in his appearance in police court.

Stove Economy

It's money in your pocket to buy from us. Our years of experience in buying and selling stoves have given us a reputation—it's absolutely reliable stoves at reasonable prices. We guarantee you bigger, better values for your stove money than you can find elsewhere.

Oak Stoves

Good strong soft coal heaters, handsomely nickel-trimmed, big values—up from... **5.95**

Agents for Cole's Hot Blast Heaters.




Radiant Home Base Burners

The standard of the world, air-tight joints, open top magazine with gas flue and duplex grate, not found in any other base burner. Prices up from..... **29.00**

PURITAN STEEL RANGES

Made of blued polished steel, asbestos lined, perfect bakers. We sell the 6-hole size with high closet, like cut, **26.50** at.....

Sole agents for Quick Meal, Malleable and Monitor Ranges.

Milton Rogers & Sons Co.
Fourteenth and Farnam Streets.

Balduff Gold Medal Chocolates

This illustrates one of the beautiful fancy boxes in which we are packing Gold Medal Chocolates.

Buy one of Balduff's fancy boxes filled with Gold Medal Chocolates when you want a dainty gift for presentation. There is nothing too good to hold Gold Medal Chocolates, and we're putting them up in a line of fancy boxes that will call forth the admiration of every one who sees them. Packed in different sizes—different prices. Ask your dealer for them.

When you want a crisp stick candy, buy "BALDUFF'S STICK CANDY." Put up in boxes that sell for 25c.

BALDUFF
1520 Farnam Street.

Notice

the Cut of this

Overcoat



It is the very latest and will be worn extensively this winter. We are always up-to-date and if you want clothes that carry that indefinable air of correctness you should see us before buying. We carry a larger line of fall and winter suitings than any other popular priced tailoring establishment in the west.

We can save you 20 to 25 per cent on your clothes.

Suits \$20 to \$40
Overcoats \$20 up

All clothes made in our own shop in Omaha

Linderman & Herzog

MERCHANT TAILORS
...1415 DOUGLAS STREET...

WE CURE \$7.50 MEN FOR

By the Old Reliable Dr. Searles & Searles. Established in Omaha for 15 years. The many thousands of cases cured by us make us the most experienced specialists in the West, in all diseases and ailments of men. We know just what will cure you—and cure quickly.

WE CURE YOU, THEN YOU PAY US OUR FEE.

We make no misleading or false statements, or offer you cheap, worthless treatment. Our reputation and name are too favorably known, every case we treat, our reputation is at stake. Your health, life and happiness is too serious a matter to place in the hands of a "NAMELESS" DOCTOR. Honest doctors of ability use their OWN NAME IN THEIR BUSINESS. We can effect for everyone a life-long CURE for Weak, Nervous Men, Various troubles, Nervous Debility, Blood Poison, Prostatic troubles, Kidney, Bladder, WASTING WEAKNESS, Hydrocele, Chronic Diseases, Contracted Diseases, Stomach and Skin Diseases.

FREE examination and consultation. Write for Symptom Blank for home treatment.

DR. SEARLES & SEARLES, 14th and Douglas Streets, Omaha, Nebraska.