

A BEAUTIFUL TOWN ELEGANTLY LOCATED.

Large Lots at Reasonable Prices.

A Good Investment South Omaha.

Since the completion of the new packing and slaughter houses, South Omaha is making a wonderful and rapid growth. Besides the large pork and beef house erected for Hammond & Co., other dealers have commenced the erection of similar institutions and still others are contemplated for the near future. Several dwellings have been built and twenty or thirty are now building. Employment is now furnished to about one hundred and fifty families, and conservative estimates place the figure at eight hundred to one thousand families that will find employment there a year hence. This offers great inducements to laboring men to secure homes now while they are cheap. Speculators will also find it to their advantage to buy at present prices. The company have made no change from the original prices, but some parties who first purchased lots have resold them at splendid profits, in some cases at double the purchase price. If in so short a time handsome profits are made, what will be the result when everything is fully developed? In the few other cities that are favored with a first class cattle market, fortunes have been made by investors in real estate, and the same is certain to follow in South Omaha. While the whole city of Omaha will be greatly benefitted by the growth and development of the cattle interest, South Omaha lots will enhance in value more rapidly than any other by reason of the proximity to the works.

MANUFACTURERS.

Manufacturers of all kinds will find it to their advantage to inspect this property; good location, level grounds, track facilities and plenty of good pure water furnished by the South Omaha Water Works. In fact, every facility to make desirable for manufacturers, including cheap ground.

BUSINESS MEN

Will find it profitable to select property now, as a year or two hence with a population of 5000 to 10,000 people,

this will become a desirable place for all kinds of business, and lots bought now, can be had at very reasonable prices which will double in price many times in the next two years.

EVERYBODY,

Rich or poor, will find it profitable to make investments in this property. Free conveyance at all times will be furnished by us to parties wishing to see this wonderful new town and learn of its advantages. We have entire charge of, and are the exclusive agents for the sale of all this property from G streets south. Splendid lots from \$225 upwards.

BEDFORD & SOUER

213 S. 14th STREET,

We have desirable business and residence property for sale in all parts of Omaha and do a general real estate business. We solicit buyers and sellers to call on us. We will give them all possible information free, and keep conveyance free to show property in any part of the city.

Bedford & Souer,

A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days."

CHAPTER III.

AN ARGUMENT AND AN ARRIVAL.

On the night when the down train carried the golden-haired child to Blacktown, the Talberts had dined at home, without company. The two men were still at the table sipping their claret and smoking cigarettes. They were neither great drinkers nor great smokers. If such habits are sins, the Talberts might have gone on as they were going for many years and then made atonement very easily. It is needless to state that the two brothers were faultlessly dressed in the evening garb of the nineteenth century. It was also not to be expected that the dinner table was most tastefully laid out. In spite of the season being midwinter, it was gay with flowers. Quaint antique silver spoons and forks did the duty which is exacted from the floral king's pattern and the ugly fiddle pattern about abundant on our days. The napery was of the whitest and finest description; the polish on the glass such as to make the most careful housewife or conscientious servant waver and envy. There is a tale connected with the glass.

Once upon a time a lady who was dining at Hazelwood House asked her hosts, with pardonable curiosity, how they were able to induce their servants to send the decanters and wine glasses to the table in such a glorious state of refinement. The Talberts smiled, and answered with exquisite simplicity:

"We should never think of trusting our glass to the hands of servants. My brother and I see to it ourselves."

Thereupon the lady, who had marriageable sisters, and was not to be deceived, turned to the fact that her hosts were eligible bachelors, said: "It was very sweet of them to take so much trouble," but her husband, who heard the question and the answer, burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. He was a low, coarse, commonplace man, utterly unfit to divorce the ideal from the material. To such a groveling nature the picture of these two six-foot, brawny men washing and rubbing their rare and costly glass seemed intensely amusing.

The Talberts showed no signs of annoyance; they even smiled gravely in response to his vulgar mirth; but Hazelwood House knew that person no more.

But the woman took her revenge after the manner of his kind. Unhappily in spite of his faults, his position in the country was not to be despised, and more unluckily he possessed a certain amount of humor of the low class. He was brutal enough to nickname his friends the "Talberts," and to do so, not, the name which to them, and which clung to ever and ever. This bit of another proof of how careful a man should be in the selection of his friends.

Although to-night the glass was as radiant as ever, there was a certain air of sadness about the owners and caretakers. By virtue of his year of seniority, Horace Talbert sat at the head of the table. Herbert was at his right hand. "The two brothers were strangely alike in their faces. They were of the same height, the same build, the same calm, serious eyes, rather arched eyebrows, and average foreheads. Each wore a well-kept beard and mustache, the beard clipped close, and terminating in a point at the chin in a fashion which might be said to be remarkably like, and, perhaps, added a little of old-world courtliness to their general appearance. Their looks may be summed up by saying that the Talberts were men who ought to possess a picture gallery of distinguished ancestors, but the absence of such a desirable possession seemed a heartless freak of nature.

The room in which the brothers were sitting was furnished with a bold mixture of modern and antique. When the Talberts entered the first consideration, the modern prevailed; where ornament or decoration had to be supplied, the antique, often the grotesque antique, was called into requisition. On the high, carved oak table stood Oriental bronzes, vases with hideous dragons breathing round them, and gazing, grinning kyllins, who looked mockingly and fearfully at the fierce metal monsters. They knew—old china figures know more than people suspect—that the dragons were welded to their vases more irrefragably than Prometheus to his rock.

Here and there was a plate of rich-colored *doisienne* enamel, a piece of Nanquin china, a specimen of old brass work, a bracket of real old carved oak, an antique lamp, or some other article dear to the collector. Some half a dozen modern-seated but valuable paintings hung upon the walls. The floor was covered by a sober-lined Persian carpet, and of course a roaring fire filled the grate.

The Talberts looked very grave—as grave as ever, their faces serious and high. Hebert, the more, indeed, discussing a weighty matter. After an interval of silence, Herbert rose and walked to his brother's side. The two looked critically down at the table. They went to the sides and looked at the table; they even sent glances diagonally from corner to corner.

"It is certainly a great improvement," said Horace, with quiet triumph.



"It is certainly a great improvement," said Horace.

"A great improvement," echoed the other. "Eh?" is the right word—even their voices were alike.

In a contented frame of mind they resumed their seats, their claret, and their cigarettes. The great improvement was this:

For some time past these excellent householders had been sorely exercised by the conventional way in which landrasses fold table cloths. They did not like the appearance of the three long creases on the snowy expanse. They turned their inventive abilities to account, and a week ago walked down to the residence, resident of said hot water of the woman who did the washing, and started the poor creature out of her wits by insisting upon their table cloths being folded in a new and improved fashion. They even demonstrated their meaning by a practical experiment, and so impressed the nymph of the wash tub and mangle with the importance they attached to the matter that she had actually managed to learn her lesson well enough for the result of their teaching to give them great satisfaction.

Coffee was brought in, and the two gentlemen were about to leave the dining room when the Rev. Mr. Mordle was announced.

Mr. Mordle was the curate of Oakbury, and always a welcome guest at Hazelwood House. It was an unspoken axiom of the Talberts that the church set the seal of fitness upon her servants, or at least upon her upper servants. Organ blower, parlor cards, and pew openers were the lower servants; all things being equal, a clergyman could always tread through the exclusiveness which reigned at

Hazelwood House. Mr. Mordle was clever in his way, full of talk, and of course knew every in and out of the parish. In the administration of the church he must have found the Talberts a great assistance. All great men have their weaknesses—perhaps their friendship for Mr. Mordle was the Talberts' weakness. But then they dotedly loved having a finger in the parochial pie, leaving out the question of fact that they liked the curate, and in the kindness of their hearts pitied his loneliness. So he often dropped in like this, uninvited, and no doubt felt the privilege to be a great honor.

On Mr. Mordle's side, he could thoroughly appreciate dinner, the more when an excellent dinner was quite unappreciated by the social humorist. To him the study of Horace and Herbert was a matter of keen and enduring delight.

"Excuse me," said Horace rather nervously, "excuse me," "Yes, I did," answered the curate briskly, "I rubbed them—I scrubbed them—my feet feel red hot. I could dance a minuet on your tablecloth without soiling it."

The redundancy of the answer set their minds at rest. The bugbear of their domestic lives was persons entering their rooms without having first wiped their shoes as every Christian gentleman should. The hall door was so heavily armed with mats and scrapers that such an omission seemed an impossibility. Yet sometimes it did occur, and its effects were terrible—almost tragic.

Horace rang for more claret; Herbert passed his cigarette case, and the three men chatted for a while on various subjects. Presently said Horace with some vehemence: "Ann Jenkins came to us the day before yesterday. She told a pitiable tale. We gave her five shillings."

"Very good of you," said the curate; "she has a large family, I think."

"Yes, but we are sorry now that we gave the money. We are sure she is not a careful, thrifty woman."

The curate's eyes twinkled. He knew Ann Jenkins well, and he was not a little amused by the conversation. "Careful and thrifty people wouldn't want your half-crowns. But how did you find out her true character?"

Mr. Mordle expected to hear a mournful account of a demerolical visit to Ann Jenkins, and a dissertation upon the various and almost original stages of imbecility in which his friends had found her numerous progeny. But the truth was better than he had bargained for.

"I walked behind her across the field this morning," said Horace, with grave regret. "When she got over the stile we saw she had on two old stockings, a black one and a gray one—or blue and gray, I am not certain which."

"Blue and gray," said Herbert, "I noticed particularly."

"Her tastes, like yours," said the curate, "may be cultured enough to avoid Philistine uniformity."

"Oh dear, no," said Herbert, seriously. "We are not so fastidious. The woman has two pairs of stockings—"

"I doubt it," said the curate. "But never mind—go on."

"I don't know," said Herbert, "but never mind—go on."

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and Ann Jenkins were on the horns of a dilemma. The eyes which could detect the discrepancy in the unfortunate Mrs. Jenkins' stockings were able to see that the baby was well, even very well, indeed. It was just possible that a letter had miscarried—possible that some one was coming to Hazelwood House without invitation or notice—that she had really missed the train at Diddot; that she would arrive in the course of an hour or two and express her thanks. The safest plan was to keep the child for a while.

Having settled this, Horace fished five shillings out of his pocket and sent the porter away happy. Thereupon Herbert produced a half crown, which he handed to his brother, who pocketed it without comment and as a matter of course. They were not miserly men, but made a point of being just and exact in their dealings with one another down to the uttermost farthing. Much annoyance was felt on the subject, but the matter was settled. The Talberts with respect to small sums. Nevertheless, this rigid adjustment of matters pecuniary was a trait in their characters which greatly tickled Mr. Mordle.

All the while the little boy, with fat sturdy legs placed well apart, stood upon the glass over his head threw rich, warm tints on his sunny hair. He seemed in no way shy or terrified; indeed, if any fault could be found in his bearing, it was that his manners were more familiar than such a short acquaintance justified. As the dignified brothers once more bent over him to resume their examination, he seized Mr. Herbert's watch chain in his chubby fist and laughed delightedly—a laugh which Mr. Mordle echoed.

He had long looked for a suitable excuse for the situation, and his feelings in this way. The expression was funny. An unknown child foisted upon his friends at this hour of the night! No dirty beggar's leg placed well apart, stood upon the glass over his head threw rich, warm tints on his sunny hair. He seemed in no way shy or terrified; indeed, if any fault could be found in his bearing, it was that his manners were more familiar than such a short acquaintance justified. As the dignified brothers once more bent over him to resume their examination, he seized Mr. Herbert's watch chain in his chubby fist and laughed delightedly—a laugh which Mr. Mordle echoed.

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The only thing the worried baronet could think of was to send for his rebel, and ask her advice as to the best means of disposing of her troublesome son.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COUNTERFEITERS BEWARE.

A Michigan Concern Enjoyed.

The following injunction has been obtained by the Hon. J. C. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., against Collatius D. Warner of Reading, Michigan, prohibiting him from manufacturing or selling "German Hop Bitters."

Whereas, it has been represented unto the Justices of our Circuit Court, the Hon. Stanley Matthews, and the Hon. Henry B. Brown, sitting as a Court of Chancery that Collatius D. Warner, an manufacturer and selling a medicine named German Hop Bitters in fraudulent imitation of the Hop Bitters made and sold by complainant; you said medicine being devised, circulated and intended to mislead the public into purchasing such counterfeit goods as the manufacture of the complainant.

We therefore, in consideration of the premises, do strictly enjoin you, the said Collatius D. Warner, Mr. and every the persons before named, from using the words "Hop Bitters" on any fluids contained in bottles or on any labels attached to or designed to represent or induce the belief that the bitters or fluids sold by you are the goods of the complainant, until the further order of the Court.

The Honorable MORRISON R. WAITE, Chief Justice of the United States, At Detroit, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1885. [L. S.] Walter S. Harsh, Clerk.

Proceeds to the Swindlers. If you call for Hop Bitters (see green cluster of hops on the wrapper) the druggist hands out any stuff called C. D. Warner's German Bitters or with other name, refuse it and show that druggist as you would a thief; and if he takes your money for the stuff, indict him for the fraud and sue him for damages for the swindle, and will receive ten times for the conviction.

DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE

The invaluable specific remedy and permanently cures all kinds of Asthma. The most obstinate and long standing cases yield promptly to its wonderful curative powers. It is known throughout the world for its unrivaled efficacy.