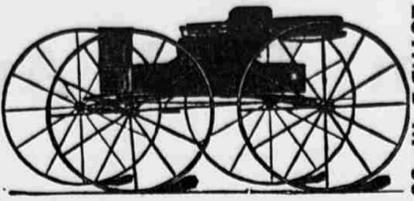


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Our Ground Oil Cake

It is the best and cheapest food for stock of any kind. One pound is equal to three pounds of corn. Stock fed with Ground Oil Cake in the Fall and Winter instead of running down, will increase in weight and be in good marketable condition in the spring. Dairymen, as well as others, who use it, can testify to its merits. Try it and judge for yourselves. Price \$24.00 per ton. No charge for sacks. Address WOODMAN LINSEED OIL WORKS, Omaha, Neb.

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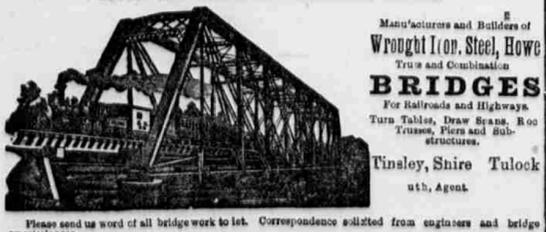
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GERMINAL, Or, the Story of a Great Miner's Strike.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

Translated from the French.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Anton Lantier, a young mechanic out of work, reaches the coal mines of Monstou, France, cold, hungry and penniless. The death of a miner makes a vacancy and he secures employment in the Valtor mine. Mahon, one of the miners, and his daughter Catherine, explain the work to him and assist him in the first day. He hears the mutterings of the miners against the company and the threats of a strike. The exactions of the superintendent and the small wages received goad the workmen to the verge of desperation and paved the way to the coming struggle. Mahon again befriends Anton, and secures lodgings for him at Rasseau's, a tippling house near the mine. Anton's determination to leave is overcome by the kindness of the struggling miners, and he decides to battle with them. The owners of the mines revel in luxury, and turn a deaf ear to the appeals of the starving families of the workmen, who, in debt for food obtained during a strike three years previous, are barely able to secure sufficient food to sustain life.

CHAPTER IX.

It was eleven by the clock of the little church on the square, when the Deuce-Quarante, a brick chapel, where the Abbe Jore said mass on Sunday. On one side, through the closed windows of the schoolhouse, also of brick, came the sound of children's voices. The wide roads, separated by little gardens back to back and four great rows of uniform houses, were deserted, and the gardens, irrigated by winter, were still strewn with the remains of their last vegetables. The smoking chimneys denoted preparation for dinner; at intervals along the alley a woman opened the door and after a hasty glance again disappeared. There was a constant dripping from the waste pipes into the gutter. Although it was not raining, the gray atmosphere was filled with moisture. This village, built in the midst of vast fields surrounded by black roads as with a band of mourning, had nothing to relieve its somberness but those regular rows of red tiles, constantly washed by the storms.

Mrs. Mahon went to buy a few potatoes from the wife of an overseer, who still had some left from her crop. Behind a clump of poplars, the only trees of that part of the country, stood a group of isolated dwellings in rows of four, surrounded by gardens. When the company had reserved those houses for the overseers, the workmen had named that corner of the town the Bay-de-Jore, just as they had ironically called their alley—Pale-à-Dettes.

"Here we are," said the mother, as loaded with bundles; she pushed Lenore and Henry into the house. Aize was sitting before the fire, rocking in her arms the screaming Estelle, to whom she had given all the sugar without being able to quiet her. "Give her to me," said the mother, as soon as she had thrown her bundles on the table. "She won't let us say a word."

The child began nursing, and they could at last hear themselves talk. All had gone well in her absence, the little economy had kept the fire up, swept and dusted the room, and in the absence, they heard the grandfather snoring the same rhythmical snore which he had not stopped for an instant. "Here's some things," murmured Aize, smiling at the provisions. "Shall I make the soup, mamma?"

"No, no, no, mamma," said the mother, who had a simple, but a bundle of clothing, two loaves of bread, some potatoes, butter, coffee, oil and half a pound of hogs-head cheese. "Oh! the soup!" said the mother, with a weary air, "some sorrel must be picked and the leeks gathered first. No, you can make the coffee for a while, the men. Put some potatoes to boil; we'll eat that with a little butter. And don't forget to make some coffee."

Suddenly she thought of the milk-bread, and looked at the empty hands of Lenore and Henry, who had thrown themselves on the floor, already reated and happy. On the road these gourmands had silyly eaten it. She boxed their ears, while Aize, who was putting the sauce-pans on the fire, tried to appease her. "Leave them alone, mamma. If it was for me, you know I'm just as well off." They were hungry from walking so far.

Noon sounded; the children were heard returning from school. The potatoes were cooked and the coffee, one-half coffee, was passed through the filterer. A corner of the table was cleared; but the mother alone ate there; the children contented themselves with their lap; and the little boy, still hungry, without saying a word, constantly turned towards the hogs head cheese, the greasy paper of which annoyed him exceedingly. The mother was drinking her coffee in little sallows, warming her hands by holding them around the cup, when old Bonnemort came down. Usually, he arose later, and found his breakfast waiting for him on the table. This morning he growled, because there was nothing but when his daughter-in-law told him people did not always get what they wished, he ate his potatoes in silence. From time to time he arose to spit in the fire; and no longer having teeth, he rolled the food in his mouth a long time, his head bent over, his eyes shut.

"Oh! I forgot, mamma," said Aize, "our neighbor's been here." "Her mother interrupted her. "She bothers me." She was angry at Levaque's wife, who, the day before, had refused to lend her a few sou, although her lodger had just paid her a week's board in advance. The neighbors in that alley, would lend very little to each other. "That puts me in mind," said the mother. "I borrowed some coffee from Peter's wife, day before yesterday. Wrap me up a mill-full and I'll carry it back to her."

When the child had prepared the package, saying she would return a hole immediately to make soap for the men, she went out with Estelle in her arms, leaving old Bonnemort slowly eating his potatoes, while Lenore and Henry were fighting over the falling skins. Fearing, if she appeared in the street, Mrs. Levaque would call her, she went across the garden, passing through a hole in the old fence, which separated them. A well there which was used by four families. Behind it was a coop, now full of old tools, in which they raised the rabbits, eaten on fete days. One o'clock struck. Not a soul was to be seen at the doors and windows; one man, waiting for the time to go to work, was digging in his garden, without even raising his head as she passed. Suddenly the woman was surprised to see a gentleman and two ladies coming around the church corner.

After a second look, she recognized them. It was Mrs. Hennebeau, who was showing the alley to the guests who had arrived that morning. "Oh! why have you taken that trouble?" said Mrs. Peters, on seeing the coffee. "I was in no hurry for it."

She was twenty-eight years of age and the handsome woman in the alley, with a bright face, a low forehead, large eyes and a little, enquiring mouth. A white cat was no cleaner than she, and never having had a child, her form was still perfect. Her mother, the Brule, widow of a digger who died at the mine, sent her daughter to work in a store, assuring she could never marry a miner; and when, later on, the girl became the wife of Peters, a widower with a child of eight years, she had nearly died with rage. For two years they lived very happily, without a debt, more twice a week and a house so cleanly kept that the company had allowed her to sell cakes and candies, the jars of which were arranged upon shelves along the window. It was a gain of six or seven sous a day, and on Sundays sometimes of twelve. Yet, in the midst of that good fortune, the Brule stormed with rage and little Lydie received, in too frequent blows, the outbursts of her temper.

"How big she's growing," said Peter's wife, smiling at Estelle. "Don't speak of it," replied the mother. "I'll weede always grow fast. You're lucky not to have any. You can keep yourself clean."

And she threw an envious glance at this room where everything was in order, so neat as to be almost dainty, with roses upon the buffet, a mirror and three framed engravings. Meanwhile this neat little housekeeper had been preparing to drink her coffee alone, as all her family were at that hour in the mine. "You'll drink a cup with me, won't you?" she said. "No, thanks, I was just starting to drink my own."

"What difference does that make?" Then she accepted. And standing before the window they looked, between the bars, at the houses across the street, the little curtains of which betokened the cleanliness of the house-wives. Levaque's, of real tureen, looked as though they had been used to wipe the pots and kettles. "How is it possible to live in such dirt?" murmured Mrs. Peters. "Ah, I had a lodger like that Bonleoup, I'd get along well. When one is smart, a lodger is an excellent thing. But, they said that woman's husband drank, beat her and ran after the singing girls in the cafes at Monton."

Mrs. Peters shrugged her shoulders with an air of profound disgust. "I know her husband. But what astonishes me is that you allow your son to go with their daughter. How's one going to help it? Their garden is next to ours. Why, last summer Zacharie and Philomene were always courting behind the lilacs; we couldn't go to the well for water without surprising them."

It was a simple tale of the promiscuousness of that alley, where parents only became angry with their sons when in haste to marry their mistresses, as a married child was no longer a help to them, they said. "You'd better put a stop to it," said Mrs. Peters; "they've two children now, and they're bound to be married. His money will be a great loss to you."

The mother in a fury, threw out her hands. "Listen to this! I'll curse them if they do. Don't Zacharie owe me some respect? He's cost us enough, hasn't he? Well, he's got to pay us back before he takes a wife. What would become of our children if we let them as soon as they grow up to work for others? Why, we'd all starve."

Then she became calm again. "Well, we'll see how it ends. Your coffee is very good; it's strong." And after a quarter of an hour spent in talking of her neighbors, she went out in the saying that she would be home on one of the children left in the room. Now and then a woman appeared at the door watching Mrs. Hennebeau, who was going from one alley to another. That visit was creating a stir in the neighborhood. Two frightened hens were driven off in a garden, while the men at work there paused to watch the strangers.

When Mrs. Mahon arrived before Levaque's house she ran against the wife who had started out to stop Dr. Vanderhagen, the company's physician. He was a little man, always in a hurry so overwhelmed with business that he gave advice while walking. "I can't sleep. I feel as if I were dying. I must talk with you." He responded without stopping: "Give me some peace! you drink too much coffee."

"And my husband, doctor," said Mahon's wife, "you ought to come and see him. His lungs ache all the time." Let him like more rest then. The woman, remained motionless, watching the doctor's back disappear in the distance. "Come in," said Mrs. Levaque, as they finished shrugging their shoulders. "You must know something new. And you'll have a cup of coffee, it's just made."

Mrs. Mahon struggled to say no, but being weak she consented to go in and have a cup of coffee. The room was black with filthiness, the ceiling and walls were covered with grease, the sideboard and table stinky with dirt, while a disagreeable odor pervaded the whole house. Beside the fire, with both elbows on the table and his nose buried in his plate, Bonleoup, a young-looking man of forty-three, with great broad shoulders, was finishing his bouillie, while little Achille, the firstborn of Philomene, two years old, watched him with pleading eyes. The lodger, very tender hearted, in spite of his great fire-look, heard, from time to time drew a piece of meat from his mouth and gave it to the child. "Wait, I'll sweeten it," said Mrs. Mahon, putting some brown sugar in the coffee.

Levaque's wife, six years his senior, was terribly haggard, her figure wholly gray; she had a large square mouth and gray hair, always uncombed. He was as kind as a dove, but was waiting for the fact that his son was not clean, or the sheets on his bed were not changed in six weeks. This all came with cheap board. "I wanted to tell you," continued she, "that some one saw Mrs. Peters over at the alley Bay-de-Jore. That gentleman knew who was waiting for her behind Rasseau's; they went off together along the canal. That's a nice thing for a married woman."

any other woman, who was always washing herself and putting on pomades. But that was the husband's affair; if he liked it it was all right. There were some men so ambitious that they would kiss their chief's feet, only to hear them say things. Just then a neighbor came in, bringing in the younger child of Philomene. Dressed in a child had just finished its breakfast, having been taken down to the sceneries, where its mother had stopped her work to sit down in the coal and nurse it.

"I can't leave my baby a minute, or she'll scream," said Mrs. Mahon, looking at Estelle, who had fallen asleep in her arms. But she could not avoid the subject Mrs. Levaque was about to begin upon. "Say now, it's most time to stop this." At first the two mothers, without caring to speak of it, had agreed not to hasten the marriage. Zacharie's mother wished to keep as long as possible the sight of her son, Philomene's mother allocated to give up her daughter's. There was no hurry, the latter even preferred to keep the little one, as long as there was only one child; but when it grew large enough to eat and another came, she found that she was losing money and became anxious to see her daughter the wife of Zacharie.

"There's nothing to stop it now," continued she. "Let's see, when shall it be?" "At least wait till the weather is good," replied Mrs. Mahon, embarrassed. "I won't say anything against it then. I'm tired of this business though. I'll have my eyes get herself in a fix like this I'll struggle for."

Levaque's wife shrugged her shoulders. "Get out, she'll do as all the others have done before her." Bonleoup, with the calm air of a man in his own house, went to the sideboard for some bread. On one corner of the table were the soup, vegetables, potatoes and beef's half boiled, remained abandoned six times amid continual gossiping. The woman had again seated herself before them, when she suddenly arose and went to the window. "Who's that? Why it's Mrs. Hennebeau with some people. They're going to Peter's house."

Then they both began talking of Mrs. Peters. That was always the way. Whenever any guests of the company came there they were always taken straight to the house of that woman because she was clean. Well, she could well be neat with a lover who earned three thousand francs. It was pure wealth, it was like the money in the garden. And all the time the visitors remained their tongues ran on without stopping. "They're going," said Mrs. Levaque at last. "They're turning round. Look, my dear. I think they're coming to your house."

Mrs. Mahon was filled with fear. Who knew whether Achille had cleaned up; her son was not ready, and she was not dressed. She stammered "good day," and flew off without turning her head. "But everything shone. Achille, very sedate and with a house-coat before her, was making the soup, seeing her mother did not return. She had pulled the leeks and gathered some sorrel in the garden, and was now cleaning the vegetables while upon the fire a large kettle of water was heating for the men's bath on their return. Henry and Lenore were peacocking by chance, being very much occupied in tearing up an old almanac. The father, Bonnemort, was silently smoking his pipe.

At the mother drew a sigh of relief Mrs. Hennebeau knocked and entered. "You will permit me, will you not, my good woman?" She was a large blonde, a little heavy in the maturity of her forty years, and she smiled, without showing her fear of rolling her black, a dark green silk, covered with a tulle velvet mantle. "Come in," said she to her guest. "There is nothing to be feared. Well, is it not clean? This good woman has seven children. All our ownwives are like her. I have explained to you that the company rents the house for six francs a month. There is one large room on the first floor, two bedrooms above, a cellar and a garden."

The gentleman, who wore the insignia of some order, and the lady in a fur cloak, who had that morning arrived from Paris, opened their eyes in astonishment at the life, which was so entirely new to them. "And a garden," repeated the lady, "why, it's charming." "We give them more coal than they can burn, continued Mrs. Hennebeau. "A physician visits them once a week, and when they become old, they receive pensions, although we do not deduct anything from the salaries now."

"A veritable country of Cocagne," said the gentleman, enchanted. Mrs. Mahon arose hurriedly, offering them chairs. The ladies refused. Mrs. Hennebeau was already fatigued. For an instant she forgot her ennu in this role she had assumed; a herd of beasts, she thought, and resignation immediately followed in this heavy atmosphere of misery, although she never made herself uneasy by thinking of these people, working and suffering beside her. "The beautiful children!" murmured the lady, who in reality thought them frightful, with their immense heads covered with straw-colored hair. "Out of politeness they asked their ages and also some questions about Estelle. Old Bonnemort had respectfully taken his pipe from his mouth, but he none the less remained an object for sympathy, so worn was he, by his forty years at the bottom, his limbs stiff, his frame broken down, his face careworn when a visitor laid fit of coughing came upon him, he preferred to go outside to expectorate, fearing that black spittle would frighten those people."

Aize was a great success. What a sweet little housekeeper. They complimented the mother on having such an intelligent child. No one spoke of her hump, although compassionate looks were frequently cast upon the poor infirm being. "Now," concluded Mr. Hennebeau, "if they speak in Paris of our alleys, you will be able to reply. No more rumors like that, mother, old people and all are happy, as you see. Even we would be convinced in this good air and perfect peace."

"It is marvelous, marvelous!" cried the gentleman, in a final burst of enthusiasm. They went out, enchanted with this sort of phenomenal hut, and Mrs. Mahon stood in the doorway, watching them slowly going off talking very loud. The road was full of people, and they were compelled to pass through groups of women attracted thither by the report of their visit which had passed from house to house. Levaque's wife called to Mrs. Peters who was running past her door. "Do you know, Mrs. Mahon went to Plainville this morning to beg, and that Magret, who had refused them bread has given it to them! That's strange."

"Oh! he's after Catherine." "She just told me she'd strange Catherine if she did wrong. All I have to say is she'd better watch that big Chav, I."

"Ha, ha! here's the people." Then the two women, with a demure air and without implicate curiosity, contented themselves with looking out of the corners of their eyes. As soon as their backs were turned, they called Mrs. Mahon, who still had Estelle in her arms, and then three stood motionless, watching the a strutting forms of Mrs. Hennebeau and her guests. When they were out of hearing the gossiping was resumed with renewed vigor. "They've got a new money on their backs. Their chattering's worth more than themselves."

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"I don't know as giving about the others, but I wouldn't give four sous for that one from here, fat as she is. They tell some strange stories about her."

"Well, what are they?" "Oh! about men. The engineer is one of them."

"That little thing?" "What difference does that make, if it amuses her? I don't think much of a woman who never acts as if she was pleased with anything. Look! she turns her back on us, as if she despised us all. Is that right?"

Mrs. Hennebeau and her friends were going on with the same listless step, when a bandau drove up before the church, and from it alighted a dark gentleman, about forty-eight years of age, with a strong face, and his form well filled up in a long dark overcoat. "The husband," murmured Mrs. Levaque, lowering her voice as though he was by her side, filled with the strong fear which the director inspired in his ten thousand workmen.

Now, everyone in the alley was curious. The women's curiosity became greater and greater, and the groups drew closer together, becoming a perfect mob; while the dirty children lay upon the pavement with gaping mouths. The pale face of the school teacher was seen an instant peeping from the window. In the garden the man who had been digging rested his foot on the spade, while he watched with the others. And the murmur of gossiping voices, swelled out little by little with a rustling sound like the wind sweeping through a forest of dead leaves.

The crowd was the thickest before Levaque's door. First, two women had approached, then ten and twenty. Mrs. Peters was prudently silent, now that there were so many ears to hear. Mrs. Mahon, one of the most reasonable women, was also contented to look on. But Mrs. Hennebeau had asserted that she had into the carriage, and after seating himself, it drove off on the Marchiennes road.

The church clock struck three. Another gang of workmen were strolling for the mine, old Bonnemort, Bonleoup and others. Suddenly, around the corner appeared the first miners, returning from work, with black faces and clothing soaked, their arms folded and shoulders thrown back. They produced a scattering of the women; all ran off, again entering their own doors, uneasy housekeepers, whom too much coffee and too much gossip had made forgetful of all else. So nothing was heard save this troubled cry: "Ah! My God! my soup is not ready."

Any Small Boy, With a Stick, can kill a tiger—if the tiger happens to be found when only a little cub. So consumption, that deadliest and most feared of diseases in this country, can assuredly be conquered and destroyed if Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" be employed early.

A Happy Solution, They had been using the village ha scales for seven or eight years when weigh master from the city came out to test them, and discovered that they were "off" about five pounds on the hundred. Confusion followed. Farmers who had sold hogs and cattle and sheep and by weight were perturbed when they figured up the loss of 100 pounds on every ton. Speculators who had bought where others had sold, and had thus been benefited by the scales, felt no particular gratification, because none of them seemed to have lost anything faster. It was a stunning blow. What should be done? Call a public meeting, of course. It was called. Everybody was there. There was an earnest determination to go to the bottom of the matter. They had gone to the bottom of the scales and replaced them, but that was not enough. Somebody or other, or something or other, must be condemned or vindicated. There was a painful pause after a chairman had been selected. Everybody expected somebody else to offer a resolution or move the appointment of a committee, or do something or other to preserve the rights and liberties of American freemen, but each individual seemed to be occupied. The chairman finally arose and said: "Gentlemen, a resolution of sympathy for the family of the deceased would hardly be in order. Again this is not a case wherein we can appeal to the patriotism of our fellow countrymen. Neither can we petition the legislature to elect our wrongdoer, nor have we just grounds for seceding from the United States. Will some of you make a suggestion?"

Some one did. After a long ten seconds an eminent citizen slowly arose and solemnly—very solemnly—said: "I suggest that we go out and take a drink!" Which was adopted by a large majority.

COUNCIL BLUFFS. ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

A SENSATIONAL EXIT.

Young Man Charged With Larceny From His Employer Leaps From a Second-Story Window. The passers along Pearl street, shortly after the dinner hour yesterday, were startled by the attempt of a young man to jump out of the window of the second floor of Wright, Baldwin & Haldane's law office, the young man being held in mid-air, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Bushnell holding onto his coat and keeping him from falling onto the sidewalk. The coat was soon split up the back, and by the time the passers-by run to the spot he was ready to drop, and the two who were holding him were ready to let him. Those below caught him as he fell, and held him until Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Bushnell escorted him back up stairs again. The sensational exit of the young man from the law office and his excited attempt to escape, were soon the topic of talk along the streets, and it was soon whispered that the young man had been caught "knocking down" Mr. Bushnell's store where he was employed, and that being taken over to the law office to settle the matter, in his desperation he tried to make his escape. Mr. Bushnell seemed inclined to shield the young man so far as possible, and had little to impart to the inquiring reporters, except that he would prefer not to have anything said about it, on account of the family of the young men, who are highly respected, and upon whom the shame of their son would bring great sorrow. The generosity and sympathy of the employer will hardly be able, however, to shield the young man, for in less than a month it takes to record the event the report of it went far and near on our wings, for Jerry Ritchie has been long known here, and has scores of friends, who were almost thunderstruck by the report of his actions. He has been employed in Bushnell's store for several years past, and has had the utmost confidence of his employer and of his friends. It has been whispered that he has been rather lavish in his expenditures for a young man on a moderate salary, and that a favorite companion has taken no little of his income. However this may be, he has been looked upon as a jolly young fellow, making friends with all, generous and genial. It is said that lately his employer learned that he was spending considerable money, and his suspicious being aroused he set a watch, and found traces which confirmed these suspicions. It is said also that yesterday a trap was set for him, and that when alone in the store at noon several persons were sent in there by the employer to spend marked money, and that when Mr. Bushnell returned from dinner and found the money was not in the drawer, and that on being confronted, and taken over to Wright, Baldwin & Haldane's office to talk over the matter, he gave up the money, and then realizing the shame and disgrace he made the attempt to escape. It is a sad blow for his friends, and they will receive the tenderest sympathy, and anxious to do all in their power for a young man, who seems to have allowed himself to be swept away on the tide of pleasure and fast living. He was last evening taken to his father's home in Crescent, and it is understood that an attempt will be made to so arrange matters as to give him a chance to redeem himself, and to avoid any further disgrace.

How to Save Money, and we might also say—time and pain as well, in our advice to good housekeepers and ladies generally. The great necessity exists always to have a perfectly reliable and convenient dispenser for relief and promptness of the ailments peculiar to women—functional irregularity, constant pains, and all the symptoms attendant upon uterine disorders—induces us to recommend strongly and unqualifiedly Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription"—woman's best friend. It will save money.

HAWKEYE HAPPENINGS. New corn of excellent quality has been marketed at Des Moines. The highest salary paid a school superintendent in Iowa is \$2,000. The Crawford county crib at Danison cost \$8,000, and has four steel cells. Willie Seymour, a boy of 12, fell into a creek near Clinton and was drowned. The negro Felice, who murdered his little son at Elkville, was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

A Des Moines man, 74 years of age, with a bank roll of \$25 to smooth his wrinkles, recently married a maid of 22. She will make a charming widow. Miss Nellie, daughter of J. M. Brainard, the well known traveling paper agent, was drowned in the Cedar river at Waterloo, by the capsizing of a boat.

John Parsons, of Fort Dodge, has a fig tree in his garden which has twenty well developed figs, which will ripen in a few days. The tree is four years old. Charles W. Churchill, of Kookuk, formerly a railway postal clerk on the Kookuk & St. Louis line, has been arrested for filling the mails with stolen contents of valuable letters. He has made a confession of his guilt. The crime was committed in 1880.

John D. Dillon, of Dubuque, got billed full Sunday and began to paint the town a vermilion hue. When an officer attempted to arrest him Dillon got in his work, and for a while the air was full of clubs and brass buttons and profanity. Contrary to precedent, another officer appeared on the ground, and between the two Dillon was knocked down and dragged to the calaboose, followed by a procession of over 500 people.

The artesian wells at Goldfield, Wright county, are said to be the greatest natural curiosities existing in Iowa. These wells are 90 to 100 feet deep, emitting great volumes of water which leap from their mouths twenty and thirty feet in the air. One of the wells emits a stream the size of a flour barrel, and to the height of two or three feet. Iron is the principal ingredient of the water, while sulphur impregnates it to a considerable degree.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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