

Her Husband's Repentance.

BY J. A. BOLLES.

PLEASE

Thomas Howland had recently died, and his remains had been interred in the cemetery of the outskirts of the village. His young widow, a beautiful, graceful woman, possessing also, engaging qualities of the mind and an appearance greatly to mourn his loss, although his career, in the opinion of the substantial citizens, had been a respectable one. There were whispers, too, that he had frequently grieved his wife by his acts, and had even, when intoxicated, abused her. Why, then, should she mourn now that she was free of his presence and could encourage some far more likely man to ask her to become his wife?

While the gossips discussed the matter in their shallow and unfeeling way the individual who was most interested sadly maintained a dignified silence. This man was Jacob Winter, a stone cutter, who had been remarkably identified with the local burial ground. He was not a common workman, but in his way an artist, who, with his hammer and chisel, patiently fashioned handsome gravestones from shapely masses of rock and carved on them with skill the names of the deceased, the dates of birth and death, and sometimes a comforting verse from the sacred scriptures. He had learned his trade in the village, and for thirty years had made most of the stones and monuments that stood in the "new part" or handsome modern section of the cemetery.

Of course Mr. Winter's occupation made it necessary for him to spend considerable time in the burial ground, and he noticed that Mrs. Howland often visited it for the purpose of placing a beautiful bouquet or wreath upon her husband's grave. She would linger in the vicinity, too, and would sadly recall, so it seemed, the memories of the past.

"She must think a great deal of him," was Mr. Winter's conclusion, "and yet she must know he was a rascal. But she cannot know how bad he really was. If I only dared, if I only thought it was best, I could tell her something that would astonish her. Yes, and it might make her my everlasting enemy, too; for, probably, she would not believe me. And yet it seems as if it were my duty to do it. I wish I knew how to proceed; I never had on my mind anything that pertained me so much."

"Such was the way in which he cogitated without gaining any light. He finally became so much engrossed in "this problem," as he called it, that every day, as soon as he had eaten his supper, he would repair to the village park near his home, and seated on one of the benches that rested against the trunks of majestic elms, would spend the long summer twilight in smoldering his pipe and thinking, trying in vain to reach a satisfactory solution.

On the last of these occasions he was aroused from his meditations by seeing Mrs. Howland herself cross the park and approach with the air of one who had something important to say.

"Mr. Winter," she said, "I would like to talk with you also to a suitable monument for my husband."

"I shall be glad to assist you in whatever way I can," he pleasantly replied.

His demeanor seemed to relieve her, for she had approached him in a hesitating way, as if she were doubtful whether she would receive a courteous greeting.

"My plan is," she said, "to have as good a monument erected to his memory as I can afford. I wish to show proper respect, and although I am not rich, my husband left enough of a fortune to make my circumstances comfortable."

"I think I understand," said Winter. "You desire something pretty good, and yet not very costly."

"That's it exactly," replied the fair widow.

"Well, I've been in the business for thirty years, and I am ready to tell you what any style of monument that you may desire will cost."

"But there is something else to consider," said Mrs. Howland in a perplexed way.

"Something else to consider?" said Jacob in a voice indicative of surprise.

"Yes; there is a moral question involved."

"I do not understand you."

"I will explain, although it pains me to do it. You must know that the general opinion is that my husband acquired most of his money dishonestly. I did not suspect that he had done so much wrong until he confessed a short time before his death that he had greatly sinned, and since that sad event by closely questioning reluctant friends I have learned that his dishonesty was even worse than he had led me to suppose."

"Why do you bring up these painful reminiscences?" he remarked. "It does not goad to dwell on them now."

"But do you not understand that I am doubtful whether it is right for me to erect a handsome monument by the use of money so wrongfully obtained?"

"Most wives would not trouble themselves about such a matter. Your husband alone was responsible for the wrong transactions. And the money has come to you lawfully as his widow. You have a legal right to do what you please with it."

"I have a legal right, of course, but have I a moral right?"

"I do not feel competent to decide the question for you. A minister would be the proper adviser."

"But I have asked Mr. Brown, my minister, and I am not satisfied with his view of the matter."

"How so?"

"Well, he seems to think that as my husband died a repentant man, he deserves a fine monument, and that I ought not to have any scruples, as it would be difficult, if not impossible, as he had died, to restitution to all whom he may have wronged."

"I am afraid I cannot advise you," said Winter, removing his hat. "The problem is too perplexing for me, and perhaps for any one to solve. Perhaps the minister is right."

"But you do not seem to be exactly clear about it?"

the village, going to a distant city, where he has since been in business.

"I remember," said the beautiful widow softly.

"Do not think that I wish to blame you," Mr. Winter hastened to add, "but in justice to my son, as well as for your own information, I will say that a few months ago I learned from one who is a friend to us both that the reason why you treated Charles so coldly was that you were basely deceived by the man who afterward became your husband. He deliberately lied to you for the sake of winning your hand and defeating his rival. He even convinced you that Charles had spoken disrespectfully and meanly of you and others."

"It is true," said Mrs. Howland, humbly.

"And now that you have acknowledged that through sad experience you have learned that your husband was a dishonest, unkind man, is it hard for you to believe me when I tell you that Charles was entirely innocent of the offenses charged against him?"

"I do not believe that I did do your son a great wrong," said Mrs. Howland, the tears springing to her eyes, "and I sincerely

regret it, for he was the only man whom I had deeply loved."

"I am so glad to hear you say it," said the delighted father, a glow of happiness overspreading his plain, but noble face.

"Thank God," he continued, "it is not too late to bring you two lovers together, for Charles has never married, and I know he loves you still."

"You are right," she exclaimed. "How greatly I have wronged a worthy man!"

At this moment a young man approached, unnoticed by the others, so engrossed were they in their conversation.

"Good evening, father," he cried.

Mr. Winter looked up.

"Well, well! this is a surprise. There is Charles himself!" he exclaimed in delighted accents.

Mrs. Howland blushed.

"You are just in time, my boy, just in time."

"Just in time!" repeated Charles, embarrassed by the remark and also by the presence of the woman he had loved so fervently, but who had dismissed him years before with scorn.

"Yes," said his father, "just in time. I never was any hand at match making, but I have a good excuse for speaking out now. Here is a fine young woman who realizes her mistake and desires to be forgiven."

It was Charles' turn to blush, but a great happiness sprang into his heart as he looked into Mrs. Howland's tearful eyes, and saw something that revealed more than words could tell. He hesitated, then sprang forward and caught the fair hand that was timidly extended toward him.

Mr. Winter, senior, considerably stepped aside. He was gone half an hour, and when he returned he was greeted by a loving, happy couple.

"This does my heart good," exclaimed the old man, his voice trembling with joy. "I have decided that it is not advisable to erect an expensive monument. A good, plain headstone will be sufficient," said Mrs. Howland. "Charles says he has enough money for you both, and he wishes me to use what my husband left me in making festive gifts to those whom he wronged, so far as it can be conveniently done, and in helping the needy."

"I am not surprised. It is no more than could be expected of my noble boy," said Mr. Winter, looking at his son with undisguised pride.

"He has solved my moral problem for me," remarked Mrs. Howland.

"It could not have been more happily solved. I wish you both much joy."

"But you have lost your opportunity to do a profitable piece of work," said Mrs. Howland, smiling. "I cannot pay you as much for the headstone as I could for a fine monument."

"I freely forgive you," said Mr. Winter, laughing heartily.

A few weeks later Mrs. Howland and Charles Winter were married, and their home was blessed with greater love than enters into most wedded lives.

TO YOUR FRIENDS AT WAR.

Take Care in Addressing Your Letters to Them.

"It seems queer that the people of this country—the educated people, I am speaking of particularly—should exhibit so much ignorance as they do in addressing by mail their relatives and friends who are soldiers in the field or sailors on the sea," said a postal official in the railway mail service to a Washington Star man. "There has already been a huge amount of trouble in handling the letters and papers thus indefinitely forwarded to the soldiers, and the general mix-up of the mails at Chickamauga, for example, has been something extraordinary, and yet natural enough, considering the way most of the pieces of mail matter arriving at that military rendezvous have been addressed."

"A very great majority of the letters that have been sent from all parts of the country to the young men now under arms down at Chickamauga park have been absolutely lacking in any information on the envelopes that could aid the postal clerks in locating

the addresses without a very great deal of trouble. The letters have nearly all been of the John Smith, Chickamauga, sort, and when you come to reflect how many thousands of soldiers there are down there and the great number of duplicate names, you can figure out how much difficulty the post-office people have in properly assorting and delivering the mail. It does not seem to occur to many of the people who write to soldiers in the field to name the outfits on the envelope to which the addresses belong.

"If they were to do this there would be little or no trouble in distributing the mails at the military centers. For example, instead of plain John Smith, Chickamauga, the address, with a few more strokes of the pen, could be made to read, 'Corporal John Smith, Battery G, Seventh Artillery, U. S. A., Chickamauga,' and thus Corporal Smith would not have to hang around the postoffice with a wistful eye for days at a time awaiting that letter from his timorous sweetheart."

"The friends and relatives of man-of-war's men, addressing the letter by mail, even in times of peace, cause considerable delay in the delivery of their epistles by too much indefiniteness in addressing the mail. Instead of addressing their letters directly to the ships upon which the addressees are serving, as, for example, 'Edward Robinson, U. S. S. Brooklyn, U. S. N.," which insured the forwarding of the letter by the postal authorities to the navy pay office of the station to which the Brooklyn is attached,

the addressers, as a rule, simply write, 'Edward Robinson, U. S. N.' Aside from the great probability of their being duplicate names for many letters thus addressed, all such letters have to go first to the Navy department, where, by reference to muster rolls, they are assorted, and, after considerable delay, readressed to the men for whom they are intended."

WINE.....Cook's
WINE.....Imperial
WINE.....Champagne.

CUBA'S CURIOUS ANIMALS

Some of the Living Things Our Soldier Boys Will See.

SOME INSECTS THAT TICKLE THE HIDE

Spiders, Snakes and Jiggers, Birds of Various Kinds, Peculiar Fire-flies, Land Crabs and Other Strange Things.

The Spaniard is not the only for the soldier will encounter on his Cuban marches, relates the New York Sun. Cuban snails, flies and mosquitoes are much like our own, but we have nothing to match the huge spider, whose bite causes fever, nor the scorpion, known as the vivalagua. A beautiful, though not so dangerous as the European variety, grows itself unpleasant to the careless traveler and the chigoe, or "jigger," deals swift retribution to an offender. Its method of attack is inconvenient, for it burrows under the toe nail, and unless removed at once builds its nest there. In that case inflammation occurs and the only relief is the painful operation of having the little animal cut out.

Snakes are not numerous, but they include some of the freaks of the animal kingdom. The huge mamba, longer than two six feet men set end to end, with a body twenty inches in circumference, looks fierce enough and formidable enough to put a whole regiment to flight. It is all a bluff, for the big reptile is harmless.

Among the birds the soldier may exercise his taste for pets. Those peculiar to the island have beautiful plumage, rich in coloring. There are nearly 200 kinds to be found there and among them all the culture and hobby birds are almost the only birds of prey. They are so useful as scavengers to carry away waste material that they are protected from death by law. Geese, turkeys, peacocks and pigeons are the most familiar domestic fowls and pigs, sheep, goats, mules and horses the animals used.

Cuban horses are almost a race by themselves. They are very gentle, they never kick nor bite nor play tricks on their riders. In some parts of the island horses receive as much consideration as a member of the family. They are not tied or confined, but they wander about the door yard, and the heads in the kitchen windows to exchange the time of day and even on occasion have the privilege of entering the house. The sight of humans and equines on terms of such easy familiarity makes one wonder if the days of Gulliver and his horse country have come again.

Sometimes the roads are bad and the mud so sticky that it holds any foreign substance like glue. For this reason farmers braid their horses' tails, turn them up over their horses' backs and tie them to the saddle. No northern pony would stand this indignity, but the Cuban pack animals seem quite willing to endure it. In mountainous regions mules are used to carry the coffee and sugar down the mountain paths and to save drivers mules in long procession are tied together, one's head to another's tail, and with only one man at the head of the column to guide the leader they carry down their burdens safely. The hind legs of Cuban mules must be worked on a different principle from that in vogue among United States mules. Here no insurance agency would insure a man whose business was tying mules to one another's tails.

The only wild animal peculiar to Cuba is the jutia or hutia. It is rat-shaped, black and small. It lives in the hollows of trees, like our squirrel, and eats leaves and fruits. Its flesh is insipid, but it is often eaten. Curious modifications of felines and canines inhabit the woods. The animals have springs from dogs and cats in the domestic state and differ from them only in their size and habits. Some of the intelligence of civilization seems to remain with them and they cause the farmer such anxiety by their carefully planned attacks upon his poultry and cattle.

The matter of lights is a small item of expense to the poor man in Cuba, for in the phosphorescent fly-nature provides him a lamp free. This fly, the cucullo, about the size of our roach, is perfectly black, with a transparent breast. The eyes in front and in the point of its breast give out so much light when its wings are spread that one can see by it to read a letter. Children make pots of cucullos and shut them up in reed cages. If they feed them on sugar the

Great Weight, Penetrating Power and Destructive Power.

To understand the peculiarly destructive power of the guns with which modern navies are provided, says the Chicago Record, it must be kept in mind that most of these larger instruments of warfare carry a projectile which not only has great penetrating power but contains some high explosive matter detonated upon striking any obstacle offering fair resistance.

The mortar, discharging an explosive shell through a high trajectory, the muzzle of the gun being upturned to an angle of forty-five degrees, is still in use in shore batteries. But modern science has mastered the invention of shell guns which can shoot point blank with high velocity and will explode with terrific effect on striking the target. Some of the smaller and rapid-fire guns, of course, shoot solid masses of steel, highly tempered and capable of great penetration. Projectiles designed for this purpose are sent from the muzzle of the gun with immense force and are capable of penetrating armor plate of the best kind to a thickness 30 per cent greater than the caliber of the projectile. But the deadliest damage is done by the shell gun carrying a missile which, aside from its great weight and penetrating power, holds a heavy explosive charge which is detonated immediately upon impact with the target, although some shells are exploded by a fuse.

As to the relative merits of the explosives options differ, but gun cotton is a favorite, though the French navy uses melinite as the bursting charge. The shells themselves differ both in form and size and in their design. The "incendiary shell" is filled with some substance designed to set fire to the enemy's ship. The ordinary Hotchkiss shell contains in its cylinder a heavy charge and the projectile is made with a casing of three thicknesses in order that it may break into a large number of pieces when bursting. The shell which has been expended on projectiles of this class may be imagined from the fact that they can be discharged with a heavy concussion without exploding and the danger of unintentional explosions has been so minimized that while the shell from a heavy cannon will burst if its impact is against four inches of steel it will not explode when sent against the ordinary side-plate of ships.

The penetrating power of these modern implements of warfare is great, but their destructive effect on explosion is terrific. When an accurate gunner sends an 1,800-pound missile loaded with 170 pounds of high explosives against the side of a hostile vessel the water line he practically does it to destruction. No armor-plate yet invented has been found strong enough to stand even a short fusillade of this sort.

Ready to Demonstrate.

Chicago Post: The old gentleman was reading.

"What is a flank movement, father?" asked Willie.

"What is a flank movement?"

"What? Oh, a flank movement. Why, er, you know what a flank is, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Well, er—you'll experience a movement that may properly be described in just about a minute and a half if you don't stop bothering me."

The Element of Impropriety.

Detroit Journal: "But did not your innate sense of impropriety revolt?"

The abolitionist looked up wondering.

"Why, don't you know, she exclaimed, 'that there is now a matron at every public station?'"

DR. C. GEE WO.

WHO IS HE?

He is one of the most skillful of Chinese doctors, because of his great knowledge and cures. Having been 20 years in the medical college of China, he has a long and immediate action of over 6000 remedies. With eighteen years of experience and over eight years of that time in Omaha has given him a reputation backed up by the thousands of testimonials in curing EVERY CHARACTER of disease, whether GONORRHOIC OR OTHER. Dr. C. Gee Wo. guarantees a cure in every case of the money will be refunded. Consultation free. Send a two-cent stamp for book and question blanks.

DR. C. GEE WO.

1519, 15th St. OMAHA, NEB.

DR. C. GEE WO.

1519, 15th St. OMAHA, NEB.

DR. C. GEE WO.

1519, 15th St. OMAHA, NEB.

DR. C. GEE WO.

1519, 15th St. OMAHA, NEB.

AVANA, AND ONE TOURIST, WHO WISHED TO carry away a mame as a souvenir, paid \$30 for the privilege.

Arnold's Bromo Celery cures headaches. 10c, 25c, 50c. All druggists.

The Principal Party.

Chicago Tribune: "The terms, then, are satisfactory," said the agent of the tennis club.

"Yes, sir," replied the agent for the property.

"You rent us these premises for \$50 a month, payable in advance—the lease to run for one year, with privilege of renewal at end of year?"

"All right. Make out the papers. Here is the rent for the first month."

The agent for the property counted the money.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" he said.

"That's all right," responded the tennis club man. "The extra \$50 you are to give to the people who live next door, to keep them from kicking."

Force of Habit.

Washington Star: "Private Quickstep didn't tell the truth when he said he wasn't married," said one officer.

"Have you information to the contrary?" inquired the other.

"No, but he was walking in his sleep last night, and when we asked where he was going he said 'put the cat out, and see if the basement door was locked.'"

Another curious phenomenon of Cuba animal life is the procession of land crabs across the island. They travel from north to south every spring when the rains commence, and are as regular as an institution as the wet weather itself. Shell fish are abundant, but they are of inferior quality. The climate is too warm for them, and oysters there at all times are as unsatisfactory as ours in the months when no magic R appears. The rivers and bays and inlets however, are well stocked with palatable fish. The iguana, cayman, and crocodile are common. A huge variety of crocodile called cayman has a colony of its own on the Isle of Pines. Turtles are found in large numbers in shallows and reefs and on sandy beaches, and they are put to all sorts of uses, from soup to walking sticks. For canes, the shell of the Carey variety is used. First a strong is cut of the length desired. Then the turtle shell is boiled until it becomes a thick liquid, and into this the stick is dipped and allowed to cool. The process is repeated several times till the beautiful tortoise shell covering is of proper thickness. Afterward the cane is polished, headed, fitted with a ferrule, and sold for \$4 or \$5.

Another curiosity is a cane made from the dried skin of the manatee, or sea cow. The skin is perfectly transparent, and when rightly prepared is flexible, but strong enough to be used as a rapier for defense. Mounted in gold or silver these canes are very expensive. They are rarely seen in

Wool Soap is a pure soap; so pure that it's white; so pure that it swims. More than that, it's so pure that it won't shrink wool. Made for fair skins and fine fabrics. Whenever you need a pure soap use

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

Wool Soap

Wool Soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by it. HELEN M. BARCKE, Stevens, Nat'l W.C.T.U.

You Are To Blame

If you do not get Whisky of the proper Age and Purity. "Six Years Old, 100% Pure," is the Government's Guarantee on every bottle of

OLD CROW and HERMITAGE WHISKIES.

Bottled by W. A. GAINES & CO., Frankfurt, Ky.

The Government Internal Revenue Officers at the distilleries inspect the contents of every bottle. In buying be sure the Internal Revenue Stamp over the Cork and Capsule is not broken and that it bears the name W. A. GAINES & CO.

It is a Government Guarantee that goes with this bottling.

ALL DEALERS SELL IT

BAR-BEN

THE GREAT RESTORATIVE.

It's not a "patent" medicine, but is prepared directly from the formula of E. E. Barben, M. D., Cleveland's most eminent specialist, by Haimon O. Benson, Ph. D., U. S. A. - B. S. N. is the real restorative for nervous and general debility, solid flesh, muscle and strength, clear the brain, makes the blood pure and rich and causes a general feeling of health, strength and renewed vitality, while the generative organs are helped to regain their normal power and efficiency. It is quickly made conscious of direct benefit. One bottle will work wonders, and should perfect a cure. Full directions in every box, or fill out the coupon and we will mail you a free diagnostic sheet, you enclosed, and we will give you a special attention without extra charge. BAR-BEN is for sale at all drug stores, a 60-dose box for 50 cents, or we will mail it securely sealed on receipt of price, \$1.00. DR. HAYTON AND BENSON.

For sale by Cull & Co., 11th and Douglas; J. A. Fuller & Co., 142 Douglas St., and Graham Drug Co., 15th and Farnham; King Pharmacy, 27th and Leavenworth; Peyton's Pharmacy, 21st and Leavenworth; E. J. Seykora, South Omaha, and all other druggists in Omaha, South Omaha, Council Bluffs.

To Alaska Gold Fields

by new EMPIRE LINE \$5,000 ton steamer, "Comanche." Specially fitted with steam heat, electric lights, modern improvements.

SEATTLE TO ST. MICHAEL, appointed to sail about June 15, 22, 29, July 13, 20, 27. These large ocean steamers, so well known in the trans-Pacific business, in connection with our fleet of 15 New Vessels for the Yukon River traffic, furnish by far the best route to Dawson City and all other Yukon River points.

"ALL WATER ROUTE."

REMEMBER that this line enables passengers to reach the heart of the Gold Fields and Alaska, to reach the hardships, exposure, severe toil and danger to life and property encountered on the land routes. Apply to

EMPIRE TRANSPORTATION CO., 607 First Ave., SEATTLE, WASH., or to INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY, 1415 Leavenworth St., CLEVELAND, OH., or their agents in the United States or Canada.

CURE YOURSELF!

The Big 4 for constipation, indigestion, headache, inflammation, irritation or ulceration of the mucous membrane, Pains, and all catarrhs, hemorrhoids, and all other ailments.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

MADE BY J. J. REMEDY CO., 15th and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, NE