Browning, King & Co

CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS and HATS

Pre-Inventory Sale

On January 1st we take our semi-annual inventory and we find we have some broken lines of suits and overcoats left from the season's selling which we wish to close out.

We have about 300 suits and 200 overcoats which we will sacrifice to close them out.

Monday morning we will place them on sale at the one price

$15.00

These suits and overcoats sold up to $25.00 and every one is a real bargain.

We have placed them on separate tables and your size is there.

Plain blacks as well as fancy mixtures

Sizes 34 to 50.

15th and Douglas Streets — B&K — 15th and Douglas Streets

: : R. S. WILCOX, Mgr. : :

NIGHT RIDERS BURN TOWN

Masked and Armed They Terrorize Hopkinsville, Ky.

MUCH PROPERTY IS DESTROYED

Tobacco Buyer Whipped and Brakeman Trying to Save Cars Shot in the Back—Citizens Flee.

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky., Dec. 7.—Five hundred "night riders" masked and heavily armed, marched into Hopkinsville early today and destroyed property valued at more than $200,000, while the citizens, in terror of their lives, feared to open their windows. The police, fire department, telephone and telegraphic offices and even the railroad stations were in possession of a wild mob shooting right and left. The flames from burning buildings meanwhile lighting up the city and the surrounding country until it seemed that the whole town was ablaze.

Only two men were injured, one of them being Lindsey Mitchell, a tobacco buyer who was severely beaten with switches and clubs and the other, a brakeman who was shot in the back, while trying to move his train from the path of the flames.

Queer Coins in Collection Plates.

"It's really true about church collections—I mean these jokes you hear about the queer coins that get into the collection," remarked the treasurer of a big East End congregation yesterday.

"Yes," said the treasurer, "it's seldom that I fail to find some curious coins when I get the contents of the several collection plates each Sunday. There are seldom, if ever, any buttons, that's all just talk about buttons being put in the collection plate, but there are plenty of coins that wouldn't pass at any store. It's not unusual to find foreign coins that are worth something, but which can't be passed for their face value at the stores. I don't suppose there is any dishonesty in putting such coins in the basket, because the donor may have intended to give only a fraction of the face value of the coin. Then, of course, there are scores of coins, notably 10-cent pieces, that have worn smooth from use, and will no longer be accepted at the banks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If You Bring Your Policy of the

National Mutual Fire Insurance Company

(Which Has FAILED to)

D. M. Martin & Co.

We Will Protect You With a Reliable Company

RELIABLE INSURANCE ALL KINDS

209 S. 15th Street — Phone Doug. 405

CASHIERS' CHECKS AND CLEARING HOUSE CERTIFICATES are rapidly disappearing, but Molony has a few fine business suits to dispose of--best fabrics -- stylish designs -- good workmanship -- comfortable and stylish--and made to Molony's measurements. They are also sure to disappear rapidly. Better order now.

The best dressedmen in Omaha wear Molony "roomy" suits.

MOLONY, 320 South 15th Street

BRIEF CITY NEWS

Have Root Print it.

Rinehart, photographer, 18th & Farnam.

Dr. H. C. Parker, dentist, removed to 202 Neville Blk. 'Phone Red 1522.

J. A. Kervan, Tailor, 505-10 Brandeis Bldg., will make a suit to please you.

We always have Rock Springs Coal. Central Coal and Coke Co. of Omaha, 15th and Harney streets.

Ladies of the First Christian Church, Twenty-sixth and Harney streets, will hold a rummage sale every Saturday, commencing 12 o'clock, December 7.

Divorce for Abandonment—Thomas A. B. Winward has filed a petition for divorce from Mary G. Winward, charging abandonment.

County Teachers' Examinations—County teachers' examinations were held in the city hall Saturday, with several to take examination.

Fire Department Plugs Sold—Four fire department horses sold Friday afternoon brought $411. The highest price paid was $140 and the lowest $60.

Alleged Diamond Thief—Louisa Winthrol of 611 North Eighteenth street was arrested Saturday afternoon charged with stealing a diamond ring, valued at $150, from Rose Reynolds.

Mutual Club at Council Bluffs—The People's Mutual Interest club of Omaha will hold a meeting Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the African Methodist Episcopal church in Council Bluffs.

Lecture on Socialism—J. Edward Keys will give a lecture at Crounse hall at 8 o'clock Sunday evening on the subject, "Why All Men Should Be Socialists." Mr. Keys is a singer of some reputation and has promised music in addition to the lecture.

Strange Piece of Luck—E. C. Hunt Saturday recovered a valuable overcoat which he lost a year ago. The coat was taken from Mr. Hunt's office where he had hung it one cold night. He never had a line on the thief. Saturday the Paxton hotel called him up and told him his coat was there. It had been found hanging in one of the coat rooms and was identified by a name card in a pocket. Evidently the thief hung it in the room and was afraid to go back and get it.

Big Raid on Hen House—Another hen house was cleaned Friday night. This time ninety-four fowls were stolen. They were the property of R. Rino, 5149 North Twenty-fourth street. This makes the third hen house robbery that has taken place this week and the grand total of fowls stolen from the three jobs is 232.

Claims Against the County—Noah Vance and Alfred Vance have filed claims against the county, the former for $750 and the latter for $600, for alleged damage to their property by the construction of the West Q street viaduct across the Burlington tracks. The grade runs in front of their houses and they complain it makes access and egress difficult.

Poultry Show at Auditorium—Definite arrangements have been made by the Tri-City Poultry association to hold the big show in the Auditorium and Secretary O. D. Talbert is sending out a letter to all prominent poultry breeders of the state giving instructions for exhibitors. Many dog and cat fanciers are also expected to bring large exhibits to the show.

In the Divorce Court—Maud B. Oudkirk has begun suit in district court against Robert H. Oudkirk for a divorce on the grounds of cruelty and nonsupport. Benjamin Abraham Greenspan asks a divorce from Bessie, on grounds of abandonment. Judge Troup has granted a divorce to Otto Herman Bernhard from Elizabeth May Thompson Bernhard on grounds of abandonment and bad character.

Roommate and Valuables Go at Once—L. L. Baum, 3717 North Twenty-second street, reports to the police that his roommate and his diamond stud and suitcase all disappeared at about the same time and asks the police to assist him in locating the trio. He admits that he is more worried over the diamond and suitcase than over his roommate, as he believes the latter fully able to help himself out of a pinch.

Second Suit Against F. B. Joy—The second suit against Frank E. Joy, growing out of an automobile accident in which his car ran down and injured Mrs. Emma J. Bailey, was filed in county court Saturday. Albert Bailey, her husband, filed suit for $200 for loss of services and cost of medical attendance. Mrs. Bailey herself filed the first suit and secured $450 in county court, which was reduced to $50 on appeal to the district court.

Woman Gets Verdict on Kay—A verdict for $351.21 was awarded to Cora Allen in Judge Day's court against Arthur H. Rushford for an alleged balance due her on the price of a hay crop he bought of her. He refused to pay on the grounds the scales on which the hay had been weighed had been manipulated. This is the case in the trial of which Judge Day dismissed the jury last week because of the conduct of two of the jurors. The second trial was before a new jury.

Licenses Allowed Monday—At the meeting of the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners Friday night little business was transacted, as none of the parties to contested saloon license cases were ready for trial. Dates for hearing will be set again at the meeting to be held Monday. James Adams was instructed to readvertise his application for license, as he had inserted the advertisement before he filed the application. Several uncontested applications were considered, but none were allowed. They will be allowed Monday.

Chief Briggs Opposes License—Chief of Police John Briggs of South Omaha has filed a protest with the county board against the granting of a saloon license to Peter Anderson, who is now operating just outside the city limits of South Omaha at Forty-sixth and Q streets. Chief Briggs charges Anderson has violated the Slocumb law by keeping open on Sunday and allowing gambling in his place and has allowed it to become the rendezvous for people of bad character, who congregate there Sunday, when the lid is on in South Omaha.

Ask that He Be Made Bankrupt—The creditors of Thomas Branigan, a horse dealer of Columbus, have filed a petition in the United States district court asking that he be declared a bankrupt. The petitioning creditors and their claims are: The Columbus State bank, $6,000, for money loaned; H. A. Clarke, for rent of farm, $700 and the Branigan-Clarke Co., $200 for money advanced. The petitioners allege that Branigan has disposed of $8,000 worth of his property to preferred creditors with the intent to hinder and delay the claims of the petitioners.

Grocers Ordered Arrested—Saturday morning Commissioner of Health Connell ordered warrants issued for the arrest of Charles Blind, 2504 Leavenworth street; G. C. Kuenne, 2216 Leavenworth street; Charles Reznicheck, 2207 Leavenworth street; E. Andres, 1324 Cuming street; L. Rosenblum, 806 North Sixteenth street, and R. T. Ogden, 2912 North Twenty-fourth street. In each case the men are accused of selling milk not up to the standard required by the city ordinance, and Charles Blind is further accused of selling milk without a license

SHOOTING DAYS IN DODGE

Stirring Life in a Kansas Town When Bat Masterson Was Sheriff.

GUN PLAYS THAT MEANT MUCH

Some Bad Men Who Went Against Him and Regretted Their Foolishness—A Booming Time for Cemeteries.

Oklahoma's loud call to Bat Masterson to cut away from the enervating influences of the federal marshal's office in New York and hike for those sections of the booming west where his fame was achieved, lends timely interest to a chronicle of Masterson's deeds when Kansas was young and the town of Dodge was building up its cemeteries. Alfred Henry Lewis, an artist skilled in western lore, is the author, and the November number of Human Life the vehicle of the memoir. In a foreword, Lewis states that William Barclay Masterson was born in Iroquois county, Illinois, about fifty-three years ago, moved with his parents to Kansas three years later and has been identified with the west for the greater part of his life. His parents still reside in Sedgwick county, Kansas.

Recounting his life in Dodge and vicinity the memoir says:

Mr. Masterson's hat measures seven and three-eighths. Wise, cool, wary, he is the born captain of men. Generous to a final dollar, the poor and needy make for him like night birds for a lighthouse. To a courage that is proof, he adds a genius for justice, and carries honesty to the pitch of romanticism. To these virtues of mind and heart, add the thews of a grizzly bear, and you will have a picture of Mr. Masterson. Such he is; such he was when, at the age of 22, the public elected him sheriff for Ford county, whereof the seat of justice was the stormy little city of Dodge.

Smothering Ebullient Cowboys.

As sheriff, Mr. Masterson's duties carried him over sixteen unorganized counties, besides the county of Ford. His more immediate responsibility, however, was the good order of Dodge, and to prevent ebullient cowboys, when the autumn herds came up, from "standing" that baby hamlet "on its head." It took judgment and nerve and forbearance and military skill; but Mr. Masterson accomplished the miracle, and did it, too, at a minimum of bloodshed. In the words of a satisfied citizen and taxpayer:

"He never downed a man who didn't need it, and kept Dodge as steady as a church."

Scores of lurid spirits, whose lives were forfeit by every western rule, have been spared to live a quieter life by the forebearing Mr. Masterson. Mr. Sutton, a lawyer and a present resident of Dodge, was out recently in the papers with a story in illustrative point. Three cowboys, moved of whisky and a taste for violence, dashed down the single street of Dodge, their six-shooters blazing like Roman candles. Most peace officers would have harvested these boys; Mr. Masterson was more leniently inclined, since thus far the young merrymakers had not succeeded in hitting anybody. Sure of its aim, Mr. Masterson's pistol barked three times. Two of the ponies fell, and Mr. Masterson dragged their riders—sprawled all abroad in the dust of the street—off to the calaboose.

The third pony lasted until he reached the south side of the Arkansas, and then dropped dead. Thereupon, its rider stripped off saddle and bridle, "stuck up" the incoming buckboard, and compelled the driver to turn nose about, and land him at a nearest ranch more than forty miles away.

There was a lady aboard the buckboard who sang in the theaters. She was coming north from Mobeetie to fill a Dodge engagement. As shortening those tiresome forty miles, the dismounted cowboy—pistol in hand, eye on the buckboard driver who might at any moment rebel—told the cantatrice that he thought she ought to sing. With that she thought so too; and so for forty miles she warbled "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and kindred melodies of concert hall vogue at the time. This boy got clear away, while the ravens and the coyotes, at their feast over his dead pony, gloried in the fatal accuracy of the Masterson guns.

Demonstration of Strength.

As demonstrating his huge strength, Mr. Masterson once seized a recalcitrant cow puncher, who, seated in his saddle, was making ready to "shake up the village." The cowboy was himself as strong as whalebone, and gripped his pony with legs of iron. Throwing his soul into the business, Mr. Masterson gave that adhesive cowboy such a wrench—the boy meanwhile clinging to his mount like grim death—that both pony and boy were thrown heavily to the ground.

It was not always convenient nor even feasible, to spare the blood of the wrong doer. The following might furnish an example in line. Mr. Kennedy rode up to the Alhambra, kept by Mr. Kelly, the then mayor, and took a shot at that publican and magistrate with his Ballard. Mr. Kennedy missed Mr. Kelly, and killed a lady who had come to the Alhambra to have part in the nightly ball. Mr. Kennedy—it was 8 o'clock in the evening—on the heels of the homicide, dug spurs into his pony's flanks and flew southward through the darkness. He was heading for the Canadian 200 miles away.

Mr. Masterson saddled his fleetest horse and started 'cross country for the ford where the flying Mr. Kennedy must cross the Medicine Lodge. There were three or four trails, and direct pursuit in the dark was out of the question. Mr. Masterson reached the ford in the gray of the morning, bettering Mr. Kennedy's time by an hour. He hobbled his horse and threw himself in behind a convenient knoll, to wait the coming of the murderous flying one. At last the latter drew near, eye scanning the ribbon of trail to the rear, pony worn and panting. No wonder, this last; seventy miles, at a swinging hand gallop, is no mere canter.

"Hold up your hands!" cried Mr. Masterson.

Mr. Kennedy almost leaped from the saddle with the surprise of it; he wasn't looking for an enemy in front. The next moment, however, he pulled himself together and drove a bullet at Mr. Masterson from the Ballard. Mr. Masterson was quite as brisk. The retort of his big buffalo gun made one report with the Ballard. Mr. Kennedy's shot went wide, while the 50-caliber bullet from the buffalo gun tore its fearful way into his side. As he fell, an accidental yank on the Spanish bit brought the tired, broken pony with him.

Mr. Kennedy rolled a dying eye upon Mr. Masterson.

"You blankety-blank-blank!" said Mr. Kennedy; "you'd ought to have made a better shot than that!"

"Well, you blankety-blank murderer!" quoth Mr. Masterson, "I did the best I could."

Mr. Masterson's brother Ed was made marshal of Dodge, somewhat against the wish of Mr. Masterson. The latter feared that the "bad men," who came and went in Dodge, would "out manage" his brother, whose suspicions were too easily set at rest.

The Killing of Masterson's Brother.

It fell out as Mr. Masterson had feared. Mr. Wagner, drunk and warlike, sought to enter Mr. Peacock's dance hall, questing trouble. Marshal Ed Masterson, instead of pulling his own gun, as prudence would have dictated, and stopping the violent Mr. Wagner with the cold muzzle thereof, seized that truculent person by the shoulders. Instantly, Mr. Wagner's six-shooter was brought to the fore. With that, Marshal Ed Masterson shifted his left hand to Mr. Wagner's wrist, and for the moment put that drunkard's weapon out of commission. There the two stood, the situation dead-locked.

From across the street, Mr. Masterson saw events and started to his brother's aid. He was still sixty feet away when Mr. Walker, who, like Mr. Wagner, was a person of cows, ran from the dance hall, and snapped his six-shooter in Marshal Ed Masterson's face. The cartridge failed to explode. Mr. Walker was never given the chance of trying a second; for Mr. Masterson put three bullets from his Colt's 40 through him before he could hit the ground. As the dead Mr. Walker went down, Mr. Wagner, still in a grapple with Marshal Ed Masterson, got his gun to bear, and shot Marshal Ed Masterson in the body. The latter fell, wounded to the death, coat afire from the other's powder. Mr. Wagner fell across him, a bullet from Mr. Masterson's pistol through his brain.

And after this fashion did Mr. Masterson maintain law and order in Dodge. Many were his battles, many the wounds he wrought; and it was said that the local doctor traced half his practice to the untiring efforts of Mr. Masterson in behalf of communal peace.

Averting War.

Once upon a time in Dodge a general war was missed by narrowest margin. Those dead worthies, Messrs. King, Kennedy, Wagner and Walker, had come one and all from Texas in their day, and Lone Star feeling, always clannish, seldom nicely critical, resented their taking off. It is not too much to say that $10,000,000 might have been borrowed on Mr. Masterson's scalp in a dozen Texas towns. Scores of stark souls came north with the herds, avowing no other intention than to wipe out the hated Mr. Masterson.

Among these was Mr. Driscoll—big, violent, formidable. Mr. Driscoll was not in Dodge ten minutes before Mr. Masterson introduced himself.

"I'll give you half an hour," said Mr. Masterson, "to put yourself the other side of the Arkansaw; and if you ever jingle a spur in Dodge again I'll shoot you in two."

Mr. Driscoll crossed the "Arkansaw;" and later—his laurels somewhat tarnished, and not caring to return to Texas under such diminished circumstance,—he journeyed down to Springer, and went to work for Senator Dorsey's "Triangle-dot."

Mr. Burlison was sheriff of Colfax county, New Mexico, where the Dorsey ranches were, and Mr. Masterson wrote his brother officer a letter.

"Dear Burlison," said Mr. Masterson, "this man Driscoll, who has migrated to your neck of woods, will bear watching. He's a four-flush and a bully. If he tries to start anything down your way go right at him and he'll quit."

Mr. Driscoll "started" something. Mr. Burlison went "right at him" and Mr. Driscoll "quit." Also when he "quit" he was dead.

Mr. Allison was a Texan by adoption, and a friend of Mr. Driscoll. Likewise, he was lame with a club foot, limped when off his horse, and used a Winchester for a crutch. He had slain many men, and took a quiet pride in the fact that, in the teeth of local ordinances to the contrary, he never took his guns off when he visited any town.

"Kill Every Man with a Big Hat."

Mr. Allison was in Dodge when Mr. Masterson introduced himself to the offensive Mr. Driscoll. Being coldly advised, however, by Mr. Masterson, Mr. Allison was not wearing his hardware. In the day that followed the banishment of Mr. Driscoll, the whisper went the Dodgian rounds that the Texas cow people, then and there in large numbers, were making war medicine, and would presently "turn loose" under the leadership of Mr. Allison. With that the careful Mr. Masterson made preparations, and such berserks as Mr. Earp, Mr. Brown, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Holliday, Mr. Bassett, Mr. Short and others whose names were high and famous in the annals of that hour, began cleaning responsive shotguns to be in readiness for the Masterson call to arms. The word was, if war broke out, to "kill every man with a big cow hat on." The Dodgians, be it known, wore hats of moderate and exemplary rim.

Mr. Masterson believed that if carnage descended it would come in the night. Which perhaps was the reason why Mr. Allison chose the afternoon. Of a sudden, the latter gentleman rode into the middle of that single thoroughfare—so often a battlefield—armed to the teeth. Halting his horse in front of Mr. Webster's Alamo, Mr. Allison spake loud and fiercely, but he was heedful to leave Winchester and pistols in their scabbards, and, while his oratory was terrible, his hands continued as harmlessly empty as a child's.

Mr. Masterson at the time was sitting in his office. With the earliest note of war from Mr. Allison, he snatched up a shotgun and "covered" that Texas chieftain. Since Mr. Masterson was to the rear of Mr. Allison, the latter enthusiastist did not notice his "covered" condition.

Having Mr. Allison "covered," Mr. Masterson turned to Judge Colburn, now of Salt Lake City, then district attorney of Dodge.

"Skip out the back door, judge," observed Mr. Masterson, "and tell Wyatt and the rest that I've got Allison dead to rights. Tell them not to close in on him; if he reaches for a gun, I'll hive him. When they hear me shoot, let them get busy right and left; tell them to bump off every Texan they find in town."

A Thoughtful Drink.

The warning word went down the line, and Mr. Allison was left unmolested in his eloquence. But that very fact made him uneasy. He was not without a working knowledge of homicide as a science; and the sight of the several heads of Messrs. Earp and Holiday and Bassett and Short and a score besides protruding in an expectant fringe from doors and windows all along the street, as though a common idea obtained that something interesting was about to happen chilled him and bid him pause. Mr. Allison looked excessively bothered. Finally he shut down his oratory in mid flow, got off his horse, limped dubiously into Mr. Webster's Alamo saloon, and took a thoughtful drink. Observing Mr. Masterson enter, Mr. Allison pretended great joy.

"Where were you, Bat?" he asked. "I've been looking all over town for you."

"I've been see-sawing on you with a shotgun for ten minutes," returned Mr. Masterman grimly. "What's the matter, Clay?"

Mr. Allison appeared a bit confused, but explained that he had been aroused by the insults of a readheaded hardware clerk who didn't know who he, Mr. Allison, was. Being calmer now, he would again disarm in deference to the prevailing local taste as to shooting irons.

Thus the business passed without actual hostilities, and Mr. Allison confessed later that his reason for "simmering" was he had had a "premonition." It's just possible he did. In any event, and whatever the cause, his change of offensive front that afternoon saved many a life. Also, it saved Dodge from what would else have proved the ruddest chapter in all her crimson history.

When the new liquor law took effect in Kansas in '81, Mr. Masterson laid down his office. He was not sumptuary, and, while he himself never drank liquor, refused to be drawn into deadly collision with gentlemen whose only offense had been a too vehement thirst. Besides, he urged, considering the many strenuous years he had gone through, he felt he had earned a rest.

There was at least one gentlemen in Dodge who didn't share this vacation view. The hour was evening, and Mr. Masterson, no longer sheriff, was sitting in the rear room of Mr. Kelly's Alhambra, in talk with Judge Colburn. Mr. Bell appeared abruptly in the door, a six-shooter in his right hand, another in his belt. Mr. Bell is the sober, quiet, sheriff of that same county of Ford; but in these, his younger years, he was a sturdy customer, and had "shot up" several of his acquaintances. For incident, he "had it in" for Mr. Masterson.

"I think," remarked Mr. Bell, as he stood triumphantly in the door—"I think there's a horned toad here I want to kill."

"Like a flash, the sensitive Mr. Masterson—who had he been either slow or dull would never have lived till now—was on his feet, the muzzle that never missed pointing squarely between the eyes of Mr. Bell. Naturally the latter warrior froze up; he stood as though planet-struck.

There was a darkling pause; then Mr. Masterson, gun unwaverlingly upon Mr. Bell, began slowly to advance. Mr. Bell never moved. Coming within reach, Mr. Masterson suddenly let down the hammer of his pistol and smote Mr. Bell such a jealous blow upon the head that he went to the floor, and from the floor to his bed for two weeks.

Years later I asked Mr. Masterson why he withheld his fire. "I didn't think I had to shoot," he said, "I once saw Bell jump over a bar-counter to get at a man, when he might just as well have gone round, and it struck me all at once that he was much too dramatic. If it had been Wyatt Earp now, or Doc Holiday, or Luke Short, or Ben Thompson, I'd have begun to bombard him out of hand. But I didn't think such extreme measures were demanded in the case of Bell;" and here Mr. Masterson smiled peacefully at the retrospect. "My size-up of Bell may have been wrong," he concluded, "and if it was I hope he'll pardon me. He ought to; for, between us, it was all that saved him that day."

OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL CHRISTMAS

A PIANO SALE EXTRAORDINARY

Including Grands, Uprights, Squares, Organs, Pianolas, Pianola Pianos, Orchestrelles and Vocalions.

Ideal Christmas Gifts for the Entire Family

Everyone is invited to inspect and enjoy our great holiday display. Nearly 600 instruments to select from, including the World's leading makes, **Steinway & Sons, Steger, Emerson, Hardman, A. B. Chase, McPhail, Kurtzman** and our Hand-Made **Schmoller & Mueller** Piano, sold direct from **Factory to Home,** thereby eliminating the middleman's profit. We have thousands of voluntary and unsought expressions of appreciation from people all over the country, to whom our pianos have proven a revelation and delight. Why not have one sent to your home at once?

HANDSOME NEW UPRIGHTS

In figured San Domingo mahogany, burl walnut and quarter-sawed golden oak cases, at $148, $168, $185 and up.

TERMS—To responsible parties, on inexpensive pianos, $6.00 or $10.00 cash and $3.00 to $5.00 monthly, or no money down and payments to begin next year. We protect you in your buying by the substantial Schmoller & Mueller guarantee. This sale, now seven days in progress, has nearly doubled any previous record, and the simple reason is, good instruments at lowest prices when the people mostly want them.

SLIGHTLY USED PIANOS

In our Exchange Department we have a number of slightly used instruments, which have been overhauled in our factory and are guaranteed free from hidden defects. Will exchange any instrument of this class within one year at full purchase price toward a higher priced new piano.

EVERY ONE A BARGAIN

$240 Wagner upright, parlor size, only $85
$275 J. P. Hale upright $95
$300 Kimball upright, ebony case $115
$450 Knabe upright $138

SQUARE PIANOS AND ORGANS

United Makers, round corners $28
Union Square, rosewood case $36
Emerson, good tone $45
Steinway, Chickering, Knabe and Kranich & Bach, $50, $60, $75 and $85
Kimball, Mason & Hamilton and other organs ..... $8, $15, $22 and Up

Payments to suit. SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Any piano not satisfactory, bought at this sale, may be returned within one week from date of purchase and the money will be refunded. A Schmoller & Mueller customer shall always be a satisfied customer.

Write today for catalogues, special prices and bargain list. We ship pianos everywhere.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT—On December 13th Miss Hellman will give a pupils' recital at our Auditorium, 1313 Farnam Street, at 8 p. m. The public is cordially invited. Admission free. 600 comfortable seats.

Schmoller & Mueller PIANO CO.

Largest handlers of Pianos in the West, operating Five Stores and a Factory. Main Warerooms and General Offices,

Established 1859 — 1311-1313 Farnam Street — Tel. Douglas 1625

Other Stores: South Omaha, Lincoln, Council Bluffs, and Sioux City.

Escalloped Fish.

For escalloped fish and oysters butter an earthen baking dish, flake cold boiled cod or halibut with a silver fork, and put a layer in the bottom of the dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and add a layer of oysters. Add a little grated onion, melted butter, and a dash of lemon juice; salt and pepper; cover lightly with bread crumbs, add another layer of fish, and so on until the dish is full, having buttered crumbs and grated cheese on top. Bake about twenty minutes.

Nervous, Weak, Run-Down Women

Thousands of Women, Who Suffered For Years, Have Been Restored To Complete Health by Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Trial Package Free.

Are you nervous, weak, tired, run-down, dispirited, easily exhausted—in other words, do you feel like a dishrag at times? Do you ever have to stop right in the middle of your work to take a rest?

Nearly every woman has these miserable experiences, and many such sufferers seek relief in secret remedies, containing harmful drugs and cheap alcohol. If you are doing this, stop it now, before you ruin your health completely. Your condition is bad enough without making it worse.

You need a tonic that will brace up the nervous system, cleanse the bowels, liver and kidneys, and enrich the blood. The best, purest, safest preparation to do this is Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are not a secret remedy. They do not contain harmful drugs, nor do they lose their medicinal power as most liquid medicines do, because these wafers are in tablet or lozenge form, which cannot deteriorate or evaporate.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers contain sulphide of calcium, the strongest blood purifier known; also golden seal, quassia, eucalyptus, belladonna, and the vegetable alteratives and laxatives. These ingredients will restore the normal action of the bowels, liver and kidneys; invigorate the nerves and brain; make pure, rich, healthy blood; drive away that tired, worn-out feeling and make you feel ten years younger.

You can obtain Stuart's Calcium Wafers in any drug store at only fifty cents a box, but if you have any doubts as to the merits of these wonderful calcium wafers, why send us your name and address and we will send you a free sample package, so you can convince yourself. Write today. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.