

THE FAIR.

THE FAIR STORE.

THE FAIR.

HERE'S WHERE DOLLARS BECOME ELASTIC. SEE 'EM STRETCH.

We hardly mention prices; you can hear 'em whistle a mile away. They'll make a foghorn fall asleep.

Free Tickets for an Excursion up Prosperity's River.

That's what we offer at our store. Everything sparkles with newness and stability. Our's are staple goods, and as a stout argument just compare the quality and prices of our DRY GOODS, LADIES' CLOAKS AND JACKETS, HATS, CAPS, GLOVES, MITTENS, BOOTS AND SHOES again same quality and prices at other places. This will tell the story. You will then know who is your friend. We believe in doing a straight legitimate business—a fair living profit on all goods. We do not do as some do, give you some one article for almost nothing and more than double the true value of some other article. This is not business. It has been and ever will be our earnest determined ambition to sell only the MOST TRUSTWORTHY MERCHANDISE obtainable at the ABSOLUTE LOWEST CASH PRICE that the PEERLESS BUYING POWER can make possible. The fundamental principle of this institution is to cheerfully refund money on every purchase where dissatisfaction, however small, may exist. IT IS AN OPEN SECRET that a child can buy as cheap as an old and experienced buyer. We take no advantage of those who are not a judge of goods. Thanking you for past patronage and hoping that we share a portion of your future trade, we remain, Yours anxious to please,

RICHARDS BROS.

THE FAIR.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2]

Phil took Aggie over, so to speak, and proceeded to accompany her up to the house of their mutual friend, whence she expected to be married. Angus Stuart came round there, too, after a very brief interval for changing his clothes. Naturally enough, he was anxious to learn how the lady he had rescued had survived her wedding. The young soldier had a word or two alone with the little bride in the room behind, while Phil talked to their hostesses in the big front drawing room. By this time Aggie had got the fluffy hair tolerably dry and had ended herself afresh in her pretty little morning dress with the pique waistcoat. She looked really charming. Angus Stuart thought he had never seen her quite so sweet before. She looked up at him appealingly. "Well, shall I speak to him?" Angus asked. And Aggie, drawing back, made answer very low: "Oh, no, not for worlds! You mustn't! How could you?" But the soldier was fortunately of bolder mold. With a resolute face he went up to Philip. "Might I have a few words with you alone, Mr. Gilman?" he asked quietly. Phil, half expecting what was coming, his head in acquiescence, the two men went out together on the broad veranda. Angus Stuart cleared his throat. It was an awkward subject to tackle, but there was no avoiding it. "It's some years since you saw Miss Oswald, I believe?" he began tentatively. "Phil met him half way. 'Yes, some years,' he answered, 'and I imagine Miss Oswald had had most time to change her mind meanwhile.' He said it a little anxiously. "Well, no. Perhaps not quite that," Angus answered, with a faint smile of pleasure. "But, you see, I've had it in my power to render her today a slight service, and—but I'm no right to speak on her behalf, and I'm sure she desires to act honorably in the matter."

to him, and he hummed them to him self: There was an old man, an he had a wooden leg. An he had no terbacky, nor terbacky could he be. There was another old man, as keen as a fox. An he always had terbacky in his old terbacky box. See one old man. "Will you give me a cheer?" See the other old man: "I'll be damned if I do. Kape away from the gimmlie an save up yer rocks. As you'll always have terbacky in yer old terbacky box." What with the singing and the far-away thoughts that accompanied the song, Private O'Halloran failed to hear footsteps approaching until they sounded quite near. "Halt!" he cried, seizing his rifle and springing to his feet. The newcomer wore the insignia of a Federal captain, seeing which O'Halloran lowered his weapon and saluted. "Sure, sor, ye're not to mind me capers. I thought the funny had me completely surrounded—I did, upon me now!" "And I," said the captain, laughing, "thought the Johnnies had caught me. It is a pleasant surprise. You are O'Halloran of the sharpshooters. I have heard of you—a gay singer and a great fighter."

facings each other, there would be a sharp struggle for the knoll on which the house stood, and he thought it was a curious feat for his mind to perform, to regard the old home where he had been both happy and miserable as a strategic point of battle. Private O'Halloran had no such memories to please or vex him. To the extent of his opportunities he was a man of business. He took a piece of white cloth from his pocket and hung it on the broken sapling. "I'll see, sor, if you chap is in the grocery business." As he turned away there was a puff of smoke on the farther hill, a crackling report, and the hanging cloth jumped as though it were alive. "Faith, 'tis him, sor!" exclaimed O'Halloran, "an he's in a mighty hurry." Whereupon the big Irishman brushed a pile of leaves from an oilcloth strapped together in the semblance of a knapsack. "What have you there?" asked Captain Somerville. "Sure, 'tis me grocery store, sor. Coffee, tay an sugar. Faith, I'll make the devil's mouth water like a baby outin his stomach tache. Would ye mind comin along, sor, for to kape me from swindlin the Johnny out of all his belongings?"

"Well, dog my cats: r'omere's a camp standin right out in front of me! It ain't the Mickey neither. I'll see what he's up to." He raised his rifle with a light swinging movement, chirruped to it as though it were a horse or a little child, and in another moment the deadly business of war would have been resumed, but Fambrough laid his hand on the sharpshooter's arm. "Wait," he said. "That may be my old man wandering around out there. Don't be too quick on trigger. I ain't got but one old man."

Mrs. Merrifield's Queer Vow. In 1860 Mrs. Susan E. Merrifield of Americus, Ga., made some remark to her churlish husband, who, by way of reply, commanded her to keep silent, declaring as he did so that the very sound of her voice was distasteful to him. "Very well," she replied, "you shall never hear the hateful sound again." The husband imagined that the best way thus taken by his wife was a pettish freak that would wear off as soon as she "got over her pouting spell," but he was doomed to disappointment. The day, the night and the week passed, yet Mrs. Merrifield never uttered a sound. When the weeks lengthened into months, the husband and relatives became alarmed and remonstrated with the good lady, but all to no purpose. She continued to act the part of wife and daily directed the affairs of her household by making signs and by occasionally writing on a slate kept for that purpose. She even bore three children to her husband after her peculiar vow of silence was taken. Finally the husband sickened, and when it was known that the physicians in attendance were getting ready to announce the hopelessness of his case it was imagined by all that she would renounce her vow and speak to the dying man. He even pleaded with her to say one word before he died, whereupon she took the slate and wrote: "I cannot, I cannot! God forgive and help me." Finally, in 1891, after almost 31 years of continued silence, it came her time to die, but she died as she had lived for the third of a century, without uttering a single word.—St. Louis Republic.

Dr. A. P. Sawyer—I have had lilemiasis since I was 20 years old, but since using your Family Cure have been free from it. It also cured my husband of the same disease. Mrs. Robt. Connelly, Brooklyn, Iowa. Sold by F. H. Longley.

JD CAPES. Leader. C. F. IDLER. LUMBER, COAL AND GRAIN. Order by telephone from Newton's Book Store. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., October 21st, 1895. Notice is hereby given that John Cooper has filed notice of intention to make final proof before Register and Receiver at his office in North Platte, Neb., on Tuesday, the 10th day of December, 1895, on timber culture application No. 11,710, for the northeast quarter section No. 26, in township No. 13 north, range No. 24 west. He names as witnesses: George Dugan, Joseph Weir, John Weir and Albert Lawick, all of Franklin, Nebraska. JOHN F. HENMAN, Register.

"I thought the funny had me completely surrounded—I did, upon me now!" "And I," said the captain, laughing, "thought the Johnnies had caught me. It is a pleasant surprise. You are O'Halloran of the sharpshooters. I have heard of you—a gay singer and a great fighter." "Sure it's not for me to say that same. I sings a little bachelors times for to kape up me sperits, an takes me chances, right an left. Ye're takin a good many yourself, sor, so far away from the picket line. If I make no mistake, sor, it is Captain Somerville I'm talkin to." "That is my name," the captain said. "I was touchin elbows wit' ye at Gettysburg, sor." The captain looked at O'Halloran again. "Why, certainly!" he exclaimed. "You are the big fellow that lifted one of the Johnnies over the stone wall." "By the slack of the trousers, I am that same, sor. He was nothin but a bit of a lad, sor, but he fought right up to the end of the nose. The men was jabbin at 'im wit' their bay-nets, so I sez to him, say I, 'Come in out in the inclemency of the weather,' say I, an 'thin I lifted him over. He made at me, sor, when I put 'im down, an it took two men for to lead 'im kindly to the rear. It was a warm hour, sor."

CHAPTER II. ON THE CONFEDERATE SIDE. Three men sat in a gully that had once been a hillside ditch. Their uniforms were various, the results of accident and capture. One of them wore a very fine line overcoat which was in queer contrast to his ragged pantaloons. This was Lieutenant Clouton, who had charge of the picket line. Another had on the uniform of an artilleryman, and his left arm was in a sling. He had come out of the hospital to do duty as a guide. This was Private John Fambrough. The third had on no uniform at all, but was dressed in plain citizen's clothes, much the worse for wear. This was Jack Kilpatrick, scout and sharpshooter—Happy Jack, as he was called. How long since the gully had been a ditch it would be impossible to say, but it must have been a good many years, for the pines had grown into stout trees, and here and there a blackjack loomed up vigorously. "Don't get too perticulous around here," said Happy Jack as the others were moving about. "This ain't no fancy spot." He eased himself upward on his elbow and made a swift but careful survey of the woodland vista that led to the Federal lines. Then he shook under the breach of his rifle and slipped along a long cartridge into his pocket. "You see that big poplar over yonder? Well, under that tree there's a man, lenstways ought to be there, because he's always hangin around in front of me."

"Well, dog my cats: r'omere's a camp standin right out in front of me! It ain't the Mickey neither. I'll see what he's up to." He raised his rifle with a light swinging movement, chirruped to it as though it were a horse or a little child, and in another moment the deadly business of war would have been resumed, but Fambrough laid his hand on the sharpshooter's arm. "Wait," he said. "That may be my old man wandering around out there. Don't be too quick on trigger. I ain't got but one old man."

Dr. A. P. Sawyer—After suffering four years with female weakness I was persuaded by a friend to try your Pastilles, and after using them for one year, I can say I am entirely well. I can not recommend them too highly. Mrs. M. S. Brown, Bethel Branch Co., Mich. For sale by F. H. Longley.

ALL COMPETITION DISTANCED. The Overland Limited, a New Train Chicago to San Francisco. The fastest train in the world, distance considered, will run via the Union Pacific System. Commencing Nov. 17th, the Union Pacific will run a through train daily from Council Bluffs to San Francisco and Los Angeles, making the run of 1,864 miles in sixty hours and thirty-five minutes. This train will leave Omaha 8:10 A. M.; Ogden 1:30 P. M. next day; San Francisco 8:45 P. M. second day, and Los Angeles 10:00 A. M. the third day, carrying through Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Car to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Be sure and ask for tickets via "The Overland Route." E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Restaurant AND Bakery. ORMSBY BLOCK, FRONT ST. Mrs. Jennie Armstrong, Prop. Regular Meals, Short Order Meals, Lunch Counter. Oysters served in all styles. Home-made Bread, Cakes and Pies a specialty. Your patronage respectfully solicited. MRS. JENNIE ARMSTRONG. CLAUDE WEINGAND, DEALER IN Coal Oil, Gasoline, Crude Petroleum and Coal Gas Tar. Leave orders at Newton's Store.

TAKEN UP. On the 27th day of August, 1895, on my place on section 10, town 12, range 25, one sorrel mare about 4 years old, white streak in forehead nearing left eye, white on nose, small white spots on her back, hind legs white from knees down, weighs about 800 pounds, had on a halter when taken up. The owner is requested to call and prove property, pay charges and take her away, or it will be sold according to law. O. A. HART. FRENCH & BALDWIN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA. Office over N. P. Nat. Bank. GRIMES & WILCOX, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA. Office over North Platte National Bank. DR. R. F. DONALDSON, Assistant Surgeon Union Pacific R.R. and member of Pension Board, NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA. Office over Strick's Drug Store. A. P. KITTLELL, F. H. BENSON, Kittell & Benson, IRRIGATION ENGINEERS. Prospective schemes investigated. Unprofitable schemes rejuvenated. Surveys, Maps, Estimates and reports made, and construction superintended. Office in North Platte North Platte, Neb. National Bank Bldg.

"I do perhaps," Phil answered, catching a sympathetic glance in his neighbor's eye. Angus ventured to be still bolder. "Then you wouldn't feel it a slight," he said quickly, "an irreparable slight, if, as a consequence of recent events, Miss Oswald—" "On the contrary," Phil answered frankly, helping him out in turn, "recent events on my side too"—And he broke off shortly. They looked at each other and smiled. They had no need to say much more. But Angus drew back a little. "I think I understand," he said. "Another lady?" "Quite so," Phil answered. "And in Miss Oswald's case, I suppose, another gentleman?" "In point of fact—myself," Angus replied, growing hot. "Then, as a matter of honor, neither side is bound," Phil put in, somewhat timidly. "I think not," the soldier replied. "And as to the business arrangements, I fancy you and I can settle those between us."

"Why, he's the nicest looking man in the army—hair combed, clothes brushed and rings on his fingers. He was all the way from New Orleans, with a silver mounted rifle and a globe sight." "A which?" asked Fambrough. "A globe sight. Set down on yourself a little further, sonny," said Happy Jack. "Your head's too high. I says to him, says I, 'Friend, you are going where you'll have to strip that doll's step-ladder off'n your gun and come down to business,' says I. I says, says I, 'You may have to face a redheaded, flannel mouthed Irishman, and you don't want to look at him through all that machinery,' says I."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

U. P. TIME CARD. Taking effect November 17th, 1895. EAST BOUND—Eastern Time. No. 2. Fast Mail..... Departs 9:00 a m No. 4. Atlantic Express..... " 11:50 p m No. 6. Local Passenger..... " 6:30 a m No. 18. Freight..... " 7:10 a m WEST BOUND—Western Time. No. 1. Limited..... Departs 2:35 p m No. 3. Fast Mail..... " 11:50 p m No. 17. Freight..... " 1:50 p m No. 23. Freight..... " 8:00 a m No. 3. Local Passenger arrives..... 8:00 p m N. B. OLDS, Agent.

SMOKERS. In search of a good cigar will always find it at J. F. Schmalzried's. Try them and judge. HUMPFREY'S VETERINARY SPECIFICS. For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND ALL ANIMALS. 500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart sent free. Cures Fever, Consumption, Inflammation, A. A. (Hornal Meningitis), Milk Fever, B. B. (Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism, C. C. (Distemper, Vesical Discharge), D. D. (Bots or Grubs, Worms, E. E. (Croup, Hoarseness, Tracheitis, F. F. (Colic or Gripes, Biliary Colic), G. G. (Hiccoughing, Hemorrhages, H. H. (Crisis and Kidney Diseases, I. I. (Respirive Diseases, Hoarseness, J. J. (Disease of Digestion, Paratyphoid, K. K. (Disease of Digestion, Paratyphoid, Single Bottle (over 50 doses) .60 Stable Case, with Spoon, Manual Veterinary Cure Oil and Balm, 87.00 Jar Veterinary Cure Oil, .60 Sold by Druggists, 75 c.

E. B. WARNER, Funeral Director, AND EMBALMER. A full line of first-class funeral supplies always in stock. NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA. Telegraph orders promptly attended to. How are Your Wheels? Not thorn in your head, but almost any other variety. If they are not working smoothly then they are in want of repair. In this Age of Wheels the fellow who does not take good care of his machine gets left because he is not right in the race of life. LeMaster the Locksmith does the best wheel work west of Kearney. He also does repairing of any kind of machinery, from a watch to a threshing machine. His Prices are Right. Don't forget the number—207 E. Sixth.

GEO. NAUMAN'S MEAT MARKET. Meats at wholesale and retail. Fish and Game in season. Sausage at all times. Cash paid for Hides. E. B. WARNER, Funeral Director, AND EMBALMER. A full line of first-class funeral supplies always in stock. NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA. Telegraph orders promptly attended to. How are Your Wheels? Not thorn in your head, but almost any other variety. If they are not working smoothly then they are in want of repair. In this Age of Wheels the fellow who does not take good care of his machine gets left because he is not right in the race of life. LeMaster the Locksmith does the best wheel work west of Kearney. He also does repairing of any kind of machinery, from a watch to a threshing machine. His Prices are Right. Don't forget the number—207 E. Sixth.

THE COMEDY OF WAR. By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. [Copyright, 1895, by the Author.] CHAPTER I. ON THE UNION SIDE. Private O'Halloran, detailed for special duty in advance of the picket line, sat reclining against a huge red oak. Within reach lay a rifle of beautiful workmanship. In one hand he held a blackened birch root pipe, gazing on it with an air of mock regret. It had been his companion on many a weary march and on many a lonely day, when, as now, he was doing duty as a sharpshooter. But it was not much of a companion now. It held the flavor, but not the fragrance, of other days. It was empty, and so was O'Halloran's tobacco pouch. It was nothing to grumble about, but the big, laughing Irishman liked his pipe, especially when it was full of tobacco. The words of an old road came

"That may be my old man," hadn't more curled up in the broomage before I heard that chap a-bangin away. Then come the reply, like this—"Happy Jack snapped his fingers—"and then I went to sleep waitin for the re-jinder." Kilpatrick rapped and looked steadily in the direction of the poplar.

Dr. Sawyer—Dear Sir: Having used your Pastilles, I can recommend them to the public. I have been attended by four different doctors, but one and a half boxes of your medicine has done me more good than all of them. Yours respectfully, Mrs. Maggie Johnson, Bronson, Branch County, Mich. Sold by F. H. Longley.

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