

TOLD IN A FEW WORDS

EVENTS OCCURRING IN ALL SECTIONS SUMMARIZED.

Mapplings From Home and Abroad Reduced From Columns to Lines—Everything but Facts Eliminated For Our Readers Convenience.

Friday, Dec. 26.

A receiver has been appointed for the Central Wisconsin Electric Street Railway company of Oshkosh—Mrs. W. T. Daily, the wife of "Father Daily" the horseman, has secured a divorce and \$15,000 alimony—Mrs. Charles Grossman of Ann Arbor, took her 3-year-old child and jumped into a cistern and both were drowned—M. D. Howell, a wealthy citizen of Stockton, Cal., has been acquitted of the charge of counterfeiting—Ohio was his third trial—Democrats of Louisiana renominated Governor Foster for a second term—John Higgins, champion jumper of the world of Blackburn, England, is visiting in Chicago—Marquis Sacconi, an Italian messenger, conferred the insignia of the office of cardinal on Mgr. Sallati at Washington—The Chilean senate has approved a bill for a new loan—The cruiser Minneapolis is at Gibraltar ready to sail for Turkish waters—The Italian chamber has raised the Abyssinian credits asked by the government—The reported resignation of Dr. Karl von Boetticher, German minister of the interior, is denied—Edward Cook of Kansas City, Kan., has been arrested for bigamy—Gov. Dolph Collier has refused to coach the Missouri football team next season—There is some talk of the Southern Pacific extending its road to San Diego, Cal., in the near future—The Iroquois club of Chicago indorses Pres. Cleveland and supports the Venezuelan affair—W. K. Vanderbilt, Russell Sage and D. O. Mills are at the head of a movement to protect American securities—Chicago has asked that a day be appointed as Chicago day at the Montreal International exposition in the Venezuelan affair—W. K. Vanderbilt, Russell Sage and D. O. Mills are at the head of a movement to protect American securities—Chicago has asked that a day be appointed as Chicago day at the Montreal International exposition in the Venezuelan affair—

Thursday, Dec. 26.

"Owney," the hotel clerk's dog having come from Tacoma, Wash., has completed a trip around the world—P. A. McWilliams, proprietor of the Missouri hotel at Albany, Mo., committed suicide with strychnine—Chauncey M. Depew will deliver the address at the Knox college celebration of Lincoln's hundredth birthday in Galesburg—The large opal mines at Queretaro, Mex., have been shut down, the proprietors declaring that the country is already flooded with opals—The Indians of the Cherokee Strip will ask Congress to give homes to every homesteader on their land, 8,000,000 acres in extent—In a test at Fort Leavenworth a ball from the new Springfield rifles penetrated a ball of snow from a distance of 30 yards but four to five feet—Will Oliver, aged 13, stabbed John McDaniels to death at Bowie, Tex.—The Venezuelan dispute has greatly affected the tobacco market at Henderson, Ky.—Peter Berio lowered the world's 1-mile record at New Orleans, to 1:49.93—The record of the White House domestics a turkey Christmas—Several Wall street brokers have sent circulars to congressmen attacking President Cleveland's Venezuelan policy—The disabled steamer Strathmore, which has been adrift drifting about in the North Pacific ocean for the last three months arrived at Port Townsend—An unsuccessful attempt was made to rob the First National bank at Arlington, Neb. The combination lock was blown off, but the robbers escaped without any booty—Evan Lewis, the "Strangler" and J. C. Comstock of Maine have arranged for a wrestling match, catch-as-catch-can style, for a purse of \$2,000 Jan. 18—The record of train accident in November includes 31 collisions, 32 derails and other accidents, a total of 146 accidents, in which 46 persons were killed and 60 injured—Secretary and George R. Broasley of the Iowa Field club has issued a call for the semi-annual meeting to be held in Dubuque Jan. 14, 1896—May Le Bandy, the sportsman, of Paris, is dead—Henry J. Newton, a prominent spiritualist, was killed by a Broadway car in New York city.

Monday, Dec. 23.

N. S. Dufan, who murdered the town marshal of Tyndal, S. D., last July, has been sentenced to life imprisonment—John Davis and his wife, of Coggesville, Ia., have died of poison due to canned tomatoes—Other members of the family are very ill—Charles Motz of Iowa, 21 years of age and disappointed in love threw himself under a train and was killed—The Chicago and Great Western Railway company has bought a block in Leavenworth for depot purposes, paying \$15,000—Joseph Donnelly, who murdered Samuel Turner at Mexico, Mo., has been resented until Jan. 37 and is to be hanged Dec. 31—Plymouth, Mass., celebrated with fitting ceremonies the 27th anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims—Mrs. Mary Smith, a member of the Downey gang of counterfeiters, operating in the Indian Territory, was arrested at Fort Scott, Kan.—J. Jans of Sioux Center, Ia., whose property was swept away by a cyclone last summer, became despondent and hanged himself—Judge Bartow convicted Deacon Collier at Russellville, Neb., for stealing cattle from the spade ranch. He was sentenced to one year in jail—A dispatch from St. Joseph, Mo., states that ex-Congressman Mo-Shane of Omaha has bought \$100,000 worth of stock in the St. Joseph Cattle company—Charles B. Alvord, the man who designed the World's fair palace, is dead—Louis Girard, a postoffice robber, was sentenced at Fort Smith, Ark., to 10 years imprisonment—The Chicago board of education has decided to cut down expenses of running the schools in that city \$50,000 in 1896—A requisition has been made on the state auditor for a warrant for \$150,000 to meet January interest on Missouri's bonded debt—During a fire in Philadelphia four people were suffocated by smoke—Four men

killed while attempting to capture seven robbers at Moberly, A. T.—Barrett Brown was lynched at Wrightsville, Ark., for living with an "old man's" wife—General J. Shelby and Congressman Tarsney indulged in personalities in Kansas City—Chief of Police Crowley of San Francisco has ordered all the pool rooms in that city closed—Captain John W. Linn, chairman of the Iowa railroad commission, died at his home at Hampton—The firm of R. L. Lynch & Co., merchants at Tul., A. T., has assigned with liabilities amounting to \$10,000.

Tuesday, Dec. 24.

The supreme court adjourned until Jan. 6—President Hickey of the Western Baseball association is in favor of giving Dubuque the Omaha franchise—United States supreme court advanced the hearing of the Nebraska maximum freight case and set the hearing for March 2, 1896—Will Meyers, who was charged with murder, was acquitted at Neosho, Mo.—Capt. Theophilus Collins has refused to coach the Missouri football team next season—There is some talk of the Southern Pacific extending its road to San Diego, Cal., in the near future—The Iroquois club of Chicago indorses Pres. Cleveland and supports the Venezuelan affair—W. K. Vanderbilt, Russell Sage and D. O. Mills are at the head of a movement to protect American securities—Chicago has asked that a day be appointed as Chicago day at the Montreal International exposition in the Venezuelan affair—W. K. Vanderbilt, Russell Sage and D. O. Mills are at the head of a movement to protect American securities—Chicago has asked that a day be appointed as Chicago day at the Montreal International exposition in the Venezuelan affair—

Wednesday, Dec. 25.

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War Talk in Canada.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—A special to the World from Montreal says: There should be no trouble in assembling in Montreal in these days 10,000 fairly drilled and disciplined men ready for a dash across the line. The scene of operations would be fixed on American soil. In the event of defeat the line of the Canadians would be directly back or upon the defenses of the Richelieu and eventually Montreal. Bridges and railways would be destroyed during the moment and every mile the Americans advanced they would be moving further and further from their base and their supplies.

Refuse to Indorse the President.

BOSTON, Dec. 25.—The board of aldermen refused to indorse the stand taken by President Cleveland in the Venezuelan matter. The disapproval was expressed by a vote of 7 to 5, in a refusal to concur in a resolution adopted by the common council.

Valuable Cattle Officially Killed.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa., Dec. 26.—Forty-nine valuable Jersey cattle on the stock farm of Hon. Alvin Devoreaux near Deposit, N. Y., just across the state line, which were infected with tuberculosis, were killed by the New York state board of health.

Knights Volunteer to Fight.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 26.—Leaders in the order of the Knights of Pythias here held a quiet meeting and organized a volunteer regiment of infantry that will hold itself in readiness in case of war.

Tammany Indorses Cleveland.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—At a largely attended meeting of Tammany, resolutions were adopted indorsing President Cleveland's attitude on the Venezuelan question.



AN ARTIST'S NIGHTMARE

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[CONTINUED.]

Dora was her sister's antithesis, simple that both were brunettes. She was, save a lovely, docile, impressionable, pretty girl. She adored her mother and worshipped her sister, whom she called "The Queen." Dora was only 17. There had been three boys born between the sisters, but they had died in infancy. The two girls were in the sumptuous parlor of their apartment, Emily lying on the soft lounge, while Dora sat near her in a cozy armchair, which made her look almost a little girl.

"Queen, did you enjoy the opera last night?" asked Dora.

"Oh, yes," replied Emily, "but you know my dear, comic opera is comic opera, and all is said."

"It's all very fine for you to talk in that patronizing way, Queen, about amusement, but it is different with me. I have not outgrown the theater yet. I'll tell you what I have been thinking of seriously."

"Seriously?" laughed Emily, pinching her pretty sister's cheek. "Why, you sly little rogue, you couldn't be serious if you tried."

"Oh, couldn't I? But listen. I am going to get Bob!"

"Bob?"

"Mr. Mitchell, you know. I told him last night that I mean to call him Bob after this, and he kissed me and said it was a bargain."

"Kissed you, did he? Well, Miss Impudence, I like that!"

"So did I. But you need not scold because you know what Bob says as well. You are as much afraid of him as—well, as all the rest of the men are of you. But I haven't told you what I am going to do. I want Bob to take me with you both whenever you go to the theater."

"Oh! So that is your little plot, is it?"

"Yes! What do you think of it?"

"What do I think of it? Now I shall surprise you. I think it is an excellent idea. I love you very much, my little sweetheart sister, and shall be only too glad to see you have as much pleasure as your heart longs for."

"You darling Queen!" and with an impetuous bound the younger girl ran on her knees with her arms around Emily, raining kisses upon her lips. This effusive show of affection Emily received with evident pleasure, for, however dignified she could be in her bearing, leaving the impression that she was cold, in reality she was warm hearted to a degree which would have surprised the gossips.

Nestling her head in the folds of her sister's soft silk gown, thus hiding her face, Dora said timidly:

"May I tell you something, Queen?"

"Ha! You mischief, what have you to confess now?"

"I have invited a man to call here," replied Dora, suddenly raising her head and speaking with a different touch in her tones.

"Is that all?" laughed Emily. "Who is the monster? Where did you meet him?"

"I have met him several times at afternoon teas. The last time he asked me if he might call, and I told him he could do so this afternoon when I thought you would be at home. Was it very wrong?"

"Well, Dora, I don't think it was exactly proper, but perhaps it may be all right, since you have met him at several of our friends' houses. But what is his name?"

"Alphonse Thaurat."

"A Frenchman?"

"Yes, though he speaks English with only a very slight accent."

"I don't like Frenchmen. I know it is preposterous prejudice, but I never meet one without thinking him a possible adventurer. With their soft, phlegmatic ways, they remind me of cats, and I expect them to show their claws at any moment. However, perhaps your Frenchman will not call, and then—"

"Oh, but he will! He said he would come this afternoon. That is why I have been so nervous. I was afraid you might be going out, and—"

"No! I will be here to protect you. Besides I expect Bob at any moment. He said he would come about noon, and it is after that already. Perhaps that is he now. Yes; three rings!"

"Oh, so Romeo and Juliet have signals? But jump up, Queen. He must not catch us lying down and spooning."

that that was once an ordinary button?" Mr. Barnes assumed an expression of surprise as though the idea was entirely new to him. All he said was: "It may have been a button, but surely never an ordinary one."

"Well, no, not an ordinary one, of course. I suppose you know that I am engaged to your friend?"

Emily continued: "Shortly after we became engaged I went to Europe, and while there I came across a jeweler who produced the most



beautiful earrings in cameo and intaglio. I ordered a set made to be used for buttons."

"All similar to this?"

"Shakespeare's head. The others represent Romeo and Juliet."

Mr. Barnes determined upon a bold stroke. Taking the button from his pocket and handing it to Emily he said quietly:

"Here is a cameo of Juliet. Perhaps it may interest you?"

"Why, this is extraordinary! It is one of my set!"

"One of yours. Why, have you lost one? How many did you have?"

"There were seven, including this one of Shakespeare. The other six—Here she stopped and colored deeply."

"Miss Remsen, you think that is one of the original set. If so, of course it is yours, and I should be too glad to restore it to you. But have you lost one?"

"Lost one? No—that is, I don't know." She seemed much confused and looked intently at the button. Suddenly her whole expression changed, and with her self possession fully restored she started Mr. Barnes by saying: "I am mistaken. This is not one of the original set. Yet it is very similar."

Mr. Barnes did not know what to think. Did he divine that there might be some danger in admitting that there was a seventh button still? Had that matchless schemer Mitchell sent her a note warning her to say that there were but seven in the original set? He could not decide at once, but hazarded one more stroke.

"Miss Remsen, I have seen your portrait, and it struck me that that button is a copy of it. What do you think?"

The girl once more became confused and stammered, "I don't know."

Then suddenly, and with complete composure again, she said: "Yes; I think you are right. This is a copy from my picture. The portrait was made last summer, and afterward I allowed the artist to exhibit it. I think photographs were made from it, and possibly some cameo cutter has used it for his work."

This was ingenious, but not satisfactory to Mr. Barnes, for he knew that it was far from probable that another gem cutter should have used the picture and then have called it Juliet. Besides, it would have been too great a coincidence to make a button of it. He decided, therefore, that the girl was doing the best she could to invent a plausible explanation to a question which Mr. Mitchell himself had simply refused to answer. Not wishing to arouse any suspicion in her mind that he doubted her word, he replied quietly:

"That is very likely, and surely he could not have chosen a better face for his subject."

"Mr. Barnes," said Emily, "you offered just now to give me this, thinking that I had lost it. Of course I should not accept a present from one whom I have had the pleasure of knowing for so long a time, but you are Mr. Mitchell's friend, and as I would really prefer not to have my portrait in the hands of strangers I accept your gift with thanks."

This was entirely unexpected. When Mr. Barnes had made the remark that he would be glad to restore her own, he had done so feeling safe, because to obtain it she would need to admit that she had lost it. Now it seemed that she had deprived him of his piece of evidence. He did not know what to say when Mr. Mitchell walked across to them and smiled pleasantly:

"Well, Emily, do you find my friend Mr. Barnes entertaining?"

"Mr. Barnes has been most agreeable, Roy, and, see, he has actually given me a present," saying which she handed the button to Mr. Mitchell, across whose countenance Mr. Barnes thought he saw a fleeting smile of triumph pass.

"I am proud of you, Emily. You command homage wherever you extend your influence. Do you know, Mr. Barnes refused to give this cameo to me only this morning. You can guess why I wanted it?"

"Because it has my picture copied on it?"

"Exactly. Mr. Barnes, allow me to add my thanks to those of Miss Remsen. You can readily appreciate why we prefer to have this bauble in our own possession?"

Mr. Barnes thought that he could. He saw that he was fairly caught, and that he could do nothing without making a scene. He met a glance from Mr. Mitchell which he knew was meant to annoy and stood there with a look of embarrassment, apparently absorbed and unobservant of the others. Mr. Barnes decided that this was his opportunity.

"Pardon me, Miss Remsen, and let the interest of a collector excuse the impertinence of my noticing that beautiful pin which you wear. Cameos, I think, are too little appreciated nowadays. They are passed by, while statuettes bring fancy prices. Yet does it not require exquisite skill to carve so small an object?"

"I agree with you, Mr. Barnes, and am not at all angry with you for admiring my pin. You may look at it if you wish." Saying which she took it off and handed it to him. It was the facsimile of those which Mr. Mitchell wore as buttons, save that it bore the image of Shakespeare. The cameo was mounted in a gold frame, and surrounded by diamonds made a beautiful ornament.

"You would never guess, Mr. Barnes,

was plainly annoyed. Emily stepped forward, extended her hand to Mr. Thaurat, and then, turning, presented him to Mr. Barnes, who had arisen, and who simply bowed.

"Ah! Mr. Barnes," said the Frenchman, "I am delighted to meet you again."

"Why, do you know Mr. Barnes also?" cried Dora, greatly surprised.

"Who does not know Mr. Barnes, the celebrated detective?" He said this in that extremely polite tone so much assumed by his race when inclined to be most complimentary. Yet Mr. Barnes thought that he had some sinister motive in thus proclaiming his connection with the police. Was it to prevent him from calling upon these women again? If so, he failed to make the desired impression upon Dora, for that young woman seemed fairly enraptured.

"A detective?" said she. "Are you really the great Mr. Barnes?"

"I am a detective, but scarcely a great one."

"Oh, but you are, you are I read all about the wonderful way in which you caught that man Petingill. And now tell me, are you going to catch the man who robbed the woman on the Boston train yesterday?"

"How do you know that it is a man?" asked Mr. Barnes, amused at her impetuosity and pleased at the turn taken by the conversation.

"Oh, it is not a woman! I am sure of that. I read about it in the papers this morning. I bought three, so as not to miss anything. No woman would have been clever enough to plan it all, and then carry it out so thoroughly."

"This is very interesting," said Mr. Thaurat. "Of course, I, too, have read the papers, but besides that, as you know, Mr. Barnes, I was on the train myself, and the first to be searched. I have thought of the case ever since. In my own country we claim that our detectives can unravel any mystery, and I am curious to know how you will manage in this case of yours. The thief evidently is clever; do you not think so?"

Mr. Mitchell had drawn apart and apparently was absorbed in a conversation with Emily. Nevertheless Mr. Barnes was confident that he missed little of what was being said by the group of which he himself was one. Under ordinary circumstances he would not for so important a case before one who at least might be suspected of complicity. But these were not ordinary circumstances. Here were two men, each of whom there was a mysterious connection with the crime or crimes, which he was investigating. If either, or both, were guilty, it was evident from their courage in visiting unconcernedly at the very building in which the murder had been committed that extreme skill would be required to obtain a conviction. The detective therefore considered that these men must be met with methods as bold as their own. Speaking in a tone loud enough to reach Mr. Mitchell's ears he said:

"I think that the thief is clever, but that he is not so clever as he considers himself."

"How is that?"

"He believed—I say he, because, like Miss Remsen, I think it is a man—"

"How delightful of you to agree with me," said Dora.

"This man, then," continued Mr. Barnes, "considers that he has misled me. He thinks that when I directed that all the passengers should be searched I did so hoping to find the lost jewels, whereas I was not looking for the jewels, but for the thief."

"How could you do that?"

"You may think me egotistic, but I hoped to detect him by his conduct. I was entirely successful. I know who stole the jewels." This was a bold assertion, especially as Mr. Barnes had not decided the matter in his own mind. He wished to note the faces of these men when he made the statement. He gained nothing by the maneuver, for Mr. Mitchell seemed not to have heard, while the Frenchman quickly said:

"Bravo! Bravo! You are better than Leocoe. It is like a wizard's trick. You pass the suspects before you in review, and then, presto! you pick out the criminal with your eye. That is a charming method, and so simple!"

"Mr. Thaurat," said Dora, "you are laughing at Mr. Barnes, and that is not good natured. Mr. Barnes says he knows the thief. I believe him."

"Pardon! I believe him also. I did not mean to laugh. But tell me, Mr. Barnes, how did the man secrete the diamonds?—I suppose they were diamonds, were they not?"

"Diamonds and other jewels. But let me ask you—how would you have hidden them had you been in his place?" This time the shot went home. Plainly the Frenchman did not like the suggestion of being himself the criminal. He quickly recovered his equanimity, however, and answered:

"Do you know, I have thought of that very thing. Of course I would probably make a bundle of it. Still I have thought of a way."

"A way by which he could have hidden the jewels, so that a search could not have found them, and yet in a place accessible to himself afterward?"

"I think so. Perhaps I am wrong, but I think my little plan would do that much. The newspaper says the jewels were unaccounted for. I should have asked them into the case of soap in the washroom. No one would think to look for them there, and even if so, there would be nothing against me. Afterward I should have gone back, taken the soap, and the jewels would have been mine."

"You are mistaken."

"How so?"

"You were the first person searched, and I watched you till you left the train. It would have been difficult for you to come to New York from Stamford on another train, and then gain access to the washroom in a side track and in the hands of the scrubwomen. Even then you would have failed, for I took all the soap away and substituted new cakes before the second man was searched."

A smile on Mr. Mitchell's face proved that he was listening, and that he was pleased at the detective's cleverness. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and said, laughing:

"There, you see, I should never make a thief. Besides, there was the satchel. I had forgotten about that. One could not hide a satchel in a cake of soap."

"But he could throw it out of the window to mislead the man who picked it up," replied the detective.

Violets have returned to favor earlier than ever this year, and promise to be a furor. Entire bonnets are seen of them, with just a tiny border of fur; and large velvet hats have the brims entirely covered with these dainty blossoms. A purple velvet toque of usual size being really a sort of softly folded turban, has a wreath of violets, closely set which encircles the hair and above the right face is wastefully becoming. Every shade of violet is much worn in accessories and divides favor with turquoise blue and geranium pink.—From "Review of Fashion," in Demorest's Magazine for January.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, ss. 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, Ohio, 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 this 6th day of December, A. D. 1885.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonial free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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.

GEO. NAUMAN'S SIXTH STREET MEAT MARKET.

Meats at wholesale and retail. Fish and Game in season. Sausage at all times. Cash paid for Hides.

CLAUDE WEINGAND, 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.

NORTH PLATTE MARBLE WORKS.

W. C. -RITNER, Manufacturer and Dealer in MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, Curbing, Building Stone,

And all kinds of Monumental and Cemetery work. Careful attention given to lettering of every description. Jobbing done on short notice. Orders solicited and estimates freely furnished.

Hershey & Co. DEALERS IN Agricultural Implements OF ALL KINDS, Farm and Spring Wagons, Buggies, Road Carts, Wind Mills, Pumps, Barb Wire, Etc.

Loeust Street, between Fifth and Sixth

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, 11:30 p.m. No. 6, Local Passenger, 8:30 a.m. No. 8, Freight, 7:10 a.m. WEST BOUND—Western Time. No. 1, Limited, Departs 2:35 p.m. No. 3, Fast Mail, 11:05 p.m. No. 5, Freight, 1:50 p.m. No. 7, Freight, 8:00 p.m. No. 9, Local Passenger Arrives, 8:00 p.m. N. B. OLDS, Agent.

FRENCH & BALDWIN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. Office over N. P. Nat. Bank.

CRIMES & WILCOX, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. Office over North Platte National Bank.

DR. N. F. DONALDSON, Assistant Surgeon Union Pacific Railroad and Member of Pension Board, NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. Office over Street's Drug Store.

A. P. KITTELL, 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.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb., December 26, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on January 19th, 1896, to-wit:

HENRY P. SONNENBERG, who made Hom