When just in the midst of their play Came an angry cry and a blow That bruised the cheek of the little maid And caused bright tears to flow

And brought from my lips quick, sharp reproof On the lad who had acted so.

And he stood by, sullen and hard, While the maid soon dried her tear. He looked at her with an angry eye. She timidly drew near. "Don't be cross, Johnny" (a little soh). "Let me fordive 'oo, dear!"

And the cloud is passed and gone, And again in their play they meet, And the strong, rough boy wears a kinder

And brighter the maiden sweet, While a whisper has come from the he -English Illustrated Magazine.

### A MANTRAP CAB.

"Lost!"

I was standing in a room of a west end (London) gambling den watching the game of rouge et poir.

This night my eye had been partieularly kept upon a short, dark hairei man, evidently a foreigner. He was playing heavily. From his pocket he brought up at first single pieces of gold, then, as he lost-he had terrible luckhe placed down on the table small handfuls of sovereigns. He had just now lost £10 at a swoop. Then he produced a banknote and laid it down.

"Excuse me, sir," inquired the banker, "how much do you shake?" "One hundred pounds."

"Thank you," remarked the banker

The game went on, and the cards were turned up. With an exclamation the player rose from his seat and pushed his chair back. He had lost once more. As he left the place I followed him. He walked swiftly on for a long time through the now almost deserted streets, -for it was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning. At length he came to a house in a dismal street off the Tottenham Court road, in one of the top rooms of which there was a dim light burning, opened | vehicle by an arrangement worked by | ed. If given during or close after meals, the door with his key and entered.

was standing close to the door noting its number when the door suddenly around the bank doors. On the fourth opened and my man again appeared, bareheaded, ghastly pale and breathless. "Help, help!" he gasped. "She has killed herself-she is dying! I have

murdered her-murdered her!" I dashed in, and, rushing up the stairs, made my way to that dimly lit | and were being driven to Hampstead, room, the man following close at my heels. In it, sitting in a chair beside the fireplace, was a woman, young and door, threw it open, grasped the bags, pretty, but now with her face convulsed with pain. She seemed nearly unconscious and was breathing heavily. On at full speed." the floor beside her was a small, round, empty bottle.

Sending him to wake up the people of the house and dispatch some one for a doctor, I had in less than five minutes administered an emetic to the girl in the shape of a strong dose of mustard

As she lay there, apparently dying, the man leaned over her, sobling, tearing his hair and talking in French.

"And that crime was all for nothing. The thousand pounds! I have gambled them away. Aunctte, forgive me. I thought I should make our fortune. But that secondrel Repan shall give me money. I will make him."

What had Despard (that was his name) been up to? The arrival of the doctor, who saw to the girl and assured ps he would answer for her recovery, brought my stay to an end.

had one eye all through the weary hours servants that he had called upon M. official Belpard, another Frenchman. Was Belpard Repan? I wondered. Naturally where workmen, on account of their enough, I wanted to discover something about him, and letting M. Despard have | simple thing, have always been at a a rest I transferred my attentions to | premium with various masters, and his friend.

left M. Belpard came out with a bag in | such a man. his hand. He hailed a cab, was driven to Waterloo station, and took a first class ticket to Southampton. Unknown | carry out a certain scheme of color, and to him, I saw him off and was then driven back to his lodgings. Inquiring for M. Belpard, I said I was M. Belpard's particular friend, almost his 100 rooms had to be painted, could inprother. Alas, it was most unfortunate | fallibly mix fresh supplies of color to hat I had missed him! I would, how- the exact shade, but during its 40 years ever, go to his room and write a letter of existence the firm never had another

Shown into Belpard's apartment, you may guess I very quickly examined it when the servant had left me to write with a few strokes where others labor that letter There was nothing particular in the place save a black leather bay | impress on the public is that workmen which I found under the bed, a com- possess and guard far more minor trade mon black bag with a mark on the brass

part of the bandle, the mark of a fire. An hour later there were keen eyes at Southampton and at London on the

Repau, for he it was. For over a week every watch was kept, every search made for that gentleman. All was in vain. M. Belpard had

disappeared. Despard was still at his lodgings. I called on him one day.

"M Despard," I suddenly asked him, "would you like to carn £100?" "A hundred pounds!" he gasped. "It would be a godsend-a fortune! We are absolutely starving-Appette, my wife, and I."

"Then," I said, "tell me where Repan is. "You knew all then?" be almost

screamed. "I know a great deal," I answered.

'If you make a clean breast of it, tell ne all and help me to run down Repau, £100 is yours, and you shall be held

He paused a moment and then went on: "Repau has acted to me like a soundrel. I'll tell alt." Chousands of pounds are conveyed daily from the chief London Lanks to of the United States are now buying their branch establishments in the sub- Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate prbs or the city. A branch bank want- of two million boxes a year and it will be ing cash sends a couple of clerks to the three million before New Year's. It head office, the money required is placed means merit proved, that Cascarets are in black leather bags, a cab (four the most delightful bowel regulator for

dows up are driven away to their branch

This practice has for many years past attracted the attention of gangs of clever thieves, and thousands of pounds are often lost in transit. Shortly before my interview with

Despard a sum of £5,000 in gold and £1,000 in silver had been taken. About 10 o'clock in the morning two clerks from a branch had arrived at one of the biggest central banks, and producing their authority to receive the money the cash had been put into bags,

a passing cab hailed, and the clerks and the cash seen safely into it. They did not arrive at the branch office. Inquiry and search were made for them, and at length the two men were found unconscious, seated in a cab, of which the driver had disappeared in a byroad off Hampstead in the north of Loudon. The bags of money bad gone, and what had occurred to them the two clerks could not say. They had

ridden on with the windows of the cab

up, on their way to the branch office.

Then they had suddenly lost their senses. On examination it was found that the cab was a "make up" one. It belonged to no owner of cabs in London. It was a mantrap, devised for the perpetration of one of the cleverest roba party of about 15 players engaged in beries of modern times, a robbery in which it seemed we should never discover the actors, for weeks passed and no clew to them was found, though £500 was offered privately by the bank for their arrest.

It was by that mark on the handle of the black bag in Repan's room that I was convinced he was one of the thieves. The bag was one of the bank's, and the mark had been placed upon it for iden-

"I will tell you all," said Despard. 'Repan was an acquaintance of mine. I was a mechanic. He came to me one day and said, 'Despard, have you heard of that new machine in which they kill cats and dogs?' I hadn't. 'They put them into an almost airtight box,' he went ou, 'and pump in poisoned air. They are dead in no time. Despard, you are poor. I have a scheme by which we may make a fortune.""

In a few words he laid his plot before him-to buy a cab, alter it so that when the windows were closed it would be almost airtight, while through a tube passing into the cab air powerfully drugged might be pumped into the the driver's foot.

streets. For three days it hovered it was engaged.

"The driver was, of course, an accomplice," went on Despard. "The apparatus worked wonderfully. Before they dreamed of danger the clerks were rendered inscusible by the drugged air | rectly after food, Repau and I following. In a quiet spot the cab stopped, Repau rushed to the sprang with them into our trap, and with the driver of the cab we all set off

"And what became of the money?" I

"I had £1,000," he answered, "the sham cab driver £400. Repau, like a scoundrel, laid hands on the rest."

"And where is he?" I asked eagerly. Despard mournfully shook his head. "I do not know," he replied.

He certainly did not. That reward of £500 slipped through my fingers after all, for Repau, that clever rascal, had shown us so clean a pair of heels that we never came up with him again. I would have given much to have once more met my "very dear friend, almost brother," M. Belpard, alias Jules Repan.-London Sun.

Trade Secrets,

"Quite irrespective of the immense number of workmen who hold trade secrets of their respective employers, few I didn't sleep a wink that night. I people ever realize what a number of workmen there are who hold small seon Despard's door. About 9 o'clock in | crets-some of them may consist merethe morning he came out, and, I follow- ly of a knack of doing some particular er in the world. He is master of the art of ing him, made his way to a house off thing in a peculiar way-of their own, actually taking pencil notes in the midst Leicester square. He was inside an and most rigidly guard these," rebour, and I discovered from one of the marked a well known trades union

"I could cite many remarkable cases method of doing some one apparently only the other day I was talking to the Only a few minutes after Despard had | head of a great decorating firm about

"This firm has often, in decorating great mansions and public buildings, to that one color has to be uniform throughout a great area of covered space. This firm had one man who, if workman who could do this.

"I could name for you 100 trades where some one man effects his object long and patiently, but what I want to secrets of their own than the masters ever did or do. "-Pearson's Weekly.

It was 300 years ago-1596-that Sir lookout for M. Belpard, cr, rather, for | Walter Raleigh introduced the potato and planted it in the garden of his Irish home at Youghal.

Printer's Latin.

A poet indited a sonnet to his sweetheart entitled, "I Kissed Her Sub Rosa." The compositor knew better than that and set it up, "I Kissed Her Sub Nosa. "-Fun.

Not His Fault.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say before I pass sentence?" "Yes, judge. I hope you will make allowances for the imbecility of my counsel."-Judy.

In Modern Parlance.

"So he has burned the bridges behind "Well, practically. He has sprinkled tacks along the road. "-Truth.

Two Millions a Year. When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people wheeled) is hailed, the clerks enter with the treasure, and with the win-

Mysterious Defects In Engines.

Defects often develop in steam engines and other machines that are very mysterious in their origin and call for great ingenuity in detecting the cause. Unless a man in charge of an engine develops habits of close observation he is likely to be easily beaten when anything unusual takes place.

We read lately of a tendency to run away of a Corliss engine, which was a great mystery for a time. The engine would speed up for a few moments without any apparent cause and drop back to its normal speed without anything being done. The engine was taken apart and examined carefully, and particular attention was devoted to the governor, but nothing wrong could be found. One day, while the engineer was looking at the engine, it suddenly speeded up about 50 revolutions above the normal, and before the steam could be shut off it dropped back to the regular speed. The engine was stopped, the governor again taken apart, the valve mechanism examined and a minute inspection made over the whole machine, and nothing could be found the matter. Some of the people about were be-

ginning to think this erratic engine was | acting outside of natural laws and that a real mystery surrounded the tendency to run away. By accident the engineer grasped the governor belt and was surprised to find that the pulley turned on the shaft. The pulley was of the common kind, made in two pieces and bolted together, being held to the shaft by the friction of the parts. The bolts had worked loose and permitted the pulley to turn on the shaft at short intervals.

When hearing about this mystery, the surprise we experienced was that the engineer did not thoroughly examine that pulley after he had looked at the governor. - Logomotive Engineering.

TAKING MEDICINE.

Acids, as a rule, should be given between meals. Acids given before meals check the excessive secretion of the acids of the gastric juice. Iodine or the iodides should be given on

an empty stomach. If given during digestion, the acids and starch alter and weak-Irritating and poisonous drugs, such as salts of arsenic, copper, zinc and iron, should be given directly after meals,

Cxide and nitrate of silver should be given after the process of digestion is endthe chemicals destroy or impair their ac-I had an idea somehow that that ad- Despard set to work. In less than ten tion. Potassium permanganate also should ficial hand and grasp his pen. By keepdress might prove useful to me, and I days the trap cab was upon the London | not be given until the process of digestion | ing his left elbow bent the tension on is ended, as organic matter decomposes it

> The active principle of the gastric juice is impaired and rendered inert by tannin and pure alcohol; hence they should never be given until after the close of digestion. Malt extracts, cod liver oil, the phosphates, etc., should be given with or di-

A recent writer gives these hints on medicine taking. Of course no drug should be taken without advice of a physician, but when a special tonic has been prescribed these rules are useful as to the best time for administering it.

PEN, CHISEL AND BRUSH.

Miss Braddon is 60 and Mrs. Oliphant 68, but they carry a pair of lovers through n long novel with as much skill as ever. When Whistler was told by a flattering friend that there were only two portrait painters, himself and Velasquez, he wearily observed, "Why drag in Velasquez?"

Mrs. Flora Steel is coming to be regarded as a rival of Rudyard Kipling in the field of Anglo-Indian fiction. Mrs. Steel is now 50 years of age, and from the time of her marriage at 20 until eight years ago she lived in India,

Frith, the painter of the "Derby Day," wrote in his autobiography, "It was just a toss up whether I became an artist or an auctioneer." Whistler's comment on the passage was, "He must have tossed up!" Harpignes, the landscape painter; Mathurin Moreau, the sculptor, and Sirony, the lithographer, were the recipients of the medals of boner for the 1897 salon. No

medal of honor for architecture was

Mr. Frederick Villiers, the war correspondent, is said to be the quickest sketchof battle, and, what is really more trying, on the battlefield amid the dead and dying when all is over.

DRESS PARADE.

A gray feather bea is one of the necessities of a fashionable outfit just at present. A homespun wool material in a new weave, very loose and thin, like grenadine, is in the market. It comes in stripes, and is made up over the inevitable taffeta silk lining.

Swiss embroidered muslin of the finest kind is made up into dainty summer gowns over silk linings, and pretty figured lawns are tucked from the knee to the deep bein as they were years ago.

Transparent effects play a large part in summer millinery, and mull, chiffon, net and tulle are shirred into the prettiest field. The knowledge of drugs, she adds, and weight to recommend them to favor, for evening, have appeared among the day gowns, and pink, yellow, green, mauve and white chiffon is made up with gath. ered or accordion plaited flounces to the haps Mongolia. In place of polygamy,

Ribbon belts made of two lengths of rlb. polyandry rules in Tibet, a woman bebon folded and crossed on the hips, so that | ing married as a rule to all the brothers they form points back and front, are a of a family. In consequence of the nouseful accessory of dress, since they are madic character of the people, usually boned and kooked in front, and consequently are always in place.

exquisitely fine, and the art of producing Taylor asserts, are never punished—a pretty effects with inexpensive lace is well | fact to which she attributes the saving known to the dressmakers.

The latest sleeve is cut in one piece, York Tribune. small gigot shape. Two plaiss are folded at the clow on the underside, and the seam is arranged well under the arm, while plaits in front at the top throw up a little fullness, which forms the puff .-New York Sun.

Emphatic Disciniter. "Baw Joye, I have heard that you said I was a monomaniae. " "Me! Never! A monomaniac is a man of one idea. If you are anything,

you must be a nonomaniac."-Indianapolis Journal. Even at Home. "I pever did bave any head for math-"Um! I have always understood that

Cincippati Euquirer. Corrected . "When death shall be no more," exclaimed the fiery orator, waving his hand aloft, "I say, when death shall

be no more"-"He's a reaper. "-Chicago Tribune. A HANDLESS EDITOR.

rtificial Hands Serve Him as Well a Alabama can boast of an editor of daily newspaper who is minus both

hands, yet writes practically all the

copy that is printed in his paper. The march of science and invention and the energy of William J. Blan, editor of the Troy (Ala.) Daily Messen-

parent phenomenou. Mr. Blan served in the Confederate army and care through without a wound. But 12 years ago a Confederate veteran's reunion was held at Troy, and among other things the old ex-soldiers indulged in a sham battle. Mr Blan was detailed to load and fire one of the cannous. During the mock battl the cannon exploded prematurely, at the heavy charge of powder and wan ding blew both of his hands off-tileft just above the wrist, the other sev eral inches farther up the arm.

At this time Mr. Blan was owner o The Weekly Messenger, which he has bought in 1873 and had succeeded i putting on its feet by hard work. L had a large family of young children. and, like all other newspaper people in this part of the land, he had lived pretty well up to his income. He kney. no line of business excepting newspaper work, and a man without either hand is ordinarily not very available about a newspaper office. He determined not to allow his usefulness to depart with the loss of his hands, however, and as attention he had made an artificial right hand and a half forearm.

It is a simple but ingenious contrivance. The artificial part of the arm is arranged so as to be securely fastened free by Swift to the stump of the right arm left by the explosion. The hand, which is covered by a glove, appears perfectly nat ural in shape and holds a pen or pencil as gracefully as any editor's natural hand. A stranger seeing Mr. Blan at work at his desk would never imagine that the hand was not a real one, with blood circulating through it, so thoroughly has the editor got its operations

under his centrol. By means of a cord, which passes from his artificial arm up his right coat sleeve, then across his back, then down his left coat sleeve to the end of the remainder of his left arm, Mr. Blan is enabled to close the fingers of his artiand shoulder. By this means Mr. Blan the average man of his age who has two good hands. For ten years be has the last tember, 1897, at one o'clock p. m.

North Platte, Nebraska, August 449, 1897. written with this mechanical hand practically all of the editorials and a very large amount of the local and advertising matter that has gone into his paper. About six years ago Mr. Blan developed his weekly into a daily and has been successful beyond his expectations. The daily entailed more work, but the editor and the articial hand proved equal to the emergency .- Chi-

cago Times-Herald.

Nope but Union Shoes May Tramp. The Chicago Federation of Labor has just granted a somewhat remarkable request of the boot and shoe workers. The delegates from that union asked the adoption of a resolution precluding all but wearers of union label shoes from participation in the coming Labor day parade. When the entire seriousness of the request was realized, it was granted, and all wearers of nonunion shoes will be required by an appointed committee to fall out of line next Labor day. The affair has given rise to some talk as to the union label. The L E. NORTHRUP, Eight Hour Herald (Labor), Chicago, L. says: "We hasten to congratulate the shoe workers on their newborn zeal in support of the union label. As we have remarked in these columns on numberless occasions, the union label is worthy of all the attention that workingmen can give it. It is a weapon which if properly used will work tremendous benefits to the cause of organized labor. It is more effective than the strike or the boycot. The shoe workers should see to it that the public is made familiar with the list of firms handling union made shoes, or at least that the list should be made accessible to all inter-

ested in the matter."-Public Opinion. Where Women Are Supreme. Miss Taylor, a young English woman who recently returned from Tibet and is now gathering missionary recruits for that mysterious country, says that men and women who understand medicine will be most successful in that shaped hats, with both lightness in color among the patives is almost equal to that of the English themselves. The po-Chiffon dresses, once wern exclusively sition of women, according to Miss Taylor, is higher in Tibet than in any other country of the orient, save perso common among the Mohammedans, only one husband is at home at a time, Lace is more in demand than ever, and the woman who has a let of old real lace their lands. Women in Tibet, Miss their lands. of her life on several occasions. - New

An Even Thing. My winter girl is far away At Ston hurst-by-the-Sea In lace and gauze and ribbons gay She thinks no more of me. My winter girl, I'm much afraid, s some one else's summer maid.

And here upon the mountain side I spend my summer days And walk and flirt and chat and ride Through wooded mountain ways, For some one's winter girl, you see, Is playing gnumer girl for me. -New York Journal

A Sure Thing for You.

A transaction in which you cannot lose s a sure thing. Biliousness, sick head at home you did not even count."- acbe, furred tongue, fever, piles and thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day; 10e., 25c., 50c. Sample and booklet free.

Contagious Blood Poison has been ap-ropriately called the curse of mankind. It is the one disease that physicians cannot cure; their mercurial and potash remedies only bottle up the poison in ger, have combined to produce this ap- the system, to surely break forth in a more virulent form, resulting in a total wreck of the system.

Mr. Frank B. Martin, a prominent jeweler at 926 Pensylvania Ave., Washington, D. C., says: I was for a long time under treat ment of two of the best physicians of this city, for a severe case of blood poison, but my condition grew worse all the vinile, notwithstanding the fact that they charged me three 'hundred dollars.

filled with eating sores; my tongue was almost eaten away, so that for three months I was unable to taste any solid food. My hair was coming out rapidly. and I was in a horrible fix. I had tried various treatments, and was nearly discouraged, when a friend recommended S.S.S. After ' had taken four bottles, I began to get better, and when I had finished eighteen bottles, I was cured sound and well, my skin was without a goon as he had recovered sufficiently blemish, and I have had no return of of misery." S.S.S. (guarenteed purely vegetable) will cure any case of blood poison. Books on the disease ment. mailed Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

U. P. TIME TABLE

	O. F. TIME PADEC.
	GOING EAST-CENTRAL TIME.
9	No. 2-Fast Mail 8:45 q. m.
ı	No. 4-Atlantic Express11:40 p. m.
	No. 28-Freight 7:00 a. m.
	GOING WEST-MOUNTAIN TIME.
	No. 1-Limited 3:55 p. m.
J	No. 3-Fast Mail 11:20 p. m.
	No. 23-Freight 7:35 a. m.
	No. 19-Freight 1:40 p. m.
	N. B. OLDS, Agent.

Legal Noticea

the string is continued and the artificial fingers hold the pen tightly, while the editor controls its course over the white paper by a movement of the upper arm

Jennie M. Hingston, will take notice that on the 23d day of July, 1897, James M. Ray, County Judge within and for Lincoln county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$28.50, in an action pending before him, wherein Thomas C. Patterson is plaintiff and Jennie M. Hingston deferdant, that properly of the said defeudant consisting of money to be ome due on a has learned to write with the greatest lease contract in the hands of one He cy S. White, ease, and more rapidly and legibly than said cause was continued to the 1912 pay of Sep-

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Creditors of the Estate of Charles J. Johnson will county, Nebraska, within six mor day of August, 1897. Such claims at . - heard on September 14, 1897, and on February ! 1 1898, at 10 a. m., each day. The Executor

DR. J. W. BUTT,

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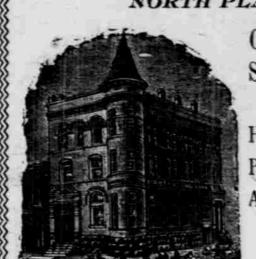
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