

# BING+OUT+!+↔

## Saturday, April 22, 1894.

We will offer our entire line of dry goods at cost.

### EVERYTHING - WILL - GO.

We have decided to go out of the dry goods business in order to give room for a different line of goods. This will be one of the best opportunities ever offered in the city to get bargains. Our stock consists of,

## \$3,000 to \$3,500 Worth of Well Assorted Staples,

And will be disposed of as fast as cost price will sell them. If you live within a day's drive of this city it will pay you to come and see us on and after the above date.

# MYERS & USHER.

#### I WONDER WHY.

Why hearts change so carelessly, why the fires they have set in other hearts, why the trembling lips once wet with kisses.

Why it comes—forgetfulness—away the loyalty and truth were glorified, alone a formless shadow—ruth forgotten.

Why we cannot earnestly love our loves as we command our loves, why it sweetly true remains to him who truly strives in constancy.

Why we never know ourselves—why we look into ourselves and see men springs that wait to burst forth mightily when our startled souls.

Why once earnest vows enshrined in the inner temples of our love faint with lapsing time, why the echoes from some whispering voice above float clouds—under why.  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

#### Gold Separation.

It is claimed to be the most advanced process for the separation of fine placers comes from Montana. It is a process, designed especially for the distant from sufficient water methods, the ore or gravel being crushed through a crusher or steam driven which it is dumped into the cylinder of the separator. Dropping from the top of the cylinder, the water strikes a powerful blast of air, carries it between two sets of revolving copper cylinders coated with a sixteenth of an inch of mer-

cury. The cylinders are placed in two lines, one above the other, so that the dust, driven by the air blast, falls between them in a wavelike line. The first strikes a cylinder similar to the other, but revolving in an opposite direction, which catches the coarser sand and the nuggets. Then, passing between the other cylinders, all the gold is caught, however fine, and the waste is carried by the air blast to a conveyor, which bears it away. The mercury on the cylinders is constantly renewed, so that a fresh surface is always presented, and it is asserted that the process has been subjected to such various tests, and so successfully, as to demonstrate its peculiar adaptability to the class of placers in question.—New York Sun.

#### All Snakes Do Not His.

The popular idea that all snakes hiss is incorrect when anacondas are in question. If we may believe a close observer of the serpent family. The sound they make is more like a growl than a hiss, and has been well described by a traveler as a "low, roaring noise." Their power of deglutition are sufficiently wonderful to make exaggeration unnecessary, credible witnesses testifying to the fact that one has been known to swallow a horse, while bullocks are not infrequently attacked also. Few nonscientific readers, by the way, are aware that only do the jaw hinges of the boa become dislocated in the act of swallowing a large animal, subsequently causing their proper position by means of the elastic connecting tendons, but the skull bones separate centrally, the whole constitutes a sort of quadrangular orifice with apparently indefinite expansion.—Boston Herald.

done by proxy through the device of massage. He must do absolutely nothing for himself, and if his nose itches the nurse must scratch it. Patients under such treatment sometimes gain four or five pounds of flesh per week. It is of course a luxury of the rich.—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### English Women Agitating.

Mrs. Millicent Garret Fawcett lately addressed an audience of women at Bloomsbury, England, on the extension of the parliamentary franchise to women. The meeting closed with the carrying of a unanimous resolution in favor of woman suffrage, proposed by Mrs. Fawcett and seconded by Mrs. Ormiston Chant.

#### A Suggestion.

The Wooer (tall and lean)—Miss Bowser—Dorothy, I would fain speak what is in my heart, but I—I fear to—to let myself out.

Dorothy (calmly)—Don't do that! You are too long now. It would be better to take in a tuck or two.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

#### Described.

Public Library Official (tearing up card)—What chump let you have a book on that card? It expired a month ago.

Nearsighted Party—He was a sour looking, light complexioned young squirt with curly hair and—why, it was you!—Chicago Tribune.

Texasian rattlesnake skins for belts and for charms to prevent rheumatism. The negroes have become experts in killing the snakes by crushing the heads only, so that the skins shall not be injured.

Every well developed adult of the human species has lung surface equal to 1,400 square feet. The heart's power is sufficient to lift itself 13,000 feet each hour.

Mirages may occur in any place where the denser stratum of air is shifted above the lighter stratum, thus causing a reflection of the rays of light.

The advocates of cremation assert that burial grounds will be regarded as relics of an uncivilized age by the year 1904.

Bells, says a writer, toll for the making or breaking of engagements in some German towns.

The acts of this life are the destiny of the next.—Eastern Proverb.

#### A SPY'S CLOSE CALL.

He Was Rescued From Impending Death by a Clever Newspaper Huse.

On the battlefield of Antietam Mr. McClure met General William J. Palmer, then a captain, and strongly urged him not to continue his movements as a spy after Lee had crossed into Virginia, but the gallant young soldier gave no promise as to what he would be likely to do, and the very first night after Lee crossed the Potomac he was again in Lee's camp and brought back important information to General McClellan.

Again he returned and entered the Confederate lines, and when he did not report after a week it was assumed that he had been captured and would probably be executed as a spy. He had been captured, was tried and condemned as a spy and sentenced to be executed, but he was saved by a clever newspaper device.

It was decided that Washington dispatches should be prepared for all of the Philadelphia morning papers announcing the arrival at the capital of Captain William J. Palmer, stating in what particular lines of the enemy he had operated, and adding that he had brought much important information that could not be given to the public at the time. These dispatches appeared next morning in all the Philadelphia papers, prominently displayed, and of course reached the southern lines within 48 hours.

The result was that Captain Palmer's identity was never established in Richmond, and his execution was thus suspended. In a little while, when some prisoners had been exchanged, there was a vacancy made in the list of the exchanged men by death. Palmer's friends had him take the place and name of the dead soldier, and he thus escaped and returned to the service.—Philadelphia Times.

#### Calling Smith.

Miss Kate Field relates an experience which she had in trying to sleep in a hotel in a Utah mining town where the partitions between the rooms were of boards merely and quite innocent of lath and plaster. The ordinary going and coming of the early part of the night were bad enough, but toward morning, when at last she had fallen asleep, a loud voice shouted from her keyhole: "Smith! Smith!"

As her name was not Smith, she made no response.

"Smith!" came the shout again. "It's time to skip!"

"My name is not Smith," she then answered.

From across the hall came the call of the day clerk, who occupied the room there:

"No. That ain't Smith. Smith's at the end of the hall."

"Well, this is the end of the hall," came from the neighborhood of the keyhole again. It was the voice of the porter.

"Aren't there two ends to the hall? It's the other end, you blockhead."

"Who wants Smith?" came a sharp voice from the distance. "I'm Smith."

"What's the matter? I'm Smith," came still another voice.

"Well, whichever Smith wants to get up at 4 o'clock, him's the one," growled the porter.

Both these Smiths slammed their doors with a vehement protestation that they didn't want to get up.

"It's Smith in No. 1!" screamed the day clerk.

The right Smith had not been waked at all, so the porter found No. 1 and pounded on the door so hard that everybody in the house who had not already been waked was aroused, and several people rushed out into the hall, thinking there was a fire.

The porter went down complacently to the office on the floor below.

"Well," said he to the night clerk, "I waked him up anyhow."

Some weeks ago an old deacon in Pennsylvania was very self-willed, and on two or three occasions made endless trouble in church. At last the clerk got up and said: "Brethren and sisters I wish Deacon Jones was in hell!" The new pastor and the members were horrified and the pastor said: "Brother Smith, such a remark is unkind and unchristian. Why do you use such expressions about a brother?" "Well pastor," he replied: "I don't know that if Deacon Jones was in hell he'd stay there six months he would bust it out."

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