



IT IS REASONABLE!

It would be economical to buy good goods at all times, even though they seem a little higher in price than the ordinary cheap kind. But when we offer you our best goods at cheap goods prices, and give absolutely FREE with every dress pattern enough linings to complete the dress, it makes it an unusual bargain. In speaking of our dress goods, they are the market's choicest products. We buy only from tried and reliable manufacturers.

DRESS GOODS.

Black Dress Goods, plain, per yard, 18c to \$1.25.
Henriettas and Serges, yd. 15c to \$1.10.
Crepon effects, per yd, 50c to \$2.00.
44-inch Flannels, per yd. 50c.
27-inch Flannels per yard, 30c.
All wool suitings, per yard 30c to \$1.50.
Plaids and Novelties, per yd. 12½c to \$1.00.

Would it be Advisable to buy

some bargain dress goods for the little folks and girls that are going to school. We bought about fifty pieces of these goods at a bargain. These goods usually retail at 20 to 25c a yard. During this sale they go at 15c.

Remember this great offer is limited to Noxe n l e r s t . F r e e Dress Goods or Suitings at 50c a yard and up entitles you to FREE linings, namely.
6 yds. best Cambric, 1½ yds Stiffening, 1½ yds. Selicia.
4 yards Velveteen Skirt Binding. 1 set Dress Stays. 1. Spool Silk.

Ladies' - Jackets - and - Coats.

The only new stock in town. The latest styles. All wool Kerseys. Colors; tan, black, brown, castor and blue. Guaranteed mercerized satin linings.
Prices: Jackets, \$4.00 to \$12.50. Coats, \$13.50 to \$20.00.

SURE TO PLEASE.

Our carpet stock, including Mattings and Rugs, offers a pleasing solution to the question of how shall we keep the floors warm and clean, produce same effect of beauty, and still keep within the limit of a not over-full purse. We can answer all such questions and do it reasonable.

Hemp carpet, per yard, 10c to 30c. Extra supers, 2-ply, per yard, 70c.
Union Ingrain carpet, 35c. Moquette carpet, \$1.00.
Medium weight all wool carpet, 52½c. Extra Axminster, \$1.00.

MINER - BROTHERS.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

We Print Sale Bills of

Any Kind or Size.

LORENZO DOW OATMAN.

The subject of this sketch, who departed this life last Tuesday morning at 2:30, is one whom all our citizens respected. His sickness was of but a few days and few knew of it until the end had come. Only two days before his death he was out on our streets. Mr. Oatman was born near Fulton, Illinois, on July 13, 1836, and at the time of his death was aged 65 years, 2 months and 26 days. For years past he has been a resident of this city, and until within the past two years has been engaged in the hotel business.

The funeral services were held at the Methodist church on Wednesday afternoon and the remains laid at rest in the Red Cloud cemetery, Rev. J. H. N. Cobb conducting the services, which were held under the auspices of the I. O. O. F. lodge, of which the deceased was a member. Every business house in the city closed to pay a last tribute to the honored, respected and enterprising citizen who had gone.

And, while, as we write of the last sad rites being performed over the remains of Lorenzo Dow Oatman, with his past history coming back upon us, a history which few men, if any, ever experienced, and an experience which no man of the present dares to, or can go through, we feel his name will go down in history as one of a very few.

From the history of the Oatman family we take the following facts from the career of this man.

On the 9th day of August, 1850, a wagon train consisting of about twenty wagons which contained about fifty souls, men, women and children, left Independence, Missouri, for lower California, among them the Oatman family of which Lorenzo was a member and at that time about fifteen years of age. The trip was made through what was at that time a wild and barbarous country inhabited by Indians. However, all went well until Oatman proposed the observation of the Sabbath day by resting themselves and teams and holding religious services, and trouble began among the members of the train. This, together with the shortage of supplies resulted in the turning back of all except the Oatman family and party eight in number.

This small party proceeded on its westward way to its doom to all but two of its members, Lorenzo and his sister, Olive A. The massacre of the Oatman family has been too oft repeated to make it necessary here, however. The scene was on the Gila river in New Mexico, and the date March 29th, 1851, and in Lorenzo D. Oatman's own language it is as follows: "Though the sun had hid its glittering, dazzling rays behind a tall peak in the distance, yet the rays lingered upon the summits between it and the moon, and daylight was full upon us. I saw several Indians leisurely approaching us in the road. My father's back was turned. I spoke to him, at the same time pointing to the Indians. I saw too plainly the effort it cost him to attempt a concealment of his emotions. After the Indians approached he became collected and kindly motioned them to sit down, spoke to them in Spanish, to which they replied. They asked for tobacco and a pipe, in order that they might smoke in token of their sincerity and of their friendly feelings toward us. This my father immediately prepared, took a whiff himself, then passed it around, even to the last. After smoking the Indians asked for something to eat. Father told them of our destitute condition, and that he could not feed them without robbing his family. To this they seemed to yield only a reluctant hearing. They became earnest and rather imperative, and every plea that we made to them of our distress, but increased their wild and furious clamors. Father reluctantly took some bread from the wagon and gave it to them, saying that it was robbery and perhaps starvation to his family. As soon as this was devoured they asked for more, meanwhile surveying us narrowly, and prying and looking into every part of the wagon. They were told that we could spare them no more and they immediately packed themselves into a secret council a little on one side, which they conducted in the

It Isn't the Cook's Fault, It Isn't your Grocer's Fault,

that the bulk coffee you just purchased turns out to be different from the "same kind" bought before. Coffee purchased in bulk is sure to vary.

The sealed package in which LION COFFEE is sold insures uniform flavor and strength. It also keeps the coffee fresh and insures absolute purity.

Apache language, wholly unintelligible to us. We were totally in the dark as to their designs, save that their appearance and actions were the threatenings of some hellish deed. We were now about ready to start. Father had again returned to complete the reloading of the remainder of the articles; mother was in the wagon arranging them; Olive, with my older sister was standing upon the opposite side of the wagon and Mary Ann, a little girl seven years old, sat upon a stone holding to a rope attached to the horns of foremost team, the rest of the children were on the opposite side of the wagon from the Indians. In a subdued tone frequent expressions were made concerning the Indians and their possible intentions; but we were guarded and cautious lest they might understand our real dread and be emboldened to violence. At times they gazed eagerly in various directions, especially down the road by which we had come, as if struggling to discern the approach of some object either dreaded or expected by them. Suddenly, as a clap of thunder from a clear sky, a deafening yell broke upon us, the Indians jumping into the air, and uttering the most frightful shrieks, and at the same time springing toward us flourishing their war clubs which had hitherto been concealed under their wolf-skins. I was struck upon the top and back of my head, came to my knees, when with another blow I was struck blind and senseless.

"I must have soon recovered my consciousness after I had been struck down, for I heard distinctly the fiendish yells of those Apaches. And these I heard mingling in the most terrible confusion with the shrieks and cries of my dear parents, brothers and sisters, calling in the most pitiful heart-rending tones calling for 'Help, help! In the name of God cannot anyone help us?' While lying in this state two of the wretches came up to me, rolling me over with their feet; they examined and rifled my pockets, took off my shoes and hat in a hurried manner, then laid hold of my feet and roughly dragged me a short distance and left me for dead. The next period, the recollection of which conveys any distinct impression to my mind, was of again coming to myself, blind, but thinking my eyes were some way tied from without. As I rubbed them and removed the clotted blood from my eyelids, I gathered strength to open them. A boy of fourteen years with the mangled remains of his parents lying near by, my scalp torn open, my person covered with blood, alone, friendless, in a wild, mountain, dismal, wilderness region, exposed to the ravenous beasts, and more, to the ferocity of more than brutal savages add human shaped demons. I had no strength to walk, my spirits crushed, my ambition paralyzed, my body mangled. At times I despaired and prayed for death; again I revived and prayed God for help. Sometimes while lying flat on my back, my hands pressing my torn and blood-clotted head, with the hot sun pouring a full tide of its unwelcome heat upon me, the very air a hot breath in my face, I gathered hope that I might yet look upon the white face again, and that I might live to rehearse the sad present in years to come. 'And O,' thought I, 'those sisters, shall I see them again? must they close their eyes among those ferocious man-animals?' I grew sick and faint, dizziness shook my brain and my senses fled. I again awoke from the delirium, partly standing, and making a desperate effort. I felt the thrill of

a strong resolution. I turned away and began to crawl toward the east, round the brow of the hill. After care fully, and with much pain, struggling all the while against faintness, crawling some distance, I found myself at the slope leading down to the ford of the Gila, where I plainly saw the wagon track we had made, as I supposed, the day before. About eleven o'clock of the next day I came to a pool of standing water; I was nearly exhausted when I reached it and lay me down by it, and drank freely, though the water was warm and muddy. I had no sooner slaked my thirst than I fell asleep and slept for some time.

Late in the afternoon I was awakened by some strange noise; I soon recollected my situation, and the noise, which I now found to be the barking of dogs or wolves, grew louder and approached nearer. In a few minutes I was surrounded by a large army of footpads and gray wolves. They were soon upon me. I tried to scatter them, but they seemed bent upon supplying their empty stomachs by dividing my body between them and thus completing the work left unfinished by their brothers the Apaches. I kept myself supplied with rocks, occasionally hurling one at the more insolent of the second tribe of savages. Late in the evening they left and ere midnight their last yells had died upon the distant hills. I traveled most all night, came to a spring and here I slaked my thirst, and was about turning a corner, when two red-shirted Pimoles, mounted upon fine American horses, came in sight. They straightened in their stirrups, drew their bows with arrows pointed at me. I raised my hand to my head and beckoned to them, and speaking in Spanish, begged them not to shoot. Quick as thought, when I spoke they dropped their bows and rode up to me. I soon recognized one of them as an Indian with whom I had been acquainted at Pimole village. They took me one side under a tree and laid me upon their blankets. They took from their saddles a piece of their ash-baked bread and a gourd of water. They hung up the gourd within reach and charged me to remain until they might return, promising to carry me to Pimole. After sleeping a short time I awoke and became fearful to trust myself with the Pimoles. I adjusted their blankets and laid them to one side, and commenced my travel refreshed and not a little cheered. I cast my eyes down upon a long winding valley through which the road wandered, and plainly saw two white covered wagons. In the excitement I lost consciousness and when I opened my eyes the wagons were halting close to me and someone was approaching me. When I had recovered sufficiently I related what had happened. They resolved upon proceeding to the scene of the massacre and bury the dead. Early the next day they started. They returned after an absence of three days and reported that they could find but little more than the bones of six persons, and that they were able to find and distinguish the bodies of all but those of Olive and Mary Ann.

After the foregoing exciting events his sole object was the recovery of his sisters whom he was then confident were held in captivity. The younger sister, Mary Ann, died in captivity, from starvation the year after the massacre. All search for the other was fruitless, until one day in 1855 the Los Angeles Star announced that a woman giving her name as Miss Olive Oatman had been rescued from the Mohaves and was at Fort Yuma; about sixty miles west of the scene of the massacre. Here the reunion of the only two remaining members of the Oatman family happened.

Card of Thanks.
We desire to thank the many kind friends for their many acts of kindness during the sickness and death of our beloved husband and father. Especially do we wish to thank the members of the I. O. O. F.

MRS. L. D. OATMAN,
ROY OATMAN.

Visitors are always made welcome at Albright Bros. whether you purchase or not. Always glad to see you.