

CASH! CASH! CASH!

WE WISH TO SAY TO
CASH BUYERS

That as we have no high-salaried book keepers to pay, no bad debts to loose, and no large debts to carry at a heavy expense of interest, etc., and that by cutting down our expenses we are enabled to sell our goods at prices

AVERAGING LOWER
Than any other Firm ever offered Goods at in
Red Willow County!

A PARTIAL PRICE LIST.

- "Prairie Rose" [New Process] Flour. Warranted. Per hundred weight..... \$2.25
- Arbuckles Coffee, 6lbs. for..... 1.00
- Light "C" Sugar, 13lbs. for..... 1.00
- LAWNS! LAWNS! LAWNS! Per yard..... 7c.
- TEA! TEA! Tea! From..... 25c. to 75c.

REMEMBER!

We will pay the **HIGHEST** market price for **PRODUCE** in exchange for goods at **CASH PRICES.**

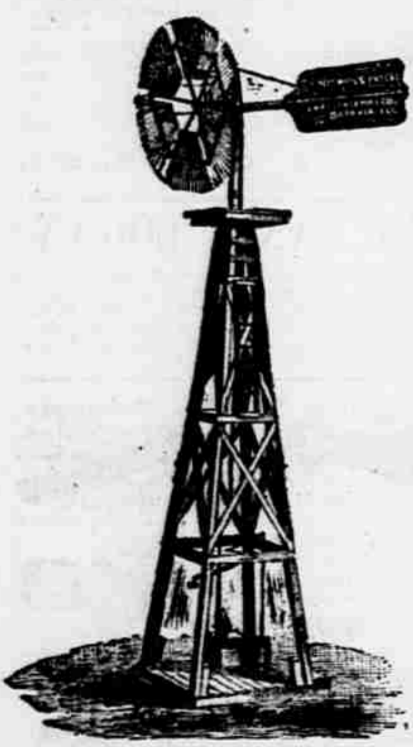
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BILLIARD HALL & FAVORITE RESORT,

IS THE PLACE FOR

Ice Cold Lemonade, Ginger Beer, Pop, Nuts,
CHOICE CIGARS, CANDY, ETC.

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Challenge Wind Mill.
Superior to any on the market, being Heavier, Stronger Built, and therefore a more Durable Mill. It is the only absolutely safe Mill built; and out of

Thousands Erected During 12

Years past, not one has ever blown away and left the Tower standing. A record no other Mill can show. We offer to put up any of our PUMPING MILLS

ON THIRTY DAYS TRIAL,

And if they don't give satisfaction, will remove Mill at our own expense. Also Manufacturers of the Celebrated Challenge Feed Mills, Corn Shellers, Iron Pumps with brass cylinders, Iron Pipe, Tanks.

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G. B. NETTLETON, McCook, Neb.,
Agent for Southwestern Nebraska and Northwestern Kansas

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A Bluff Game That Won.

[Albany Express.]
A well known and elderly North Pearl street merchant was in New York a week ago, buying goods. He entered one house, when the junior partner stepped up to him and said brusquely: "How old you are getting, Mr. Blank. Pity you can't keep young and strong, like us." The remark was gratuitous, and the manner of it impertinent. The Albany merchant said nothing for a moment, but presently answered: "My young friend, it is true I am getting old, being past 60; but I will wager you the best dinner you and your friends can get in New York that I will take you—side hold—and thrown you over my head. Come up stairs. We will be alone and you can throw some buffalo robes on the floor so you will not get severely hurt, and if I don't upset you in short order I will buy both wine and dinner. Come." And the old gentleman took the young man by the arm, as if to pull him up-stairs. But he wouldn't go. He looked ashamed and was much embarrassed by the smiles of those in the store. "The fun of the thing was," said the Albanian, relating the circumstance to me, and chucking to himself, "that it was such a clear, cold case of bluff. The youngster could have made a wreck of me with one hand. And I am really ignorant of what a side hold is. But I looked him square in the eye, and he doubtless thought I was a bad man from the north, although the getting up-stairs would have winded me. However, it did him good, taught him a lesson, and I am sure he looks upon me now as a sort of antique John L. Sullivan."

The Mystery Explained.

[Joe Hatton's Letter.]
London is a strange city, full of every kind of possibility—social, criminal, political, romantic. Let me tell you a story of the day: A gentleman writes for a daily paper. He is an odd sort of person; not very clever, does very ordinary kind of work and very little of it. His salary is small in proportion to his skill and his time. He only labors an hour a day. Nevertheless, he is able to take occasional holidays of several weeks at a time. He leaves a substitute in his place, and sends to his paper interesting notes and paragraphs from strange places abroad, chiefly from Russia. He lately went off on one of these little excursions and has not since been heard of. No telegrams, no letters, no messages of any kind have reached the office or his collaborator. On inquiring at his rooms and on searching his papers the explanation of the mystery is this: He was a Russian spy, has fallen into a Nihilistic trap, and has been assassinated. I mention no names, and therefore commit no breach of trust in this romantic record of journalism. The story is not in the newspapers, but it is the talk of press circles.

Dogs' Dispositions.

[Atlantic "Contributors' Club."] I have noticed with regard to my own and other persons' dogs that their general intelligence is educated or not, according to the manner in which they are treated. Behave habitually toward a dog as though you expected him to conduct himself as a sensible creature, of good-breeding and discretion, and ten to one he will arrive at an understanding of your mind about him, and endeavor to meet your expectations. Treat him on the other hand, as a mere helpless lady's pet, and he becomes a toy, a canine nonentity. Tease him, or bully him, and he turns a cringing coward. I have a fancy that dogs sometimes come to partake of the dispositions of the people they are with. One instance, at least, occurs to me immediately of a dog whose traits are noticeably similar to those of his owners. Many persons profess a fondness for dogs whose actions toward them prove to me that they do not really know what it is to care for the animals in the way of a genuine dog-lover.

He Believed in Protection.

[Chicago Herald.]
One of the Massachusetts delegation was persistent in his demand that the platform should contain a plank in favor of liberal appropriations for an extensive system of coast defenses. He appeared before the committee, but met a rebuff, and then made a speech to a mob in front of Hooley's theatre. "Oh, you fellows can hoot and yell," said he, "but I'm a Democrat from Cape Cod, and my house stands on a neck of land where a foreign gunboat could shoot the cold potatoes right off from my table. "It may be d-d funny for you fellows out here in the Mississippi valley, but I want you to understand that if I have to emigrate at any time in the next four years I'll hold the Democratic party responsible."

Vaccination For Yellow Fever.

[New York Sun.]
A Panama newspaper speaks of a local physician, Dr. L. Girerd, as having discovered a method of successful vaccination for yellow fever. "He has vaccinated himself," it says, "with a culture of yellow fever germs, and experienced a mild form of the disease." It may be remembered that a proposition was made in congress, a few months ago, to offer a reward of \$100,000 to any person of any country who would perform the precise service which is thus claimed for the Panama physician. It is rather remarkable that at the same moment Pasteur should be endeavoring to do for rabies, Koch for cholera, and Girerd for yellow fever, what Jenner did for small-pox.

The Two Sausage-Dealers.

[Chicago Journal.]
There are two sausage-dealers in Paris who have shops adjoining each other. One of them has painted on his glass window over a pyramid of sausages: "At 30 centimes a pound—to pay more is to be robbed;" while the other puts his sausages into an obelisk, and paints about it: "At 40 centimes a pound—to pay less is to be poisoned."

Business Policy.

[Toledo Blade.]
"I don't think the photograph does me justice," said the actress.
"Certainly not," replied the artist, "how many actresses would come to me for photographs, do you think, if I did them justice?"



ELGIN WATCHES
WATCHESE! WATCHESE!
SILVERWARE.
GLOCKS! GLOCKS!
WATCHESE! WATCHESE!
SILVERWARE.
ALWAYS ON TIME
ALBANY, N.Y.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.
MCCRACKEN'S JEWELRY STORE.

ARAPAHOE
STAR MILLS FLOUR.

WARRANTED TO BE
THE FINEST
FLOUR IN THE MARKET.

FOR SALE BY
HAYDEN AND CO., AGENTS,
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FREES & HOCKNELL,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
CHICAGO LUMBER YARD.

DEALERS IN
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Hard and Soft Coal.

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Great Western Furniture Emporium.

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MACHINE
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A PRIZE.
Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of the best success from first hour. The lugged road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of **Winn's** Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diphtheria and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. **Winn's** Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

DYSPEPSIA
Can be cured by the use of **Beggs' Dandelion Bitters.** It will at once restore action to the liver and kidneys, and tone up and regulate the stomach, so that food will be digested. For sale by S. L. Green.

IN A WINE CELLAR.

A Tour Through the Largest Establishment in the World.
[Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]
The establishment of M. Calvet & Co., the largest, I believe, in the world, is situated in a street, called the Cour de Medec. Through great iron gates into a large courtyard half filled with barrels of wine ready for shipment, into a hallway, we went, up carpeted stairs to a reception room, whence we were ushered in the private office of M. Calvet, whose hearty greeting placed us at once entirely at our ease. "I am forbidden by the physician to go down into the cellars, but my son will do the honors of the house in my stead," and as he spoke a young gentleman of about 20 years of age entered the room and was introduced to us. We then went through a large office where a score of clerks were busily engaged working at long desks, through a "tasting-room," where buyers come to test the wines which they are in search of, then "down into the bowels of the earth," where the air was cool and fragrant with the juices of the grape. The regisseur gave us lighted candles to carry, tallow dips fastened at the end of long sticks, and preceded by him and M. Calvet, Jr., we went on a tour of inspection through the dark cellars and gloomy ways of the most wonderful place of the kind I ever saw. Our steps led us through vault after vault, each filled with wine casks in six or eight rows and five to six tiers high. Rows, not against the walls, are composed of two barrels touching each other at one end and having the other on a little alley, which separates them from the next row. Our gentlemanly guide made us taste all the principal wines, and it goes without saying, some of them were the most delicious in existence. From these vaults or cellars we went into smaller ones, still down under the earth, be it remembered, where cobwebs thrive and green mold grows spontaneously out of the dampness and darkness. In these smaller vaults we found wine in bottles—bottles piled up to the roof in rows of four deep, and covered with the dirt and the mold of years and years of repose. We wandered from vault to vault, until we had been shown over 1,250,000 of bottles, most of which had been there many years awaiting their term of maturity. Add to all these almost innumerable bottles the more than 24,000 barrels or barriques in stock in the same cellars—there are 300 bottles in each and every barrel—and you will have some idea of M. Calvet's wine-cellar. We hurried ourselves, but it took us more than two hours to go through the vaults of this grand establishment. My friend and I were both interested in the way which the regisseur had of taking the wine that we tasted from the barrels. "Have you any preference?" he asked. "None whatever" was the substance of my reply; but my companion, pointing to one barrique almost hidden beneath a coating of green mold, remarked that that brand might do as a starter. With a very small augur the man bored a hole in the barrel head nearest us, and I expected to see the rich red fluid squirt out. It did nothing of the sort. The man had plenty of time to lay down his augur and take up his crystal ware. Across the head of each barrel is fastened a stout oaken board. Against this board he got a leverage and with an adze pried on the head stave of the barrel. This pressure pushed the stave inward against the wine, thus forcing it to find vent at the little auger-hole. A buyer, when tasting, seldom swallows the wine in his mouth. He gently shakes the glass about, so as to agitate the wine to the bottom; this permits all the perfume, or bouquet, to rise, so that he may smell it. Then he takes half a mouthful of the wine, but instantly spits it out again. Of course the taste remains and the stomach runs no danger of being too frequently dosed with a liquid which, no matter how fine and valuable it may be, is not exactly suitable to be drunk in this manner.

Canine Instinct.

[Atlantic "Contributors' Club."] I heard a true story, not long ago, of a lady, fond of dogs and accustomed to them, who went to visit a friend, the owner of a splendid but most formidable animal—a mastiff if I remember rightly. The visitor did not happen to meet with the dog till she suddenly came upon him in a doorway she was about to pass through. It chanced somehow that she did not see him, and, stepping hastily, she unfortunately trod upon his foot of his tail. The huge fellow instantly laid hold of her; but before the dog's master, a short distance off, could hasten to the rescue the lady had looked down, exclaiming quick as thought, "Oh, I beg your pardon!" whereupon the mastiff as quickly let go his grasp. It is plain that this lady had a proper respect for the feelings of dogs in general, prompting to an habitual kindly treatment of them, and instinct led her to apologize at once for the inadvertent injury, as she would have done to a person.

The Army Worm in Politics.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]
E. L. Hawk received word, while at the Sacramento Republican convention on Friday last from his ranch near Rocklin, that the army worm had appeared there in great numbers and that his presence was required there immediately. He therefore abandoned his fight for auditor and recorder, and left to do battle with the army worm. The worms have appeared near Penryn.

With a Big J.

[Alexander E. Sweet.]
I have heard of a man where a tenant fell from the ninth story window, and was, of course, instantly killed. The janitor went up to the remains, and reminded them that they had violated rule No. 5, which prohibits anything being thrown from any window of the building. The janitor also stated to the remains that it must not occur again.

A Pertinent Suggestion.

[The Current.]
"Would it be possible to hatch out crimes in Central park while listening to fine music under the blue sky?" asks Freund's Weekly. This suggests the possibility of using music-boxes, which a householder might wind up for an all-night performance, as a protection against burglars.