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We have land for sale in Adams, Butler, Chase, Custer, Dundy, Frontier, Furnas, Greeley, Gosper, Garfield, Hitchcock, Harlan, Hall, Hayes, Kearney, Loup, Lancaster, Perkins, Sherman, Valley and Webster counties in Nebraska. These lands belong to us, and we will sell them from

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For Barns, Bridges, Roofs, Fences, Etc. 85 PER CENT. IRON. Adopted by Union Pacific Railroad as their Standard freight car paint. Best Paint in the world. Protects iron from rust, wood from decay. Sold ready for the brush in five gallon cans at 80 cents per gallon. In barrels 60 cents per gallon.

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The most complete line of wood and steel pumping and geared - disk and gear cut machinery in use. Prices low and machines the most reliable and durable ever made. Agents wanted who have permanent residences and are known to be reliable. If you or any of your neighbors want any kind of windmill this year, write now and secure the agency.

Goodhue Engine Co.
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Is the title of the new 798 page work prepared by J. Alexander Roonen. L. L. B. member of the New York Bar. It establishes every man and woman to be their own lawyer. It teaches what are your rights and how to maintain them. When to begin a law suit and when to abstain from one. It contains the most useful information every business man needs in every State in the Union. It contains business forms in every variety useful to the lawyer as well as to all who have legal business to transact.

Enclose two dollars for a copy, or inclose two-cent postage stamp, for a table of contents and terms to agents. Address: BASK, W. HIRSH COOK, Publisher, 385 Sixth Avenue, New York.

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We will furnish medicine to you. In each township in the United States FREE! Give express orders and number of boxes. A trial only costs you the express charges and a return of the result of using the medicine. Address: The W. M. HALL MEDICINE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo. Mention this paper.

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It is a sure cure. Try it and you will be convinced. You will never regret it. Sent by mail. Price One Dollar. JOHN F. BORK, 10 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

OHIO POPULISTS.

Meet on the Nation's Anniversary and Nominate a Full Ticket.

COLUMBUS, O., July 4.—The populist state convention met in this city today with an unexpectedly large attendance, considering that farmers are in the midst of harvest. 405 delegates responded, nearly every county represented.

The following was the ticket nominated:
Governor—E. J. Bracken, of Columbus.
Lieutenant Governor—Milton B. Cooley, of Vinton county.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Taylor, of Champaign county.
Attorney General—J. H. Rhodes, of Clyde.
Supreme Judge—C. T. Clarke, of Columbus.
Dairy and Food Commissioner—T. N. Hickman, of Morrow.
Board of Public Works—Matthew Baber, of Allen county.

The following is a synopsis of the platform adopted, being but little different from the national platform adopted at Omaha last July:

SYNOPSIS OF PLATFORM.

1. That the money question is the predominant issue of the day.
2. Denouncing both the old parties as the enemies of silver.
3. Demanding the free coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one.
4. Unrestricted coinage of both gold and silver supplemented by legal tender paper issued exclusively by the government and distributed directly to the people without the intervention of banks.
5. Municipal control of water, gas, telephone, street car and similar franchises.
6. Government control of railroads and telegraphs.
7. Government control and distribution of all intoxicants.
8. A graduated income tax.
9. A discriminating restriction of immigration.
10. Popular election of United States senators.
11. Direct legislation through the initiative and referendum.
12. Construction of public works without the intervention of contractors.
13. Favoring the taxing amendment to the state constitution.
14. In favor of woman's suffrage.

The ticket is considered a strong one and the populists hope to poll a much larger vote than they did in 1892.

CURIOUS CULPRITS.

Anathemas of the Church Against Mosquitoes and Caterpillars.

History supplies many instances of curious culprits. Vermin have in all ages proved devastators. It was the custom in medieval times for sufferers by their depredations to have recourse to the church, which in due time, fulminated anathemas against the culprits. The procedure in such cases resembled that in vogue in the ordinary legal tribunals. The plaintiff appointed counsel, the court accorded one to represent the defendants, and the ecclesiastical judge summed up and gave sentence.

Bartholomew de Chassenoux, a noted lawyer of the sixteenth century, was a great authority in this department of law and custom, being author of an exhaustive treatise on the subject, said to combine remarkable skill with vast erudition. He was also a successful advocate in these peculiar trials. On one occasion he was appointed counsel for the defense in a case where a horde of rats were sued for devastation committed in the harvest fields of a large portion of the province of Burgundy. Chassenoux's defense in this important trial was considered very clever, although to modern ears it sounds like a tissue of nonsense.

He showed that the rats had not received formal notice, says the Chicago Times, and obtained a pronouncement that the persons of the afflicted parishes should announce an adjournment and summon the defendants to appear on a certain day. On the adjourned trial he complained that the delay accorded his clients had been too short to allow of their appearance, in consequence of the road being infested with rats. He succeeded in obtaining a second adjournment, and finally a verdict was given. In early times there was a superstition that cocks laid eggs, and that from these eggs sprang basilisks, or horrible winged serpents. Gross relates that in 1474 an abandoned cock in that town was accused of having laid one of these eggs, and was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death.

The culprit was delivered to the executioner, who burned it publicly, along with its eggs, in a place called Kohlenberger, amid a large concourse of people, assembled to witness such a ludicrous execution. Felix Melleus relates that proceedings were instituted at Mayence, in the thirteenth century, against some offending mosquitoes, and states that the judges before whom these unwelcome insects were tried pronounced sentence of banishment against them. Snails were sentenced in a case at Macon, in August, 1487, while in 1555 a plague of caterpillars suffered the penalties of excommunication.

Why is Strictly Pure White Lead the best?

Because it will outlast all other paints, give a handsome finish, better protection to the wood, and the first cost will be less.

If Barytes and other adulterants of white lead are "just as good" as Strictly Pure White Lead, why are all the adulterated white leads always branded Pure, or

"Strictly Pure White Lead?"

This Barytes is a heavy white powder (ground stone), having the appearance of white lead, worthless as a paint, costing only about a cent a pound, and is only used to cheapen the mixture. What shoddy is to cloth, Barytes is to paint. Be careful to use only old and standard brands of white lead.

"Southern" "Collier" "Red Seal"

are strictly pure. "Old Dutch" process brands, established by a lifetime of use. For colors use National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors with Strictly Pure White Lead.

For sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York.
St. Louis Branch, Clark Avenue and Tenth Street.

'Des Moines' Wire Reel

Fits the spool that goes with the reel. Just what you need when building or moving fences. Fences inside or outside any way on box. We pay the freight. CHEAP, STRONG, EFFECTIVE. Drop a card for circulars, prices, etc.

Des Moines Equalizer Co., Mfrs.,
DLS MOINES, IA.

All kinds of Galvanized Iron Coaches

Wire work, poultry netting, yard and garden fencing, window guards, office railing, etc. Send for catalogue.

J. W. D. MALL, St. Joseph, Mo.

Farmer's day at the Fremont chautauqua on July 7th, when some of the best speakers of the country will be present. Senator Stewart, of Nevada; President Loucks, of the national alliance and others.

Use Northwestern line to Chicago. Low rates. Fast trains. Office 1133 O St.

A SILENT WITNESS.

The Old Man Entertains His Companions With a Story.

The drummer had just finished one of his unequalled stories, and a gray-haired man in the smoking compartment with him looked up as if he could tell a story himself if he were sufficiently urged, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Go ahead with yours," suggested one of those sympathetic kind of men who know things intuitively.

"It isn't much," said the gray-haired man, modestly.

"That's what the boy said when he was looking for the definition of the word 'paucity,' but that's all right, give us the story," replied the intuitive person.

"Well," said the man, straightening up, "some years ago, when in a certain section of the West the sleeping cars were a novelty, they had a white man on one of our roads for a porter. He was a mean fellow and had a way of domineering around that wasn't pleasant. He was a coward, though, and afraid of a man that met him face to face. One night I got on at the town where I lived and this porter was uglier than usual—so ugly, in fact, that I pulled a gun on him and at the muzzle of it I chased him up and down and kicked him from one end of the car to the other. There were eight or ten passengers in the car with me, and by midnight, when the porter was about half drunk and we were ready to go to bed, they advised me to watch him, as he would probably try to get even by some underhanded method. I laughed it off and said I wasn't afraid, but just the same, while the porter was dozing in a seat in the corner, I fixed up a dummy to take my lower berth and I got into a vacant upper on the other side of the car. The next morning I was awakened by some one calling for the porter, but no porter answered.

"He's dead drunk out there in the smoker," I said, sticking my head through the curtains.

"I guess I'll go and see," said the inquirer, and I got up, too.

"We found two or three of our party ahead of us.

"'Hello!' said one to me, 'did you have any trouble with the porter in the night?'

"'Of course not,' I said; 'where is he?'

"'Don't know; thought maybe you had thrown him off the car.'

"'But I hadn't, and then we began to look for him, and the conductor appeared and couldn't tell us anything, either. Then an idea occurred to me.

"'Wait a minute,' I said, and I went back to the berth the porter had made down for me, and throwing open the curtains I found my dummy covered up comfortably just as I had left it, but driven through, right where the heart ought to be, was a knife at least twelve inches long in the blade.

"Then I called in the crowd.

"'There,' said I, 'do you see the hilt of that knife? I'll give \$500 to know where the porter is.'

"They stood aghast for a minute, but nobody claimed the \$500 and that porter was never heard of again."

HIS CLOTHES DIDN'T FIT.

And the Young Man Was Starved on the Road to Alliance.

A group of well-dressed and prosperous-looking business men sat about a table in a famous New York restaurant a few days ago, chatting on all sorts of topics and watching the smoke wreaths from their cigars float up to the frescoed ceiling. The conversation drifted after a time into tales of business successes, and the oldest and most imposing member of the party did his share by telling the following story:

"I owe my present prosperity," he began, "to the fact that when I was a lanky youth of 17 my clothes did not fit me. To be more explicit, I was at that time in dreadfully hard luck. My people were dead. I hadn't a friend to whom I could turn. I had lost my six-dollar-a-week situation and was half starved, and my one suit—a cheap John affair—had shrunk until the lower edge of the waistcoat and the band of the trousers were absolutely divorced.

"One Sunday morning in December I was trudging along Fifth avenue, principally because my room was even more comfortable than the slushy streets, and I remember how I railed at everybody and everything. I was passionately fond of music and I went into the first church I came to attracted solely—I must confess—by the thought of the warmth and melody I would enjoy within.

"I was too bashful to sit while the congregation stood, and therefore rose every time and as my waistcoat and trousers displayed a wide zone of shirt front, I was forced to lean forward in a most devout manner all the time.

"As I turned to go out at the close of the service an old gentleman behind me slipped a card into my hand and said: 'I like to see reverence in a young man. You look as if you were having a hard time of it. Come to see me to-morrow and I may be able to help you.'

"I went and got a good berth in his office, and from that worked myself up to comparative wealth. Queer, isn't it?"

Her Wedding Anniversary.

When I got back from my last trip, says "A Drummer" in the New York Tribune, I went home at something after 9 o'clock in the evening. There was my house lighted up from top-story to basement; carriages were leaving the door, and affairs seemed to be going on inside on a large scale. I let myself into the basement with a latch-key and walked into the dining-room. Strains of music came from the back part of the hall, and the mingled laughter and conversation indicated a host of guests.

Presently my wife came into the dining-room dressed like a princess; she ran up to me, saying: "Oh, Jack! I'm so glad you've come home so early."

"So'm I," said I; "what's the racket—surprise-party?" "Surprise-party?" she said, with a pout; "no indeed. It's the anniversary of my wedding."

"Tilda," I said, "you're off; you're way off! This is the month of March—it was in summer we were married!" She serenely replied: "I know that very well; this is the anniversary of my first marriage. Go put on your dress-suit, dear."

The constant demand of the traveling public to the far west for a comfortable and at the same time as economical mode of traveling, has led to the establishment of what is known as Pullman Sleeper Sleepers.

These cars are built on the same general plan as the regular first-class Pullman Sleepers, the only difference being that they are not upholstered.

They are furnished complete with good comfortable hair mattresses, warm blankets, snow white linen curtains, plenty of towels, combs, brushes, etc., which secure to the occupant of a berth such privacy as is to be had in first-class sleepers. There are also separate toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and smoking is absolutely prohibited. For full information send for Pullman Sleeper Sleepers.

J. T. MARTIN, C. T. A. 1944 O. St., E. B. BLOSSON, Gen. Agt. Lincoln, Neb.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

Abbreviated News From All Parts of the State.

The new paper at Fullerton is called the News.

Hot winds prevail in certain portions of the state.

Plainsview has a lady member on its school board.

The Fourth was duly celebrated by Nebraska towns.

A Knights of Pythias lodge has been organized at Osmond.

Lincoln citizens suffered from sneak thieves on the Fourth.

Eighty-two per cent of the farmers of Nebraska own the soil they till.

The Elsie waterworks are paid for, and the town feels good over it.

Hartington claims to be the great butter and egg market of Northern Nebraska.

Nebraska can boast of more first class newspapers than any of her immediate neighbors.

Lincoln has raised the assessed valuation in several of her wards from 2 to 40 per cent.

Chris. Muller of Duncan dragged a catfish from the Loup that weighed sixty-five pounds.

The Plattsmouth Herald has been "doing business at the old stand" for almost thirty years.

Albert Abbott narrowly escaped death by asphyxiation in an Omaha hotel. He blew out the gas.

The town of Savage has a new paper called the Chiefstain. May the Savage Chiefstain live long and prosper.

A local corporation has been organized at Campbell, for the grand and glorious object of building a city hall.

Carl Luedtke of Platte county was thrown from a wagon by a runaway team and broke his good right leg.

Students of the Wayne Normal College have organized a dramatic troupe for the presentation of "Enoch Arden."

A Plattsmouth thief robbed the clothes line of a colored preacher, generously sparing the articles of least value.

Auburn has a paper devoted, half and half, to poultry and bee culture. There is nothing like knowing how to cultivate bees.

C. H. Swallow, editor of the Leigh World, has broken faith with the bachelor brotherhood and "gone and got married."

The Crete Chautauqua is drawing immensely. Crowds are in attendance daily and time is pleasantly as well as beneficially passed.

The premium list of the Dundy county agricultural society announces a fair at Benkelman to last four days, September 27, 28, 29 and 30.

The state board of purchase and supplies resolved to buy, as nearly as possible, home-produced goods for the different state institutions.

Frederick Bartlett Riggs and Miss Adelaide A. Ridout, teachers at the Santee Indian agency, were united in marriage at Niobrara.

Reports are current that although small grain is not a blooming success in Nebraska this year, old King Corn will come out all O. K., or all right.

The Fourth was enlivened at Wakefield by two runaway accidents in which two wagons were badly shattered and one man laid up with a broken head.

"Corn, potatoes and vegetables," says the Lamar Leader, "never looked better at this season of the year." It also says that wheat and oats will yield fair a crop.

The men who were given the post-offices at Hemingford and Alliance are announced by the bourbon organ of that section to be "straights" with no "pap talents."

In the diving contest at Burlington Beach, July 4, Jacob North made a phenomenal dive. He arose about 100 feet from where he disappeared. He was under so long fears were entertained that he had met with some accident.

A petition has been freely circulated in Dixon county, praying the county fathers to call a special election, to vote on removing the county seat from Ponca to Allen. The latter place is within four feet of the geographical center of the county, while Ponca is in the northeast corner.

J. E. Murphy, a Utica brute who ought to be locked up for a thousand years, is under bonds of \$1,500 to answer at district court for a most brutal assault upon an aged and feeble man, whom he knocked down and then kicked and stamped until both bones of one ankle were broken, and other injuries inflicted which are likely to prove fatal.

Geneva citizens, regardless of political faith, pleasantly surprised the retiring postmaster, W. H. Stewart, and his daughter Cora, who acted as his assistant, this last week. Mr. Stewart turned over the office to his successor the first of the month. The citizens gathered at his home and presented him with a handsome gold watch, and Miss Cora was the recipient of a new typewriter. It was a splendid compliment, and shows the high esteem entertained for them by their townsmen.

Messrs. Hart & Smith, editors and proprietors of the Dakota City Eagle, made an announcement to the public, of which the following is a part: "It comes to the publishers' ears that certain babblers have been circulating the report that the Eagle is offered for sale. This is done with a view of injuring our business and destroying the confidence that business men and subscribers should have in the publishers of their home paper. To one and all we will say that the Eagle is not for sale, rent or lease. You cannot buy, bluff or run us out. The Eagle is here to stay."

Two men from Iowa the other day came over to Plattsmouth, the papers say, in a skiff as large as a rick of hay. Before returning one had a jag as large as life and it made him rag, while his sober companion "chewed the rag." Back into the boat they returned at night, and the man with the jag lost his balance quite and fell off in the river out of sight. His friend who was sober saw him fall, and thinking the fellow a precious haul, "rescued the perishing," jag and all. This tale has a moral deep and wide—as over the stream of life we glide, it is best to steer clear of the "load" inside, lest over we go in the surging tide and perish eternally, hair and hide.