

THE CHILDLESS WIFE.

She sits alone. The day is done.
The house is empty and still.
Across her floor to quick feet run.
Within her heart no longings thrill.
She fancies she is satisfied.
That motherhood has been denied.
All day her busy hands have wrought
The tasks belonging to her lot.
Unhindered by an anxious thought
Of those sweet cars she misses not.
And now tonight she sits alone
And views the work so deftly done.
From weariness she falls asleep.
Within the quiet of the room.
And dreams a dream so real and deep
That she awakes amid the gloom
And cries aloud to find it gone
And she still sitting there alone.
What now, strange longings fill her heart!
What discontent, unknown before!
Within her eyes the quick tears start—
She longs to dream it o'er and o'er.
That touch of baby arms that seem
To clasp her neck as in the dream.
—Lillian E. Knapp.

REUBEN'S "PLUNGE."

There was a certain sadness in Uncle Reuben's manner as he served me that night—a certain silence which you always recognize as a forbidding in those whom you know well. He brought the dishes and went away without ever a word of comment and went about his attentions to the other guests of the evening with that manner which betokened an intense absorption in some matter outside the dinner course. When he put down the coffee, he leaned over and asked in a deferential way if I would mind staying awhile—he wanted to talk to me on a "mattah" which is much venerated in his mind. Of course I said I'd stay, and I waited with not a little curiosity to hear what Uncle Reuben had to say. That it was a portentous affair which weighed upon him was too evident.

Finally the place was empty, save for my presence, and Uncle Reuben came over to me and sat himself down. His eyes were shining with the resolve of some great purpose, but he approached it cautiously.
"I reckon yuh 'member, suh, 'bout Majah Baxtah comin' to New York tuh live?"
I nodded assent. I remembered the night when he and Uncle Reuben met for the first time since Reuben had gone into the war as a body servant, and I remembered how Uncle Reuben had fed his impoverished old master through the course of the best dinner his place could give without ever giving the master an idea that he was receiving charity. I had never forgotten the tenderness of Reuben's attentions to the man who had once owned him, body and soul.

"Yuh 'member him, an I wan' tuh ax yuh advice 'bout uh mattah conseruin' 'im. It's this way, suh. Yuh see, Majah Baxtah, he's uh gentleman. He ain' neva use tuh yuh vuh no kin, an he fin it mighty hard tuh git 'long in New York wuh evabody wuk faw what he git. Co'se down here he don' botah 'bout nothin'. He do set on he front 'pech wiv he friend's an drink jullys. He look out orah tuh big fish, an he say: 'Thah's mah niggah, an thah's mah boss, an thah's mah lan'. Gennaman, th' craps is grine tuh be pow'ful fine. Take uh drink.' An they take uh drink, an th' majah is happy. Thah's all he know 'bout makin' uh livin'. He do go tuh town an sign th' papers an git th' money from th' crap. Co'se he don't know nothin' 'bout how th' crap come tuh be made. He ain' raisin' that way."
"Yuh 'member I tole yuh 'bout how he got broke up at home an come tuh New York tuh stah all erah ag'in. I reckon he thought he'd fin uh cotton crap on evah street in New York, kase he ain' wot'n' much 'bout nothin' tell he ain' got no money 'tall. Then's w'en I see 'im fust, yuh 'member."
"He knows some genneman hyah, an uv co'se they do want him tuh give 'im uh stah, but th' majah he don't know 'bout how tuh take changes in bus'nese, an so I reckon he ain' doin' es ev w'eh he ought, least I heara tell he ain', an I do want ax yuh 'bout it. I want yuh tuh look at this faw me."
Uncle Reuben wud down into some mysterious recess behind his apron and drew out a small book carefully wrapped about with a long string. Taking a precautionary look about the room, he laid it down in front of me. It was a bankbook, and it showed a balance in favor of Reuben Baxter of Tennessee of a fraction over \$5,000.

"That's w'at I save outen th' bus'nese hyah, yuh know. Th' genneman wud do me th' honah uv comin' hyah faw uh causiback pays me pretty well, an I've been layin' way some uv it all th' time, 'boutin' some day I might be needin' sumpin' of I wan' tuh go home. Putty nigh 'nough thah tuh yuh plantation, ain' they?"
"You might get a fairly good place with that, Uncle Reuben."
"An of I had twic' es much I could git twic' es good uh place, could I?"
"Yes, perhaps more than twice as good."
"Yuh knows anythin' 'bout these stocks they sell down Wall street way? Gennaman talk 'bout 'em one day, an nex' day sell 'em faw twic' es much?"
"They are dangerous things to meddle with, Uncle Reuben. Sometimes you pay a price for them one day and the next they are worth nothing at all."
"Yessuh, I reckon so, but ef I bought th' much w'oth one day and they wa'n' w'orth nothin' th' next, nobody would know nothin' 'bout it 'cept you an me, would they?"
"No."
"Then I mms' tell yuh. Yuh know I kain' neva go back home thah tuh Baxtah's tell I've fixed it 'bout th' time I tuk Mistah Tom Baxtah's hess in th' wuk an got him killed. I tole you 'bout that. Well, I wuz thinkin' th' ef I had twic' th' much money I might go back home wiv my head up."
I tried persuasion with Uncle Reuben, telling him of all the certain dangers of stock gambling, but nothing would move him from his purpose. He was steadfast in his determination to put that \$5,000 in some sort of speculation in Wall street in an effort to double it. As I was his only friend who had in the past kept his confidences sacred he appealed to me. It hurt him when I refused to handle his money in the street.

I knew of a particularly good thing in Corbridge just then, and, having much confidence in it, I finally consented to act as Reuben's agent in the matter, and did. His bank roll went into Corbridge. Fortune does sometimes favor a good cause, and Corbridge was the only thing in the street which showed activity. It went up and up. Within a week I sold Reuben's stock at a rough profit of \$3,000 and dined that night on a suc-

culent bird out of season.

Uncle Reuben was radiant and flew about his place like a boy. I waited for him, and he hung over the table with an attention that was almost devotion. When we had a chance to talk, he inquired all about how it had been done, and I had to go into all the details of a Wall street deal. There was none of the passion of gain or of the gambler in his eager attention, just the passion of an accomplished purpose. It was good to see him.

Weeks after, when the winter snows had come and Uncle Reuben's was a refuge from the storm at the dinner hour, I sat silently over a "madedey." He sank quietly into a chair opposite and pointed across to a gentleman engaged in his dinner.
"Thah's mah lawyah orah thah."
"Do you have a lawyer in the restaurant business, Uncle Reuben?"
"Sometimes need 'em, suh. He's uh pow'ful smart man. He do uh lot uv things faw me."
Then he was silent for awhile.
"When do you use a lawyer for, Uncle Reuben?"
"Oh, jes' doin' things I kain' do ma-sef. Goin' tuh places I kain' go wivout leavin' mah bus'nese. Mighty handy folks is lawyahs!"

The talk lagged, and I went on with the cigar and the wine. It suddenly occurred to me, "Reuben, how is Major Baxter getting on these days?"
"Like uh gennaman, suh. He's down on his plantation."
"I thought he'd lost his plantation?"
"Yessuh, he did, but he got it back again. Some uv his kin folks wot he didn't know up in middle Tennessee did an lef' him eight thousand dollars."—Charles E. Trevathan in New York Journal.

His "Little Feller."

"I happened to be down in my cellar the other morning when the ash man came around to collect the ashes," said a gentleman who resides on Second avenue. "I was opening a barrel of great red apples at the time, and when the big, dust covered and necessarily untidy man came back with the empty ash barrel I picked up an apple and held it out toward him, saying as I did so:
"'Wout' you have an apple?'"
"He took it eagerly, saying as he did so:
"'Thank ye, sir. I've a little feller at home whil' he tickled to death to git it. I most always find something or other in the ash barrels to carry home to 'im at night, but it ain't often I git anything equal to this big apple. I tell ye the little feller's eyes will shine when he sees it.'"
"I don't know how many times that day my thoughts were of that big, rough handed fellow, with that apple put away so carefully in his pocket for that 'little feller.'"
"When evening came, I thought of the little feller who was on the lookout for the big, dust covered father with the calloused and soiled hands, but with the true heart and the kindly word that made him a king in the eyes of that 'little feller.'"
"These 'little fellers' glorify and beautify many a home in which poverty abides. But human affections can sweetly and patiently endure toil and rags and poverty when there is a 'little feller' to meet and greet the father when the long day is done."—Detroit Free Press.

Future of the X Ray in Surgical Work.
The future development of the X ray phenomena will undoubtedly be in the direction of surgical diagnosis. It is as great a boon to mankind as the invention of the ophthalmoscope, and just as the latter instrument has proved its worth from the first day to this and has saved thousands of people from total blindness, so will the X ray be beneficial to the human race and save life and limb of thousands of sufferers. It will, of course, need to be greatly improved. The one essential quality which so far prevents applying it to the densest part of the body with perfect success is its propensity for traveling in straight lines, piercing or rather being entirely absorbed by intervening bodies. Light rays do not necessarily go through all substances, as is well known, and they are not all absorbed, except when falling on certain substances, which are called from their appearance dead black. It being practically impossible to reflect X rays to any great extent, we might still resort to diffusing them—that is, to allowing them to be thrown back from any surface in a more or less regular way. Such a feat would enable us to inspect special sections of the body, which we are not now able to inspect, with considerable accuracy.—New York Sun.

Effectual Prayer.
There is an awful amount of so called prayer that is only from the throat outward; it begins nowhere and ends in nothing. Such pointless repetitions of stereotyped phrases must be as wearisome to God as they are unprofitable to the worshiper. There may be pith, point and purpose as well as faith in every effectual prayer. At an evangelistic meeting for "roughs" over in New York, when the leader called on some one to pray, a hard looking character in the crowd arose and said: "O Lord, forgive me for being a bad man, and please excuse me, Lord, from saying any more now. Amen." He did not need to say more. He had told God just what he wanted.—Rev. Dr. Cuyler in Central Presbyterian.

Botany.
Botany was scientifically discussed by Aristotle about 347 B. C. He is acknowledged to be the father of the science. Works on botany appeared in several European languages about the close of the fifteenth century, general attention being at that time directed toward the study of this science. The first encyclopedia of plants appeared in 1829.

Not Legal Tender.
"What's the matter, chum?" asked the college student of his roommate, who was making the air a dark blue.
"Matter! I wrote the governor to send me some money for textbooks, and here he's sent me the books. I can never pay my bills at this rate."—Detroit Free Press.

The unity of earthly creatures is their power and their peace, not like the dead and cold peace of undisturbed stones and solitary mountains, but the living peace of trust and the living power of support, of hands that hold each other and are still.—Ruskin.

The traveler from New York may reach Sydney in 81 days.

GRAND ARMY MUSEUM

A MAGNIFICENT MEMORIAL HALL BUILT IN CHICAGO.

Fine Assembly Rooms and Spacious Cabarets For Relics of the Civil War—Result of Fifteen Years of Heroic Work by the Veterans.

Chicago Grand Army veterans have the finest assembly rooms to be found anywhere in the country. They have not yet occupied their new quarters, and it may be some time before they do so, for their new home is so grand and imposing as to architecture and so rich in decoration that to provide appropriate and suitable furniture for it will cost a small fortune, and the veterans are wondering where the money is to come from. The new hall will be dedicated on May 30.

It was through the efforts of the Grand Army Memorial association that their magnificent new quarters were obtained, and it was only after 15 years of hard and persistent work by all the Chicago posts that the object was accomplished. In 1881 the Chicago posts awoke to a realization of the fact that, while many other states and cities had erected colossal monuments and elaborate memorial buildings, neither the state of Illinois, that had furnished a Lincoln, a Grant, a Logan and 250,000 men, nor Chicago had ever erected a suitable monument or memorial building in honor of the Illinois heroes who lost their lives fighting for the Union.

No association was formed to build a memorial hall. A site was selected on what was then known as Dearborn park. This was part of the old Fort Dearborn military reservation which had been reserved as public ground when the rest was cut up into lots and sold. It was supposed that the title to the property rested with the United States government and had been so decided in court. The Grand Army men were joined by the directors of the Chicago Public Library, which also wanted part of the park as a site for a new library building. The library people wanted the south two-thirds, and the Grand Army men asked for the north third. A bill embodying these requests was presented to congress, but it failed.

About this time, however, Justice Harlan decided that the state of Illinois



JUDGE KIRK HAWES.

and not the federal government was the real owner of the land, and the efforts of the association were directed toward the state legislature. Judge Kirk Hawes, president of the Grand Army Hall and Memorial association, secured the passage of a bill authorizing the Soldiers' home in Chicago to erect the memorial on the north quarter of Dearborn park. This was in July, 1889, but it was found that it was impossible to raise the necessary funds.

At this crisis the directors of the Public Library came forward and proposed to join the Grand Army in securing the passage of another bill authorizing the erection of a library building covering the whole square, in consideration of which the library directors were to construct in the north end of the building the memorial hall, which the veterans did not have funds to erect.

The bill was passed and the library association agreed to lease the hall to the Grand Army at a nominal rental for 50 years, after which it should revert to the library, but was to be kept as a memorial hall forever.

In a most satisfactory manner have the library directors fulfilled their promise. The hall is not only the handsomest section of the new library building, but is said to be, without exception, the handsomest hall of the kind in the world. The memorial hall and other rooms cover a floor space of 60,000 square feet. Besides the memorial hall there are eight smaller assembly rooms. The hall is located on the second floor and is approached through a magnificent corridor paved with mosaic marble and a grand marble staircase. A massive door of bronze and mahogany opens into the vestibule, whose walls and floor are of marble. The rotunda is 45 feet square, and from the mosaic floor to the beautiful stained glass windows in the dome is a distance of 80 feet.

The memorial hall itself opens from the rotunda. The walls, which are 30 feet high, are sheathed with green antique marble ornamented and relieved by moldings of solid bronze. Enormous windows, reaching almost from the ceiling to the floor, light the room and give it the appearance of being even larger and higher than it really is. In the panels under the arches over the doors and windows are army and navy badges. Around the walls are to be placed in relief the badges of every corps engaged in the war, while on the west wall will be a large badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, faced on the east wall by the seal of the United States. The ceiling is also richly decorated. Around the hall are placed plate glass cases, in which will be stored the priceless relics of the great struggle which are now in the possession of the Chicago posts or which are to be collected in the future.

The Tell-tale.
"Yes, my dear, I'm a gay bachelor," said a masked man to a masked lady at a masquerade party the other evening. He felt queer when she said to him in a low voice:
"Don't be a silly, John. I know you by that wart on your thumb."
It was his wife.—London Fun.

M'CLELLAN'S WARHORSE.

Something About Dan, the Only Charger the General Rode.

General McClellan's favorite warhorse, usually called Dan, was a dark bay, about 17 hands high, well bred, with good action and never showing signs of fatigue, no matter how long the course. He was an extremely handsome, showy animal, with more than ordinary horse sense. Dan was a very fast walker—an important requisite in a commander's charger—but a disagreeable accomplishment so far as his staff were concerned, as their horses in general were kept on a slow trot.

After the war Dan became the family horse at General McClellan's country home in Orange, and seemed to be proud of his position, performing his duties well and easily. On one occasion, when driven to a neighboring estate by two ladies of the general's family, and left unattended, as usual, at the door, Dan came to the conclusion that they had remained long enough for an afternoon call, so, declining to waste any more time there, he trotted back to his stable, carefully turning out to pass carriages and other vehicles met on the way home. Dan died and was buried in Orange.

The general said of him: "Dan was one of those horses that could trot all day long at a very rapid gait, which kept all other horses at a gallop. He earned from the aids the title of 'that devil Dan'—a name that he justified on a long and desperate ride before I gave up the command of the Army of the Potomac. Dan was the best horse I ever had. He was never ill for an hour, never fatigued, never disturbed under fire. The dear old fellow survived the war for many years, dying at a ripe old age in 1879. No matter how long we might be parted—once for nearly four years—he always recognized me the moment we met again and in his own way showed his pleasure at seeing me. Even on the day of his death, which was a painful one, he still attempted to rise and greet me, but unable to do so, he would lean his head against me and lick my hand. No soldier ever had a more faithful horse than I had in Daniel Webster."—Our Animal Friends.

YOUNG MEN'S POPULARITY.

Amiability, Kindliness, Manliness, Integrity, Are Its Foundation.

To the query, Are young men who cannot, from religious convictions, play cards, dance or attend the theater apt to be popular with young women of refinement and education who indulge in such amusements? Edward W. Bok, in "Problems For Young Men" in The Ladies' Home Journal, responds:
"Why, certainly. Why not? The amusements in which a man indulges have nothing to do with his outward attractiveness or popularity. It is the way in which a young man carries himself in his deportment, makes or mars his popularity with girls or men, that is the important thing. One of the most popular and delightful fellows I know in New York has never been inside of a theater, although he is 35 years of age. Nor has he ever danced or played cards. He was a personal friend for ten years before I knew that his religious principles precluded his indulgence in these amusements. His secret is that he does not carry his convictions on his sleeve for everybody to rub against. And of his popularity with women, young and mature, I can assure you absolutely. He reads about the new plays and can, therefore, talk about them if they come up in conversation. If asked if he has seen a certain actor or play, he merely replies in the negative. Never does he force his convictions upon others. A young man's popularity with either sex rests upon something more than his forms of amusement. Amiability of manner, kindness, a pleasant address, a manly outlook on life, honorable principles—all these go far toward insuring popularity."

Remarkable Story About Ants.
A traveler returned from South Africa tells of a singular combat that he once witnessed in a deep forest in the heart of a dark continent. Happening to cast his eyes toward the ground he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace, followed by 100 or more small ants. Being quicker in their movements than the worm, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing for an instant, the caterpillar would turn his head and catch the ant in such a way as to kill it almost instantly. This slaughter of their fellows did not seem to have any effect upon the attacking horde; the place of the dead warrior being presently filled by another he willing to sacrifice his life. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his tormentors the worm began to show signs of fatigue, whereupon the ants made a combined attack. At this the worm sought safety by climbing a stalk of grass, going up tail first and defending himself with his head and strong jaws. Seeing themselves outdone on that score the ants set to work and soon felled the stalk with their mandibles. When this was done, they all pounced upon the helpless worm and made short work of him.—St. Louis Republic.

Artist De Chavannes.
M. Puvris de Chavannes, the French painter, lives in Montmartre. His palace consists of a studio, a bedroom and a dressing room; his furniture, a big table, a few armchairs and a sofa. His ordinary garb is a long, brown, monkish looking dressing gown. His working studio is at Neuilly, outside of Paris, a bare room vast enough for his great canvases. Here he works alone on a ladder every day from 9 in the morning until evening, stopping only for a light repast at noon.

All trees have seeds. In some, however, the seeds are so small in proportion to the size of the tree that they altogether escape ordinary notice.

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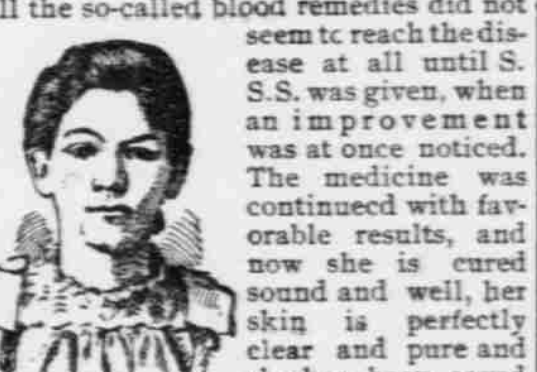
American Valets.

There is a new order of things among the gilded youth of today, and the valet is in demand. This demand has led to the establishment in Boston of a finishing academy for gentlemen's servants. Here the gentleman's gentleman learns all that is necessary for him to know. The first thing that is done to a matriculate is to cut his hair in the approved English fashion and make him clean shaven, or at least reduce his bristles to a "modest" "mutton chop" just forward of his ears. He is then put in livery and made to speak only in an h-ess English dialect. The various courses of instruction include training in all the branches of menial work, and when a pupil is sent out into the world he is given a certificate of proficiency in his particular course. One of the features of the course is the daily practice in immobility, which consists in standing for half an hour a day between two upright bars so regulated that they touch to a modest "mutton chop" in front of his ears, and his coat, shoulder blades and hat rim at the back. This gives the requisite wooden rigidity and is practiced by all pupils. Those whose physiques are lacking or too luxuriant are reduced to the proper form by vigorous exercise.—Boston Letter.

A Lamp In His Pocket.

Not very many men carry lamps in their pockets, but there is at least one man who does, and that is the lamp-lighter on the elevated road. It is an alcohol lamp, like a section of brass cylinder, five or six inches long and an inch through, and with a slender tube two or three inches long holding the wick, projecting at one end. The lamp lighter comes in at the front door of the car with his lamp lighted. With a rapid ease acquired by experience he lights the six lamps, seeming almost not to pause in his progress through the car. If he is in the last car of the train, as he pulls down the chimney over the last lamp he has lighted and turns toward the rear door he blows out his own lamp and drops it in his pocket. His hands are now free. He throws back the door, walks out upon the platform, opens the gate and steps off upon the station platform or down upon the other side, ready to board the next train. A touch of a match will light the alcohol lamp.—New York Sun.

Eczema All Her Life.
Mr. E. D. Jenkins, of Lithonia, Ga., says that his daughter, Ida, inherited a severe case of Eczema, which the usual mercury and potash remedies failed to relieve. Year by year she was treated with various medicines, external applications and internal remedies, without result. Her sufferings were intense, and her condition grew steadily worse. All the so-called blood remedies did not seem to reach the disease at all until S.S.S. was given, when an improvement was at once noticed. The medicine was continued with favorable results, and now she is cured sound and well, her skin is perfectly clear and pure and she has been saved from what threatened to blight her life forever.



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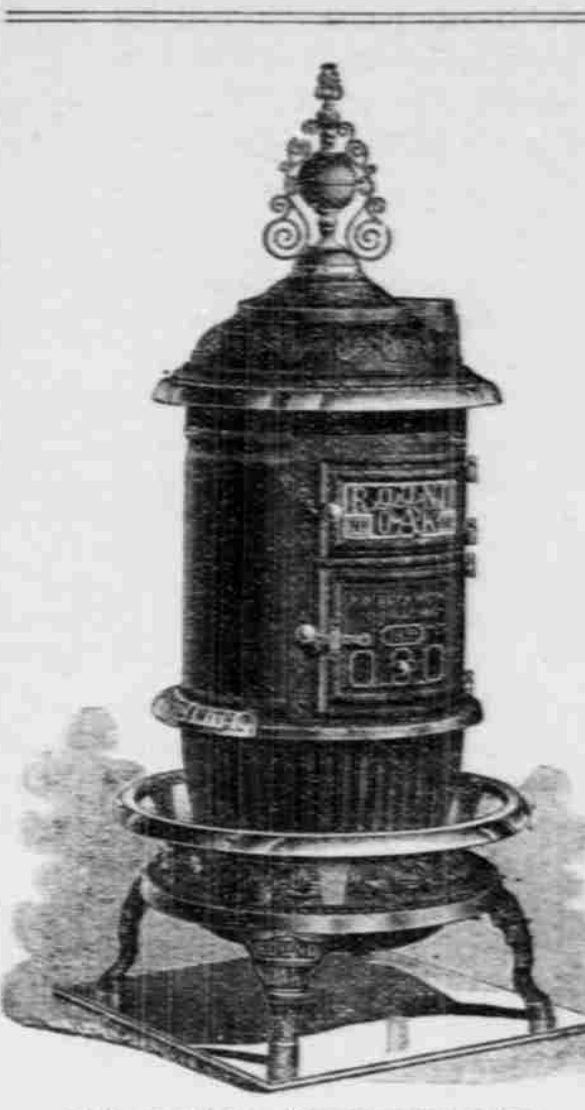
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