ON AN ACTRESS.

bye, she played rarely, though it had been played A hundred times, and some of more renown Have played it worse, but she bewitched the

Dowered with ethereal loveliness, she swayed All hearts to love, while music lent soft aid. She moved, she spoke, and, when she would, drew down

Laughter unquenchable, the player's crown, Symbol that all her frolic rule obeyed. Aye, she played rarely, but myself, who knew What grief had gripped her in its chill embrace, Could hear dumb weeping in her words, and

Her every pose the anguished soul could trace And pierce the frippery of art unto The pallor shining in her perfect face.

-London World.

THE NAZIM'S JEM.

I had been ill with fever. They tell hand he holds the red knife. me that it was a severe illness and that the outcome was for many days in doubt. Twice, they said, my feet pressed on the verge of the dark valley, and twice was I drawn back. I know little | mighty glory seems to fill the room. of this personally. For two weeks or more I was either delirious or unconscious. Then, one bright May morning, I came back from the land of shadows.

It seemed to me, as I lay there, that my mind was unnaturally acute. I fancied that my enfeebled physical condition accentuated the action of my brain. It seemed as if the rest I had given itthe rest, at least, from lucid actionhad reinvigorated it. I remember that me go. I threw a great deal of thought into the construction of the first connected sentence I addressed to my man. This is what I said:

"Any letters, George?" He started up hastily. "Letters, sir? Yes, sir, letters and a

telegram." "Read the telegram," I said, after

another spell of thought. He tore open the yellow envelope. "Just heard of your illness. Start

for home today. Mary." Mary is my promised wife. I recalled that she was at Colorado Springs with her invalid mother when I fell ill. I looked at George. He must have read my question. He seemed to make a momentary calculation.

"If all goes well, sir, she should be here today.

Mary was coming. The thought acted on me like a tonic. I wanted to throw aside the blankets and leap to the floor. Gods! And I couldn't even raise my arm.

"Get flowers, George," I murmured. "Let in the sunlight. Hide these bot-He smiled and smoothed the blankets

"Everything shall be as presentable

as possible, sir," he said. As presentable as possible? That note of exception must mean me. Never mind, Mary was coming, Mary loved me too well to take offense at my changed appearance.

"George," I said, "the world is still outside there, I suppose. Read the news-

He read to me for half an hour or more, read the news just as it came to hand-telegraph, local, political. For a time his voice has simply a lulling effect. Then I began to take notice of the substance of what he read. When I had heard all I wanted, I hade him stop and let the substance of his reading filter through my brain. As I strove to recall it all there was an item that seemed to hold my fancy in a peculiar way. It was a telegram which told that a nizam of far Hindustan had been robbed of an almost priceless diamond which it was understood he meant to present to Queen Victoria at the time of the coming jubilee. This story, I say, seemed to fascinate me-the diamond of the nizam, filched from its oriental owner, gleaming mayhap from the dusky corner of some squalid but when it should be eclipsing the jewels of a queen. And Mary was coming. What a gift for Mary that diamond would be-Mary, my queen! There was a strange humming in my head, but out of it all came one clear thought-I would get that diamond and give it to Mary. When I had determined on this, I seemed to grow cool and calculating. I realized how helpless I was physically, but my will power, thank God, was still left me. I would concentrate my mind on the thief. I would will him to come

I had read somewhere that the soul in a body purified by the fire of disease rises above the restrictions of common clay. Was not my soul so purified? I lost his own University of Wittenberg, fixed my thought upon the nizam's dia-

them a touch of blue sky, a whirl of yel. Its first professor was Melanchthon, Lulow dust, a sun that beat down fiercely from midheaven; the walls of a city, a city with queer minarets and towers. and strange palaces; a city with a huge gateway through which passed in and grew so fast that their manifestations out a motley array of strange garbed people; bullocks and carts, and then a lumbering elephant, and red coated soldiers, and white turbaned men with brown faces. And the air was hot and folk refused to harbor the students any dry, and a strange odor came to my nos- longer, and it took the intercession of trils.

Then in a corner by the huge portals I noted a crouching figure—a turbaned native with strange rings in his ears and an eye that gleamed with a startling whiteness. And on him my thought centered. Then be arose from his bent position and slunk forth. As he passed amid the snarling dogs that fought and yelped beyond the city walls I noticed that in the folds of his garments he held a long, keen knife. Ever and anon he looked over his shoulder as he slouched along. And the sun glared, and the desert spread before

him, and the dust arose in yellow puffs. Then came two native soldiers riding Press. on weary horses, and they cried out at sight of the footman. And when they dismounted to seize him the knife flashed, and one soldier lay silent at his feet, and the other fled across the gleam-

ing desert, and the knife was red. There were clouds and confused scenes, and out from them all the man with the red knife pressed on, in his

eyes a strange light, a gleam, half terror, half desperation, the look of a kicked my shins under the table for 20 haunted man, whose fate impels him years."-Chicago Record. forward. Then another city, a city of whitewashed walls and many huts and few palaces and stretches of the sea and

the masts of ships. The swish of waves, and the roaring of the wind, and the rattle of cordage, and in the midst of the ship the brown faced man calmly indifferent to the

tempest. More clouds and long blanks of chaotic nothingness. My eyes find themselves gazing at the wall of my room, and presently it opens and through it

steps the man who cronched by the city gates. Step by step he comes to my bedside, and his eye glistens and his knife is red, and my eye never leaves his.

Then he pauses and bends low with his arms outstretched. "Sahib," he murmurs, and his voice is singularly low and gentle, "I am

"The diamond!" I hoarsely murmur. He removes his turban and slowly unwinds its many folds. As he does so the room seems filled with the rustle of garments, and a strange, sweet perfume comes to me. There are whispers, too,

and a sound like a stifled sob. Slowly the stranger unfolds his turban, and suddenly out of it leaps a great white pebble. He lifts it before me betwixt his lean brown thumb and forefinger, and I know that in his other

"The diamond of the nizam, sahib,"

As he speaks a sudden ray of sunlight falls upon the white pebble and a

My evelids drop before that glare. I see the brown face of the Indian bend lower. I see his fingers clutching at his knife. The room grows dark and yet darker. I seem to be slipping away, slipping away.

Is that my name? Is somebody calling me? What is this that holds my hand and draws me back? No, no; let

Surely somebody is calling me. I open my eyes slowly, so slowly. Across the level of my bed I see the face of George leaning forward, his features in the shadow, his eyes gleaming with frightened anxiety, in his band a tiny

medicine glass that catches a dazzling ray of sunlight. Somebody else is there, somebody who holds my hand tightly, somebody who calls again: "John, dear!"

I raise my eyes a little higher. Another face is bending over me, a white, tear stained face. "John!"

It is Mary. And so I came back. -W. R. Rose in

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Kalser's Story. The emperor's "lieblingsblume" has become the national flower of Germany

and the symbol of patriotism, but it will never be forgotten why he loved it, and the beautiful and touching story possesses ever new interest when told in his own words. Finding how many incorrect versions were spread about to account for his fondness for the simple field flower, the aged kaiser related the following pathetic incident:

"As my mother fled with myself and | received. my deceased brother from Memel to Konigsberg during the troublens times at the beginning of our century, the misfortune happened to us that one of the wheels of our coach broke in the midst of the plain. No village was within reach, and we seated ourselves on the edge of the ditch while the damage was being repaired as well as circumstances would permit. My brother and I were rendered both tired and hungry by this delay, and particularly I, being a weak and delicate little fellow, gave my dear mother much trouble with my complaints. In order to distract our thoughts, my mother stood up, pointed out the many beautiful blue flowers in the fields and requested us to gather them and bring them to her. Then she made wreaths of them, and with joy we watched her skillful hands. Thereby the sad state of the country, her own trials and the anxiety concerning her sons' future may well have once more pressed heavily on my mother's heart, for slowly tear after tear welled from her beautiful eyes and fell on the wreath of cornflowers. This emotion of my devoted mother went deeply to my heart, and, forgetting my own childish sorrow, I attempted to console her with caresses, during which she placed the blue wreath, glittering with tears, on my head. I was then 10 years old, but this touching scene has never faded from my memory, and if now, in my old age, I behold the sweet blue flower, I imagine I see the tears of the most devoted of mothers shining upon it and therefore love it above all others,"

Jena's Celebration. The University of Jena this year celebrates its three hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It was founded in 1547 by Prince Johann Friedrich, who, having together with his personal liberty, at the battle of Muhlberg, took the first Red clouds rolling rapidly; out of steps toward the foundation of Jena. ther's friend, but he resigned the same year in consequence of religious dissensions. The first score of students came from Wittenberg, and their numbers of joy when, a few years afterward, their prince was liberated were enough to precipitate a first class town and gown rict. As a consequence the townsthe prince to appease them.

The Offender.

"You ought to have been firmer in your discipline when the boy was little. Spare the rod, and you spoil the child." "I know it, and if I had it to do over again I'd club his indulgent old grandfather black and blue."-Chicago Trib-

"Blowly, how does that dog of yours know just when to meet you at the train every time you come home? "Simple enough. I keep a time table hanging in his kennel."-Detroit Free

The Race Track Proverbs. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained,"

He caroled as he started. When he returned, he signed, "A fool And his money soon are parted." -Washington Star.

Domestic Telegraphy. "What do you think of Tesla's schem of telegraphing without wires?" "That's nothing new. My wife has

Proof of His Visit.

Mrs. Gobang-The iceman skipped us this morning. Gobang-You must be mistaken. I noticed that the dumbwaiter was damp awhile ago .- Truth.

Poor Atias! I'd rather be most any man In history's class or fame's bright bands Than Allas, for he always had A world of trouble on his hands

-Cincinnati Tribune.

A LIFE LESSON.

There, little girl, don't cry.
They've broken your doll, I know,
And your tea set blue And your toyhouse, too, Are things of the long ago. But childish troubles will soon pass by There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry.

They've broken your slate, I know,
And the glad wild ways Of your schoolgirl days Are things of the long ago. But life and love will soon come by. There, little girl, don't cry-

There, little girl, don't cry. They've broken your heart, I know, And the rainbow gleams Of your youthful dreams Are things of the long ago. But heaven holds all for which you sigh. There, little girl, don't cry.

-James Whitcomb Riley.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

In the county of Berkshire, state of Massachusetts, the lofty Monument nountain rears its gray form. If there is anything sublime attached to a mount, a rare beauty will be admitted to linger around this wild and towering line of rocks. Its bold and frowning front extends about one mile, and so roughly is it flung together by nature and standing at the same time so perpendicular that a tremulous chill hurries over the body as the awestruck beholder gazes up at it. A few knotty, dwarfish pines are to be seen peering obliquely from the narrow crevices, looking green even among rocks, like hope flourishing on the borders of de-

The red bolt from the thundercloud, the winds and the power of centuries have torn way many fragments of stone from on high and sent them smoking to the base, where already a long pyramidal line is strung along, quite a mountain in itself. The rear of this place falls off with a gentle slope, which is overshadowed by tall and regal looking trees, whose giant roots have never been broken. It presents a fearful yet magnificent appearance. There is no village near to wake the solemnity of its solitude, and silence is as profound at the sun's meridian as at the hush of midnight. It always seemed to me this spot was a favorite with the sun, for the first rosy flush of morning appeared uneasy until drinking the dew from the trees upon its brow, and his last rays lingered there at evening, even after a partial twilight began to fling a dusky shade over the vast valley below. But this may be imagination.

I must just mention a circumstance in relation to this mountain which gave to it the appellation which it has

Once this backward slope was studded with the wigwams of the Indians, called the Stockbridge tribe, and tradition has handed down many an ambignous and chilling tale in regard to them. It was an established law among them that when an Indian committed a deed the penalty of which was death he should plunge himself, or, refusing to do this, be plunged by some one of his tribe, over this, frightful precipice. Many had been dashed to the rocky vale below, and so high was the spot from where the victims were cast off that it was generally supposed that the rapid descent through the air deprived them of breath, and few if any had ever been conscious of anything when they had reached the earth.

A beautiful squaw transgressed by marrying into another tribe, and the penalty for such an offense was and ever had been death. She was well aware what her fate would be previous to her sealing it, but it did not restrain her. She disobeyed, and nothing could atone but the full extent of the law. Although she had courage sufficient to face death in marrying, she did not feel willing to prised. sacrifice herself according to the mandate, and it therefore devolved upon some one to precipitate her over the cloud capped mountain. All her limbs being bound except her hands, she was borne to the verge and launched away with all the stoicism for which the Indians are famous. But here a thing occurred which had never been known before. In her downward flight she came in contact with the long branch of a pine which swung out many feet from the rocks, and, grasping it with the clutch of death, succeeded in breaking the force she had attained, and remained holding fast, suspended between

the top and base of the mountain. There she hung at the mercy of a slender branch, without even a hope of rescue. The space between her and the rocks was too much to think of touching them, and her strength, even in the cause of life, was not sufficient to draw her up to the limb. She cast her eyes up, but nothing was there but her relentless enemies, whose diminished and dusky forms were arranged along the edge of the mount.

They mocked her in the situation in which she was placed, and the aisles of the forest reverberated to their bideous and unearthly yells. Below all was in miniature-the rocks were dwindled to a level with the surrounding vale, the trees had shrunk away to bushes, an old chief, who was sitting on a rock stringing his bow, was but a speck, and the outline of his form could scarcely be

the shadows of evening began to gather round she still was there, and her shrill cry was heard disturbing the quietness of physicians in washington;

Said petition will be neard in said court on the lath day of August, 1897, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at which time you and each of you are required to show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of said petition should not be away, and still she was swinging on moval of the gland. At this critical mothis sloping pine, and the noise which she uttered told that hunger was doing his work upon her. Lete in the morn his work upon her. Late in the morn- gan its use. Before I had used one boting some of the Indians, going over to the the enlargement began to disappear, patient for her wasting body, which I would have escaped years of misery they evinced by diving and darting at and saved over \$150 her form and then, rising suddenly in the air with outstretched wings, as if some motion of life had deterred them.

This experience is like that of all who suffer with deep-seated blood troubles. The doctors can do no good, and even long day passed with some one of these nently. sable creatures watching the moment S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) when the grasp should fail and her A Real Blood Remedy.

body fall below. eve with a peculiar splendor, turning every object in the valley to a golden light and causing the Housatonic, in its serpentine course, to gleam up and spending the light li spangle like liquid fire. Many was the to any address hunter who lay watching the beauty of by the Swift the beams which were flung around Specific Co., Athim, and when the last gorgeous streak lanta, Ga.

had faded over Monument mountain the broad heavens were clear and blue, except the crimson folds which floated in grandeur along the west. Yet the squaw still hung by the branch of the pine, and her cries alternately rose through

the deep stillness that reigned around. along the azure wall of the west and was shortly succeeded by dark, dismal looking clouds, around whose edge the lightning played, as if to light them on in their sad and gloomy pathway. The thunder muttered faintly, then sent its roll up to the meridian, and finally, with increased power, cracked and shook through the very heavens. The shriek of the squaw was heard in the profound pause after the roar had died away, but its echoes stirred not the sympathies of any one of the tribe. Higher and higher rose the storm. The lightning crinkled over the sky more vividly, and the report followed so soon and heavy that the gray old trees of the mount trembled as the peals burst through the up-

Night had set in with all its blackness, when a party of the tribe proceeded to behold the situation of the squaw. Soon after their arrival a flame of fire suddenly lit up the woods. The pine was ers and actresses of Berlin. No males struck by a thunderbolt, setting it on are permitted at this ball, and about fire, which, being parted from the cleft one-third of the attendants go in mascuof the rock, spun round and round so swiftly that naught could be traced of the tree itself or the squaw whom they supposed to be attached to it. Upward it hurried into the air, burning and whizzing in its course, the torrents of rain not even dimming its glare. Tradition says it whirled with such velocity that it did not seem to the eye to turn at all. Away it went, and it is said the Indians gazed at it until it seemed no bigger than a star, when finally it was lost in the blackness of the sky. The base No. 2 the mount was immediately exam- No. 3 ined, but nething was to be seen either the pine or the squaw, when it was finally conc'uded in council that it was No. 8 the work of the Great Spirit. The Indi- No. 9 Cures Headache. ans, therefore, raised a monument by No. 10 rolling stones together, which stands to this day, and from which the mountain No. 11 takes its name.

The untutored urchin quickens his No. 14 light has departed from its summit and No. 15 Cures Rheumatism. pace when passing this spot after daywhistles a lively air to elevate his No. 16 drooping spirits, and the teamster, as No. 20 the crack of his whip rings among the No. 27 rocks, starts from his seat as if a spirit spoke, so strange are the associations No. 30 connected with Monument mountain .- No. 77 New York News.

Drew on Sight.

Commercial law terms are not entire- or Diseases Mailed Free. ly safe at all times. John E. Watrous, Humphreyn' Med. Co., 111 William St., N. Y. deputy United States marshal for the southern district of Kansas, sends in

Mart Hoover years ago, when Kansas was not the cultivated commonwealth it has since become, had sent a consignment of corn to a commission merchant Kansas City. The merchant telegraphed, telling the consignor: "Your

credit is \$27.40. Draw on me at sight." felt he had been duped, and he treasured | Matthews, all of Dickens, Neb. up the grievance. One time, about six weeks later, the commission man came to Hoover's town, got out of the bus and started to walk down street. Hoover saw him and instantly drew his revolver and fired. His eye was fairly good. The bullet cut away the merchant's necktie and unfastened his col-

Then Hoover put up his gun.

"That's expensive shootin," said he, but I recken you're as sorry as I am." "What do you mean?" demanded the town constable, arresting the gun man. "He told me to," said Hoover, sur-

"Told you to?" demanded the white cheeked city man. "I never did anything of the kind." "You did," said Hoover, and draw-

ing out the telegram he read:

"'Draw on me at sight." "I done it," said he .- Chicago Post.

Shirt Signs.

"In Brooklyn the other day," said a resident of Manhattan borough, "I saw in the window of a furnishing goods store this sign: 'Shirt Constructor.' There is a furnishing goods store in New York that displays, among other signs, one marked 'Shirter.' There used to be another furnishing goods store in at North Platte, Neb., on August 21st, 1897, viz: this city with a sign reading, as I re-Constructor' is new as far as I know." -New York Sun

lady friend has! It doesn't look large 61-61-

enough to hold her tongue.

He-It doesn't .- Tit-Bits.

Beware

writes: "For six years I have been a sufferer from a scrofulous affection of It was morn when her sentence was the glands of my neck, and all efforts and lots I and 2 of section 10, township 13, range executed, and tradition says that when of physicians in Washington, D. C., Said petition will be heard in said court on the of the hour. Night came and passed physician urged me to submit to a re- gran the verge of the precipice and bending and now it is entirely gone, though I am over, saw a few crows circling round not through with my second bottle yet. the unfortunate victim's head, as if im- Had I only used your S.S.S. long ago,

some motion of life had deterred them their resorts to the knife prove either from their purpose. Often did they rest fruitless or fatal. S.S.S. is the only their weary wings upon the very tree real blood remedy; it gets at the root of by which she was supported, and the the disease and forces it out perma-

It was on the night of the second day is a blood remedy for real blood troubles; that a scene took place which has never it cures the most obstinate cases of been forgetten. The sun fell away at Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism,

A Tond as a Talisman.

The Western Morning News reports a remarkable case of superstition. A young woman in Penzance had suffered from fits, and she adopted a remedy which would be to most people almost as repulsive as the disease itself. She procured a live toad, placed it in a bag, But soon a leaden haze began to rise hung it around ber neck and carried it along the azure wall of the west and next her body. The woman was cured of her fits, but she was being medically attended at the Pensance infirmary at the same time. The woman believes, however, that this was a coincidence and that her strange talisman was the instrument of her cure. - South Wales

> A Different Matter. The Man (expectantly)-Then you

will be my wife? The Girl-No, indeed. I simply said I loved you .- New York Ledger.

To live is to have justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right and duty welded into Lie heart - Victor Hugo.

A fancy dress ball is given once a year by the lady artists, sculpters, singline costume.

The yield of wheat in France, owing to the careful cultivation of the soil and the large quantity of guano and other fertilizers employed, is 17 bushels per

No. 1 Cures Fever. Infants' Diseases.

Neuralgia.

Dyspepsia. Delayed Periods. No. 12 Leuchorrea. Skin Diseases.

Malaria. Whooping Cough Kidney Diseases.

Urinary Diseases Colds and Grip. Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price, 25c., or 5 for \$1. DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL

Legal Notices.

Land Office at North Platte, Neb., June 14th, 1897. has filed notice of intention to make final proof before the Register and Receiver at his office in July, 1897, on timber culture application No. 1213) for the south half of the northwest quarter But Hoover was mad. He had expected his money, and none came. He

ior the south half of the dorthwest quarter
and 4 of Section No. 2 in Township No. 9 North,
range No. 22 West, He names as witnesses. William
H. Minney, Louis Hubbitz, Levi Wolfe and Wiley JOHN F. HINMAN.

> NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., July 6th, 1897. Notice is hereby given that the following-no settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Piatte, Neb., on August 17th, 1897, viz: WILLIAM W. JOLLIFF.

> who made Homestead Entry No. 15589 for the northwest quarter of section 32, in township 11 north, range 31 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Martin B. Me-Dermott, John McConnel, George Miller and Cecil

Tuell, all of Somerset, Neb.
JOHN F. HINMAN.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Pintte, Neb., Notice is hereby given that the following-named ettler has filed notice of his intention to make nal proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the Register and Re-ceiver at North Platte, Neb., on July 29th,

CHARLEY L BOYCE, who made Homestead Entry No. 16.515, for the range 31 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and culti-vation of said land, viz: Edward L. Wilson, Lotus J. Kidder, William Hazen and Brewer Marshal, all of Somerset, Neb. JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at North Platte, Neb., July 13th, 1897. settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver who made Homestead Entry No. 15,888, for the member it, 'Shirt Builder,' but 'Shirt | west half of the northwest quarter and northeast quarter of the porthwest quarter and northwest quarter of the northeast quarter section 26, township 14 north, range 33 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Ahlborn, Leonard Laubner, Charles W. Keys and

She-What a little mouth your young | August Murphy, all of Sutherland, Neb JOHN F. HINMAN, Register IN THE COUNTY COURT OF LINCOLN COUN-TY, NENBASKA.

> To Peter B. Wykoff, John Dillon, James M. Ham, executors of the Estate of Sidney Dillon, deceased, and the unknown heirs of said Sidney You and each of you will take notice that on the 12th day of July, 1897, the Suburban Irrigation District of Lincoln county, Nebraska, plaintiff, filed its petition against you in the County Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are that the Judge of said court shall appoint five appropriate distributions. hall appoint five appraisers, disinterested freetion to be paid by the plaintiff to said defendants for a right of way for a lateral canal across the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, the west half of the southeast quarter of section 3, Dated North Platte, Nebraska, July 12th, 1857.

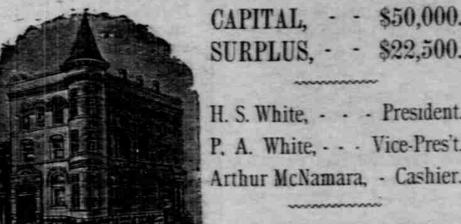
SUBURBAN IRRIGATION DISTRICT. By T. C. PATTERSON, Its Attorney.



FOR FINE RIGS at REASONABLE PRICES GO TO-

First National Bank,

NORTH PLATTE, NEB.



H. S. White. - - President. P. A. White, - - Vice-Pres't. Arthur McNamara, - Cashier.

A general banking business

A. F. STREITZ

DRUGGIST.

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES,

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils,

WINDOW GLASS. -- MACHINE OILS Diamanta Spectacles.

Deutsche Apotheke.

Corner of Spruce and Sixth-sts.

THOSE NEW STYLE REFRIGERATORS

E Are selling rapidly. The many good points possessed by them can easily be ascertained by an inspection. .

GASOLINE STOVES

Are being sold by us cheaper now than ever before-in fact we are making a "leader" of them. We handle the best in the market. Come in and see them.

GARDEN HOSE, SPRINKLERS,

and other seasonable goods are carried in stock, together with a complete line of Hardware. We still sell Bicycles and bicycle supplies..

A. L. DAVIS, Foley Block. Who no one Owes.

Minimum minimu C. F. IDDINGS,

LUMBER, COAL

Order by telephone from Newton's Book Store.

AND GRAIN

N. McCABE, Proprietor.

J. E. BUSH, Manager

North Platte Pharmacy.

Drugs and Druggists' Sundries.

We aim to handle the best grades of goods

Sell everything at reasonable prices, and warrant all goods to be just as represented.

Orders from the country and along the line of the Union Pacific Railway is respectfully solicited. First door north of First National Bank.

FRANKLIN FEALE'S

WALL-PAPER, PAINT AND OIL DEPOT.

WINDOW GLSS, VARNISHES, GOLD LEAF, GOLD PAINTS, BRONZES, ARTISTS' COLORS AND BRUSHES, PIANO AND FURNITURE POLISHES, PREPARED HOUSE AND BUGGY PAINTS. KALSOMINE MATERIAL, WINDOW SHADES ESTABLISHED JULY 1868. - - - 310 SPRUCE STREET

GUY'S PLACE

FINEST SAMPLE ROOM IN NORTH PLATTE

Having refitted our rooms in the finest of style, the public is invited to call and see us, insuring courteous treatment.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar. Our billiard hall is supplied with the oest make of tables and competent attendants will supply all your wants.

KEITH'S BLOCK, OPPOSITE THE UNION PACIFIC DEPOT