

HERMITS OF GREECE.

RELIGIOUS RECLUSES WHO LIVED IN HOLES IN THE CLIFFS.

Their Dependent Wholly Upon Charity For Their Subsistence and Remained Always In Their Aerial Caves—The Monastery of St. Stephen.

One of the most curious scenes on the Thessalian frontier is to be found at Kalitaki, some 50 miles by rail above Trikala. The town lies on a plain which is backed by the extraordinary rocks of Meteora, rising precipitously to a great height and commanding the marked attention of travelers. In places the cliffs ascend like a wall to a height of 2,000 feet. They are rough, free from verdure and disfigured by innumerable holes and caves all over their face. It is these caves and remains of monkish dwellings in them that give the rocks of Meteora the strange, almost prehistoric appearance that has made them famous.

There are several monasteries at Kalitaki. The largest is St. Stephen's. Unlike the other monasteries, this is reached by a drawbridge thrown across a yawning chasm. This is one of the largest of the monasteries of Meteora and has a guest chamber especially fitted up for visitors—that is to say, there are three iron beds in it, and it is only courteous to surmise that the wadded coverlet and single sheet that go to make up a Greek bed were new.

The hegumenos is most hospitable. He gives his visitors excellent monastic wine, a dinner of many weird courses and is himself very good company. As usual, there are two churches in this monastery, the smaller of the two possessing some very fair icons set in beautifully carved frames, and one very old picture, dated 1357.

The large church consists of a nave, antechapel, with the body of the church under the dome, which is decorated with the usual half-length figure of Christ. Here are seen some of the inlaid ivory and other of pearl stools and lecterns which at one time were the staple work of the Meteora monks.

All the manuscripts of any value have been removed to Athens. A long building at the right of the bridge contains the cells of the monks, which open into a dark covered corridor. In time of war these monasteries are used as places of refuge.

Not the least curious feature of these unique rocks of Meteora are the holes and caves which literally pepper the face of the cliffs in places.

In many cases these retreats of the hermits of St. Anthony are merely cages. At a distance they look, some of them, like big birchbark hung up against the face of the cliff. As dwellings they are all exceedingly primitive.

The Thessalian hermit did not ask much of life. A rocky floor to sit on, bars or railings to keep him from falling out of his hole, a shaky ladder to descend which he might now and then descend to earth and a basket and string to let down for supplies were all he needed in addition to his crucifix and other religious necessities.

These aerial caves were occupied in the fourteenth century. Thousands of hermits, judging from the remains of habitations, must at one time or another have sought refuge in these cliffs. Few of them can now be entered, for the ladders have for the most part fallen away.

Scarcely the way a hermit proceeded was to choose a hole that took his fancy. Up to this he ran a ladder. Then, driving poles into the rock before the cave, he built out a little platform. This he roofed in and surrounded with a wall made of sticks or dried grass. From one platform to another these anchorites ran up their ladders until the whole face of the rock was alive with these hermits of St. Anthony.

At the time of the fashioning of religious recluses, the cliff dwelling hermits of St. Anthony depended wholly on charity for their subsistence. Far up in their airy caves they spent their days and nights in prayer and contemplation. When hungry or thirsty, they let down their baskets to the ground, and when these were filled they pulled them up again.

The devout people of Kalitaki believed that these hermits were a special charge upon them and kept them well supplied with bread and water. Every morning men, women and children could be seen tramping to the cliffs to fill the baskets that were let down by the strings from above. And so the hermits were able to live their quiet, lay lives without a single worldly care.—New York World.

FROM THE JOKE FOUNDRY.

The Shot of the Day.
They play at golf above the downs.
And he is trim and she is fair.
Her dress is gay with red and brown,
And his is trim and dainty.
They play an hour or two of the morn,
And neither ever looks at the score.
And then they wander to the shore
To watch the tides rise and fall.
While on the banks, with jenny str,
Dan Cupid near the golf club swings.
His dress is dainty, his lighty wears
A very modest pair of wings.
He sets the ball upon the tee,
Then teases the couple far away
A flying glance, a stroke, and he
Has made the triumph of the day.
—New York Truth.

Too Late.
"The friends of the man who sent the ship offered a hull bond of \$20,000 if the court would release him, but it was too late."
"What reason did the judge give?"
"He said that, after the ship had gone down there was no use of any talk of building."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Leghorn Hat.
Her leghorn hat has rows on rows of ribbons tied with charming bows.
The crown is wreathed in dainty green.
And from her leaves there peep between some rosy buds like winter snows.
The brim's so large whenever it blows
Her face is hid from friends and foes.
As all must know who once have seen
Her leghorn hat.
—Cap and Gown.

A Good Game.
"Got an entirely new one," said the tramp to his pal.
"Give it up, quick."
"Starts a man for a dime to get shaved."
"Go long! Dat won't fool 'em."
"No, but I robe dem while dey wait."

THE TATTTLER.

Mrs. Cora Curran of Concord, Ky., is a paper hanger of such skill that she has won the praise of the townspeople.

Miss Helen A. Wristler of Lowell, Mass., is president of the magnificent new 10,000 spindle cotton mill recently erected near Atlanta.

Mrs. Dorothy Howard, one of the most eccentric women of Indiana, had a mania for the clothes, and when she died recently left 175 dresses of the finest quality.

Mrs. Kintle of Umatilla, Or., is said to have the largest and most valuable collection of Indian curios and relics that is known in the west. It is valued at \$16,000.

Mrs. Julia LeGrande is a successful pharmacist at Jasper, Ark., and Miss Gardner is doing successful work as a deputy postmaster at the early age of 15 years at the same place.

Mrs. Gary, the wife of the postmaster general, is the mother of seven daughters and one son and comes of an old Baltimore family. She believes in a happy, attractive home and has trained her daughters to be most accomplished entertainers.

Isabelle, notorious under the second empress as the flower girl of the Paris Jockey club, is now an old woman earning a precarious living by selling flowers in the streets. She was turned out by the Jockey club on her mother's appealing to charity and she would not support her.

Miss Alice Hughes of London, daughter of Edwin Hughes, the great portrait painter, is said to be the most successful and artistic photographer in England. She has her gallery in her own beautiful home, and her art in posing her subjects is said to be exquisite. She photographs royalty and all London celebrities.

Mrs. Amos Hammond, living near Vandalia, N. Y., found her baby daughter petting and stroking two large black snakes one day recently. The 2-year-old child seemed to have no fear whatever of the serpents and had the head of one of them resting on her knee while she patted it softly. The mother secured a gun and shot both snakes.

Professor Lucy Salmon, Vassar college, is strongly in favor of the abolition of the college commencement, which she characterizes as "a relic of medievalism." She claims that much harm is done by the display of the robes and the pomp of the ceremony by the love of public show created by college and school commencements as commonly observed.

PERT PERSONALS.

A London exchange says: "Emiliasador Hay says Salisbury." It is that the way Ambassador Hay is making expenses.—Exchange.

Somebody should send Lily Langtry and Lillian Russell copies of "How to Be Happy, Through Married." They are, even now, not ready to learn.—Exchange.

If Stephen Crane, wandering in Thessaly, should encounter General Miles in full regiments, he would have enough war material to last a lifetime.—Chicago Record.

Speaker Reed is determined to maintain his reputation as a humorist. He is the author of a magazine article on "How the House Does Business."—New York Journal.

Mark Twain says that his reported death has been greatly exaggerated. The idea of an exaggerated death is worthy of Mark's prime in the joking line.—Washington Star.

We are willing for some patent medicine promoter to publish the photo of Abdul Hamad, with an autograph recommendation of the medicine as a nerve restorer. Whatever it was, old boy, took, it seems to have made him a hustling convalescent.—Omaha World-Herald.

Steve Brodie has entered with Steve Crane for original study honors. In his latest short story he says that J. Waldere Kirk, the "Denver dude," is "light enough to walk 20 miles on sand bunnies without breaking one or to jump off a house on to a wet sponge without squeaking it."—Denver Times.

THE WRITERS.

Richard Gallienne took to authorship because he disliked accounts. "It is easy enough to write books," he observed, "the difficulty is to balance them."

Among writers the ex-newspaper men are able to do the most work. Robert Barr and W. L. Alden do 4,000 words a day with ease, while Sir Walter Besant does only about 1,000. Conan Doyle does about 1,500. Anthony Trollope used to do never less than 1,500 words.

Dr. James Martineau, who has just celebrated his ninety-second birthday, is one of the few living authors whose literary activity dates from the beginning of the Victorian epoch. Dr. Martineau published his first book, "The Rationality of Religious Inquiry," in 1837.

A fight over the literary standing of Stevenson is going on in London. George Moore took occasion to deny that Stevenson's works have any artistic merit. Mr. Quiller-Couch promptly replied in The Speaker, and Mr. Moore has returned to the charge in an article in The Chronicle, in which he likens Stevenson's writing to the phrasing of a maid.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Sell goods as though doing a favor to your customers.
Conduct everything to the office boy.
Run down your business rivals.
Always look on the dark side. If your clerks are cheerful, sit down on them.
Pay the lowest salaries in town. Take no vacations and give none to your help.
Never pay a bill until you have to. When you do, insult him in some way.
Go unshaven, shabby and down at the heel. Keep your store dirty, dingy and dirty.
Complain of the past, present and future of business. Find fault from morning to night.
Don't keep up with the times. Lose your hold on the trade, then make an assignment.—Herald.

THE LISTENER.

Krupp, the "artillery king," recently bought the Germania docks at Kiel for \$1,580,000.
Senator Tillman is an ardent wheelman, ignoring the street cars altogether except on the roughest rainy days.
President McKinley was recently elected an honorary member of the Bunker Hill Monument association of Boston.
H. J. Heinz of Pittsburg, who gave \$20,000 to the Kansas City university some time ago, has just given it \$10,000 more.
Ex-Secretary John G. Carlisle, in practicing law in New York, will devote himself to pleading cases in court instead of confining himself to office work.
The Earl of Randolph, who has been appointed governor of New Zealand and is now on his way to his post, carries with him no less than 60 tons of baggage, including 4 outrages and 650 cases of wine.
President Andrew D. Wagner of the University of Illinois issued his commencement address to a reporter, but as the latter failed to return it in time the president was obliged to deliver an entirely different address.
Rev. Martin Hadin of Harrodsburg, Ky., son-in-law of ex-Vice President Stevenson, has accepted a call to the pulpit of Green Hill Presbyterian church, Glendale avenue, Philadelphia, and will assume the pastorate Oct. 1.

MET MANY DANGERS.

EXCITING ADVENTURES OF TWO BICYCLISTS IN THE MOHAVE DESERT.

Chased by a Bull, Menaced by Rattlesnakes and Gila Monsters—Narrowly Escaped Death at the Hands of Banditti.

J. D. Maxfield of Los Angeles, crossing the continent on a bicycle, reached Denver recently. He plugged across the Arizona deserts and through the New Mexican mountains, taking the railroad tracks for nearly the entire distance. When he started from Los Angeles, he was accompanied by D. V. Hearn, but the latter stopped at Trinidad to go on down into Kansas and work. Maxfield is a member of the President's bicycle club, the well known writer of bicycle stories. He left Los Angeles April 19 and has taken his time to the trip. He crossed the Mohave desert from end to end on his wheel. When he left Los Angeles, he had claimed records of four men who said they had ridden across the desert, but when he got out in the sands at every section house they told him the other fellows had crossed it in the cars. He then provided himself with a little horse and took the affidavits of every section man he passed that he had ridden the whole way.

The lane of the ride was rattlesnakes and Gila monsters. One night the two tried to go after dark, and, while working along the track, heard the ominous rattle of a snake ahead. They came to a dead halt and peered into the darkness. The rattle could be heard, but the source where it came could only be conjectured. The boys slipped down the bank and around where he lay, listening intently at every step for another warning signal from another direction, but that was the last night they tried to ride after dark.

Another tremor was sent through their frames when in another camp two hoboes who had been sleeping on the ground awoke in the morning to find their blankets shared by a Gila monster. The monster took the blankets and the blankets in the recesses beneath water tanks, in outbuildings and anywhere but the hot ground.

Three weeks were occupied in crossing the desert, meals being taken at section houses. Not many years ago section house people in the desert refused to feed travelers, but orders were issued compelling them to do so. Since that time a high tariff has prevailed, but it has been possible to procure meals. The price is 50 cents, and in some instances \$1 is demanded. Near the boundary line between Arizona and New Mexico the travelers espied a large mountain lion sneaking along a hill. He was in pursuit of several cows and paid no attention to the bicyclists. Several wildcats were seen in rocky places, but they always sneaked out of sight.

The terrors of the ride were varied in New Mexico. Near San Jose, at a little place called Rio Pardo, on a river of the same name a large herd of cattle were spread out on both sides of the track. The ordinary cow or steer would eye the travelers for a time and then bolt as if shot out of a gun. The only danger was when the herd was on both sides of the track. The minute one started all started, and they ran in the wrong direction. If the cattle on the wrong side of the track did not have proper room to get by the wheels, they might do damage.

But at this particular place a monstrous old bull was willing to stand for his rights. The boys had been chased several times by bulls of a like temper, but had each time sprinted from danger. Here they were caught on a rough track with a long way to a safe place. Mr. Bull scraped several times in the dirt to work up his mad and then charged. He was 300 yards away when he started, and half tumbled in a little draw on the way over, but he came out of that on the jump, his eyes rolling and his tail lashing. Half the distance done, he fell to a trot and threw up his head to take another view of his prey. Then he ducked his head and started on a business drive. Maxfield met him as he came the last 50 yards with a bullet square in the head. The old fellow staggered and fell. The boys mounted their wheels and resumed their ride without ascertaining the extent of his wounds.

In the Giorietta canyon they met another species of danger. It is the country infested by a mob of Mexican banditti, who rob and then kill that the robbery may not be traced to them. The boys noticed two Mexicans on horseback following them, who were afterward joined by two others. The Mexicans then rode on ahead and came down by the railroad. The boys avoided them by a detour and a "duck" past some low hills to the next station. They slept in a little station house and piled up every available article of furniture against the door. Neither slept during the night, and near midnight they heard some one trying to push the door open. In the morning they made haste to get out of the country. In the last 300 yards away from the station they were met by two men who have been robbed and murdered in the San Miguel canyon near Giorietta pass, and the boys firmly believe the gang were after them.

Mr. Maxfield, after remaining in Denver a few days, proceeded to Michigan, his old home.—Denver Daily News.

Found a Miner's Secret Treasure.
Amelia Voigt, an aged widow, died recently alone and without medical attendance in a shanty in Jersey City.

Mrs. Voigt was 80 years old. She had been a resident in Jersey City 34 years and had lived a decade in the shanty in which she died. She was generally supposed to be very poor, and when she died only 13 cents was found in her pocketbook.

Her brothers, Frank Hellring of Griggstown and Theodore Hellring of New York, searched the shanty after her burial and found two bankbooks showing bank deposits of over \$15,000. The money will go to her brothers.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.
This invaluable remedy is one that ought to be in every household. It will cure your rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, frost-bite and sore throat, and sore chest. If you have a lame back it will cure it. It penetrates to the seat of the disease. It will cure stiff joints and contracted muscles after all other remedies have failed. Those who have been crippled for years have used Ballard's Snow Liniment and thrown away their crutches and been able to walk as well as ever. It will cure you. Price 50 cents. Sold by North Platte Pharmacy, J. C. Bush, Manager.

STORY OF A TRAMP.

Save a Watch For a Ride and a Diamond For a Chew.

An Erie railway detective gave information to the Cleveland police the other night of a remarkable character who is evidently beating his way toward that city. A conductor of a freight train told this detective that his train was standing on a side track 40 miles from Cleveland when the head brakeman, who was walking upon the roof of a car, discovered a man on the bumpers. He was fairly well dressed and carried a satchel.

"Where are you going?" was the question.

"Cleveland," replied the stranger.

"Not on this train," retorted the brakeman. "Rattles don't carry passengers."

Then the stranger, seeing that he was about to be "ditched," as the language of the hobo expresses it, opened the satchel while the brakeman gazed in silent astonishment. According to the latter, there were watches, diamonds and jewelry of the richest type lying in the half-filled valise.

"Rattles don't carry passengers, do they?" remarked the tramp, at the same time handing the brakeman a beautiful timepiece.

"Just punch my ticket, will you?" requested the man with the satchel, "and if you happen to have a chew of tobacco about your clothes hand it down and accept my compliments."

Then the stranger passed up a brilliant diamond stud in return for the tobacco, which the brakeman dutifully handed down to his conductor. The brakeman told the story, and the two trainmen arrived at the conclusion that a jewelry store had been robbed somewhere along the line. Meaning the train pulled out, but slowed down at Mantua station, where the man who could afford to exchange a diamond stud for a chew of tobacco jumped from the bumpers and disappeared into an adjacent wood.—Exchange.

OUTRAGE ON A HERMIT.

Men Attempt to Rob the Lightkeeper on Brown's Island.

Meager details of a fiendish outrage and robbery on Samuel Burnell, the hermit, and for years the government lightkeeper at Brown's island, have been received. Burnell lives alone in a cabin on the West Virginia shore opposite the foot of the island, and it has been reported for years that he had a large amount of money secreted there.

The other morning at daylight, after Burnell had returned from tending his lamps, he found his cabin in possession of three men who had ransacked everything and found nothing, and in their rage they pounced on the venerable lightkeeper and beat him almost unmercifully. They tied Burnell to a tree and threatened to burn him if he did not disclose where his money was. Burnell offered them 85 cents, which he said was all he had, and showed them where his bankbook was, in evidence that his money was not secreted there. The men tied a sheet over his head and body and after pouring oil on the sheet threatened to set fire to it, but for some reason they did not carry out their purpose, leaving with a threat that they would be back in an hour. Burnell managed to work loose and get to a farmhouse some distance away in an exhausted condition.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sacrificed Himself to Love.

Hortense Monteverde will be tried for perjury in Brooklyn, and in this lies a romantic story. She came from the Pyrenees ten years ago and became a news girl, selling papers at the Broadway ferries in Brooklyn, where three years ago she met William J. Vance, 34 years old.

Vance was married, but he and Hortense, it is declared, were married on Nov. 7, 1895, at the rectory of St. Barnabas' church, in Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn, the Rev. Dr. Cartwright performing the ceremony before witnesses. They lived together for a time, and a child was born to Hortense. Vance then deserted her, and she alleges, was cruel to her. He complained several times in court that Vance had deserted her, and now had him arrested for bigamy, and Hortense has declared to the grand jury he is not her husband, and on this lies the charge of perjury.

Getting Rid of Mormons.

A band of Mormon elders has been in Taylor county, Fla., for over six months working quietly in remote sections. A party of 18 men, well armed, recently visited their camp, and after stripping the preachers, gave them a dose of "birch bark" and one of them a good coat of tar and feathers. They then escorted them to the limits of the county and assured them that if they were heard from again lead would be given them instead of this milder punishment. The elders re-established their camp across the county lines, and eight women left their homes and went with them, all intending to move to Utah soon.

A Most Serious Enterprise.

New York city now contains 560 square miles. It is twice as large as the District of Columbia and about one fourth of the area of the state of Rhode Island. The city, it will be perceived, is proportionately as big in territory as in population. The management of this great municipality is the most serious undertaking which has yet been entrusted upon by the people of this continent.—Philadelphia Record.

A Rich Farmer as Constable.

Church Howe of Nebraska, who has been nominated by President McKinley for consul general at Apia, Samoa, was a member of the famous Sixth Massachusetts regiment, which was gobbled at Baltimore on its way to the front. He is a wealthy farmer and has been prominent in Nebraska affairs for 25 years.

London will now contemplate itself with increased complacency as the prospect of the universe.—Symeuse Herald.

When a Chicago man starts out these mornings, he fears he will be either frost-bitten, snow-blasted or sun-struck before the day is over.—Washington Post.

A Chicago paper says the World's fair city is the distributing center for thread. Why not call it the eye of the industrial needle and have done with it.—Omaha Bee.

Greater Glasgow is often held up as a model municipality. There is something in the claim. With a population of 538,000 it has only 494 doctors.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cancer of the Face.

Mrs. Laura E. Mills, of Smithville, Ga., says: "A small pimple of a strawberry color appeared on my cheek; it soon began to grow rapidly, notwithstanding all efforts to check it. My eye became terribly inflamed, and was so swollen that for quite a while I could not see. The doctors said I had Cancer of the most malignant type, and after exhausting their efforts without doing me any good, they gave up the case as hopeless. When informed that my father had died from the same disease, they said I must die, as hereditary Cancer is incurable."

"At this crisis, I was advised to try S.S.S., and in a short while the Cancer began to discharge and continued to do so for three months, then it began to heal. I continued the medicine a while longer until the Cancer disappeared entirely. This was several years ago and there has been no return of the disease."

A Real Blood Remedy.
Cancer is a blood disease, and only a blood remedy will cure it. S. S. S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to permanently cure Cancer, Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism or any other disease of the blood. Send for our books on Cancer and Blood Diseases, mailed free to any address.

SSS
Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Legal Notices.
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at North Platte, Neb., July 12th, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the following named 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 Platte, Neb., on August 21st, 1897, viz: WILLIAM W. JOLLEY.

Homestead Entry No. 12599 for the northwest quarter of section 22, in township 11 north, range 31 west. He claims the following acres to grow his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Alphon, Leonard Lumber, Charles W. Keys and Robert Smith, all of Nebraska.

JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

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Homestead Entry No. 12598, for the west half of the northwest quarter and southeast quarter of the northwest quarter and northwest quarter of the northeast quarter section 26, township 11 north, range 31 west. He claims the following acres to grow his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Alphon, Leonard Lumber, Charles W. Keys and Robert Smith, all of Nebraska.

JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEBRASKA.
To Peter B. Wyckoff, John Dillon, James M. Ham, executors of the Estate of Sidney Dillon, deceased, and the heirs of said Sidney Dillon, defendants.

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 appraisers, disinterested freeholders of said county, to ascertain the compensation to be paid by said district to said defendants for a right of way for a lateral canal across the following lands of said defendants, to-wit: The northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, the west half of the southeast quarter of section 3, and lots 1 and 2 of section 10, township 11, range 31 west of 9th P. M., in Lincoln county, Nebraska. Said petition will be heard in said court on the 12th day of August, 1897, at 10 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 granted.

Dated North Platte, Nebraska, July 12th, 1897.
SUBURBAN IRRIGATION DISTRICT.
By T. C. PATTERSON, its Attorney.

PROBATE NOTICE.

The two instruments purporting to be last wills of Charles F. Johnson, one dated August 15, 1894, and the other dated August 22, 1894, in each of which T. M. Mackay is named as executor, are this day filed for probate. The same are set for hearing in county court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, on August 9th, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m.

JAMES M. BAY, County Judge.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL
FOR
Piles or Hemorrhoids.
Fissures & Fistulas.
Burns & Scalds.
Wounds & Bruises.
Cuts & Sores.
Boils & Tumors.
Eczema & Eruptions.
Salt Rheum & Tetter.
Chapped Hands.
Fever Blisters.
Sore Lips & Nostrils.
Corns & Bunions.
Stings & Bites of Insects.

Three Sizes, 25c, 50c, and 1.00.
Sold by druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price.
RECEIVED BY MAIL CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

OSZMANLIS ORIENTAL SEXUAL PILLS
Beware, Friends, Beware! Cure for Impotence, Loss of Manhood, Seminal Emission, Sterility, Neurasthenia, Nervousness, Soft Desires, Loss of Memory, etc. Will Cure you STRONG, Vigorous Man. Price \$1.00, 50c, 25c.

Sole and General Agents
North Platte Pharmacy, J. C. Bush, Manager.

No. 3496
First National Bank,
NORTH PLATTE, NEB.
CAPITAL, - - \$50,000.
SURPLUS, - - \$22,500.
H. S. White, - - - President.
P. A. White, - - - Vice-Prest.
Arthur McNamara, - Cashier.
A general banking business transacted.

A. F. STREITZ
DRUGGIST.
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils,
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES,
WINDOW GLASS, - MACHINE OILS
Diamanta Spectacles.

Deutsche Apotheke.
Corner of Spruce and Sixth-sts.

THOSE NEW STYLE REFRIGERATORS
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 NOSE, SPRINKLERS,
and other reasonable 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.

C. F. IDdings,
LUMBER, COAL
AND GRAIN
Order by telephone from Newton's Book Store.

FOR FINE RIGS
at REASONABLE PRICES
GO TO—
Elder & Lock's Stable.
Northwest Corner Court-house Square.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL
FOR
Piles or Hemorrhoids.
Fissures & Fistulas.
Burns & Scalds.
Wounds & Bruises.
Cuts & Sores.
Boils & Tumors.
Eczema & Eruptions.
Salt Rheum & Tetter.
Chapped Hands.
Fever Blisters.
Sore Lips & Nostrils.
Corns & Bunions.
Stings & Bites of Insects.

FRANKLIN PEALE'S WALL-PAPER, PAINT AND OIL DEPOT.
WINDOW GLASS, 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 1828. - 310 SPRUCE STREET.

GUYS 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 best make of tables and competent attendants will supply all your wants.
KEITH'S BLOCK, OPPOSITE THE UNION PACIFIC DEPOT