

MEETING STEPPAPA.

"Well," exclaimed Millie, "this is quite the most horrid thing mamma could have done!"

Franklin Haussmann of Hanover had a large garden behind her finishing seminary for young ladies, and it was up and down this garden that Millie Warwick was strolling, arm in arm fashion, with her sworn chum, Ethel Bidwell, another English pupil.

Ethel waited for further elucidation. "She has gone and married again!" almost shrieked Millie.

"Well, there's no very great harm in that, dear," returned Miss Bidwell. "In fact, it will be rather good for you."

"But a stepfather! Oh, it was too bad of mamma!" reiterated Millie. "I am not surprised that she has married again," said Ethel. "When she came to see you in the winter, she struck me as being almost as young looking as yourself. Indeed I was surprised at her remaining a widow for ten years."

"Worse and worse," was her next piece of information. "His name is Macintosh, and he's Scotch. Then he'll have red whiskers and a strong accent. All Scotchmen do, don't they? They were married very quietly in Edinburgh, without telling any of their friends. I am to join them at Paris and go on with them to Switzerland and have a jolly time. Fancy going on a honeymoon trip with one's own mother!"

"Where are you to join them?" asked Ethel. "Next Thursday at the Hotel St. Moscow—that's where so many English people go. I suppose Mr. Macintosh can't talk French. Oh, dear, it's altogether too bad of mamma!"

There was no consoling poor Millie, and when her friend saw her off to Paris on the following Thursday Miss Warwick still declined to be comforted.

"Please take me up to Mrs. Macintosh's rooms," said Millie when she arrived at the Hotel St. Moscow.

The parson, a bald son of Peckham, scratched his head.

"Miss Macintosh, did you say, miss?"

"Yes, Mrs. Macintosh. I am her daughter."

"Well," said the waiter, "I'm sorry to have to inform you, miss, that there ain't no Miss Macintosh 'ere. There's a Mister Macintosh, what arrived about two hours ago. Probably it's 'im you want?"

As she entered the sitting room Millie stopped dead and would possibly have retreated had not the bold, bad man from Peckham hastily closed the door and retired, for, sitting by the window, perusing a paper, was a young gentleman of not less than 20 and not more than 25 years of age, irreproachably garbed, dark, clean shaven and not very bad looking.

"I shall be polite, sometimes cordial," Millie had concluded, after debating the matter with herself for many minutes, "but on no account affectionate. I shall thus let him know that, while I do not wish to cause any unpleasantness, I shall go my own way and he will go his."

However, Millie's plan of campaign collapsed like a bubble.

When Mr. Macintosh rose from his chair, Millie collected herself with an effort, and, advancing, held out a little gloved paw.

"How do you do, Mr. Macintosh?" she said.

"Thank you," he replied, after a moment's hesitation, "I am very well." Then, as Millie continued standing, he sidled, harding her a chair, "Won't you sit down?"

Millie seated herself.

"Er—I expected to find mamma here," said the young lady, after an awkward silence of quite a minute's duration.

"Oh, I see," replied Mr. Macintosh. Then an appalling idea flashed through her brain. Her mother and Mr. Macintosh had discovered their mistake already. In one short week they had fallen out. They even traveled separately. Doubtless he had married her for her money, and her mother had discovered this.

"I had better not say too much about mamma until I know exactly how the land lies," Millie decided. "I may only aggravate their differences." After a long and awkward pause, Mr. Macintosh suggested that perhaps she might like to look at the English illustrated papers while she was waiting.

"I have a bundle of them in my carry-all," he said. "I'll get them for you." While he was absent Millie reviewed the situation again.

"I hope he won't be as severely polite as this always," she thought. "It is evident that I shall have to break the ice. I will let him see that, however, I may have fallen out with poor mamma, I intend to be friendly."

During tea Millie told him numerous anecdotes about her life at Franklin Haussmann's, after which he retaliated in the gayest and most amusing stories of Oxford varsity. Thus they passed the time away until the first dinner gong sounded.

"This reminded Millie of the flight of hours."

"I had forgotten all about mamma. When will she be here?" she exclaimed. "Possibly she is blocked on the line," murmured Mr. Macintosh. "At any rate, you had better dine here while you wait for her."

But Mr. Macintosh's careless reference to her mother jarred on her and damped her spirits. Things were evidently very bad indeed. His indifference to his wife's whereabouts was positively shameful.

During dinner, therefore, she was quieter, so Mr. Macintosh had to do the lion's share of the talking. And so well did he perform his task that Millie had to confess that her steppapa was a very charming young man and that it was a thousand pities he could not get on with his wife.

"I must try and make the peace," she thought. "Meanwhile my best plan will be to be as pleasant as possible—conciliatory, in fact."

Inspired by this idea, she made no objection when he suggested a stroll on the boulevards. She insisted on his smoking, she prattled to him while he enjoyed his cigar, she leaned on his proffered arm and, indeed, made a conscientious effort to impress him with the fact that she was a nice girl and, though a stepdaughter, would not be an incumbrance or a bother to him.

And when they got back to the hotel,

after a little hesitation, as they were separating for the night, she stood on tiptoe and administered to his brow a pure, daughterly kiss.

"Well," observed Mr. Macintosh after she had vanished, "of all the experiences I've ever had this certainly takes the cake."

Now, a portion of the above was told to the present historian by Mr. Dick Macintosh and part by his wife. I have merely interwoven their accounts. The end of the story I also obtained from both, but Dick's account was the best.

Millie was very reticent when relating her share. Millie related her part as thus:

"Well, I was unpacking my things, you know, in order to be able to go to bed, when who should come in but mamma. We hugged each other, and then I said:

"Oh, mamma, how could you quarrel with him?"

"Mamma looked very astonished and said:

"What are you talking about?"

"Stoppa," I replied. "He didn't bring your name up once all the time, and he didn't seem to care what had become of you, and—altogether he was the last man in the world I should have taken for a bridegroom. But he was very nice to me."

"My dear child," exclaimed mamma, "are you wandering? What person do you refer to? Your stepfather has only just arrived at the hotel. We crossed this morning. As for quarreling, we are the most devoted couple in Christendom."

Now for Mr. Dick Macintosh's version:

"Well, you see, old man, I received a letter from my Uncle Ned telling me that he had taken a wife unto himself, and would I meet him and the lady at the hotel St. Moscow in a week's time. On the date named I hid me to Paris, and while I was awaiting Uncle Ned's arrival a young lady was shown in."

"Well, we both thawed after a time and had a rare evening. She proved the jolliest girl imaginable—talked, laughed, joked and seemed bent on being as friendly as possible. We had tea, dined, took a stroll and returned to the hotel. Then, my boy, imagine my astonishment. After she had said good night she reached up and gave me the most delicious kiss I had ever received in the whole course of my existence."

In due time the four set off on their tour together, and during the tour Dick and Millie managed to patch up matters so neatly that they came to be quite good friends by the time they returned to England, and about a year after their return Dick took a flat in Kensington and asked Millie to share it with him, such as it was, and Millie not objecting, they were married, and there I visited them and heard the story.—Answers.

A DAY OF ROSES.

A scent of roses made Aylmer think of something that was over long ago and that he had almost forgotten. The roses were everywhere in the drawing room he had just entered. They stood in jars on the mantelpiece. Flat bowls held them on tables, and singly in slender vases they were to be seen here and there among the china and the odds and ends of silver and enamel, and delft and marble that filled the dainty room.

Audrey had loved roses. There was one day in the little cottage under the beech trees where Aylmer had spent many an hour that seemed of a sudden passing happy now—one day which he and she had called the day of roses. He had only to shut his eyes—indeed, had not to shut them—to see again the flower strewn room. It was Audrey's birthday, and he had brought her roses.

They were in the hamper first in which they had been packed. Ah, Audrey's little cry of delight as she raised the lid and saw them lying softly among the damp leaves! Then they were on trays, two big trays that yet would not hold them, and they overflowed on to the table, where, with their foliage, they lay, a litter of crimson and yellow and green, over which, with caressing touch, leaned Audrey, the sweetest flower of all. He could see her gather up a handful and bury her face amid the petals that were scarcely more delicate than herself. Then there was the seeking of things in which to put them. Every suitable vase and jar and pot the cottage contained was requisitioned, and there were still roses. He had been reminded vaguely of the woman of the sons of the prophets—without calling her all that—and the miraculous pot of oil, for, as with her: "It came to pass . . . that the vessels were full that she said . . . 'Bring me yet a vessel.' And there was no vessel found. Four roses remained over. One of them he must wear. He chose the smallest, an opening bud. The other three Audrey, kissing them first, put into the girlande at her waist."

That was the day of roses, and Aylmer, back from his two years' travel, had forgotten it till a chance sent recalled it and the idyl that had been an incident among incidents in a somewhat thoughtless life.

But he was dreaming, and here was Diana. She came in with an apology and a rustic of silk. She was grieved to have her hair waiting. She put up her face to be kissed; the first time of his dining with her, and not to be there to receive him! But it was inexcusable—excusable. She had had an afternoon of delays—just that; delays everywhere. First the tiresome lawyer people, and then the trustees, and at the last moment a young woman from Antoinette's about her trousseau. What a business marriage was, and the fact of having been through it before did not ease matters at all!

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Complicated them, Aylmer suggested. Complicated them, she agreed. "I'm giving you a lot of trouble, I'm afraid," he said smiling.

There was to be no sentiment in this marriage. Diana had "gold and green forests." Aylmer had spent his gold, and the potential cutting of certain timber at Aylmer's Keep had brought about the engagement. Lady Aylmer had perhaps a hand in the matter, when she asked the comely widow of Fontenbrink Granton of Broad street to the Keep to meet her son.

"All that will have to go," she said one day to Mrs. Granton, and waved her hand toward a wood on the hill.

Mrs. Granton raised her eyebrows. A day or two later, driving through the wood in question, Mrs. Granton observed a couple of men with notebooks and pencils who saluted the Aylmer carriage as it passed, and she observed Aylmer's face, too, as he returned their salute with a wave of his whip.

Lady Aylmer caught—her whips sought—her eye and sighed. That evening Mrs. Granton was the first to come down from dressing, and she strolled out on to the terrace. The sun, setting behind her, shone upon the domed woods. Gold strewn them. The shorn hill would be an eyesore.

She heard a step on the gravel, and saw Aylmer approaching from the house. "The prettiest view in England," she said.

He came and stood beside her, and the eyes of each were on the woods. "I am told you are going to spoil it," she said then.

"For a time."

"A lifetime."

The lady's gaze ascended the hill to the top, where the trees stood up against the sky.

"It seems a pity," she said, and said no more just then.

The gong sounded presently, and they went in. You could see the shining bill from the windows of the dining room. Midway through dinner, as the evening closed in, a servant went to draw the curtains. Mrs. Granton faced the window.

"Oh," she said to Lady Aylmer, "might he wait a little? It is all so beautiful from where I sit!"

Lady Aylmer turned and looked, and Audrey looked too. In truth, the scene was too fair to shut out.

"Leave the curtains as they are, Charles."

"Very good, my lady."

So Mrs. Granton saw the woods to the disappearing point of dusk.

But later the moon rose. Aylmer and she found themselves upon the terrace once more. The night was warm. Mrs. Granton's eyes were on the woods. They changed aspect in the moonlight as she excused herself for any comment.

"Must you?"

"He looked for her meaning."

"It," he said. "It is not I."

"Who then? Ah, yes. I understand. They are mortgaged."

Foreclosure was a word she associated with poor plays. Such things happened then! She remembered the two men with the businesslike air and the notebooks.

She laid her arm on the stone ledge of the balustrade.

"There must be a way out," she said. "If I could find it."

An hour or two later, when she took her candle from his hand, she said: "Look for the way out."

She smiled, and he followed her with his eyes as she mounted the stairs, her skirts trailing and the candle held high. She did not look back at the turn in the staircase. Aylmer, in the smoking room, was ruminant.

It was impossible to mistake her. Nor did he misunderstand. She said "Yes" when he spoke the next day.

Lady Aylmer said, "Diana, Diana, dear woman, God bless you!"

"Perhaps he will," said Diana. Now, in her drawing room, the woods saved and his future mortgaged instead, Aylmer took a rapid survey of his life up to the point it had then reached and decided that he had pursued the only course open to him. Neither did he in calmness repent the step he had taken. Diana Granton had not her money alone to recommend her. She was of the world and admirably fitted for the position he offered her. That she was comely had been said, and she took a sensible view of the situation. He was not in love with her, and she was wise enough to conceal from him the secret that her own heart had been revealing to her gradually for some time past.

At dinner that evening she looked at him and knew that she loved him. He looked at Diana and thought of forgotten Audrey.

It was the fault of the roses in the drawing room.

The scent of them haunted him—followed him home. Poor little Audrey! What would she think? But near as he had come to loving her, he had never loved her and had nothing to reproach himself with, for which now he was fervently thankful. Yet he was not quite happy as his hansom took him to Clarges street. A memory of something that was wistful at times in Audrey's eyes stirred him. The thing was absurd, inconceivable. Her mother, gentle as she was, was a woman of the world and had known that he "meant" nothing. Audrey was a child to caress and pet. It was he who had suffered at the parting. Her tears were the frank tears of childhood and rolled down her cheeks uncontrolled.

His misgivings told him that he had done well to go.

He thought of the restlessness that had possessed him during the early days of his travel. It had sent him from place to place. He had written a letter then that was never posted, and had refrained himself until time and distance allowed him to write calmly. Presently the need to write at all ceased and he knew himself cured.

But tonight Audrey haunted him. He could be thankful that he had not made a fool of himself. The girl was not of his world, and he knew the folly of an ill assorted marriage, but she had been very dear to him.

How fair she was! Her face insinuated itself persistently between him and sleep. She must be grown up now—yes, Audrey must be 19. The curves of her slender figure would be rounded and many subtle changes mark the time that had seen the crossing of the border line of womanhood, but she would be the same Audrey that he had known and had been so near to loving.

afterward to remember in what guise and to what accompanying circumstances she had appeared to him. He only knew that she had been with him sleeping as waking, through the night.

The air and the light of day, however, cleared his brain. He spent a morning with Diana, and by the time she was sitting opposite to him at lunch he could view the situation calmly and see that his happiness lay in the direction he was taking. Nor was he consciously selfish.

He parted with Diana and walked homeward. It was a time of roses. The roses in a flower shop caught his attention. They filled the window.

He found himself in the shop. He had been attracted by red roses, yet in the end it was white roses he chose. He believed that he made his choice by hazard, though now he sometimes wonders. It may be that some thought of Audrey's nature influenced him.

He took out a card and paused. What to say? His love? He hesitated and wrote, "For auld lang syne." Then he gave his directions as to the sending and left the shop.

Three days later a letter reached him.

He opened it carelessly, not recognizing the handwriting. His fingers tightened suddenly upon the sheet.

"I put your roses on her heart," wrote her mother, "loose, as they came. She would have loved them so."—Lady's Requin.

The Opposite. Grant Duff has in his reminiscences the following story of Lord Houghton: The Cosmopolitan club was accustomed to meet in a room which had been Watts' studio, and on the walls of which hung an enormous picture by him of "Theodora and Honoria." Some one asked Lord Houghton what this represented. "Oh," he replied, "you have heard of Watts' hymns? These are Watts' hers."

"The alarming increase in the number of deaths which occur as the result of a surgical operation is attracting general attention, and a strong sentiment against such methods of treatment is fast developing among the most intelligent classes. It seems that in almost every case for which the doctors' treatment is unsuccessful, the learned physicians decide at once that an operation must be performed, and the keen blade of the surgeon is recklessly resorted to. Doctors are human, and of course are liable to make mistakes, but their mistakes are too fatal to be indulged in promiscuously, and as so many lives are sacrificed in this manner, it is but natural for the public to believe that half the operations are unnecessary, besides being a fearful risk to human life, even if successful."

It is a positive fact, however, that all operations are not necessary, and that a majority of them are absolutely undertaken without the slightest chance of success. The doctors have never been able to cure a blood disease, and a surgical operation is their only method of treating deep-seated cases, such as cancer and scrofulous affections. Aside from the great danger, an operation never did and never will cure cancer, as the disease never fails to return. Cancer is in the blood, and common sense teaches anyone that no disease can be cut from the blood.

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"After much reluctance, we consented, and they cut down to the jaw bone, which they scraped. The operation was a severe one, but I thought it was the only hope for my boy. Before a great while the cancer returned, and began to grow rapidly. We gave him many remedies without relief, and finally upon the advice of a friend, decided to try S.S.S. (Swift's Specific), and with the second bottle he began to improve. After twenty bottles had been taken, the cancer disappeared entirely and he was cured. The cure was a permanent one, for he is now seventeen years old, and has never had a sign of the dreadful disease to return."

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Legal Notices.

PROBATE NOTICE.

The petition of E. C. Goshen, filed this 4th day of September, 1897, praying that Letters in the Estate of William Buschardt, deceased, issue to Irving B. Bostwick as Administrator, will be heard in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on Sept. 22d, 1897, at 1 p. m.

JAMES M. RAY, County Judge.

JAMANTHA MCCONNAUGHAY, DEFENDANT.

It is taken notice that on the 7th day of September, 1897, Sarah Prusack, Guardian, plaintiff herein, filed her petition in the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, against said defendant, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendant to the plaintiff upon the northwest quarter of section 25, township 10, north of range 20 west of 6th p. m. March 20th, 1896, for the sum of \$500.00 payable in two years from date thereof, that there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$500.00 with ten per cent interest from March 20th, 1896, and plaintiff prays that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount due thereon; also to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendant to the plaintiff upon the southeast quarter of section 10, township 10, north of range 20 west of 6th p. m. March 20th, 1896, for the sum of \$500.00 payable in two years from date thereof, that there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$500.00 with ten per cent interest from March 20th, 1896, and plaintiff prays that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount due thereon.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 15th day of October, 1897.

Dated North Platte, Nebraska, September 7, 1897.

SARAH BRAUGH, Guardian, Plaintiff.

By T. C. PATTERSON, Her Attorney.

MASTER'S SALE.

Docket S. No. 129.

In the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Nebraska.

Joseph N. Field, Complainant vs. Van Brocklin Bros., et al. Respondents.

FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE.

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance and by virtue of a decree entered in the above entitled cause on the 17th day of May, 1897, I, E. S. DUNDY, Jr., Master in Chancery of the Circuit Court of the United States for the district of Nebraska, will on the twenty-seventh day of September, 1897, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the east door of the Lincoln Court House building, in the town of Lincoln, Nebraska, sell at auction for cash the following real estate, lying and being in the County of Lincoln, and State of Nebraska, and known and described as follows, to-wit:

The southeast quarter of Northwest quarter, East half of Southeast quarter, Southeast quarter, Section Thirty, Township Eleven, Range Twenty-nine, North half of Southeast quarter, Section Thirty-two, Southeast quarter of Northwest quarter, Southwest quarter of Northwest quarter and North half of Southeast quarter and West half of Northwest quarter, and North half of Southwest quarter, Section Twenty, the Southeast quarter of Section Eighteen, and all of Sections Twenty-nine, Nineteen and Thirty-one, all the foregoing in Township Eleven, Range Twenty-nine, W. The Southeast quarter of Section Twenty-four, and all of Section Twenty-five (5) in Township Eleven, Range Thirty, and the North half and the Southeast quarter of Section Five, in Township Ten, Range Twenty-nine, containing in all twenty-nine Hundred and Eighty-six and 25/100 acres of land, be the same more or less, situate in the County of Lincoln and State of Nebraska.

E. S. DUNDY, JR., Master in Chancery.

H. D. ESTABROOK, Solicitor for Complainant.

E. S. DUNDY, Jr., Master in Chancery.

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