BACKACHE makes the young feel old, and the old feel

that life is not worth the living. It's a danger signal of Kidney Disease-the unerring evidence of weak, inactive and sore Kidneys. Any person cured of Kidney weakness will tell you that when the back ceased to ache, all troubles ended. Neither liniments, nor plasters, nor electricity can cure it. The seat of the trouble is not in the skin, flesh or muscles. Its in the Kidneys.

It can be CURED

"Hobbs Sparagus Kidney Pills relieved my wife of a great pain in her back, and alleviated in her kidneys.

PATRICE MURRAY, 1839 N. 17th St., Omaha, Neb.

"I am glad to say that Dr. Hobbs Sparagus Kidney Pills have had a satisfactory effect in my case. They have done all that I could ex-pect and what you claim they do. They cured me of a terrible backache which I had for several months, and after I had used two boxes I was well.".

AUGUST STEVAERT, Cedar Rapids, Neb.

Dr. Hobbs Kidney Pills,

FOR SALE BY A. F. STREITZ.

PREPOSTEROUS.

"Where's Nedward?" some one asked the foreman, one August night when the boys were gathered around the supper table after a hard day in the branding pens

"Sent him over to the river with the horses for Mack," replied the foreman "He won't be back for four days "

"Oh, a picnic," said the first speaker. "Not quite. It's a long stretch without water."

"Beats branding calves," insisted the other.

"Yes, if you're built that way." Ten miles or so from the ranch the circling buzzards looked down upon a prostrate man. When the sun set, a cool breeze sprang up, and the man stirred and groaned. He lay upon an elevated mesa, far from any house or tree or watercourse. Here and there a stunted the plain. A mile to the eastward a band of horses were quietly grazing. Iv on the first, his plan was complete. broken off Twenty feet away a dog hole showed a fresh hoof mark, and in the earth beside the man was a broad mark made by the cantle of the saddle as the horse rolled over.

dirt only to Billy, and he was so mean himself, it served him right. If you will help me out of this scrape and make the hat stop at the right place, I'll never forget it. Amen." Very earnestly then he balanced the

hat and set it turning. After several revolutions it came to a stop, with the hole toward the mountains. "The water holes it is, then," said

he, and carefully noting the direction indicated, "That's rather more to the left than I would choose, but if you say so it goes."

Without delay, but without haste, he made his preparations for a great effort. Before deciding on a course he had whimpered a little The shock and pain had unnerved him. There was now no more of that. He had a purpose and meant to execute it. With bandages made from portions of his clothing he bound up the leg to give it some support. He set his teeth down hard in a strip of leather cut from his shoe. Then fixing his eyes upon a landmark in the distance, which should remain in view as he moved over the plain, he "pulled his freight."

It would fatigue you to follow this man's trail as foot by foot and hour after hour he painfully progressed toward the water holes, tortured with thirst, beset by doubt whether he should not find them dry. Upon the desert a man. for lack of water, may perish in a few

hours. In the cattle country they can and do live and suffer for days without it This man did. He was only a com-

mon \$40 a month man. If he did not get through, another would take his sad- that he was a happy man. His friends dle and his bunk To the company it mattered not at all whether the name on the pay roll was John Doe or Richard Roe. He had lived meanly, not always temperately. But he had a trait common to cowboys, a spleudid American grit, and he got through On the third day he dragged himself to the first of the water holes. It contained a small amount of brackish and muddy water Beside it grew a stunted willow bush Beneath the bush lay a sleeping calf Here were all the elements necessary to insure his safety.

The man does not remember whether he first shot the calf or first slaked his thirst, or when the idea occurred to him of the perambulatory splints. But soap weed showed above the level of by the time he had eaten his second meal of yeal, which followed very closeand a keen eye might have detected that He thinks he devoted about 24 hours to one was saddled. The crisp buffalo grass refreshments. During that time he kept men friends began "Dear Beechley;" Beechley;" Beechley;" about the man was crushed down and the leg in wet bandages, greatly reduc- not one called him "Dear Dick." A slightest possible nod. ing the swelling It was a work of time to cut down the low branched willow with his jackknife and to fashion a cane from the stoutest portion. From smaller branches he made a number of splints, and these were shining when the man finally he bound about the broken leg by rawhide thongs out from the calfskin and well soaked in the pool. The contraction of the rawhide in drying made a very strong and rigid support, extending from the foot to the knee, and upon this, with the help of the cane, he would walk. It was not springing. It was slow and painful motion, but by contrast with the three miles achieved in three days on hands and knees it seemed both rapid and easy. He covered the distance to the ranch in one day and night, coming in just when the foreman was calling, "Roll out." The first thing he asked after the boys had put him in bed and cut off the rawhide was for somebody to shave him. He had a hard enough time for several weeks, but the doctor did not amputate the leg as he at first threatened had fallen and lay several feet beyond to do We never convinced this sawbones, though we showed him the rawhide splint, of the fact that the man walked 11 miles on a broken leg.

BESIDE THE BAY.

A woman by a cottage door, Noting the sunset's golden hue, Said quaintly to a summer guest, "Oh, look! the lights almost through!

Then told the tale I tell to you. The winds blew here, the winds blew there,

In ecry clime beneath the sun. We dreamed they would some happy day Bring tidings of our wandering one.

White ships came in from every sea That beats between the frozen poles. We watched them bearing up the bay Their freights of home returning souls.

A loving fancy came to me, Staid with me, would not go away, That some time I should hear his voice Blown landward from the foaming bay.

One March day, when the tides were out, My man and I sat in the sun. An iris blossomed by the step. "Twas planted by our wandering one

The neighbors siur the "fond conceit." But we both heard these words that day: "Rest comes not to the watching heart. Abide in peace and hope and pray.

"The sea is God's. All seas are one. So sit you here beside the bay And think these cradling waves perchance Are love's own hands that show the way Between you and your lost today."

Since that springtime sweet peace is ours. We rest and pray and calmly wait. Our wandering boy seems near us now. The sea line is the heavenly gate. -Annie A. Preston in Youth's Companion.

A LITTLE PROBLEM.

Mr. Richard Beechley told himself make a name at the bar, but he could afford to wait for it in comfort, having £3,000 a year. And he was engaged to a very pretty girl. He told himself that he was a very happy man one morning

as he ate his breakfast ; he repeated the assertion with what would have been (had he spoken aloud) a note of great determination. Although he was alone in his chambers, he was very neatly dressed. His tea was poured out, he was rather thirsty, but he made a point of eating before he drank. Meantime he read his letters: those from his relatives began "Dear Richard," and congratulated him gravely; those from his

reason have you? You give no reason"-"What's the good of arguing about it? It's not a question of argument. I feel I can't marry you-that is enough. I beg your pardon with all my heart for-for disappointing you. But what is the good? We could never be happy

Elsa did not reply.

together." "Why not?" said Richard Beechley. "I'm not your sort, Richard. I know worry you dreadfully. I'm irresponsible, I suppose, and foolish, and you'reyou're serious. We should never get on together." Richard Beechley bit his lip and took

"Eisa, my darling, are you really

Elsa averted her face. "Mother, I do

love him, but-but I wish he were

Mrs. O'Donnell gave a little sigh.

'It's not the jolly, witty men who al-

ways make the best husbands," she

said. "If you really love him, you

won't mind his being serious; but make

sure of yourself, my darling, that's all."

.

"Elsa, you don't really mean it? What

more like-more like Tom or father."

happy?"

a turn up and down the room. Then he spoke with an effort: "Give it a longer trial," he said. "You're right in a way. I can't help being serious, as you call it. I can understand I seem heavy to you"-

"Oh, don't, don't! I hate to hear you run yourself down." "I'm not running myself down, " said

he stoutly. "I'd rather be as I am. I don't understand men like your brother. I don't see what their aim in life is. congratulated him on his happiness. But, of course, you expect a lot of so-He had good health and a reasonably cial tricks I haven't got. I'm sorry, but good education. He could play golf you must remember I've not been quite welle He could not play cards and brought up in the sort of atmosphere had no wish to drink. He was going to you have. My people are so different. Elsa," he said suddenly, "we cared for one another. Don't give it up for such a little reason as that.'

Elsa burst into tcars. He leaned over her and tried to comfort her after his fashion. She let him kiss her passively. After awhile she spoke. "Forget what I said, Richard. I will try."

Tom O'Donnell, hearing the hall door shut, strolled up to the drawing room. "You've been crying, Elsa," he said

involuntarily. "It's nothing," she said and went from the room.

Tom kicked over a chair, and, happening later in the day to pass Richard

this case each went back to his kind.

Beechley, if he marries now, will mar-

It is a small problem, this of the ac-

Taking Toll.

Nellie went to the store and brought

and asked for an explanation. The gro-

The little girl was called in to ex-

and had the \$5 bill changed and gave

She Wasn't Guessin

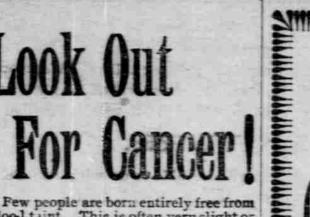
back some sugar.

crowded car.

There is a little girl named Nellie

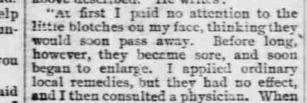
ry, I think, for convenience alone. He



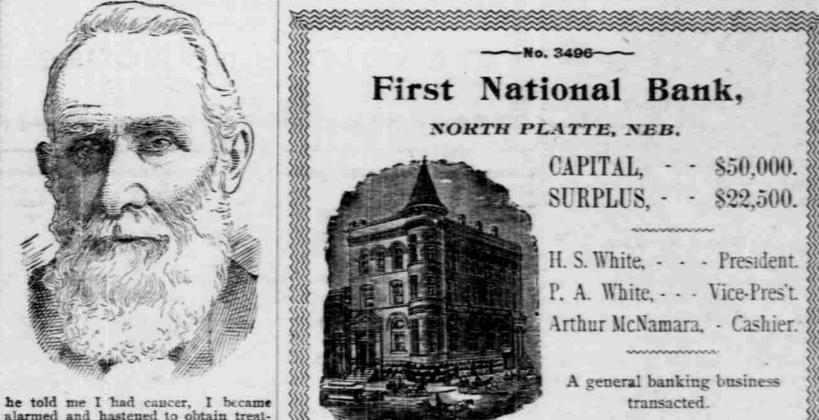


Few people are born entirely free from blood taint. This is often very slight or remote, and sometimes may not develop at all in one generation, but breaks out in a serious disease later. Cancer, the most dreadful of all dis-

eases, is often the result of some blood taint inherited from generations back. It often appears as a mere mole or insignificant pimple, which later develops into an alarming condition. No one knows but that he may be subject to an inherited impurity in the blood, nor can he tell whether or not this may some day crop out in the form of destructive caucer. It is, therefore, important that any little sore or scratch, which does not readily heal, be given prompt attention, or a serious condition may result. Mr. Robert Smedley, of Ocala, Fla., was the victim of a malignant cancer, which first appeared in the manner above described. He writes:



DAVIS, THE HARDWARE MAN, Exclusive agent for the (SEE THE NAME ON THE LEG.) And the Celebrated ACORN STEEL RANGES. The only big stove house in Lincoln County. Call and get prices. E Foley Block. A.L. DAVIS. (Who no one owes.)



It was nearly dark, and the stars opened his eyes intelligently.

"Boys, give me a drink," he said. "Water! water!" he repeated.

Low in the north fitful lightnings played about a pillar of cloud If the cloud drifted this way, he might get water; if not, he would go dry. Certainly no man's hand would minister to him that night Soon he realized the situation

"I was stunned-my leg is broken." said he "I'll lie here natil I not before they will find me. O God, water!"

The cloud drew nearer, grew larger and put out the stars. As it slid down from the mountain and advanced across the plain, rumbling thunder gave promise of imminent rain Painfully the man stripped off his coat and spread it beside him to catch the water. His hat his reach

Quickly the cloud spread overhead. Following a jarring roll of thunder, a few big drops fell-one on the face of the thirsty man. And that was all. A brisk west wind wiped the sky clean in _-G B Dunham in San Francisco Ar- ard's. a moment, while the man yet waited gonaut expectant The stars shone out bright and cold. The man shivered and oursed and drew the coat about him.

Toward morning he slept and dreamed he heard the foreman's cheery summons, "Roll out, fellows," but when he sat up suddenly a twinge in his leg brought him back to facts-thirst, daylight, helplessness. He had been awak- days." ened by the chattering of the little marmot into whose hole the horse had stumbled, now come forth to view the damage done his home. The man drew his pistol and fired twice at the prairie dog.

"Missed at 20 feet," he muttered, lying down again. "I'll never tell that."

All night he had lain upon his back. Now, very slowly and with both hands bank. This discharged young man was there's a weak point in a chap, even if have it," her mother replied. clasping the injured leg, which was bro- at once-named as a suitable person. ken below the knee, he turned upon his face and reached out toward the hat. It missed him. was still several feet beyond him.

thought, "and it's going to hart like place for conscience's sake would make right. hell. I'd better begin by going after my hat." And he went. It required time and fortitude to crawl ten feet on hands and knees, dragging the broken leg. but it was done at last. He reached the hat and lay down to take account of himself and his chances.

EL

"Ten feet in an hour is 240 in a day. I would get to the ranch in about six however, if any especial brilliance in months at that rate, if I could keep it handwear becomes general People in afterneon. up day and night. I've got to stay right | the long run have too good taste to inhere until the buzzards get und If I dulge in anything so unpleasantly conhad water, I wouldn't care if the devil spicnous, although taste is often strangegot me If I ever get water, I've got to Iy warped by fashion But there are get it today By tomorrow I'll be too symptoms of color in gloves which are sent from Egerton Gardens: stiff and too silly I know"-sitting up still in good taste. Four button, white and looking around- "there's no water dressed kid gloves show in the stitching on this flat, for there isn't a hoof of in the back delicate blue, pink, green stock in sight. Over toward the mountain there are water holes every spring, ing around the wrist is of the same colbut they have been dry since June By or This is not unpleasant, although a God." he said aloud. "that cloud last glove with broad, heavy, white silk night emptied out somewhere before it stitching has more character. Walking got to me, and those holes may be full gloves in dark plum color and green are of water now and only three miles pretty, with suits of corresponding colaway I could crawl three miles if I ors -New York Times. knew there was a drink at the finishbut they may be dry Then I'll be three miles farther from the creek, and three miles farther off the trail when the boys come out to look me up I suppose they will look me up-in about a week -when Mack comes over to see why the horses have not been sent I'm getting silly already My head throbs so, and my leg too If I can get started once, I'll know enough to keep a going. but how to decide I'll leave it to chance." He placed his broad hat on the end of his quirt held upright, balanced a carefully and gave it a twirl "Now, if that side with the bullet hole stops toward the south, I'll craw! toward home, and if it turns to the mountains. I will hunt the water holes. Hold on!" stopping the revolving hat and closing his eyes, he said in a very low voice: "O Lord, I don't know as one cowpuncher is much object to you, you got so many, but I never did much

"Humbug," said he. "No such case on record. The thing is preposterous."

The Millionaire and His Clerk.

Philadelphia, one Saturday ordered all gold hair, and pale blue eyes, and a his clerks to come on the morrow to his pale, beautiful skin, small and slender living in Alleghany, says the Pittsburg wharf and help unload a newly arrived and upright. As she moved to the door Chronicle-Telegraph, who has astonship. One young man replied quietly: | Tom sat up in bed-a brown faced, | ished the neighborhood by a cute little "Mr. Girard, I can't work on Sun- pleasant fellow, with a tumbled, curly | trick which was so bright that even her

"You know our rules."

"Yes, I know I have a mother to didn't mean to offend you." support, but I can't work on Sundays. Well, step up to the desk and the cashier will settle with you."

find no work, but one day a banker him abused." came to Girard to ask if he could rec-

'But," said the banker, "you dis-

"I've got to get out of this," was his Sundays. A man who would lose his meant. I'll come this afternoon all \$4.99." The lady had paid no such sum

a trustworthy cashier." And he was appointed -Ram's Horn.

Gloves. Brilliant colors in gloves are promised. There have been rumors of a gay

ness in color and workmanship in gloves for some time. It is very doubtful,

"Dear Richard," and announced that The marriage was, of course, broken

she had prepared a surprise party for off. The conversation last reported took was. him that afternoon. He was to expect place again, twice, thrice, and then her at 4. He put the letter back in its without the reconciliation, and the tion, but the cancer continued to envelope and made a note in pencil on O'Donnell family were bright faced grow worse until the physicians the ontside. Then he turned to the lead-once more. the outside. Then he turned to the lead- | once more.

ing article in The Standard. When he But the point on which perhaps it had tinished his breakfast, he made a would be interesting to be assured is if pencil mark in the article to show the they who loved Elsa were justified. One place he had reached, and went to his may wonder if he should be sorry or writing table. There he wrote out a glad. A stolid, unimaginative husband telegram. It was addressed to Miss and a light headed but simple hearted O'Donnell, 120 Egerton Gardens, S. wife have been happy before now. In W., and ran:

Don't come without a chaperon. BRECHLEY.

He sent his man with it to the tele- is suspicious, and he is not amorous. graph office, and resumed The Standard. He has thrown himself heavily into his I am sorry to say that 120 Egerton | work and is very busy indeed. Gardens presented a somewhat painful

contrast to the decorous establishment now engaged is very popular with her of Mr. Richard Beechley. Elsa O'Don- father and her brother Tom. Elsa and nell, in a dressing gown and with her he seem to be very fond of each other. hair down her back, was belaboring They laugh together a good deal; they with a pillow her brother Tom, who chaff each other wittily and have numlay in bed and cried from time to time, berless secret jokes. On the other hand 'Stop, you little devil, stop!'' while -such is the occasional balance of life a vigorous knocking on the ceiling in- - he is inclined to drink rather too timated that the noise disturbed the re- much and is certain to go through the pose-it was half past 9-of somebody | bankruptcy court sooner or later.

overhead. "Say you'll come with me to Rich-"Keep your beastly prig to yourself."

like it to be solved .-- Chapman's Mag-Elsa stopped abruptly, dropped the azine. pillow and turned away. She was of

Girard, the infidel millionaire of the fair type of Irish girl, with pale head-and called out eagerly: "Hello, Elsa! I beg your pardon. I even a scolding. A grocer in the neigh-

She showed him a grave and slightly customers that he was in need of money. tremulous face. "All right, Tom. Only | The little girl's mother thought her bill I wish you'd understand that I care was about \$5 and gave Nellie a \$5 bill

"I'm very sorry. It was beastly rude ommend a man for a cashier in a new of me. Only one can't help seeing if one's sister's going to marry him. I'm sure Beechley's a very good chap, but back the sugar. A few days later the

he is a bit reserved and-and that sort grocer sent his bill, and it contained an "Yes, because he would not work on of thing, isn't he? That's really all I acknowledgment of "cash received, "No, no, Tom. It doesn't matter. I cer said, "That's what Nellie brought."

dare say the mater will come. There was a knock at the door and a plain. She said, "You said I could have housemaid's voice, "A telegram for a penny, and I went to the drug store you, miss.

Elsa took it and looked at it for a him the rest. longer time than the reading needed. "Nothing wrong, Elsa?" "No. only Richard can't be in this

She went out of the room, and Tom muttered, "Damn the fellow!" as he

settled his head on the pillow. Ten minutes later a telegram was Am not coming.

. The same day, at 4 o'clock, Richard Beechley went to Egerton Gardens. **His Authority**. "I was afraid you'd be out." Daniel Webster's oratory was not al "Oh. no." "But you wired you couldn't come"-"I thought I'd remove all apprehension about the chaperon." The Green Bag gives as follows: "Why, you know you said once you were going to look me up alone, and I was afraid-you know, people don't un-Boger Perkins of Hopkinton. A physiderstand"cian made affidavit that the testator was 89.6 "You needn't explain. I quite understruck with death when he signed the stood. Only your fear was groundless." will Webster subjected his testimony "I'm very sorry if I offended you"to a most thorough examination, show-"Not at all." ing by quoting medical authorities that Beechley with a somewhat measured death, some affirming that it is at the politeness, and presently came in Elsa's father and mother and her younger sister Kate. Mr. Beechley discoursed on the bar as a profession and by and by took his leave. Tom saw him out of the house, and as he returned up the stairs that theory?" met his father. "Dr. Watts," said Mr. Webster, with "Jolly fellow, isn't he?" said Tom. great dignity. "The moment we begin "Don't talk to me about him," said to live we all begin to die." Mr. O'Donnell. Outside the drawing room door Kate Might Have Done Worse. appeared. She put her finger on her lip "It was brutal of Nero to fiddle while and made the most hideous grimace of Rome was burning." disgust which her pretty face could "I don't know about that. Suppose achieve. te had played an accordion?"-Chicago Meanwhile Elsa and her mother were , Lecord.

alarmed and hastened to obtain treatment for I knew how dangerous cancer

"I received the best medical attenhave an operation performed, as that was the only hope for me. This I refused to submit to, as I knew cancer was a blood disease, and my common sense told me that it was folly to expect an operation to cure a blood disease.

"Knowing S. S. S. to be a good blood remedy I decided to try it, and the first bottle produced an improvement. I continued the medicine, and in four months the last scab dropped off. Ten years have elapsed, and not a sign of the disease has returned."

The alarming increase in the number of deaths which occur as the result of a The man to whom Elsa O'Donnell is 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 where 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.

The many caustic plasters which are applied to remove cancers are more painful than death, and the danger of a surgical operation is as great as the disease itself. No plaster or surgical opertual state and the foregone possibilities of Elsa O'Donnell, but I should rather ation can cure cancer, because it is a blood disease; the destructive cancer cells are in the blood, and cannot be cut out, or removed by local treatment. As the disease must be forced from the blood, it is only reasonable to rely upon a real blood remedy for a cure, one which goes direct to the cause of the trouble and removes it.

S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) is the only known cure for cancer and other obstiparents had to laugh, and she escaped nate and deep-seated blood diseases such as Scrofula, Eczema, Catarrh, Rheumaborhood had sent out a message to his tism and Contagious Blood Poison. It is Purely Vegetable,

For three weeks the young man could about Richard and can't bear to hear to give the grocer and told her to bring and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain not a particle of mercury, potash or other mineral, which means "Can I have a penny?" asked Nellie. so much to all who know the disastrous "Oh, yes. If there is one left you can effects of these drugs. Books on Cancer and Blood Diseases

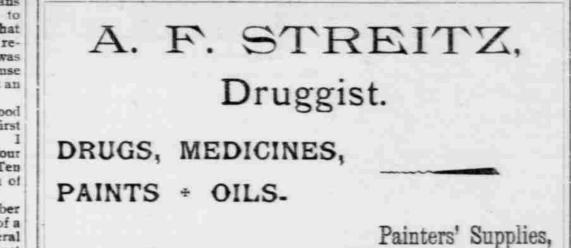
will be mailed free to all who address Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., } October 19th, 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 November 27th, 1897, viz: CHARLES E. BAKER,

who made Homestead Entry No. 16547, for the northesat quarter section 31, township 5, north range 30 west. He names the following witnesses "Can I occupy half this seat?" asked he western drummer after he had sucprove his continuous residence upon and cu tivation of said land, viz: Joseph H. Durbin, of Welificet, Neb., Robert P. Chase, Calvin R. Piper, ceeded in pushing his way into the of Maywood, Neb., William C. Elder, of North Platte, Neb. JOHN F. HINMAN.

"I don't know, sir," said the Boston girl, "but if you intended to ask my 89-6 Register permission to try it I beg to inform you that you may do so. "-Cleveland Lead-NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., October 18th, 1897 Notice is hereby given that the following camed 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 All Prescriptions Carefully Filled by a Licensed Pharmacist. ways of the ponderous order. Occasion- at North Platte, Neb., on November 3th, 1897, viz: ally he would introduce a bit of humor who made Homestead Entry No. 10029 for the very effectively, an instance of which southeast quarter of section 5, in township 10, Orders from the country and along the line of the Union Pacific Railway is respectfully solicited. north, range 31 west. He names the following Daniel Webster when in full practice witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said hand, viz: James H. Jeliff, First door north of First National Bank. was employed to defend the will of William Joinf, John McConnel and George W. Mil ier, all of Somerset, Neb. JOHN F. HINMAN. Register. FRANKLIN FEALE'S NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb.,) WALL-PAPER, PAINT AND OIL DEPOT October 18th, 1887. { Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has fied notice of his intention to make WINDOW GLSS, VARNISHES, GOLD LEAF, GOLD And then Tom came in and greeted doctors disagree as to the precise mo-ment when a dying man is struck with measured ment when a dying man is struck with the final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Finate, Neb., on November 20th, 1897, viz: FURNITURE POLISHES, PREPARED HOUSE AND BRUSHES, PLANO AND BRUSHE JAMES H. JOLLIFF. KALSOMINE MATERIAL, WINDOW SHADES. commencement of the disease, others at southwest quarter section 32, township II north, ESTABLISHED JULY 1868. - - - 310 SPRUCE STREETits climax and others still affirm that range 31 west. He names the following witnesses we begin to die as soon as we are born. to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Cecil Tuell, William "I should like to know," said the op- Jolliff, John McConnel, George W. Miller, all of GUY'S PLACE posing counsel, "what doctor maintains Somerset, Neb. JOHN F. HINMAN, Register NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. FINEST SAMPLE ROOM IN NORTH PLATTE Land Office at North Platte, Neb., November 15, 1997. Notice is hereby given that Rachall Anderson, has filed notice of intention to make final proof Having refitted our rooms in the finest of style, the public is invited to call and see us, insuring courteous treatment. before Register and Receiver at his office in North Platte, Neb., on Tuesday, the 28th day of December, 1897, on timber culture application No. Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar. 13261, for the eth sw 14 of section No. 28, in Town-ship No. 13 N, Mange No. 23 W. Our billiard hall is supplied with the cest make of tables She names as witnesses: Wiley Grane, Joseph Burch, Edward W. Crane, Jacob Fys, of North and competent attendants will supply all your wants. Piatte, Neb. JOHN F. HISMAN, Register. KEITH'S BLOCK, OPPOSITE THE UNION PACIFIC DEPOT



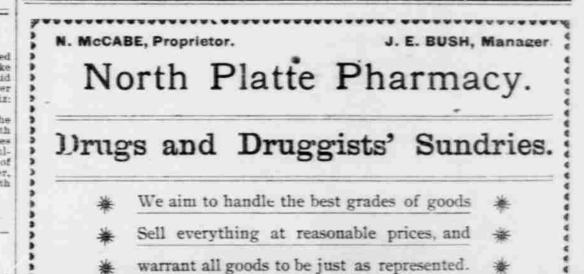
Window Glass, Machine Oils.

Diamanta Spectacles.

Deutsche Apotheke.

C. F. IDDINGS, LUMBER, COAL AND GRAIN

Order by telephone from Newton's Book Store.



and brown, and in some cases the bind-

ODE FROM HAFIZ.

Love from my heart awoke to light. Thine was the deed, oh, love, my lovel Vision of hope to wasting wight, Thine was the deed, oh, love, my love!

Sweet is the day in glory dight, Day unto day more passing oright. Eweet is the day, yet sweeter night. Thine is the deed, oh, love, my love!

Yesterday morn when down was white Entered my soul's desire to plight Promise of love and love's delight. Thine was the deed, oh. love, my love!

"Yield me a kiss," cried I, "forthright! Silver and gold thy kiss requite." Oh, the sweet lips, the smile of might! Thine was the deed, oh, love, my love!

Now, lackaday, the doleful plight! Silver and gold have taken flight, Treason is wrought in love's despite. Thine is the deed, oh. love, my love!

Hafis hath lost, hath lost the fight. Tears of his heart's blood blind his sight Hafiz is fallen O'er him write, "Thine is the deed, oh, love, my love!" -Walter Leaf in New York Tribune.

alone.