makes the young feel old, and the old feel that life is not worth the living. It's a dan-ger 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. It's in the Kidneys. It can be

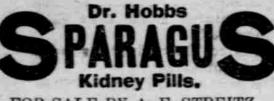
CURED obbs Sparagus Kidney Pills relieved my

wife of a great pain in her back, and alleviated a severe trouble in her kidneys." PATRICK 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.



FOR SALE BY A. F. STREITZ.

THE HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

When we clean house, I'm homeless for a week When we clean house, my life is cold and bleak My wife she works away And "airs the house" all day. Oh, what a disarray When we clean house

When we clean house, woe fathomless is mine The things are shook and hung upon a line. I cannot find my clothes, And where my meerschaum goes The future only shows When we clean house.

When we clean house, I feel that I have sinned When we clean house, we mostly live on wind. We have our little snacks And dine on beats and whacks And soap and carpet tacks When we clean house, -Detroit Free Press.



He was first of all her husband's friend and then her own, and this is the story of how she saved him in a time of great danger and stood herself on the brink of another and greater

with shells still remaining in a couple of chambers, saw the mad dog enter the meadow and make straight across it out over the sunburned grass to where Edward Vereker was walking toward the target. She was under the shadows of the hedge, broadside on, as it were, and the dog never noticed her. Edward Vereker turned on his heel at

the sound of the noise at the gate, and, like Evey, took in the situation at a glance. But he was absolutely unarmed-he had not even a stick, and he was alone in the midst of a wide field with death in its foulest form not 30 yards from him.

steadied the shaking hand and kept the

revolver straight, and though the first

bullet went wide the second carried

true, and the mad dog, with a hideous

yell, dropped disabled with a shattered

shoulder not 15 paces from him. Then

everything.

step.

Then Evey Lancaster, from where she

knelt on the grass under the hedge. When he warn't fallin down. took aim and fired. She was his friend and knew that his life was at stake, and that quickened the presence of mind and the courage within her. She was made of British stuff, and that

He give his galluses a hitch An squared himself, an then As quick as that they seen him pitch Right 'mongst the gals an men. Twas dancin now without a doubt. Fer then they seen him peel His weskit off an jump about In a Virginny reel.

-Atlanta Constitution.

and the woman who had saved him. leaving the excited villagers still clustered round the horror on the grass went back into the garden.

It was as much as she could do t walk now that the strain was past, being only a woman after all, and the green garden was going round and round in a dim mist that smelled of gunpowder and grew blacker at every

He saw her falter and stop and wa only in time to catch her in his arms to prevent her collapsing on the lawn at his feet. The earth and sky might wheel and melt into a blackening mist at will, but a pair of strong arms were round her and her cheek on a protecting then only to say "How d'ye do?" shoulder.

Strong emotions make us view the world in a distorted light with our mental as well as our bodily eyes, and there was no David in the green garden behind the high hedge, only a brave woman, weak and trembling, with her head on the breast of the man she had rescued from worse than death-the man who called her "Evey, my darwhom he met on the first day of his vis-

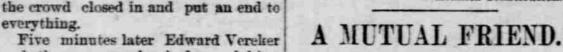
UNCLE JIM'S DANCING.

Uncle Jim, he'd never been To any city ball Until he come a-visitin The folks in town last fall; Could dance until you couldn't rest, Knowed how to fling his heel, But all the dance he knowed wez jest The old Virginny reel.

So when they took him to the ball The gais had lots of fun. He went a-slippin crost the hall An bumpin every one Of course he couldn't waltz, but they Jest made believe he could. They kept on whirlin him away. 'Twuz worse than splittin wood

Jest serious as could be he keps A-goin roun an roun. On all the ladies' trains he stepped

He stood it jest as long as he Could stand it; then he throwed His hat down till they hughed to see, Then jerked his coat an blowed.



Howard, desiring to bring Ferguson and Walker into a fellowship like that of Damon and Pythias, set them so far apart that oceans roll between them and deserts parch and bake. This is, of course, a figure of speech, for Ferguson and Walker both live in Chicago, where

there are no oceans or deserts. But the feeling of loathing which has risen up to separate these two men whom Howard had hoped to make firm friends accomplishes the purpose of desert and ocean and mountain chain too. And yet the two men have met but once, and Howard lives in Pocatello, Ida. To

Pocatello a year ago went Ferguson, journeying on some affair connected with the railroad company which pays him well for knowing intricate and hidden things about the transportation business. Ferguson was in Pocatello for two weeks. It was a gloomy sort of exile, and but for the presence of Howard,

it, he would have suffered horrible

pangs and gripings of lonesomeness, but

Howard, bright, entertaining and all

informed, was as a wellspring of hap-

meet the fellow," he observed to him-H. M. Stanley has returned to self. "I suppose that, as he says, this his old vocation, that of the special man Ferguson is all right, but I haven't time to go skating all over this town correspondent. He is going to looking him up. I presume I ought to write about the resources and proshave gone and dug him out for Harry's pects of Rhodesia. Mr. Stanley is sake a long time ago, but I keep forgetalready on the spot. one of the ting it, and now I've involved myself in a foolish mesh of lies about my ex. guests at the opening of the Buluperiences with Ferguson, whom I have wayo railway. His letters will apnot met, and whom, to tell the truth, pear in South Africa and will after-I'm getting so I don't want to meet." ward be republished in a volume. Out in Pocatello Harry Howard was

delighted with the tidings he received Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! from Chicago. "It's a great satisfac-Ask your grocer today to show you a tion." he told himself, "to bring two package of Grain-O, the new food drink good men together this way. It's really that takes the place of coffee. The chila noteworthy thing to be the author of dren may drink it without injury as well a firm friendship between two first class as the adult. All who try it, hke it. people. Only I hardly think I understand this last letter of Ferguson's. 1 GRAIN-O has the rich seal brown of thought Walker had only two children, Mecha and Java, but it is made from

and here Ferguson writes me about his pure grains, and the most delicate little girl. She must have been born in stomach receives it without distres. 1/2 the last year. There were certainly the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per only two boys when I passed through package. Sold by all grecers. Chicago last summer. I'll send Ben my congratulations." THE lower house of congress has When Walker received the sheet con-

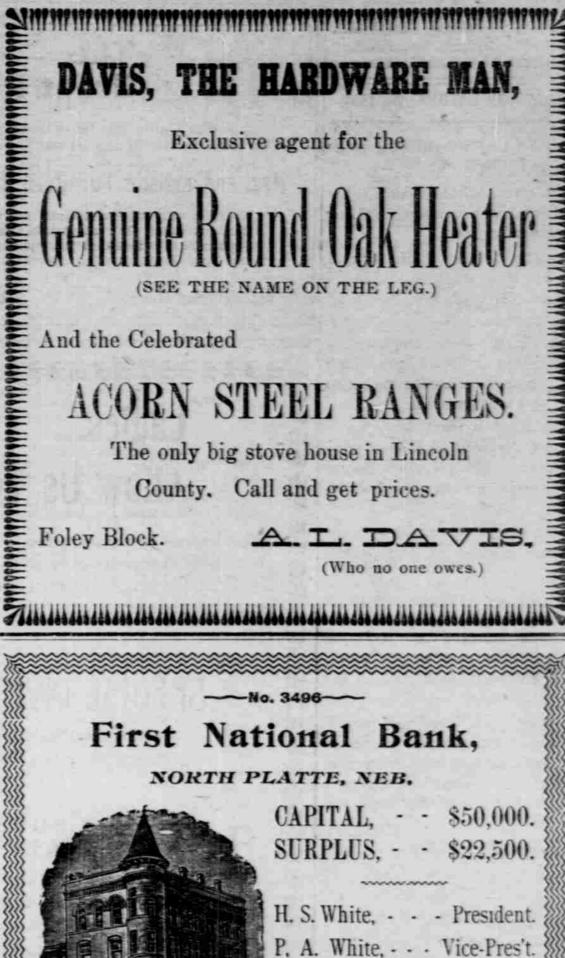
enacted a bill to reduce the clerveying honest Harry Howard's good wishes for the best and brightest future | ical force in the pension office to the for little Miss Walker, he ran his fin- extent of a saving of \$115.000. It gers through his hair and looked dazed. may be noted that in that locality baby?" he wondered. "I must have our populist friends are in the "When did I say anything about a new written him some lie about that fel- minority to a gratifying extent. low Ferguson's child. I think I have Ninety-five clerks will be dischargdescribed the man's wife and children ed.



Contagious Blood Poison has been appropriately called the curse of mankind. It is the one disease that physicians cannot cure; their mercurial and potash remedies only bottle up the poison in nent end. 1 m getting to hate the very the system, to surely break forth in a name of him. I'll bet he's a chear more virulent form, resulting in a total skate anyhow who has imposed upon wreck of the system. Howard's good nature. Why should I

Mr. Frank B. Martin, a prominent go drilling three miles into town just | jeweler at 926 Peusylvania Ave., Washington, D.C., says:





Evey Lancaster was one of those wo-

men who marry men they averagely love and are faithful wives and devoted mothers so long as passion, going down the country lane of their peaceful lives, passes them by on the other side. She, perhaps, loved her husband more than these women usually do, but then she was made of sterner stuff, and where there is more to conquer there is more to suffer Small blame to her, since heaven had made her charming. Small blame to Edward Vereker, her husband's friend, since he found her so, and he himself as goodly a man as you would meet on any summer's day. Her husband, David Lancaster, was a goodly man, too, and worthy of her and of Edward Vereker, his friend.

But there were three of them, and three is an evil number concerning men and women.

It was during the summer of 1893 that Edward Vereker and Evey, his friend's wife, began to be more than friends. He was staying with the Lancasters down in Surrey in their pretty little red house on the edge of the pretty little blue river, and David was going up and down to London every day, because it was yet early, and the various vacations and holidays had not begun. So he and she were left a good deal on one another's hands. Satan found mischief, not for those idle hands, but idle eyes, for that summer one's hands remained in one's lap and it was too hot even to talk, but it is as easy to look at one's neighbor as to stare blankly into space, and eyes can do a great deal by themselves, take it altogether.

So these two sat in the shady garden under the big cedars and looked at one another for want of something better to do and found the occupation suffice for all their needs.

Evey Lancaster was a good womanby nature, not by art. I mean she was naturally good and had not become so by trying very hard. She had been well brought up; she read decent books, and, therefore, only a few, and she meant every word of her share in the marriage service.

But, alas and alas, she was a woman, and a pretty one, and Edward Vereker was good looking and a man, though somewhat unusually moral and possessed of a sense of honor. Moreover, they that might have been, withered untimeboth loved David. But David was away | ly in the budding of passion's poppy all day, and-I mistrust June and the devil in a green garden!

I don't know that anything would have come of it if tragedy had not stepped in; Adelphi tragedy, battle, murder and sudden death in one of its most appalling forms in the shape of hydropho-

Evey and Edward had been unnecessarily energetic that day. Perhaps they both uncomfortably realized that sitting under the trees saying nothing wa becoming a little exciting. At any rate Evey went to the gunroom and brought out a Smith & Wesson of her husband's, and they set up a mark in the meadow ontside the garden, and, having prudently removed the cows, practiced shooting in the cool of the day. They shot very badly, but they had to look at the target, and that was comparative safety. They got tired of it at last, and she sat down under one of the great oak trees flanking the garden with the revolver in her lap, while he sauntered across the grass to rearrange the somewhat shaky target. She was near the gate leading to the road, and it was open, for the cows had gone that way to the farmyard, and in June, 1893, gates that it was not an imperative necessity to shut remained open for coolness' sake. And here the Adelphi melodrama came in, and through the open gate, too, heralded by "shouts outside"-a strange heart sickening clamor coming up from the hush of evening distanceboarse, scared yells, and the tramp of running feet and confused directions apparently issued in many voices. And through the open gate a horror rushed. a creature with dripping jaws and starin its strange, altered state but little resemblance to the friendly, kindly dog of a few days back, and at its heels a could be hastily snatched up, but none, Francis Bacon created the heavens and companionship with Ferguson. alas, with a gun.

ling," and passionately kissed her. David Lancaster came home in the gloaming half an hour later, with piece of salmon in a bass bag and the piness and made the railroad man's stay fifth Globe with all the latest cricket in in the sunburned regions of Idaho a

her face drawn with the stress of emo

tion which she had undergone, her

hands-those little hands that had done

so much-hanging limply by her side

And David opened the door and came in.

understood as he walked across the room

to where she stood and took her straight

and unhesitatingly into his arms that

somehow, in spite of all, he knew about

the kiss and had forgiven her. And the

kiss was all she could remember of her

When David Lancaster went up stair

to his wife and took her to his heart

without asking for a word of explana

tion on her part, he did the one thing

that saved him and her and Edward

I read a story once in which the con

Vereker from shipwreck.

past life.

pleasant vacation, and when Ferguson Evey, up at her window, white and was ready to leave Howard said to him: trembling still, watching with half "Now, old man, I want you to be averted eyes a figure pacing up and sure and meet my friend Walker. It's a down under the codars, saw her husband shame that two such splendid fellows coming in at the gate, saw him join the should live in the same town and be restless figure and tramp up and down strangers. I've written a letter of introin company and knew the story was beduction, and you just walk around to ing told him, for with a kiss had come his place when you get back to Chicago awakening and shame, as it came with and go out and take one on me. You'll the knowledge of good and evil into the like Walker and he'll like you." first garden.

Ferguson thanked Howard with an Some time later the two men cam easy conscience, for he, too, thought it back to the house, and Evey's preterwould be pleasant to meet one whom naturally sharpened ears heard Edward Howard recommended for his worth. ascend to his own room and David turn Then he returned to Chicago. down the passage to come to hers. She The letter of introduction nestled in stood in the middle of the floor in her his pocket for a month, quite forgotten. white gown, her hair slightly ruffled,

At the expiration of that time Ferguson received a note from Howard, who wanted to know something about a business matter which they had discussed in Pocatello. As a postscript Howard added the question : She could not look at his face, but she "You have seen Walker, of course?

Great fellow, isn't he?" "Walker, Walker-let me see," Ferguson mused. "Who in thunder is Walker? Oh, yes. That fellow I have the letter of introduction to. Well, 2

really must call on him." The same mail which bore the missive to Ferguson also carried one to Walker. Howard, among other things, wrote these words: "You remember Ferguson, whom I asked you to call up-

on? What do you think of him? He's the right sort, isn't he?" "By George," Walker cried on reading Howard's letter. "he did ask me to drop in on somebody named Ferguson, to whom he had given a letter for presentation to me. And I've clean forgot ten it. Wonder where the man's to be found?" He examined the directory's list of Fergusons, and then, with some show of disappointment, said to himself: "Pshaw! His office is down in the Grand Central station, three miles away. Well, next time I'm over that

way I'll stop." Then he called for his stenographer and dictated a letter telling Howard that he had enjoyed his visit with Ferguson immensely. Two weeks afterward Ferguson received further documents from Pocatel-

"The matter you were examining into." Howard wrote, "turns out to be a pretty good thing, and I'd advise you to hang on to it. I'll keep you posted on developments. I'll not let them fool you. By the way, what do you think of Walker? You haven't told me."

"Thunder and lightning!" Ferguson uttered, "I ought to have called on Howard's friend a month ago. Here he is doing me all kinds of good turns out

pleasant for me in Pocatello," he rea soned, "and it would have been no more than white for me to call on that friend of his at first, but I've got so blamed tired of the ery mention of the name that it fills me with loathing. I believe that if I were to meet that pirate of a Walker I'd want to throw bricks at him. I thought the first lie I told about him would let me out, but the falsehoods

and father in-law and the mortgage on

his house in my communications with

Howard. Harry's always asking new

questions, and the chances are that Fer-

guson has no family, and Howard thinks

it was a slip of the pen and that I wrote

about my own new baby-which

haven't got. Heavens, I wish this busi-

ness had never started! I wish I'd never

promised to call on Ferguson. I wish

Ferguson would get run over by a cable

car or come to some definite and perma-

to meet him and say: 'How are you? 1

know a friend of yours.' I shan't de

Ferguson had already come to a simi-

have multiplied upon themselves until I don't remember half the facts I have food. My hair was coming out rapidly. reported concerning that outlaw whom have never seen.

Two weeks ago Ferguson and Walker met. Ferguson, entering the library of his club, was accosted by a fellow member, who introduced his visiting friend, Walker. The two glared at each other, and Ferguson hurried into the billiard room.

"I have changed my mind about pre- vegetable) will cure any case of blood senting an application for member poison. Books on the disease ship," said Walker to the man who was and its treatescorting him. The next day Ferguson ment. mailed met the member who had introduced free by Swift Walker and said, "I'm sorry, old man, Atlanta, Ga. but if it is your intention to offer that fellow's name for membership I'll certainly do my best to get him blackballed.'

And this was the consummation of Harry Howard's kindly designs of reviving Damon and Pythias.-Chicage Record

Spain and a Conquered Race.

The idea of conquered races enjoying the most minute liberty of action by natural birthright was regarded in Spain as absurd. Little by little pressure was brought to bear on the king and his counselors, producing a gradual relaxafinally extended to half castes, was con- a dec fined exclusively to commerce with Spain. Both in the far east and the far west the exact size and number of packages shipped, the number of voyages per before the 10th day of January, 1808. annum to and fro of the Naos (government trading galleons), contents of bales, etc., were all regulated, and no one could ship without a boleto or public permit, which could only be obtained from the unscrupulous officials who had come to fill their pockets by the most corrupt means. Permission had to be somost any act beyond the common necessities of life. One could neither travel,

quit or enter the country, read, write, assemble in a group, build a house nor plant a field without license.

In the Philippine islands the natives were forced to think like their masters, to dress as they were told and to adopt the religion of their conquerors under the severest penalties of torture and frequently of death. In Mexico official ap-

pointments to the Manilla dependency were publicly sold. Until the American colonies were lost to Spain hardly one Spaniard in a generation carried capital Savage, to these new possessions to develop their 11-30 natural resources. Foreigners were jealously treated as intruders, and the European influx sprang generally from the lowest social orders, who acted like wolves let loose among a fold of sheep. -Westminster Review. Women Art Students. "Of all the curious things I ever seed," remarked the retired mariner, these here girl artists are the curiousest. The wonders of the deep is nothin to 'em. I was mendin a net down on the dock there a few days ago when one of deceased. Dated December 11th, 1-97. 'em comes erlong, plopped that three legged affair of hers down near me, PROBATE NOTICE rigged up her ombrel and set to work at paintin a schooner 'et was layin off in as Administrator of the Estate of John O. Lindh.

of blood poison, but my condition grew worse all the while, notwithstanding the fact that they charged me three 'hundred dollars My mouth was

filled with eating sores; my tongue was almost eaten away, so that for three months I was unable to taste any solid and I was in a horrible fix. I had tried

various treatments, and was nearly discouraged, when a friend recommended S.S.S. After 7 had taken four bottles, I began to get better, and when I had finished eighteen bottles, I was cured sound and well, my skin was without a blemish, and I have had no return of the disease. S.S.S.saved me from a life of misery." S.S.S. (guaranteed purely

Specific Co., Legal Notices.

LEGAL NOTICE.

First National Bank, Whitewater, Wis., and Phoenix Insurance company, non-residents de-endants, will take notice that on the 19th day of November, 1897, Daniel Hutchinson, plaintiff nerein, filed his petition in the District Lincoln county, Nebraska, against said defand-ants, impleaded with Karl Suska, et al., the object and prayer of which are to foreclose two mort gages executed by defendants, Karl Suska and Lizzie Suska, to the plaintiff, on the east half o the south-west quarter and lots six and seven of ection six in township eleven. twenty-six, west of the 6th P. M., to payment of one promissory note of \$1000, inted April 1, 1891, with sixteen coupon interest notes of \$50 each, attached, and to secure the payment of one promissory note of \$120.00, da subjects to their forced allegiance. there is now due and payable the sum of \$1745.40. with interest from November, 18, 1897, at the rate Trade, created by the Spaniards, which of 10 per cent per annum, and plaintiff prays for a decree that said premises may be sold to satisfy said debt and that the liens of said First National Bank, of Whitewater, Wis., and Phoenty Insurance Company be decreed to be junior and inferior to the mortgage liens of plaintiff.

You are required to answer said pe 19th day of November, 1897. DANIEL HUTCHINSON, Plaintiff, By W. D. Griffin, his Attorney 971

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb.,

November 15, 1897. Notice is hereby given that Rachael Anderson, has filed notice of intention to make final proof North Platte, Neb., on Tuesday, the 28th day of corrupt means. Permission had to be so-licited again and again to perform al-lix251, for the e ½ sw ½ of section No. 28, in Town-ship No. 13 N, Range No. 33 W.

She names as witnesses: Wiley Crane, Joseph Burch, Edward W. Crane, Jacob Fye, of North Platte, Neb. JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Land Office at North Platte, Neb.,

Notice is hereby given that the following-name ettler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the Register and Reeiver at North Platte, Neb., on January 15th, 1898, viz: WILSON A. CRANDALL,

H. E. No. 18273 for the W 1/2 N E 1/4, N 1/2 S E 1/4 of section 14, Township 9 N, Range 30 W JOHN F. HINMAN, Register NOTICE OF SALE. In the matter of the estate of William Buschhardt, deceased. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of Hon. H. M. Grimes, judge of the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, made on the 11th day of December, 1897, for the sale of the real estate hereinafter described, there will be sold at the east front door of the court house in the city of North Platte, on the Sth day of January, 1868, at 1 o'clock, p. m., at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate, to-wit: The southeast quarter of section 28, in township 13 north of range 32 rest. Said sale shall remain open one hour. INVING B. BOSTWICK. Administrator of the estate of William Buschhardt, d-17-3 The petition of Anna U. Lindb, filed Dec. 1



A general banking business transacted.

Arthur McNamara. - Cashier.

A. F. STREITZ, Druggist. DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS + OILS. Painters' Supplies, Window Glass, Machine Oils. **Diamanta Spectacles.** Deutsche Apotheke.

C. F. IDDINGS, LUMBER, COAL **AND GRAIN**

Order by telephone from Newton's Book Store.



cluding sentence ran thus, "And so by a little thing was a woman saved from the misfortune of a great passion." Edward Vereker, having done all that lay in his power to atone for what had happened, left the house early next morning without seeing Evey again. And her husband shook hands with him

at parting. They have not met since, except casu ally in society, and then they meet and greet as friends. They had fallen a lit tle way together and repented of it, and with repentance comes revulsion of feel-

ing and with that the end of all things flowers.

So she was nervic in that she saved him, and ho was noble in that he confessed his kiss to her husband. But somehow it scems to me that the greatest of these three was David Lancaster, who heard and understood and yet, hearing and understanding, forgave.-Black and White.

It was inevitable that the Bacon folly should preced to commit suicide by piling up extravagances. By some methods one can prove anything, and accordingly we find writers busy in tracing Bacon's hand in the writings of Greene. Marlowe, Shirley, Marston, Massinger, Middleton and Webster. They are sure that he was the author of Montaigne's essays, which were afterward translated into what we have always supposed to be the French original. Mr. Donnelly believes that Bacon also wrote Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Next comes Dr. Orville Owen with a new cipher which proves that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth by Robert Dudley, and that he was the author of the "Faerie Queene" and other poems attributed to Edmund Spenser. Finally we have Mr. J. E. Roe, who does not mean to be outdone. He asks us what we are to think of the notion that an ignorant tinker like John Bunyan could have written the most perfect allegory in any language. Perish the thought! Nobcdy but Bacon could have done it. Of course Bacon had been more than 50 years in his grave when "Pilgrim's Progress" was published as Bun-yan's, but your true Baconizer is never stopped by trifles. Mr. Roe assures us that Bacon wrote that heavenly book. ing eyes, a big, black retriever, bearing as well as "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Tale of a Tub," which surely begins to make him seem ubiquitous and everlasting. If things go on at this rate, we concourse of men armed with sticks and shall presently have a religious sect farm implements and any weapon that bolding as its first article of faith that the pleasure he had drawn from his

the earth in six days and rested on the

there in Pocatello and I haven't gratitude enough to go and meet the man he asked me to." He would have rushed out forthwith to commune with Walker, only he saw that the directory located the man away off on the North Side. "I'll take that letter around to him next week," said Ferguson.

He did not, however. He promptly forgot all about Walker until a fortnight passed and information came from Pocatello that "the property is up 20 per cent in value. Give my respects to Walker the next time you see him." "Next time I see him." Ferguson re peated. "Let's see. Did I say I had already met him? I guess I must have told Howard something like that. Well, I'll have to lie it out on that line if it takes all summer." So he answered Howard's letter by saving that he and Walker had together seen a play the night before and had had a most enormously good time. He even repeated some anecdotes of Howard's earlier life which he declared Walker had told him. "I'd like to know whether Walker is married or single," Ferguson thought. "I've got a bully story I could tell about him if I only knew. Doggone him! I wish I didn't have that letter of introduction to him. He's getting to be a kind of nuisance." About the same time Walker, writ-New York Press. ing to Howard, was saying how much

he was indebted to the western man for "Only I wish to heaven Harry hadn't or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists

Evey Lancaster, revolver in hand, seventh day .- John Fiske in Atlantic. | been so fervent in his desire to have me, refund money.

the river. Tide was pretty near ther deceased, will be heard in the County Court of least of ther ebb when she began, and Lincoln County, Nebraska, on December 29, 1897. atip. m. ther schooner was, of course, pintin up stream. Well, she got erlong pretty well puttin the two masts in her all right and the bowsprit. While she was paintin the hills across ther river tide turned and swung the old schooper around. When she come to look at her picter, she must er seen somethin was wrong about that air bowsprit. It looked wrong 321-4 somehow, and I'm blest if she didn't go and put another one on, sticking out over the stern of the dauged thing."-

Land Office at North Platte, Neb., / December 1st, 1897 5 Notice is hereby given that Frank M. Shields To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c.

We aim to handle the best grades of goods Sell everything at reasonable prices, and warrant all goods to be just as represented. All Prescriptions Carefully Filled by a Licensed Pharmacist. Orders from the country and along the line of the Union Pacific Railway is respectfully solicited. First door north of First National Bank. BROEKER'S SUITS JAMES M. RAY, County Judge. J. F. FILLION, NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Claims against the Estate of George W. Dillard leceased, will be filed in County Court of Lincoln Plumber, Tinworker ALWAYS FIT. County, Nebraska, within six months from this 18th day of December, 1897. Such claims will be audited in said court on January 19, 1898, and on June 18, 1898, at one o'clock p. m. each day. The Administrator will settle said Estate within one from this day. General Repairer. We have been making garments for JAMES M. RAY, Connety Judge. North Platte citizens for over twelve NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Special attention given to years, and if our work and prices were not satisfactory we would not be here BICYCLE REPAIRING. Notice is hereby given that Frank M. Shields has filed notice of intention to make final proof be-fore Begister and Receiver at his office in North Platte Neb., on Saturday, the 25th day of January, 1898, ou timber culture application No. 12,580, for the southwest quarter of section No. 32, in town-ship No. 12 north, range No. 33 west. He names as witnesses Charles Winner, John Housen, James Sites and John Waters, all of Wallace, Neb. d21-6 JOHN F. HINMAN, Begister. WHEELS TO RENT F. J. BROEKER.

MERCHANT TAILOR.