

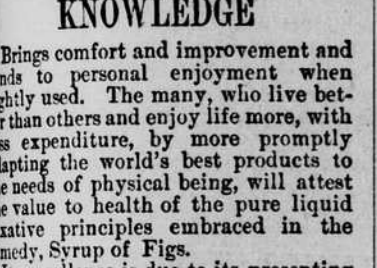
Hypnotism.
Can a hypnotized person be made to commit a crime? was very emphatically answered in the affirmative by a Voisin of Paris, in a paper delivered before the British association. He suggested to a subject under his influence to commit acts of incendiarism while hypnotically asleep, and there was evidence in each case. More than that, a man was recently sentenced in Paris for a succession of acts of robbery. It was ascertained that she had been habitually hypnotized, and upon investigation it was discovered that she had robbed under the suggestion of outside parties.

How's This!
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for each case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Dr. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Truxax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Waiding, Kinnam & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Cheney's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

No man is fit to lead who has not the courage to stand alone.

In every country consumption kills more than any other one disease. An adult respirees twenty-eight ounces in twenty-four hours.



KNOWLEDGE
Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid native principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from any objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"
I used August Flower for Loss of vitality and general debility. After taking two bottles I gained 60 lbs. I have sold more of your August Flower since I have been in business than any other medicine I ever kept. Mr. Peter Zinville says he was made a new man by the use of August Flower, recommended by me. I have hundreds tell me that August Flower has done them more good than any other medicine they ever took. GEORGE W. DYE, Sardis, Mason Co., Ky.

NEED THE WARNING
Which nature is constantly giving in the shape of boils, pimples, eruptions, ulcers, etc. These show that the blood is contaminated, and some assistance must be given to relieve the trouble. It is the remedy to force out these poisons, and enable you to
GET WELL.

It is the remedy to force out these poisons, and enable you to
GET WELL.
I have had for years a humor in my blood, which made me dread to shave, as small boils or pimples would burst, thus causing the shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles my face is all clear and smooth as it should be—appetite splendid, sleep well, and feel like running a foot ball from the use of Dr. S. S. S.
CHAS. HEATON, 73 Laurel St., Phila. Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

DRS. E. T. ALLEN, AND SUMNER DAVIS, AND SURGEONS, OMAHA.
EYE THROAT EAR SURGEONS, OMAHA. RANGE BLOCK.

LONG AGO.
Sweetest scene were those we sung
Long ago
Rarest skies were those we knew
Long ago
Then did roses redder, rarer,
Swaying lilacs, whiter, fairer,
Gently blow.
Softest winds were those that blew
Lightly so—
Dearest dreams were those we had
In the Spring-time sweet and glad
Long ago
Purest gold was that we found
Long ago
Warmest hearts were those that sixed
Long ago
Brightest eyes the eyes that gazed,
Purest lips the lips that praised,
Whispering low—
Gayest laughter that which died
Ere the woo—
Fondest hands the hands we felt
Frosted about us as we knelt
Long ago.
—Kathleen Kavanaugh.

THE BURGLARS.
It had struck 2 o'clock, and I had been awake listening for some time when Blanche suddenly sat up beside me and said:
"Agnes! Oh, gracious, Agnes, I think I hear a noise!"
"Nonsense," I said; "It's nothing. Go to sleep, Blanche. You're always hearing something."
"Oh, but Agnes," began Blanche again, very shakily, and couldn't go on, because just then Kitty Fox came rushing wildly in from the next room and almost killed herself by falling over the trunk.
"Girls," she whispered hoarsely, as she picked herself up in the dark-end of the room, "there are burglars in the house! I hear them."
"I told you so," said Blanche with grim triumph as we both sprang out on the floor; and there we stood irresolute, three shivering images of despair.
"That's the worst of these seaside cottages—hatful things!" groaned Blanche.
"Well, then, what in the name of common sense made mamma and the boys miss the train our very first night down here?" I said quite violently. "They'll be sorry when they come in the morning and find us murdered," I added gloomily.
"After all, maybe we didn't hear anything at all," interposed Kitty with a forced attempt at cheerfulness, but as if to mock at her rising spirits there came again the ominous, muffled sounds, striking terror to our fainting hearts. Thump, thump, thump.
"Oh, Agnes!" cried Blanche hysterically, "don't go; don't leave us."
"If you will kindly let go my plait, Blanche," I said sternly, "I won't desert you. I'm only going over to the window. I left the poor thing collapsed entirely on the edge of the bed, and crossing the room softly, looked down into the side yard. Horror of horrors! There was a bright light streaming from the dining room windows. My frightened exclamation brought the other two flying over. "Heavens! how many of them are there?"—this from Kitty.
"Agnes, where's the candle?"
"Left it on the mantle," I answered with unnatural calmness. So she went over to find it and couldn't and Blanche and I helped, and between us we succeeded in knocking over the alarm clock, a pitcher of water and a glass, but no candle materialized.
"This was truly disheartening. 'Is there any blessed thing to defend ourselves with when they get up this far?' asked level-headed Kitty.
"Not a mortal thing but the curling irons," I said, "and you'd better take them Kit, you're the strongest."
"You take the Jamaica ginger, Agnes, and throw it in some of their eyes," suggested Blanche incoherently. She actually did.
"Do it yourself, Blanche," I answered scathingly, and then began tugging might and main at the bed to drag it in front of the door. With a tremendous effort we managed to dump the trunk in on the mattress and piled all the chairs and promiscuous furniture on top of that again, and then there was nothing to do but dump down on the floor and await our awful fate in the sickening silence.
"Agnes, don't you remember seeing Dr. Cooper's sign up next door as we came in yesterday?" suddenly whispered Kitty. "He must be a man, you know," she added logically, "so let's all thump on the wall. If he sleeps in there he'll hear us and come to the rescue, unless he's a coward."
"Thank heaven! that's a grand idea, Kitty," I cried, almost joyfully, and with that we each found a slipper or something and began hammering in unison at about the spot where one would suppose the doctor's head-board to be.
It seemed as though we had knocked for hours before we heard an answering voice, and when we did hear it we were so startled that we dropped brush and irons and everything simultaneously. "Hello!" came through the partition in sleepy masculine tones, "what's up, anyhow?"
I put my lips close to the wall and replied: "For pity's sake, help us. There are burglars in the house." There was a muffled sound of energetic motion and again the doctor spoke: "Hold on, cheer up," he called, informally, "I have a phone in my room and I'll just waken them up at the station. You'll have a couple of policemen in less than five minutes."
"Oh, thank God!" exclaimed Blanche, tragically, and we all sank down on the couch and huddled up close. All this while the noises below had never ceased. "They must be smashing all the down-stairs furniture," said poor Blanche, dolefully, and Kitty and I sighed in dismal acquiescence. Presently there came a tap at the wall, and disengaging myself violently from Blanche and Kitty I ran over and answered the signal.
"Can't get any answer from the station," called the doctor through

plaster and paper. "Will go in gladly myself, if you want help."
"Oh, please come—and hurry, hurry," I hastened to answer.
"Will you let me in the front door?" was his next sally, which, by the way, almost drove Blanche into spasms at the mere anticipation of such unequalled daring on our part.
"Oh, goodness, no! I'd be deathly afraid," I called back. "Can't you come in the window over the porch?"
"All right; be with you in an instant," he shouted.
"Bring your pistol—oh, and a candle, please," I begged, and then fled for my dressing gown, while Blanche excitedly put on her sailor hat and the silk quilt, and Kitty began tearing down her curl papers. Almost at once there came a peck at the window, and a man's tall figure loomed up against the glass. I raised the window and he climbed in. "Where are they?" was his first business-like question. "Down in the dining room," we all volunteered at once; and as the doctor struck a match and lit the candle he held, Kitty and Blanche immediately scuttled behind the door and left me standing there alone. Afterwards they explained themselves by saying they had imagined he was old and ugly. The very idea! Suppose I had done the same thing and chased away like a simpleton. What would the man have thought? "Didn't you bring your pistol?" I quavered.
"I have none," he answered calmly, "but this loaded stick, and a strong right arm will get in some good work if we can get into action at once," he added with a meaning glance at the unsightly pyramid before the door.
"We put them there to keep them out," I explained lucidly, my face like burning coals, and forthwith made a frantic dash at the obstruction in the attempt to remove everything in a flash.
But the doctor pushed me firmly aside. "Allow me," he said gently; "you will hurt yourself," and putting his shoulder against the bed he moved it aside with the ease of a modern Hercules. Then I unbolted the door with shaking fingers, and as the doctor began to creep cautiously down Kitty condescended to come out and we both leaned over the banisters, not daring to breathe. Just as our hero got underneath, Kitty carelessly let the hot candle drip down on his lovely head and nearly spoiled everything, for the doctor said something pretty loud, and the next instant he sprang like a panther at the dining-room door and flung it wide open. Shriek upon shriek and the most desperate groans burst upon our terrified ears. Then sounds of a scuffle, and then a woman's voice alone.
"Oh, heavens, they've been killing Ann Doyle!" sobbed Kitty clutching at my arm convulsively. "Oh, Agnes, isn't this perfectly awful!"—but Kitty never got further in her lamentations, for at that instant Ann Doyle and the doctor emerged alive and well from the brilliant dining room. We all rushed down (and a nice sight we were, I'm sure). "Arrah, thin, Miss Agnes," began Ann Doyle, forlornly, "it's sorry I am to alarm you all like this, but me tooth's been aching that bad all night, an' I had no clock, bad cess to it for a cabin of a place, so I thought it must be near mornin' anyway an' I'd jist get up an' chop a bit of kindlin' for the fire, so I did. An' I'm sure I beg your pardon, hopin' yez won't tell your mamma, for it's crazy she'll think I am, shure."
"Oh, it's all right, Ann," I said feebly; "the only thing is, we've given the doctor so much trouble." I went on, not daring to look at him.
"Pshaw! that's nothing, I assure you," said that amiable young man, with immense good-will. "I'm only too glad it was nothing serious. And I'm afraid I badly frightened Ann in the midst of her exemplary occupation."
"Shure, it's a crazy man I thought you were," said Ann irreverently.
"We are awfully grateful to you for your kindness, doctor," murmured Kitty from the gloom of the top stair.
The doctor bowed to the darkness above.
"Nothing but a pleasure," he said, with flattering sincerity, and turned to go.
I escorted him to the door and we had some trouble with the bolts. He was clumsy enough getting them undone, goodness knows.
"Good-night," he finally said, "and, oh, by the way, it's my father who is the doctor, you know. They're all away to-night you know. I am only his eldest hopeful—Walter Cooper, at your service. So glad we're to be neighbors. Please remember that if I can be of service to you at any time you have only to command in the same way as before, if you like," and here our hero indulged in a ringing laugh that was faintly echoed by the silly things on the stairs.
"Oh, thank you so much," I managed to mumble after I had laughed, too, and as you can't talk to a man forever without looking at him, I raised my eyes—and dropped them again quickly enough. Gracious! he was handsome. I wonder what in the world he thinks of me—that is, of all of us—by this time.
Kitty and Blanche would love to know.—Philadelphia Times.

His Wife's Letters Sarcas.
A lawyer accidentally opened one of his wife's letters the other day, and as he exclaimed that he didn't mean to do it, I asked him if it wouldn't stand in law.
"I never want to open any of my wife's," he added with a severe and stern expression of righteousness on his countenance. Then he added with a comical twinkle of the eye: "They contain too many bills."

The Same Thing.
"How much are your shirts?"
"How many do you want?"
"About a half dozen."
"They'll cost you \$18."
"So much?"
"Yes."
"That give me three and a big necktie."
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

If the kitchen table has no casters, buy a set and have them put on. It will save a deal of strength.

A SILENT WITNESS.
The Old Man Entertains His Companions With a Story.
The drummer had just finished one of his unrequited stories, and a gray-haired man in the smoking compartment with him looked up as if he could tell a story himself if he were sufficiently urged, says the Detroit Free Press.
"Go ahead with yours," suggested one of those sympathetic kind of men who know things intuitively.
"It isn't much," said the gray-haired man, modestly.
"That's what the boy said when he was looking for the definition of the word 'paucity,' but that's all right, give us the story," replied the intuitive person.
"Well," said the man, straightening up, "some years ago, when in a certain section of the West the sleeping cars were a novelty, they had a white man on one of our roads for a porter. He was a mean fellow and had a way of domineering around that wasn't pleasant. He was a coward, though, and afraid of a man that met him face to face. One night I got on at the town where I lived and this porter was uglier than usual—so ugly, in fact, that I pulled a gun on him and at the muzzle of it I chased him up and down and kicked him from one end of the car to the other. There were eight or ten passengers in the car with me, and by midnight, when the porter was about half drunk and we were ready to go to bed, they advised me to watch him, as he would probably try to get even by some underhanded method. I laughed it off and said I wasn't afraid, but just the same, while the porter was dozing in a seat in the corner, I fixed up a dummy to take my lower berth and I got into a vacant upper on the other side of the car. The next morning I was awakened by some one calling for the porter, but no porter answered.
"He's dead drunk out there in the smoker," I said, sticking my head through the curtains.
"I guess I'll go and see," said the inquirer, and I got up, too.
"We found two or three of our party ahead of us."
"Hello!" said one to me, "did you have any trouble with the porter in the night?"
"Of course not," I said; "where is he?"
"Don't know; thought maybe you had thrown him off the car."
"But I hadn't, and then we began to look for him, and the conductor appeared and couldn't tell us anything, either. Then an idea occurred to me.
"Wait a minute," I said, and I went back to the berth the porter had made down for me, and throwing open the curtains I found my dummy covered up comfortably just as I had left it, but driven through, right where the heart ought to be, was a knife at least twelve inches long in the blade.
"Then I called in the crowd.
"There," said I, "do you see the hilt of that knife? I'll give \$500 to know where the porter is."
"They stood aghast for a minute, but nobody claimed the \$500 and that porter was never heard of again."

HIS CLOTHES DIDN'T FIT.
And the Young Man Was Started on the Road to Affluence.
A group of well-dressed and prosperous-looking business men sat about a table in a famous New York restaurant a few days ago, chatting on all sorts of topics and watching the smoke wreaths from their cigars float up to the frescoed ceiling. The conversation drifted after a time into tales of business successes, and the oldest and most imposing member of the party did his share by telling the following story:
"I owe my present prosperity," he began, "to the fact that when I was a lanky youth of 17 my clothes did not fit me." To be more explicit, I was at that time in dreadfully hard luck. My people were dead. I hadn't a friend to whom I could turn. I had lost my six-dollar-a-week situation and was half starved, and my one suit—a cheap John affair—had shrunk until the lower edge of the waistcoat and the band of the trousers were absolutely divorced.
"One Sunday morning in December I was trudging along Fifth avenue, principally because my room was even more comfortable than the slushy streets, and I remember how I railed at everybody and everything. I was passionately fond of music and I went into the first church I came to attracted solely—I must confess—by the thought of the warmth and melody I would enjoy within.
"I was too bashful to sit while the congregation stood, and therefore rose every time and as my waistcoat and trousers displayed a wide zone of shirt front, I was forced to lean forward in a most devout manner all the time.
"As I turned to go out at the close of the service an old gentleman behind me slipped a card into my hand and said: 'I like to see reverence in a young man. You look as if you were having a hard time of it. Come to see me to-morrow and I may be able to help you.'
"I went and got a good berth in his office, and from that worked myself up to comparative wealth. Queer, isn't it?"

The Devil's Table.
Many readers of "Notes for the Curious" have heard learned friends or travelers allude to the Teufelstisch and the Glass Palace without the least idea of the interesting objects referred to. To quickly come to the point we will say that the Teufelstisch is the name given a large, flat rock lying near Graefenberg, Bavaria. Translated into English the meaning of the word is Devil's Table. Regularly at midnight on the night of May 1, the ghosts of the ancient kings of France used to assemble around the Teufelstisch and hold a fantastic banquet. Later on some old folk-lore writers claim that a glass palace, invisible to mortal eyes, sprang up at that point with the Devil's Table in the center. From midnight until daylight on the date mentioned above, Gambrinus, the inventor of beer, sported around the big flat rock with others of the shadowy crew.—St. Louis Republic.

A Talented Man.
Junior Partner—I see you have engaged a new clerk. Is he a good salesman?
Senior Partner—Good salesman? Great snakes! I had to send for the police to prevent him from talking me into taking him into the firm.—N. Y. Weekly.
Russia has 180,000 blind persons within the limits of the empire.

Come to the Rescue.
As surely as any known effect follows a cause, just so surely will disease of the kidneys succeed their inactivity. If that inaction be not promptly remedied. Come to the rescue with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which gives a healthy impulse to the action of both the kidneys and the bladder, without exciting them, like an unmedicated stimulant. Bordered active by this genial diuretic and tonic, they perform their functions thoroughly and regularly, removing from the system impurities which beget rheumatism, dropsy, gravel, Bright's disease, diabetes and scurvy of the bladder. The contraction of either one of these formidable maladies is the penalty exacted by nature for indifference to that plain warning—sluggish action of the kidneys. When this exists, no moment should be lost in the use of the remedy indicated. Bear in mind that the Bitters will relieve with equal promptness disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels and nervous system, and cure or prevent malarial complaints.

The Two Spheres.
Little Dick—Papa doesn't have any fun. He has to go to business every day.
Little Dot—That's to get money, 'cause he's a provider, mamma says.
"A what?"
"A provider."
"Well, if papa is—a provider, I wonder what mamma is."
"I guess she's a divider."

BECHAM'S PILLS cure biliousness and nervous illness. Becham's Pills will well because they cure. 25 cents a box.
A male adult has half an ounce of sugar in his blood.

You can Economize
By using Royal Baking Powder to the exclusion of all other leavening agents. The official analysts report it to be 27% greater in leavening strength than the other powders. It has three times the leavening strength of many of the cheap alum powders.
It never fails to make good bread, biscuit and cake, so that there is no flour, eggs or butter spoiled and wasted in heavy, sour and uneatable food.
Do dealers attempt, because times are dull, to work off old stock, or low grade brands of baking powder? Decline to buy them. During these times all desire to be economical, and
Royal is the most Economical Baking Powder.

Quizzed by Lincoln.
Judge Glenn W. Scofield was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. A Warren county private, having knocked down his captain, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the Dry Tortugas. His friends urged Scofield to have him released, so he went to see the president and told his story. Listening attentively, Lincoln replied: "I tell you, judge, you go right down to the capitol and get congress to pass an act authorizing a private soldier to knock down his captain. Then come back here and I will pardon your man." The judge says there was such an air of quizzical earnestness about the president's manner that they both broke out in an out-burst of laughter. The judge did not press the case further.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

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Dr. Schoep's Restorative Nerve Pills sent free with Medical Book to prove merit, for 2c stamp. Druggists, 25c. DR. SCHOEP, Box W., Racine, Wis.

Grisham Confidences.
Maud—Has your fiancé a moustache?
Marie—Yes, indeed!
Maud—Is it light or dark?
Marie—It's—it's—well, the fact is I really don't know. I never see him except when the gas is turned down.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-remembered, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

In all countries more marriages take place in June than in any other month.
In Russia there are 615 new cases of leprosy every year.
FITZ—All the stopped free by DR. ELIEN'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fee after first day's use. Merit courses. Treatise and 50¢ trial bottle free to 75¢ cases. Send to Dr. Kings, 631 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The right side is always the strongest side, no matter how weak it looks.
"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents.

Goodness is contagious when it comes close enough to touch.
Indolence is the sleep of the mind.
When you bury animosity don't put any flowers on its grave.
The fattest man ever known was Daniel Lambert, 730 pounds.

IT COVERS A GOOD DEAL OF GROUND
—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.
And when you hear that it cures so many diseases, perhaps you think "it's too good to be true."
But it's only reasonable. As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer, nothing like the "Discovery" is known to medical science. The diseases that it cures come from a torpid liver, or from impure blood. For everything of this nature, it is the only guaranteed remedy. In Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bronchitis, Throat and Lung affections, every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, and in the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY.
If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 40 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliability. Our famous "Baking Soda" cure for itching skin, eczema, etc., is a sure cure, and our "Sulphur" cure for scabies, etc., is a sure cure. COOK BROTHER CO., Chicago, Ill.

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Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100; assorted sizes.
JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO.,
Waltham, Mass.

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DUTCHER'S FLY KILLER kills flies instantly. No danger in handling it. Every sheet will kill a quart of flies, insuring peace while you eat and the comforts of a nap in the morning. Use instead of Dutcher's and secure best results.
FRED'K DUTCHER DRUG CO., St. Albans, Vt.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. DR. E. T. BASLINE, Warren, Pa.

FOLKS REDUCED from 150 lbs to 100 lbs in 10 weeks. No treatment (by physician). No starving. Thousands cured. Send for a stamp. O. W. F. KNYPPER, M. D., Miami Point, Fla. McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Ill.

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INSURE in the Farmers and Merchants Insurance Company of Lincoln. Capital and Surplus over \$500,000. 1,025 losses paid to Nebraska people since 1884.
Manufactured with care, use Thomson's Eye Water.

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