FOLDED HANDS.

For tired hands that follod so hard for me, At rest before me now I see them lving. They tolled so hard, and yet we could not see That she was dying.

Poor, rough hands that drud;ed the live-long Still busy when the midnight oil was burnoft telling on until she saw the gray Of day returning.

If I could sit and hold those tired bands.
And fee the warm life-blood within them beating.
And gaze with her across the twilight lands,
Some whispered words repeating,

I think to-night that I would love her so,
And I could tell my love to her so truly,
That e en though thred, she would not wish And leave me thus unduly.

Poor, tired heart that had so weary grown.
That death came all unheeded o'er it creep How still it is to sit here all alone, While she is sleeping.

Dear, patient heart that deemed the heavy of drudging household toll its highest duty: That laid aside its precious yearnings there Along with beauty

Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still, and

cold.

(How peacefully and dreamlessly she's sleeping!)

The spotiess shroud of rest about them fold, And leave me weeping

—Albert Bigelow Paine in the Home Queen

SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER XI-CONTINUED. But he had so much to tell her. He grew warm upon the subject of his newly recovered faculty, and she listened as if she drank life and happiness with every word. He was so glad to be able to tell her all he re-membered, his boyish history, his days at school and afterwards, and he wandered on to his rovings on the prairies. Lucy's face became paler yet, and a hushed awe trembled on her brow.

He told her all that he remembered about their first meeting, and about his encounter with Dick Ashland. Suddenly, a look of horror crept over his features. He started up, as from a fearful dream, and stared at the girl who sat in front of him.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "it's come back to me! It's come back to me! It was David Maclane who murdered Dick Ashland, and who tried to murder me!"

He rose writhing his arms in the air, and with staring eyes, he retreated a step or two.

"I can see him as it is he added, in nervous rapidity. "I he added, in nervous rapidity. I am have shot us from the gulch head above. I can see David Maciane drawing a big knife across Dick Ashland's throat, and the blood is spurting all over him as he kneels, and I fire at the hound from where I lie; and he comes running towards me, and grips me by the throat, and takes my pistol from me and beats me with it on the head—savagely, furiously. And I hear a woman's voice, crying 'Stop! stop!' and I can see you, Lucy-you Lucy-coming down the gulch side."

The hot tears were streaming over his face. His breath heaved as if in

suffocating agony, and his hands quivered by his side.

Lucy had risen also, and was standing there like a white statue of celess, tearless torture.

He gazed at her long and intently. drawing his breath in vain efforts to speak. At last he clutched his hair,

"Your father and your cousin murdered Dick Ashland—and you—you saved my life."

He fell down on his knees, and dragged himself to where she stood, and covered her cold hand with

"You angel of angels! Why did I not know ere this what I owe to you?
Why do I remember it only now?" When the picture of that fearful

scene was completed, and he had not pushed her from him in disgust as the daughter of an assassin; when he had only found words of praise for what she deemed but her duty humbly done, the warm fountains of her heart were loosened, and Lucy found relief in balmy tears. Her heart-strings, strained to breaking nearly. again made tender music. She stooped to him, and obeying her gentle impulse, he rose to his feet.

They were both overstrung in ind. Sir William had permitted them to walk in the garden, and they stepped out into the sweetly cool

How long they walked up and down there, with barely a word spoken now and then, neither of them knew.

The heavens glittered with their canopy of stars, and the ghostly gained faculty of memory." light of the moon spread like a pearly foam over the sward and the flower-clad borders.

They walked around to the other side of the house, where a bench invited them to a momentary rest. It was now Lucy's turn to open her knew all. all that she had hoped to hide from him her father's crime, her cousin's guilt. Her task was ended, she said; fairer hands than hers would smooth his path-a worthier woman than she would bring him love and affection. All that remained to her now was to go away-far away-far away from him and from the world, to some spot where, forgotten by those she knew. she might bring solace to some who

were suffering. He started up as if in fright. "You want to go away, Lucy?" he cried. "You want to leave me be-cause your father is guilty? You the truest woman on earth! No. Lucy; I know you better now than I ever did. and your father's guilt can bring no stain to you."

At that moment, on a sudden, a flerce, flendish, unearthly roar graw into a hundred deafening crashes not far from them. The very earth seemed to tremble, and their frightened eyes were blinded by a flery Thunder-crash succeeded on glare. thunder-crash, and a perfect hale storm of iron and stone rained about them without touching them.

David and George Maclane's hellish scheme had brought retribution on their own heads.

CHAPTER XII. The Morning News, of 18th July, 1860, contained the following paragraph:

"A terrible, and up to this moment, inexplainable explosion of gun-powder occurred about 1 o'clock this morning at Reedon Lodge, a small house standing in its own grounds. on a lane between Shepperton and Halliford-on-Thames, about nineteen miles from Charing Cross. Mr. Samuel Bond, the proprietor of the "Greyhound" inn, at Shepperton, a few weeks ago, let the house to Mr. Sylvanus Thompson, who lived in it with a sick friend, whose name is unknown, and an elderly servant. Mr. Thompson was not in the house at the time of the disaster, but it is teared that both the other men have become victims to the explosion. The house was completely destroyed, and fragments have been found a quarter of a mile away. Considerable damage has been done to the next building. The Nest, belonging to Sir William Cuthbertson, but, luckily the earl of Cleve, and a young lady, and an attendant, who were staying at The Nest at the time, escaped without injury.'

The "Morning News," of 20th July, contained the following: "We can now amplify the lengthened and detailed account, given in our issue of yesterday about the explosion at Reedon Lodge, by some startling and horrify-ing particulars. Upon the re-moval yesterday, by the workmen engaged in the task, of the debris of the gutted place, a shaft about ten feet deep was discovered in the cen-

ter of the floor of the lower room. The men who descended found that it communicated by an excavated narrow tunnel with a small dug-out chamber underneath the room in which the earl of Cleve has lately been confined. This, in addition to the discovery of the packet of un-exploded fuses, and the large amount lying here, and Dick Ashland is lying here." He pointed with outstretched fingers to two distinct places on the carpet. "We are both shot—those fiends, the Maclanes, have shot us from the gulch head ties at Scotland Yard, and active researches are being made for Mr. Sylvanus Thompson, who has not yet shown himself, and whose whereabouts are totally unknown. We understand the earl of Cleve has offered a reward of a thousand pc inds for the discovery of the perpetrator or perpetrators of this erime, and we are happy to add that Lord Cleve, who, as our readers are aware, has only just recovered from a dangerous operation, is none the

worse for the accident.' The Morning News of 23d July, published the following:

"The accumulated evidence concerning the explosion at Reedon Lodge, Halliford-on-Thames, becomes despair, wringing her hands in daily more appalling. It has now been incontestably proved that the horribly mangled remains of the two men killed by the explosion are those of Mr. David Maclane and Mr. George Maclane, two American millionaires, residing at The Boltons, South Kensington, who had lately attracted a very great deal of attention in London society, Mr. David Maclane having been engaged to be married to Lady Evelyn Wynter, only daughter of the marquis of Gwendale. The awful news has spread consternation in fashionable circles, and people are asking with bated breath whether the Maclanes are the victims or the originators of an attempted dastardly crime.'

The Morning News of 27th July said:

"No doubt whatever remains at the present moment that the wretched men, George and David Maclane, became, by the intervention of an avenging Providence, the victims of their own fiencish scheme to assassinate Lord Cleve. The earl has informed the authorities that David and George Maclane were the men who at-tempted to murder him in the Rocky mountains, and that it was David Maclane who had inflicted upon him the terrible wounds which had brought about his total loss of mem-The motive for this second attempt on Lord Cleve's life was the fear of discovery and conviction, re-suiting from the earl's newly-re-

"The Morning News, of 16th

September, 1860, said:-'The English consulate at Paris has received information that a very large sum of money in notes of the bank of England and bank of France has been found upon the body of Herbert Vavasour, an English gentleman, who has died of delirium tremens at the Hotel des Etrangers. No papers or documents of any kind were found giving a clue to the deceased's friends or relatives, and the money remains in the possession of the French police."

From the Morning News, 26th September, 1860:-

The body of the man calling himself Herbert Vavasour, lately deceased in Paris, has been recognized as that of Edward Wall, a convicted thief. The numbers of the notes found upon him proved that they were issued by the bank of England to David Maclane who was killed in

the Reedon Lodge explosion." do not show that any further evidence be handsomely rewarded.

was adduced to prove who was the actual perpetrator of the Reedon Lodge outrage. I am therefore. justified in believing that it remained one of those mysterious crimes which the London police have been unable to unravel.

L'ENVOL "Mr. Quenthelm has settled it all, my dear Lucy," said the earl of Cleve to the beautiful young counters, "and we will not touch one copper of these blood-stained millions. A hun-dred thousand pounds go to Fred Ashland, and three-hundred thousand pounds are divided among his three children. The London charities get a million; twenty-thousand pounds go to the Staffordshire hospitals, and the rest is distributed amongst charitable institutions in America. Are you contented now, my dear?" he asked.

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Yes, darling, she said, with a tear brimming in her big blue eye. "I am happy now—as happy as ever I hope to be in this wicked world." THE END.

Steam Power in Sugar Mil's. Steam power is being gradually introduced into the sugar mills. but the island of Barbadoes is still well studded with windmills, which pleasingly diversify the monotonous aspect of the over cultivated country. Indeed with so constant a power as the trade wind, most of the work of this favored land can be performed almost free of cost. If you need water you have only to sink a well and erect a windmill over it. which will keep your reservoir full. The coral rock is so porous that there is no such thing as a river in the whole island. The whole rainfall sinks through the soil to form underground streams, which discharge their copious floods below the surface of the sea.

A Cure for Rattlesnake Bite. A cure of rattlesnake bite by the chicken remedy is reported from Madison county, Georgia, and the incident has recalled other like cures in that region in times past. The remedy is to kill a chicken and apply the flesh as quickly as possible to the wound; the poison, it is assumed, is absorbed by the chicken flesh. The patient in this instance was badly bitten, but suffered little inconvenience and was soon quite well. There is a belief in Georgia that if the snake inflicting the wound is caught and killed and its flesh similarly applied a cure will surely result.

The Book for Him.

There was a backward student at Balliol who, for failure to pass an examination in Greek, was "sent down." His mother went to see the master. Dr. Jowett, and explained to him what an excellent lad her son was. "It is a hard experience for him, this disgrace," said the old lady; "but he will have the consolation of religion, and there is always one book to which he can turn." Jowett eyed her a moment and then answered: "Yes, madam, the Greek grammar. Good-morning." - Argo-

How Mexicans Get Cool Water. The Mexicans do not use ice, but nevertheless there is no country where a man can get a glass of cool. The water jars are made of porous pottery which allows the water to ooze out through the material of the tanks and the evaporation keeps it always cool. It is not cold like our ice water, but it is all the better on that account, as a man can drink twice as much and never feel in the least injured, no matter how large his draughts.

A New York Wayfarer's Lodge. A new wayfarer's lodge, opened in New York, contains beds for 200, unlimited bathrooms and an impressive wood yard. An applicant must saw one-sixteenth of a cord of wood for a luncheon, one-eighth of a cord for dinner and lodging, and as soon as the wood is ready he is obliged to take a bath before he can reach his reward. All clothing is put into the fumigating rooms at night. The building is so constructed that the rooms can be daily flooded with the

The air brakes on railroads are being built with a view to their use on trains of 100 cars. The plant on each train is being built so that it can be used in such a way as to bring the speed down from eighty to thirty miles per hour within five seconds. Great power has to be used and every part of the apparatus has to be perfect to stand the strain.

Electric Light for Balt.

Electric light is being used as a bait by fishermen who ply their calling along the Pacific coast. This Yankee adaptation of electricity brings big hauls. The fish are attracted by the bright light in the water, and their investigations generally end in their being hooked while trying to swallow the glass globules.

Swiss Lake .

The lakes of Switzerland are great settling beds of glacier mud. Every one has a gray river flowing into its upper end, a blue river leaving it at the other. Eleven miles of the head of Lake Geneva have been filled up with the gray glacier grit of the Rhone.

An Advertisement.

This announcement recently appeared in a Kirscheva, Bavaria, paper: "Lost on the 22d of November, my wife Annie. Whoever has found The newspapers of the year 1860 her is begged to keep her. He will

Agriculture.

Use of Lime on Land.

Theo. B. Terry of Ohio has lately been in Pennsylvania holding insti-tutes. In that state lime is more used as a fertilizer than in any other, many farmers who have lime-stone land burning large quantities every year. Of course Mr. Terry heard much about lime in his talks with farmers, and he writes in the "Practical Farmer" about this subject, as discussed by Rev. I. S. Frain of Clearfield and others. When Frain of Clearfield and others. When Mr. Frain began using lime he experimented so as to find out just what quantity he should apply per acre on his farm. He had asked some one who used it, and they said put on 100 bushels; others said 200, and some told him this amount would ruin his land and crops, that he should only put on 40 or 50 bushels. Well, he applied 25 bushels on an acre for wheat, and 50 on another acre, 75 on a third, and so on up to 300 bushels. The 300 bushels on up to 300 bushels. The 300 bushels proved too much for the wheat, but did not injure the land permanently. He concluded that the best results came where he applied 150 bushels per acre, measured after it was slacked. acre, measured after it was slacked. Now what were the results? Forty bushels of good plump wheat per acre on all the land right through that he experimented on, on the average. His last crop had been seven bushels. He had raised as high as twelve. Next he put in fifty acres of wheat on land where he had applied 150 bushels per acre of lime right. Next he put in fifty acres of wheat on land where he had applied 150 bushels per acre of lime right through on all of it. Result, 1,725 bushels of wheat that weighed 64 pounds to the measured bushel. Mr. Frain soon paid for his farm and bought another, and he told us that if he had not used some money to buy blooded stock, he could now pay all up for the second farm. He said that now nearly every farmer within three miles of him was burning and spreading of him was burning and spreading lime. He has limestone on his land. It is limestone soil. He does not believe in drawing out the lime and putting it in small piles, as is frequently done with both lime and manure. You done with both lime and manure.
get too much where the pile is, and can
never afterward spread it as evenly as
never afterward spread it as evenly as spreads with a manure spreader, with a lime hood on, to prevent the wind from blowing it all over. This hood comes down within six inches or so of the ground. The lime is put in a great pile, thousands of bushels of it. He said he had a large pile that had stood since May. As it slacks on the outside he draws it away and spreads it. Mr. F. says always put it on the surface, as it will work down fast enough, that is, spread it on land after plowing, and not just before plowing, so it will be plowed down. The practice which he particularly advised, however, was to put the lime on young clover (same as I do manure). When asked whether he would apply manure in connection with it he re-plied, "No, never." Put the manure on some other time. He said that it would do very well to put lime on sod in the fall, and plow the next spring. The lime would then work down through the soil before plowing, and so would not be turned down when one plowed, but every time he re-peated that the best results would come from putting on young clover.
Nearly all farmers here agree that it
is useless to put lime on bare, rundown, poor land. There should be a sod or some vegetable matter plowed down with it. Mr. Davis said he had thrown away hundreds of dollars worth of clover seed, trying to make something out of clover before he began liming. Plow under a good sod, spread lime, harrow, sow wheat and clover seed, and then it would grow. He uses only about 40 to 50 bushels per acre of slacked lime. This gives him the desired result. Perhaps it will not

more often, if necessary.—Farmers' Re-

the desired result. Perhaps it will not last as long as 150 bushels per acre, but he thinks better to put on less and

It may, we think, be safely asserted that among the crops grown upon the average western farm the potato is the most haphazard as to results. Some years when fall comes the potato field discloses a rich harvest of plump tubers. Again there is glorious promise. ers. Again there is glorious promise of a full crop; the "vines" grow rank and green, the stems are thick and healthy, but behold! when the crop is lifted it proves a disappointing assort-ment of little undeveloped tubers or scabby potatoes. As a general rule the good potato crop is a result of proper season and newly turned clover sod rather than the farmer's skill or attention; but there seems no good reason why at least a profitable crop of tubers should not be grown every year by every farmer, floods and frosts, of course, excepted. We are aware that this is somewhat hard on the farmer, but we speak from experience and know that the assertion is not exaggeration. Let us see what is the method of potato cultivation usually practiced by the farmer that does not practiced by the farmer that does not make a specialty of the business. With such men the potato is raised for family use only and so—as with the case with the kitchen garden unless "the woman" attends to it—the potatoes are woman" attends to it—the potatoes are planted after the other crops are got into the land in good season and shape. Very often the potatoes are planted upon the headland of the corn field after it has been pretty well compacted by the feet of horses. Then the tubers are planted in hills as far apart as the corn hills and ten chances to one the half of them are either obliterated or retarded by the trampling of horses when turning upon trampling of horses when turning upon the headland or are left a prey to the festive potato bug. We have seen fair crops of potatoes produced in this way, but more often we have seen much land wasted and but poor returns in ing the family supply of potatoes, so that it is little wonder that the statistics place the average farm production of potatoes at such a low figure. But there is another common way of growing potatoes "down on the farm" and We refer to the plan of plowing land in spring and planting the sets in the side of a furrow, then turning a furrow on top. It is expected that the horses will not tramp upon any of the "sets;" it is also expected that they will be the side of a furrow. will not kick any of the seed out of place, but the expectations do not pan out well and we find that a most un-

even crop results. In one part of the row the plants are crowded too much, while in others the plants are too far

apart to be economical. But this is not the only trouble, for we must understand that the tuber is buried deep in some places, too shallow in others, and here and there lies with an immense hard clod resting heavily upon it yet needing to be penetrated before the tender sprouts can see daylight. In short it is simply impossible to plant potatoes evenly in this way, nor is it possible to supply them with the mellow deep bed of friable loam in which they most delight and succeed. This is, of course, most true of potatoes which they most delight and succeed. This is, of course, most true of potatoes planted upon spring-plowed sod, but is also more or less true of even spring plowed corn or stubble land. Years ago, when the land was very rich, the potato would succeed fairly well under almost any circumstances, but times and conditions are changed since then, and now potatoes can only be profitably grown where the best possible conditions are furnished. In possible conditions are furnished. In a few words, it may be stated that the actual necessities required for successful potato culture are as follows: 1. Pure, hardy, strong seed, suited to the district. 2. Rich, mellow, warm, well-drained soil, not newly manured. 3. Abundant moisture, retained by constant surface culture. 4. Careful destruction of insect nests. 5. Suraving in tion of insect pests. 5. Spraying in districts where disease of the vines has appeared .- Farmers' Review.

The world will probably have swung round its annual circuit of vastness thirty or forty times before the era of which we now speak shall have set in; but the time will come when the people of the United States will be compelled to import as many millions of bushels of wheat as they now export bushels of wheat as they now export in order to supply the wants of their teeming millions, says Montreal "Trade Bulletin." At the present ratio of increase in the population of the United States, that country will have stonged exporting wheat within have stopped exporting wheat within the next thirty or forty years, owing to its augmented food requirements, and the wants of the United Kingdom will likewise have shown a tremendous increase as well as those of Germany and probably France within the same and probably France within the same period. It would not be at all surprising if a great future war arose out of rivalry letween the great wheat consuming nations, in their anxiety to secure the great outside wheat resources of Asia, Africa and South America, and in view of the great food question of the future England would be the veriest madean to dream of ever relimination. of the future England would be the veriest madcap to dream of ever relinquishing her hold on Egypt, as that country is her only safe road to India, which is destined to become the greatest wheat producing country in the world. Hindostan as a grower of wheat in the future will be worth more to England than "all the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind" has been to her in the past.

the past. If you are looking about for a new money crop with which to experiment next year, possibly with the view of growing less wheat and more of some other thing that pays better, let us suggest that you try navy beans. While this is a crop that can be grown with some success even on indifferent land, do not think that you must select land, do not think that you must select the worst field on your farm for it. Plow deep, manure heavily, and pul-verize thoroughly before putting in the seed. A mistake is very often made with this crop through putting it in too soon. Some practice planting at the same time as corn, but this is at the same time as corn, but this is too early, as it then ripens in very hot weather and is apt to suffer severely from the weevil. They should not be planted until the middle or latter part of June, and this time has the additional advantage of not intruding upon the planting time of the other crops. They should have good cultivation as soon as up and then continuously until the pods begin to form, but not after that as there is the tinuously until the pods begin to form, but not after that, as there is then danger that the soil will discolor the beans. They may be cut with a mower, though some prefer hand pulling. The harvesting should be done as quickly as possible after the crop is ripe, as exposure to raine will second. as quickly as possible after the crop is ripe, as exposure to rains will soon depreciate its value. The threshing may be done by machine, or by hand if the crop is small. With the same land and the same cultivation the crop should be nearly as large as the wheat yield would be, and one has but to compare the market reports to see which is the more profitable.

Scabby Potatoes.

Last spring a few Early Rose pota-oes were planted in the garden here near where potatoes were planted last year, and where a quantity of fresh horse manure was applied this year, says J. S. Tibbetts in "Michigan Farmer." A small handful of strong wood ashes was put into each hill be-fore the seed was dropped in. There was a good yield of large, smooth potatoes, free from scab. Some forty rods distant Snow Flakes were planted rods distant Snow Flakes were planted on ground where no potatoes had ever been planted before, nor any very near them. No manure was applied, nor any ashes, and yet the potatoes are very scabby. The men who dug the potatoes say there were lots of potato bugs in the hills sticking to the potatoes, where no ashes was (or were, which is it?) applied, while none were seen where the ashes had been applied. Now, whether the bugs are the cause of Now, whether the bugs are the cause of the scab, as they believe, may be an open question; but there can be no question as to the value of wood ashes for the potato. Let the potato growers try the ash remedy another year and report results; but be sure to keep the weeds and bugs out.

DEMAND FOR WHEAT .- The European wheat demand is still of that negative sort that turned away from this country by the offerings of cheaper wheat, from other exporting countries. The result is that the present market is of that discouraged sort quite common in February. The discouragements and low prices are companions now as always. People are inquiring why there should be discouragement to investors at these low figures now prevailing. When wheat is below the cost of production it would not seem that the superabundance should enter so largely into the calculation, but it is now as always, a powerful element in the calculation. Fears possess the minds of traders. Larger than common stocks in Argentine, offerings from India and Russia with Australia and minor exporters pressing limited quantities upon the attention of western Europe have created a demoralization that gives way but feebly to the rays of hope that peer indistinctly through the cloud rifts.—Market Record.



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