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 O. M. Kom.

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 year—McEvoy.

SECOND WARD.

years—Alexander Marlow. For
 one year—Pfund.

THIRD WARD.

years—Charles Davis. For one
 year—Merriman.

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meeting first Monday in Febru-
 ary, and at such other times as
 necessary. Kolt, Gallagher, Page,
 Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary,
 R. Atkinson.

TRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Mass every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock.
 Sunday school every Sabbath school
 following services.

ODIST CHURCH. Sunday
 Mass—Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30
 P. M. 1930 A. M. Class No. 2 (Ep-
 10:30 P. M. Class No. 3 (Child-
 P. M. Mind-week services—General
 meeting Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will
 welcome, especially strangers.
 E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor.

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 Post, No. 86, Department of Ne-
 A. H. will meet the first and third
 evening of each month in Masonic
 S. J. SMITH, Com.

ORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O.
 meets every Wednesday evening in
 O'Connell's hall. Visiting brothers cordially
 invited.
 C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

FIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M.
 meets on first and third Thursday of each
 month in Masonic hall.
 J. C. HARRIS, H. P.

P—HELMET LODGE, U. D.
 meets every Monday at 8 o'clock in
 Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethren
 invited.
 T. V. GOLDEN, C. C.
 MCCARTY, K. O. R. and S.

LL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I.
 meets every second and fourth
 of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
 Scribe, CHAS. BRIGHT.

LDGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS
REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3rd
of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
 ANNA DAVIDSON, N. G.
 THE ADAMS, Secretary.

FIELD LODGE NO. 95, F. & A. M.
 holds communications Thursday nights
 after the full of the moon.
 DOBBS, Sec. E. H. BENEDICT, W. M.

CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. O. F.
 meets on the first and third Tuesday in
 each month in the Masonic hall.
 D. H. CRONIN, Clerk.

U. W. NO. 153, Meets second
 and fourth Thursday of each month in
 Masonic hall.
 T. V. GOLDEN, M. W.

DEPENDENT WORKMEN OF
AMERICA, meet every first and third
of each month.
 GEO. MCCUTCHAN, G. M.
 WAGERS, Sec.

POSTOFFICE DIRECTORY

Arrival of Mails

U. S. M. V. R. FROM THE EAST.
 Monday, Sunday included at 5:15 p m

FROM THE WEST.
 Monday, Sunday included at 9:55 a m

PACIFIC SHORT LINE.
 Leaves 9:55 A. M. Arrives 9:07 P. M.
 Leaves 9:07 P. M. Arrives 7:00 P. M.
 Accept Sunday.

O'NEILL AND CHELSEA.
 Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:00 a m
 Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1:00 p m

O'NEILL AND PADDOCK.
 Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:00 a m
 Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4:30 p m

O'NEILL AND NORTON.
 Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:00 a m
 Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1:00 p m

O'NEILL AND COMMINSVILLE.
 Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11:30 p m
 Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1:00 p m

THE DANCING MASTER



AGAINST the lilac walls of the room the white dresses of the girls made blots of light.

The old dancing master walked slowly up and down the room surveying the girls. He held his kit and bow-tenderly under his left arm, pressed judiciously to his side. With his right hand he alternately stroked and tweaked at his chin, which was always a sign that the teacher was perplexed.

Each time that he came to one of the two long windows that lit the room he paused and looked out through the naked branches of the plane tree at the river, as if he hoped to get some encouragement from its ceaseless flow. And each time he turned away from the river view with the same look of disappointment upon his smooth, neat, elderly face. The great clock at the other end of the room—the clock that had counted off so many lessons—seemed all of a sudden to tick with unwanted loudness, as if, like the girls, were impatient for the master to stop his promenade and say or do something.

Perhaps the appeal of the clock had its effect. Perhaps in the stillness the master could catch faintly the sound of all those girlish hearts fluttering timidly together. He stopped for an instant and looked at the long line of expectant faces.

"Young ladies, you can go."

Then as the girls, relieved from their suspense, moved eagerly forward to the adjoining room, where their belongings lay, the professor reached out his thin, fine white hand and touched one of the girls upon the shoulder.

"Come back," he said, "I want to speak with you."

The girl looked up in his face with a little start. Then she went into the anteroom with the rest.

When she returned in her everyday dress, with her hat and tiptop on and her dancing shoes neatly put away in the reticule that hung on her mitted arm, the master was standing at the window again, drumming nervously on the pane. He had put his kit and bow down on the gilded table between the two windows, the gilded table that always seemed to the girl the emblem of ineffable luxury and repose.

The master heard her come in, but for a moment he did not turn, and the girl stood watching him, her pale, plain face paler than ever with expectation, and her dark eyes shining in the twilight. The master turned and walked abruptly up to her.

"You will never make a dancer," he said.

The girl looked back at him with an expression on her face as if he had struck her. He saw the expression and spoke quickly and sharply to hide his pity.

"It is no use for you to come here any more," he said. "You will never make a dancer."

"But I must," the girl answered, with tears in her eyes, while her right hand pulled nervously at the fingers of her left.

"Never, never, never!" he insisted. "It's no use deceiving yourself and I look you, I cannot deceive myself. Please do not come here any more."

"Oh, but, sir!" the girl lifted her clasped hands toward him. He shook his head angrily.

"I know what I know, and I say what I know. I cannot have you here any more. Could you ever do the 'Pas de Zephyr'? Never. Can you do the 'Fouette' or the 'Ballone'? Bah! You will never know the difference between a 'coup' and a 'jette.' Go away, please. We have finished. You will never make a dancer."

There was a firmness in his voice which showed that his decision was final. The girl made no further attempt

YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME.

to contest the decree. It was like the judgment of the gods; absolute, irrevocable. She turned silently, and went out of the room very quietly. But when the door closed behind her the strained sensibilities of the master could hear the stealthy sobbing, which she tried to stifle as she slipped downstairs and into the gaunt hall. He heard her close the door, and for one moment he was tempted to go to the window and call her back. But he shook his head. "Better sooner than later," he said to himself. "She could never make a dancer."

Then he sat down to the harpsichord and played over a gavotte of Lully's until he had played the plain, awkward girl out of his memory.

It was summer, and very warm. The master sat at his window in the same long lilac-room. It was very pleasant to sit there and watch the river and the wherries and barges, and to reflect in its prosperous, peaceful evening upon the events of a painstaking, successful life. The master did not smoke—it was a custom he abominated—but there was a flask of white wine near to his hand, and a glass half-full of the yellow juice, from which ever and anon he took a self-satisfied sip. He seldom gave lessons now, for his daughter had married, and his son-in-law carried on the teaching admirably, knowing Rambeau almost as well as the old teacher, whom he adored. But the master liked to sit in the dancing-room of an afternoon after dinner, and dream over old experiences.

Just now, however, he was thinking,

not of the past, but of the present; for he had laid down a news sheet in which there was talk of a dancer at the opera who was setting the town wild, a dancer who had conquered European capital after European capital, and was now making London playgoers mad with delight. He was old and liked his ease, but a vague fancy came into his mind that he would go to the opera and see this pearl. It would be a treat for his son and daughter.

A carriage came slowly down the river road, where carriages did not often come. The master looked at it with languid surprise, and lifted his glass to his lips. But it stopped at his own door, and he set the glass down again in surprise. A gilded footman got down and opened the carriage door and a very beautiful lady got out. The footman pushed back the iron gateway of the little front garden and the splendid lady came in, waved her hand and laughed, and then she ran up the steps and out of his sight, and he could hear the muffled thunder of a knocking at the door.

He had scarcely risen to his feet, slowly trying to recall the face that had just laughed at him, when the door of the dancing-room opened and a splendid lady came in, bringing a blaze of color into the quiet room. The master bowed but the lady ran rapidly across the room, and before he was well aware of it she had kissed him on both cheeks.

"You do not know me," she said. "I am—" and then she gave him the name of the dancer who had become the talk of the town.

The master took a pinch of snuff and bowed again, while he murmured something about the honor in a tone that implied a question.

"You don't remember me?" she said again. "Ah, I remember you," and she mentioned this time another name—the name of a little girl whom he had sent away from his class because she was so incapable.

The man sought in his memory over a space of nearly ten years; then he remembered, bowed again, and again took snuff.

The splendid lady would take no denial; he must needs come that very evening and see his old pupil dance at the opera. She had got the noblest box in the house for him.

That evening the old dancing-master sat in the opera house in the noblest box in the theater. He sat between his son-in-law and his daughter, with his eyes fixed upon the stage. The great theater was packed, and when at length the time came for the ballet and the curtain drawing up revealed the adored dancer, the house raved at her. Only the master, in his sober black and white, sat with his hands folded on the front of the box and waited.

The dance began. It was marvelous. The dancer's body was plastic, supple, exquisite. She danced a strange dance, in which she did wonders with a long silken scarf, moving hither and thither like some figure from a Grecian vase, from a Pompeian wall. When it ended, and the house raged for more, she did a Spanish dance, in which, to the clinking of her castanets, she expressed, hurriedly, triumphantly, all the passion of the south. When it was over the house rained flowers upon the stage, and a thousand hands thundered an applause that brought the woman again and again before the curtain.

When it was over a servant of the theater came to the box to beg that the master would come to the dancer's dressing-room. He bade his children go home and followed the messenger behind the scenes to the dancer's room. A crowd of men were waiting outside it. He alone was admitted. She was changing her dress behind the screen, but soon came out again, clasped him by the hand, kissed him on both cheeks and thanked him for coming. Then she talked volubly of all the places she had seen, and showed him trophies of her triumphs, wreaths of gold, wreaths of silver and rare jewels, and finally she asked him if he would come out to supper with her and some friends, and she mentioned some great names. The old man declined with his polite bow, and would have withdrawn, but she insisted upon his staying and seeing her to her coach. So presently the impatient young men and the impatient old men waiting outside had the surprise of seeing their idol come out in all her splendor leaning on the arm of a little gentleman in black, who showed traces of snuff on the ruffie of his shirt.

Through the crowd there the master escorted the dancer to the stage door, and through the crowd outside the stage door he conducted her to her coach. As he still declined to accompany her she leaned out of the window, waving aside as she did so, the throng of her admirers and the handsome gentleman who was waiting to take his place at her side.

"Well," she said with a bright laugh, "you see you were wrong after all. Say that you are sorry and I will forgive you."

But the master shook his head. "I do not think I was wrong," he said, very gravely. "You will never make a dancer."

Then raising his hat politely he turned and moved slowly down the street—Lloyd's Weekly Sun.

Kind-Heartedness to Children.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every body remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the happy days of childhood? The writer of this recollects, when a barefooted lad, he stood at the wooden fence of a little garden in his native village, while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there in the brightness of a Sunday morning. Their owner came forth from his little cottage. He was a wood-cutter, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to place in the button-hole of his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with a bounding step, the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.

EXTINCTION OF THE BISON.

Only Two Hundred Wild Buffalo Still Alive in America.

In a wild state, the American bison, or buffalo, is practically, thought not quite wholly, extinct. At the present moment there are about two hundred wild buffaloes alive and on foot in the United States. To obtain these high figures we include the one hundred and fifty individuals that white head-hunters and red meat-hunters have thus far left alive in the Yellowstone park, posed to be protected from slaughter. Besides these, there are only two other bunches: one of about twenty head in Lost park, Colorado, protected by state laws; and another, containing between thirty and forty head, in Val Verde county, Texas, between Devil's river and the Rio Grande. Four years ago there were over three hundred head in the Yellowstone park, thriving and increasing quite satisfactorily. Through them we fondly hoped the species would even yet be saved from absolute extinction. But, alas! we were reckoning without the poachers. Congress provides pay for just one solitary scout to guard in winter 3,575 square miles of rugged mountain country against the horde of lawless white men and Indians who surround the park on all sides, eager to kill the last buffalo! The poachers have been hard at work, and as a result our park herd has recently decreased more than one-half in number. It is a burning shame that formerly, through lack of congressional law adequately to punish such poachers as the wretch who was actually caught red-handed in January, 1894, while skinning seven dead buffaloes! and now, through lack of a paltry \$1,800 a year to pay four more scouts, the park buffaloes are all doomed to certain and speedy destruction. Besides the places mentioned, there is only one other spot in all North America that contains wild buffaloes. Immediately southwestward of Great Slave lake there lies a vast wilderness of swamps and stunted pines, into which no white man has ever penetrated far, and where the red man still reigns supreme. It is bounded on the north by the Liard and Mackenzie rivers, on the east by the Slave river, on the south by the Peace river, and on the west by the Rocky mountains. Mr. Warburton Pike says it is now the greatest beaver country in the world, and that it also contains a few bands of the so-called wood buffalo. "Sometimes they are heard of at Fort Smith and Vermilion, sometimes at Fort St. John, on the Peace river, and occasionally at Fort Nelson, on the Liard; . . . but it is impossible to say anything about their numbers." At all events, in February, 1890, Mr. Pike found eight buffaloes only four days' travel from Fort Resolution, on Great Slave lake, and succeeded in killing one. The Canadian authorities estimate the total number in that region at three hundred.

EXTINCTION OF THE BISON.

DANGER FROM LIGHTNING.

Is It Increased or Diminished by the Presence of Many Telegraph Wires?

There is a somewhat widespread impression that the use of so much wire for telephone and other electrical purposes in cities and towns largely increases the danger of lightning strokes. The notion is based upon the concentration within certain limits of a great quantity of conducting material, which, it is assumed, attracts the electricity and thereby increases the danger of it. While it is true that the increase of conducting material increases the attraction, it is not true that it increases the danger. As a matter of fact, it decreases the danger, for the more surface electricity has over which to spread, the more readily and quickly it is carried to the earth. A house with a metal roof is not often struck by lightning, for, while the metal may attract the electricity, it also gives it room to spread out, and its force is thus dissipated. This fact was demonstrated by Franklin with his kite long ago, and lightning rods are put on buildings to give storm clouds a means of discharging their electricity into the earth. This discharge takes place without the report that we call thunder, for electricity makes no noise unless it meets some resisting medium. It is a well-known fact that there is less danger from lightning in cities than in the country, and this is due to the general use of iron, steel and other metals in city buildings. The buildings are tall and would seem, therefore, to be especially attractive to the lightning; indeed, they are often struck, but the metal in them dissipates the force of the fluid and carries it harmlessly and quietly to the earth. The effect of telephone wires upon atmospheric electricity has been under official investigation by the German department of telegraphs, and statistics from 900 cities show that the danger from lightning strokes is four times as great in towns that do not have it. The conclusion of the whole matter, therefore, is that an abundance of wires gives protection from lightning, instead of increasing the danger.

EXTINCTION OF THE BISON.

INTelligent Swallows.

Observations of an Ornithologist on the Actions of the Bird.

Dr. F. H. Knowlton of the Smithsonian institution has published an account of observations made on the habits of the common cave or cliff swallow, which show that this bird possesses a remarkable degree of intelligence. Eave swallows, as is well known, usually select the eaves of a building for their nesting site, and sometimes as many as a hundred nests may be observed under one projection. Dr. Knowlton's observations are as follows: Within my collecting grounds is a shed open only on one side, where for many years cliff swallows have attached their nests to the sleepers of the loft. In the spring of 1878 they returned, as usual, and soon began repairing old nests or building new ones. One day it was noticed that one bird remained in her half-finished nest, and did not appear to be much engaged. Soon a neighbor, owning a nest a few feet away, arrived with a fresh pellet of clay, and after adjusting it in a satisfactory manner flew away for more. No sooner was she out of sight than the quiet bird repaired to the neighbor's nest, appropriated the fresh clay and molded it to her own nest! When the plundered bird returned no notice was taken of the theft, which was repeated as soon as she was again out of sight. These movements were repeated many times, with the result that the nest of the stay-at-home bird grew apace! In the same place a nest remained undisturbed, and was occupied by probably the same pair of birds for several seasons. One spring they returned and all appeared prosperous, until one day it was noticed that a number of swallows were engaged in walling up the entrance to this old nest. This work, as well as the outline of a new nest over the old, was soon completed. The closed nest was then broken open and within was found the dead body of a swallow. The bird had probably died a natural death, and the friends, being unable to remove the body and knowing that it would soon become offensive, adopted this method of sealing it up.

EXTINCTION OF THE BISON.

Many Uses for Mushrooms.

Not only human beings, but cows, sheep, squirrels, and many kinds of birds are fond of mushrooms. In many places mushrooms are dried just as our grandmothers once dried apples, strung on strings, and hung from the ceiling for winter use. Some European species are used in coloring. One yields a yellow dye, another an exquisite green which colors the tree on which it grows; and from this wood is manufactured the celebrated Tunbridge ware. The poor people of Fancoia, Germany, dry, press, and stitch together a certain kind of mushroom, which is then made into garments; and in Bohemia a large round toadstool is dried and the inside removed; it is turned bottom upward, fastened to the wall, and used to hold a beautiful trailing vine, which grows luxuriantly.

EXTINCTION OF THE BISON.

Uses of the Lichen.

The lichen's most important function seems to be to beautify the landscape, though some tiny ones are utilized by mother hummingbird to cover the outside of her nest, in order to conceal it as much as possible. In Iceland the lichen called Iceland moss is gathered every year by the boys and girls. It is boiled in milk and eaten. Fanny Bergen, in her little book on "Plant Life," tells us that the Indians guided themselves through the trackless forests by observing on which side of the trees the lichens grew thickest, those being the northern sides.

DANCING HORSES OF SYBARIS.

A Race by Which the Crotonates Conquered Their Enemies.

In the St. Nicholas, James Baldwin tells of the decline of the Greek colony of Sybaris, after the inhabitants had given themselves up wholly to pleasure. Of the battle in which they were finally conquered, Mr. Baldwin writes: When a spy reported to the Crotonates that he had seen all the horses in Sybaris dancing to the music of a pipe, the Croton general saw his opportunity at once. He sent into the Sybarite territories a large company of shepherds and fliers armed with nothing but flutes and shepherds' pipes, while a little way behind them marched the rank and file of the Crotonate army. When the Sybarites heard that the enemy's forces were coming, they marched their cavalry—the finest in the world at that time—and sallied forth to meet them. They thought it would be fine sport to send the Crotonates scampering back across the fields into their own country; and half of Sybaris went out to see the fun. What an odd sight it must have been—a thousand fancifully dressed horsemen, splendidly mounted, riding out to meet an army of unarmed shepherds and a handful of ragged foot-soldiers! The Sybarite ladies wave their handkerchiefs and cheer their champions to the charge. The horsemen sit proudly in their saddles, ready at a word to make the grand dash—when, hark! A thousand pipes begin to play—not "Yankee Doodle" nor "Rule Britannia"—but the national air of Croton, whatever that may have been. The order is given to charge; the Sybarites shout and drive their spurs into their horses' flanks—what fine sport it is going to be! But the war-steeds hear nothing, care for nothing, but the music. They lift their slender hoofs in unison with the inspiring strains. And now the armed Crotonates appear on the field; but the pipes still pipe, and the horses still dance—they caper, curvet, caracole, prouette, waltz, trip the light fantastic hoof, forgetful of everything but the delightful harmony. The Sybarite riders have been so sure of the victory that they have taken more trouble to ornament than to arm themselves. Some of them are pulled from their dancing horses by the Crotonate footmen—others slip to the ground and run as fast as their nerveless legs will carry them back to the shelter of the city walls. The shepherds and fliers retreat slowly toward Croton, still piping merrily, and the sprightly horses follow them keeping step with the music. The dancing horses cross the boundary line between the two countries, they waltz across the Crotonate fields, they caracole gaily through the Croton gates, and when the fliers cease their playing the streets of Croton are full of fine war-horses! Thus it was that the Sybarites lost the fine cavalry of which they had been so proud. The complete overthrow of their power and the conquest of their city by the Crotonates followed soon afterward—for how, between so idle and so industrious a community, could it have been otherwise?

DANCING HORSES OF SYBARIS.

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