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meeting first Monday in Februyear, and at such other times as
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Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary;
Atkinson.

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s every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock.
Cassidy, Postor. Sabbath school
y following services.

CHURCH. Sunday

s No. 1 9:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Ep-gue) 5:30 P. M. Class No. 3 (Child-M. Mind-week services—General eting Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will elcome, especially strangers, E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor. POST, NO. 86. The Gen. John III Post, No. 86, Department of Ne-A. R., will meet the first and third evening of each month in Masonic II S. J. SMITH, Com.

DRN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O

cets every Wednesday evening in ws hall. Visiting brothers cordially attend. C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

ELD CHAPTER, R. A. M on first and third Thursday of each asonic hall. Rs Sec. J. C. HARNISH, H. P. P.--HELMET LODGE, U. D. vention every Monday at 8 o'clock p. d Fellows' hall. Visiting brethern invited.

CARTY, K. of R. and S.

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

LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3d leach month in Odd Fellows' Hall, ANNA DAVIDSON, N. G. READAMS, Secretary.

TELD LODGE, NO. 95, F.& A.M. lar communications Thursday nights lar communications Thursday MacGore the full of the moon.

OBBS, Sec. E. H. BENEDICT, W. M.

GCAMP NO. 1710. M. W. OF A. Bon the first and third Tuesday in the Masonic hall.

LLN, V. C. D. H. CRONIN, Clerk.

W. NO. 153. Meets second ourth Tudsday of each month in GHT. Rec. T. V. GOLDEN, M. W.

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## FAMOUS NAPPY LEON.



ORE THAN century age, on the picturesque island of Corsica, in the Mediterranean, in a certain comfortable barnyard, a fat and handsome hen sat upon a baker's dozen eggs of her own laying. Her hus-band, Sieur Bona,

was a cock of quiet, respectable habits, never known to indulge in wordy controversies through the fence-palings, nor in crowings and challenges of his neighbors. Since his marriage to his spouse, Dame Letitia Bona, he had not fought a single duel, which, considering the times, was a remarkable circumstance.

Dame Letitia, I fear, did not yield that respect to her lord and master which he deserved; for often when he came bringing her a particularly julcy worm from the garden, a delicious grub, or some kernels of corn fallen be-tween the bars of the granary, she would reward his attentions by so savage a peck upon the head or so fierce a pluck at his gills that he would be fain to retire with a squall.

Dame Letitia Bona came of ancient fighting stock. There had been famous game-cock in her family; and, respectable female as she was, when the white cock residing in the adjoining yard would thrust his head between the paling in contemptuous challenge of Sieur Bona-the latter, according to his custom, giving no heed to the bluster of his quarrelsome neighbor-Dame Letitia had been known to send the blusterer back to his family with a nip in his comb that all his wives—for he was a Turkish cock and kept a harem-had much ado to heal.

It is not to be marveled at, then, that

one, at least, of Dame Letitia's brood, when hatched, should exhibit the hereditary fighting strain. This little rooster, whom his mother named Nappy Leon, after some distant ancestor, fought his brothers before the shell was off his back; and never a day passed but Dame Letitia had to rescue one or another of her downy children from the

bill of their flery brother Nappy,
As time went on, the young Nappy
became the tyrant of the barnyard. He fought a dozen pitched battles with cocks of his own age. He pecked the heads of all the goslings, and pulled out the feathers of all the ducklings. One day he even confronted a tough old gander, and it might have gone hard with him had not his father happened along, and, by a judicious mingling of persuasion and flattery, soothed the irritated gander and averted the impending catastrophe.

Dame Letitia was secretly very proud of her mettlesome offspring, and by her hints and encouragement did much to even the soft influence of her husband. The Sieur Bona would sigh deeply as he saw his wife tenderly preening the ruffled feathers of her favorite after one of his daily battles.

"Ah, wife," he would say, "I fear you are doing very wrong to lend countenance to our son's quarrelsome disposi-

"Nonsense!" she would reply, con-temptuously. "He will get on all the better for showing some spirit, as others I could mention should do." This was one of her back-handed buffets, which she knew so well how to deliver. For the Sieur was notable in all the barnyards around for his mild character.
"Perhaps," would be the quiet answer, "unless he should get into the

soup in the meantime, my dear." After a while even the doting mother began to be alarmed at the pugilism of her favorite, and sometimes went so far as to administer a peck upon the head of the youthful Nappy-which, as every one knows, is the ancient form of chastisement among fowls. But gotten beyond control, and with a "squawk" of pain and anger, the spoiled chick would be off to pick up another scuffle with the red bantam, his particular enemy, or the Black Spanish cockerel, who was just sprouting his spurs and boldly declared his intention of putting down



NAPPY LEON ON HIS CHARGER young Nappy Leon must leave the paternal roost and seek his fortune in the great world. He had grown to the age and proportions of a fine broiler, and it was time that he should begin to lay the foundations of his future career, unless, indeed, he were to end it too early upon the gridiron with garlic and turnips, after the Corsican fashion. His father had determined to send him away to school, where, as he put it, he might win his spurs while getting some sense knocked into that overgrown

Dame Letitia shed floods of tears, and there was even a suspicion of moisture upon the venerable beak of the Sieur himself, as he called his son to him and delivered a few last words of adviceadvice suggested by his practical and ambitious wife.

"My boy," he said, "you are going forth among strangers, from whom you can not expect the tenderness and consideration you have received from your mother and me. You must hereafter scratch for yourself, and you must be prepared to submit to many restraints and indignities which your proud spirit has hitherto resented. But let two words guide you in your way through life; namely, patience and policy.

The annals, written in bird-Latin, and often with spluttering quills pulled

tor of his, a parrot of venerable age, and a wise old fowl, met him one day, and learning his situation got him a post in a flock of Gallie cocks, Burgundian ravens, Breton geese, and Gascon drakes, together with a great number of Parisian loons, gulls, snipe, storks, sparrows and what not. It appears that a vast number of hawks and crows, many of English breed, had established themselves in a place called Toulon, where they defied the utmost efforts of the French fowls to oust them. Here it was that our hero's mil-

itary genius first showed itself. Now it should be known that the commander of the forces was a certain Major-General Gander, a miserable old rascal, if the truth must be told, one-sided from the loss of a wing, lame from a foot deformed by being frozen. vain and stupid withal, and convinced that the fate of the whole nation lay in his paddles. Nappy Leon, with the adventurous and unquiet disposition which went so far toward his after success, and also to his final overthrow, being dissatisfied with the slow and fruitless tactics of Gen. Gander, one day flew into an elm-tree which overlooked the enemy's position, and from thence devised a plan for the expulsion of the defenders of Toulon. He laid his scheme before Gander, who hesitated, quacked, hissed, nibbled at his only remaining wing, billed his unlaundered shirt-front, took a sip from the mudpuddle before which he had established his quarters, pulled out and ate a very large earth worm, with a profoundly reflective aspect, and—consented.

Nappy Leon proceeded at once to his quarters. Doubtless there might have been seen a haughtier carriage of his head, a more brilliant gleam of his eyes, a loftler poise of his comb, as he summoned his flock for the assault. Be this as it may, he selected his storming party with great dispatch. He chose Brienne's "Heavies," uniformed in yel-low and black: Thibault's "Whites," in low and black; Thibault's "Whites, snowy vests and green jackets, every fowl of noble family; De Vergne's charge; and, finally, Chambord's "Sparrows," hardy, reckless little fellows, before whose iron bills even the "Royal Eagles" had more than once taken

We need not pause to describe the event. It will suffice if we say that Nappy, at the head of his gallant flock, swooped down upon the surprised and demoralized foe, and, after a short but desperate battle, drove them, pell-mell, out of their works, with terrible cluckings, squallings, screechings and croakings, in a cloud of torn feathers, wings, beaks, gills, combs and top-knots. Nap-py himself had a desperate, though brief, combat with Major Flemish, the commandant. Those who witnessed the struggle declared afterward that the

sight of it was worthy of a poem.

The further history of Nappy Leon is one long tale of bloodshed and victory over his enemies. His grateful followers put him on top of the finest hen-coop, and he was declared to be the emperor fowl of the whole country. But there came a time when Nappy had to abdicate. He could do nothing else if he wished to save his life; for he knew that he must otherwise "get it," to use a bit of slang frequently in Nap-py's mouth, "where the hen got the axe"-that is, in the neck.

On a far-distant island of the sea, he pined away the remnant of his life, nibbling his feathers, stalking around his narrow domain, feebly crowing and dreaming over again the vast dreams which erstwhile had kept the world in excitement.

Peace to his feathers! He was a won-derful fowl in his time; but his life illustrates the great truth that, bird or man, if we fly high, we may fall low.—Adapted from Demorest's Family Magazine.

## GREATER THAN MISSISSIPPI.

Canadian Geologiata Tell of an Enorg

Pre-glacial River. The largest river of any age of which there is any evidence in the world, according to a rema able geological discovery reported to the Royal Society of Canada at its late meeting at Ottawa, was a great pre-glacial river in northern Canada. Dr. Robert Bell, who produced scientific evidence of the correct ness of his discovery, pointed out that it was generally admitted by geologists that the continent of North America immediately before the glacial period stood at a much higher elevation than at the present time, amounting to, perhaps, between two and three thousand feet. The inevitable result of this must have been to change the river systems from what they now are, and to create in the north a gigantic river draining an area of over one-third of the entire continent of North America, and forming a drainage basin seven times as large as that of the St. Lawrence. The central portion of the great river was in the middle of what is now Hudson Bay, as proved by the existing depres sions of land in the north of Canada and the great depth of the centre of Hudson Bay. Its lower part dis-charged through what is now Hudson Straits into Davis Straits. It is also naintained that the upper half of the St. Lawrence basin, both in pre-glacial times and also at a later geological period, discharged its waters northward by way of what is now Hudson Bay. It is asserted that this constituted one of the main branches of this great northern river. Other large branches were the Saskathchewan, the Nelson river, which rises west of the Rocky Mountains, the Churchill, largely augmented by the reversal of some of the upper rivers of the Mackenzie basin. and great tributary streams that came down the present Churchill inlet, Fox Channel, and Ungava Bay, any one of which must have fully equaled in size the Mississippi of our own day.

# The Highest Type of Hunting.

In my estimation the pursuit of the mountain sheep is the highest type of hunting our continent affords. To "colan old ram requires good lungs, good legs, good judgment, and good shooting. In the doing of it you are bound to rise in the world, to expand mentally, morally, and physically, and to come under the spell that nature always lays upon the hunter who once sets foot upon her crags and peaks. I regret the disappearance of the moun tain sheep even more than the passing of the buffalo and elk, for it is an animal of finer mold and stronger and more interesting character every way. It is much more alert than the mountain goat, and therefore more difficult to shoot-so say the men who have hunt-

### BUST OF SHAKESPEARE.

The Interesting History of the Davenant Head of the Poet.

When Lincoln's Inn Fields was still a rural suburb, where aristocratic and wealthy people lived, says the St. James Budget, there stood on the southern side, or "on the back side of Portugal Row," close by an old inn called the Grange, a famous tennis court, together with one of those great and stately "inns of court" from which the name of that locality was obtained. Early in the year 1660, or late in 1659, Sir William Davenant obtained possession of the tennis court-then called Gibson'sconverted it into a handsome and roomy theater, which a contemporary, Pepys, said was the "the finest playhouse that ever was in England." Over its two chief entrances recesses were made to accommodate busts, and these, apparently, were those of the manager's godfather, and his predecessor as poet laureate, Ben Jonson. At that time many of Shakespeare's younger friends were still alive, and so were old actors who had been the poet's fellow players, and so was Shakespeare's youngest daughter, and his granddaughter, and old playgoers who had seen the poet play. To all of these Shakespeare's bust would be attractive, and many of them doubtless often paused on their way past, into or out of the theater to look up at it. Presently came the reign of opera in the Italian style and comedies in the French style, and Shakespeare was again neglected. The men who remembered the mighty poet were becoming very few, the stories that were told of him were helm fast forgotten. told of him were being fast forgotten, and the busts over the theaters were no longer the objects of interest they had been. In 1668 Sir William Davenant died. Sir William had looked his last upon the beloved bust above the thea-ter door, and after his death we gradually hear less and less of Shakespeare and his works and more of dancing and singing and coarse buffoonery. If, then, Shakespeare's plays were contemptu-ously neglected, what wonder is it to find his personal relics equally disre-garded? When in 1714 the Duke's theater ceased to be a playhouse and became a barrack, the busts over the entrance remained. They were portraits of men unknown; and when (probably about that time) the entrances were bricked up, they were lost to sight al-together. When the building was deserted by the military it became an auction-room and warehouse, and after-ward, in 1737, Messrs. Copeland and Spode converyted it into a pottery ware-house. In 1845 the old building was removed for the erection of the College of Surgeons, and in 1848, when its last remains were also removed, the long-forgotten terra cotta busts once more daylight. Before their real value and importance were discovered the workmen had thrown down the bust of Jonson and utterly destroyed it. From this fate the Shakespearean bust was preserved by Mr. Clift, whose daughter afterward became the wife of the late Sir Richard Owen, to whom it was bequeathed, and from whom, thanks to the kindness of his son, Rev. Mr. Owen of Richmond, and Sir William Flower, it has now become the most valuable of the many valuable Shakespearean relics in the library of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon. There we may hope its continued existence will never again be endangered by that ignorance and careless indifference through which we had so narrow an escape of losing it altogether.

# HOW THEY FOOLED CHARLEY.

Louisville Friends Play a Practical

Joke That Is Not Bad. Friends of Charley Leffert, a popullar young railroad clerk, are telling a good story at his expense, says the Louisville Commercial. They say that last Sunday night he took a young lady to church. When they entered the church a few drops of rain had fallen. was over several wags in the neighborhood stood in front of the church door with their umbrellas raised. This gave the congregation who were about to leave the church the impression that it was raining. The people in church were afraid to venture out, although the stars were shining brightly. Of course, Charley and his girl were among those who anxiously waited for the rain to cease, but the wags hung about the door with their raised umbrellas, and no one ventured out. Then to do the proper thing Charley gave a little boy a dime and chased him to the nearest drug store to telephone for a coupe. The coupe arrived in due time and Charley pushed his way through the crowd. When he reached the pavement and looked up the stars shone bright and beautiful, but it was too late to dismiss the coupe. His ride of three squares on a beautiful night cost him \$1, and now some of the church people say Charley was putting on style

Too Many Victures. Are the works of the best modern literary artists improved by illustration Can an artist with his brush or pen add anything to the well developed characterization of our successful novelist? In other words, is it not the literary art of a master amply sufficient to portray all in his book that is charming or thrilling or pathetic or humorous? I believe that it is, and also that it is a literary crime for the average illustration to inject into the pages of a great work of fiction, of whose creative forces ne can know no more than the reader. Some of this sort of illustration is amazingly clever, but most of it is just the opposite. To distinguish the pictorial opportunity in a mook manuschipt is a work requiring rare distinction, and too many of our illustrators, with the approval of the publishers, take their cue for a picture from such inadequate and puerile suggestion as that conveyed in the familiar climax of love stories "And she fell on his breast and wept tears of unutterable joy."-Sidney Fairfield, in Lippincott's.

Be Content. There was a boy who only wanted a marble. When he had the marble he only wanted a top; when he had a top he only wanted a kite; and when he had a marble, top and kite he was not happy. There was a man who only wanted money; when he had money he only wanted a house; when he had a house he only wanted land; when he had land he only wanted a coach; and when he had money, house, land and coach, he wanted more than ever. Be content with little, for much will have more all the world over.

### HER TOOTH EXTRACTED.

Aching Molar Taken from the Mouth of

To pull an elephant's tooth is about the biggest professional task a veterinary was ever called upon to under-take. The operation was performed a few months ago at Peru, Ind., the winter quarters of the great Wallace shows. Jeannette, one of the favorites in the herd exhibited with this aggregation, showed signs of distress. She had acute attacks of indigestion and would frequently whinny as if suffering greatly. She did not relish her food. She became very affectionate toward her keeper and seemed to be begging him to do something for her relief. Dr. Upshall, a member of the Detroit College of Veterinary Surgery, was tele graphed for. He found Jeannette had an ulcerated tooth, which was aching terribly. The afflicted one was a grinder of hugh dimensions, and it hurt just in proportion as it was big. The ulcer on the root, when out, proved to be as big as a hen's egg. Jeannette's measure-ment was taken from her tail to her neck. Just that distance from a corner in a brick building with a fourteen-inch wall, was erected, with massive oak timbers, a sort of stock, with an adjustable top piece. She was backed into the corner and her head put through the timbers, which was then cleaded as her timbers, which was then closed on her neck. The walls of the building held her body and she would have to pull her head off to get away from the timbers. Dr. Upshall produced a pair of forceps that would make a black-smith's tongs look like small plyers. He mounted the scaffold built in front and secured Legentral transfer. and secured Jeanette's trunk back over her body with strong straps. Then he passed a strap iron through her month passed a strap iron through her month and fastened her jaw firmly. All was ready. He gripped the great forceps into the tooth and with a ratchet device on the handles he screwed them as tight as possible. Three other strong men mounted the frame work with him. At a signal all began to pull. Jeannette groaned and tried to break away. At first it was a long, steady pull, but the tooth was there to stay. The doctor instructed his assistants to let up and they would try other tactics. He directed them to give it short, sudden jerks in unison. They did so, and at each "helgho" that molar was given an argument that caused Jeannette to let forth a terrible groan. Once, twice, three times they jerked—and then! Well, two of the men were picking themselves up off the floor and one was clinging to the timbers. Dr. Upshall stood on the scaffold smiling. In his hand were the forceps and in the forceps was the troublesome grinder. Jeannette had quit bucking, and with her big tongue was exploring her capacious mouth to ascertain where all that brica-brac had come out of her face. It was some time before she indulged in such rare delicacies as dried thistles but she is all right now and traveling with the Wallace shows.-Ex.

### AS GOOD AS MUNCHAUSEN.

This Family Drank Water From an Iron Impregnated Spring.

A remarkable story comes from the upper Vakima country, Washington. Two years ago Peter Stromshadt located on a piece of land near what is now known as Borax Springs, his family consisting of his wife and two children. A few days after his settlement Stromshadt discovered a spring close to the shack he had built, the water of which was strongly impregnated with iron but not unpalatable. Stromshadt dug and deepened the spring, and since July, 1893, the family has used the water for all domestic purposes. One night recently a heavy electric storm passed over the cascades, accompanied by vivid displays of lightning. The following day Mrs. Stromshadt, while kindling a fire in the stove, found it almost impossible to separate the stove lifter from her hand. Her husband, hearing her scream, ran to her assistance, when, to his surprise, he found that he, too, experie red great difficulty in detaching any article of iron with which his hands came in contact. Breakfast was finally prepared and the family sat down to the meal. The children, girls of 5 and 7 years respectively, drank their milk from tin cups, and upon raising their cups to their mouths found themselves unable to detach the cups from their lips. Stromshadt, who is an intelligent immigrant from Sweden, was nonplused, and while unable to account for the wonderful occurrence, nevertheless laughed at his wife's exclamations that the family was be-witched. In a letter to a friend he says that the small bed in which the children sleep is upon roller casters. At night when the children are put to sleep the head of the bed is a little to the east. Invariably in the morning the bed is pointing north and south. A member of the Portland, Ore., Academy of Science, to whom the circumstances were related, says that the Stromshadt family has become saturated with iron, which was rendered magnetic by the passage of electricity from the clouds to the earth during the recent electric storm. Stromshadt himself takes the matter philosophically, and aside from the inconvenience of having his head decorated with a fringe of knives, forks and teaspoons, which are attached to him, is inclined to regard the occurrence lightly.

The Sybarites.

In the south of Italy there was once a flourishing Greek colony calley Sy-baris. The town was well situated for commerce, the surrounding country was very fertile, the climate was the finest in the world, and for some centuries the Sybarites were industrious and enterprising, carrying on a profitable trade with other countries and heaping up immense wealth. But too much good fortune finally proved their ruin. Little by little they lost their habits of labor and thrift, and instead gave themselves up to pleasure. Fin-ally leaving all kinds of necessary work to their slaves, they laid aside the cares of life, and spent their days in eating and drinking, in dancing and in listening to fine music, or in attending the circus and watching the feats of acrobats or performing animals.



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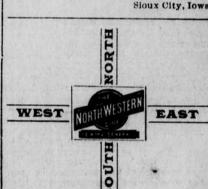
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