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RECOND WARD. rs—Alexander Marlow. For e Pfund. THIRD WARD. erriman.

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TTAN TOWNSHIP.

R.J. Hayes; Trearurer, Barney srk, J. Sullivan; Assessor, Ben ices, M. Castello and Chasables, John Horrisky and Ed. doverseer dist. 26, Allen Brown in Enright. RELIEF COMNISSION

eting first Monday in Februar, and at such other times as essary. Robt. Gallagher, Page m. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary tkinson.

CK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock saidy, Postor. Sabbath school ollowing services.

IST CHURCH. Sunday

—Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30
0.19:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Ep18:30 P. M. Class No. 3 (ChildMind-week services—General
ag Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will
ome, especially strangers.

E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor.

OST. NO. SG. The Gen. John ost, No. Sc. Department of Ne-R, will meet the first and third aing of each month in Maconio S. J. SMITH, Com.

N VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. every Wednesday evening in hall. Visiting brothers cordially C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

LD CHAPTER, R. A. arst and third Thursday of e 800. J. C. HARNISH, H. P

HELMET LODGE, U. D. stion every Monday at 8 o'clock p. sellows' hall. Visiting brethern BTY. K. of R. and S.

ENCAMPMENT NO. 30. I. meets every second and fourth set month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Scribe, Chas. BRIGHT. DGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS EKAH, meets every let and 3d ab month in Odd Fellows' Hall, ADAMS, Secretary.

LD LODGE, NO. 95, F. & A. M. seamunications Thursday nights the full of the moon.

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

AMP NO. 1710, M. W. OF A. the first and third Tuesday in in the Masonic hall.
V. C. D. H. ORONIN, Clerk.

W. NO. 153, Meets secon

T. V. GOLDEN, M. W. WORKMEN OF the fact every first and third

GEO. MCCUTCHAN, G. M.

TOFFICE DIRCETORY Arrival of Mails M. V. R. R.—FROM THE BAST. Sunday included at......5:15 p m

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-leaves 9:35 A.M. Arrives 9:07 P.M. Arrives 7:00 P.M. Arrives 7:00 P.M.

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day, Thurs, and Sat. at..1:00 p m O'NEILL AND PADDOCK. Soday, Wed. and Friday at. 7:00 soday, Thurs. and Sat. at. 4:30 O'ERILL AND MIOBRABA.

O'ERILL AND MIOBRABA.

Orday, Wed. and Fri. at... 7:00 a meday, Thurs. and Sat. at... 4:00 p m LAND CUMMINSVILLE.
Wed. and Fridays at ...11:30p |
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ABRINA, this is Mr. Oaks-Mr.



Oaks, my daugh-ter," said Mrs. Fair. The young man who was paying his first call on his neighbors, whose acre of land adjoined the western border of his immense farm, could 'ly repress a smile.

Plain as he looke... nad read more than most of the folk in Longbridge, and knew Milton by heart. Sabrina fair, listen where thou art sitting, under the grassy, cool,

translucent waves, twisting braids of lilles knitting the loose train of thy amber-dropping

he silently quoted from "Comus." Aloud he said: "Yours is quite a striking name, Miss

"Well," Mrs. Fair said, "I always did hate Jims and Johns and Marys and Sallys, and I wanted something extra for my first girl. Just then we had a doll-fair at the church, and the min-ister's wife, Mrs. May, named the dolls. "There was one lovely doll, and some

one said: 'Why, her hair is amber "'I'll name her Sabrina, then,' said

Mrs. May.
"It struck me as a lovely name, and I had my baby christened by it. It's a Bible name, I suppose, as the minister's wife chose it. She had Ruth, and Naomi, and Rebecca, and lots of others."
Young Oaks said: "Ah, yes, natur-

ally!"—and Mrs. Fair went on:
"Sabrina's hair is sort of amber-colored, too, if you notice."

"Who could help noticing it?" aske the farmer. Sabrina tossed her head and gave Mr. Oaks a haughty look. From that moment she spoke only when addressed, and then in monosyl-

"Oh, mamma, how could you!" she cried, when their guest was gone. "Telling a young man to notice my hair—and about my name. I know he thought it queer, for his mouth went

"I know he admired you," said Mrs. Fair. "Sabrina, don't be be a goose; we are as poor as we well can be and live, and here is a fine young man who was struck at first sight. Everybody speaks well of him. The farm is all his own; he has no one but a sister, who is engaged to be married. Such a chance for you, and here you are turning up your nose at him already."
"Well, mamma," the girl replied, "I can't help it. You made me angry, and

he made me angry, and I shall just hate him from now on. Besides, he evidently thinks I am anxious for his attentions. I'll show him I'm not; I have a little pride. 'Who could help noticing it,' in-deed! and he stared at me as if I was

a calf offered for sale." "I think it was quite an elegant com-

"I do not," said Sabrina. "He had no right to pay me compliments the first "Such a high character people give

him," said Mrs. Fair. "I think he's fine looking, too, Breny."
"He's not!" the girl replied. I don't

want to marry a farmer, anyhow; I like the city. I shall choose a doctor or a lawyer, or something like that."

The worst of it is, the men choose us; we have only yes or no to say,' sighed Mrs. Fair. "And whoever come

here, Breny? Do you want to be an old maid?" "Just as soon as not," Sabrina an

swered, tossing her small head. "Any-how, I'll never take any notice of Mr.

She kept her word. Young Oaks, who



POULTRY ISN'T WORTH MUCH. called constantly, warmly welcomed by Mrs. Fair. Sabrina was obliged to go into the parlor on these occasions, but she sat by the window and crocheted, and only said "ah!" "yes" or "no," when ommon civility obliged her to do so.

Oaks understood her very well; he knew she was neither stupid nor shy. She was taking airs," she wished to drive him away.

Every one knows that the ordinary man is only led on by the thought that a woman is running away from him. Oaks was not superior to his sex in general. He pretended not to notice, talked to the mother, looked at the daughter, made the latter very acceptable offer-ings of fruit and vegetables, and bided

Robert Oaks was obstinate-so was Sabrina Fair. By slow degrees she began to see that he was very fine looking. to know that he had educated himself very thoroughly, and to discover that he had a good disposition. She secretly wished that she had not begun to treat him with contempt, but, having begun, she went on to the bitter end. Silence had failed, she began to use sarcasm, bitter speeches, contemptuous remarks. He took them good-humoredly, and once said to her mother:

so witty. "When a man is in love with a womwhen a man is in love with a wom-an, she can't do anything wrong," Mrs. Fair said one night, as Sabrina lay at her side in the darkness. "And when he is not, she can't do anything right." "The next compliment Robert Oaks pays me, I'll slap him in the face," Sabrina said.
"I relieve you capable of it," said

"I had no idea that Miss Sabrina was

m In a moment more Sabrina heard her crying softly.

"Why, mamma!" she said. "If you really knew how bad things were Breny," the elder woman answered. "I don't believe we can get along three months more—I do not; and

there's plenty for both of us offeredand such a man! And you haven't another beau-oh, Breny." Breny pretended to be asleep. Secret-

y, she was repenting bitterly. By this time she knew that her mother only said what was true about Robert Oaks; but, nevertheless, she refused to come into the parlor at all when next he called.

That day Robert held out both hands to Mrs. Fair as he said good-bye.

"I suppose I might as well stay way," he said. "I think I must give up an idea I had of making friends with Miss Sabrina.' Mrs. Fair was too forlorn to deny the

truth. "I appreciate you, Mr. Oaks." she

"Thank you," he replied, and was Weeks passed, he did not call again

but secretly he still watched and waited, expecting some recall from Sabrina. teep the cottage a little longer the Fairs were living on bread and molasses and rye coffee. Such diet did not agree with Mrs. Fair-she fell ill.

The doctor came and ordered wine and chicken broth. Sabrina walked into the village that afternoon and sold a pair of earrings to the jeweler and bought the wine. As for the chicken, she had a plan. Sabrina was a queer creature, and I am sure that when I tell my readers what she intended to do they will be quite certain that she

was destitute of moral principle. Sabrina Fair intended to steal those hickens, and to steal them from Mr Robert Oaks.

The great, clean, well-appointed coops were close to the cottage garden, and by loosening a paling she could easily slip in. At midnight she set out upon her er-

rand, cloaked and veiled, as she believed, beyond recognition. Trembling with agitation, she grabbed rather small and skinny little hen, and stumbled home with it, turning

faint as she reached her doorstep. However, the chicken broth did her nother good, and she explained that she had sold her earrings, giving Mrs. Fair an idea that a fabulous price had been paid for them; and from that time the two women liven on chickens and fresh eggs. There were always a few eggs to be found on the Oaks place without much searching.

By degrees Sabrina grew bold. Her heart no longer palpitated with fear when she drew away the palings and slipped through the aperature into

"I'll get a good roaster for Sunday, mamma," she said one day, "if you're not tired of chicken." "I like poultry better than meat," the

unsuspicious lady replied. "It's a shame you should part with your jewelry, "Oh, earrings are out of fashion, you

know," said Sabrina. Her mother did not ask of whom her daughter bought the fowls, nor did she guess how at midnight she opened the kitchen door and hurried away to the scene of her former depredations, with cool audacity born of success in evildoing.

In ten minutes she had a fine speckled hen in her basket, had pocketed six eggs ,and was stooping to creep under the fence, when a voice behind her said

"Poultry isn't worth much, to my mind, without proper fixings. I've got the basket all ready for you. The things are fresh, anyway. The cranberries I got over in the meadow, and there's

ugar for them as well." Sabrina Fair uttered a scream and leaned against the fence, white as a shost in the moonlight.

Farmer Oaks tood before her; his hat on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets, smiling benevolently. An instant more and a flood of hot tears burst from Sabrina's eyes. Never was human being so bitterly mortified

"Mother was almost starving," she said. "She's been sick, and there was

no money. That's my only excuse "Why didn't you come to the fence and tell me to bring over what she wanted?" said Oaks. "The idea of your mother wanting anything I had plenty

It occurred to Sabrina to look haughty, but she could not manage it. The tears fell faster than ever. Oaks drew an immaculately clean handkerchief from his pocket and wiped them

"Don't," he said, tenderly. "Look here, Breny, 'all of this is mine and

Sabrina was not aware that he was quoting from the "Lord of Burleigh" but the speech was pretty and she al lowed the young man to put his arm

about her waist.
"You've liked me better than you would let me see for a long while, my dear," he said. "I've loved you since the day we met.

"Tomorrow I am coming over to ask your mother when I can have you both. Sister Jessie is to be married soon, and I need a wife and a mother-in-law and there's no woman in the world could love but you." Then he kissed her, picked up his burdens, and led the under the fence, Sabrina following meekly.

When Oaks had gone away, leaving the baskets on the kitchen floor, she stood looking after him until she heard her mother calling downstairs:

"Breny, what are you sittling up so late for? "I've been to take a moonlight walk, mamma," Sabrina replied. "At this time of night—are crazy?" Mrs. Fair inquired.

"Oh, I had an escort," Sabrina re plied. "Mr. Oaks was with me." "I do believe you have come to your senses at last," cried Mrs. Fair ecsta

"Yes'm, I have," was her daughter's answer, mamma." "and I'm awfully happy,

Her Serious Alarm.

"Mrs. Johnsing," began the messenger who was deputed to break the news gently, "your husband, while a little under the influence of liquor, tried to butt an express train off the track-. Mrs. Johnson threw up both hands. "Man!" she exclaimed. "I bet befo' termorrer mornin' dat railrode company be down here wid a constable an' take goods an' chattels fer damages. Whar is dat fool nigger—in the jail?"—Cincin-Clothing at Your Own Price for the Next 20 D

MODERN VENETIAN WOMEN. They Are Barely Pretty, Often Charm-

ing and Usually Handsome.

Venetian women are rarely pretty, often charming, generally handsome, says Harper's Magazine. And all of them, without exception, walk splendidly, not taking little, mincing, feminine steps, but with a fine, grave stride, due partly to the fact that they are accus tomed to wear heelless slippers, which oblige them to plant the feet firmly and whole foot at once, without a chance of tripping on toes or pounding on heels, as women who wear light tight boots are able and apt to do; they walk with much the same action as if they were barefooted and just as well. And they use the whole body in walking, not with the undulatory motion of Spanish wom en but with a movement of the whole back and shoulders in the exact swing of the stride. Venetian women do, however, remind one in many ways of Spanish women in their way of doing the hair, of wearing the mantilla, for instance, the Moorish element coming out in both, so that in Venice, for instance one finds, quite as a matter of course an Autico Caffe del Mori, a cigarette is still known as a spagnoletto, and the dialect touches Spanish at all points. The types of Venetian women vary in every quarter; the women of the Castello have quite a different look from the women of the Dorsoduro. In a sea-port town there is always a certain intermixture of races, and Venice, with the different layers of its different occupations and conquests, is variable to greater degree than most seaports Women and girls, even children, dress exactly alike, and there is nothing more comical, more charming, than the little people of 12, who look like 20; brilliant, fascinating little people, at once very childish and very mature, with their hair colled at the back like their elders, their skirts down to their heels, their shawls, too long for them, dangling to the ground, but worn with an air of infinite importance and self-sufficiency. And the colors of all these women, the elegant olives, the delicate blondes, are thrown out so well, so finely adorned, by the vivid colors of shawls and dresses and stockings, which would be gaudy elsewhere, but which here in the heat and glitter of such an atmosphere are always in place, never immoderate. They are all a part of the picture, the great genre picture which is Venice.

NO FISHIN' HERE.

How an Oil City Angler Encountered Such an Admonition.

An Oil City gentleman, who, like many others, is fond of fishing for trout, had nearly finished a day's long tramp on a stream which was strewn with cut poles, balt boxes, and other evidences of the native angler. He had noticed but ignored, an occasional sign tacked to a tree of "No fishing on this stream," not allowing the weather-stained ad-monitions to interfere with what little enjoyment he was getting. The day was nearly over and he was nearing the nouth of the stream, when he was hailed by a resident of a neighboring farm house.

"Hello, Cap'n!"

Well? "Ye been fishin' up there?"

"Yes." "Can ye read?"

"Did ye see that sign tellin' ye there' no fishin' up here?'

"Yes, and it's true, too." Then the tired sportsman stepped on to inspect a likely hole, and it wasn't until after he had put on a fresh balt that a light seemed to break in on the farmer's understanding, who grunted and faced about for home.-Oil City

A SAWED-OFF MOUSE TRAP.

The willingness of the country mer-chant, when he has competition, to oblige all customers, is sometimes almost pathetic. The other day a farmer entered one of the rardware stores in Reading, Mich., and asked to see cheap mouse trap. The dealer handed him down a wooden trap that had three

holes for mice.
"How much?" asked the farmer. Ten cents," said the merchant. "That's mor'n I can afford to pay,"

said the farmer. Got any for five The merchant had none for five cents and the farmer was about to depart when the hardware man called 'Hold on a minute!" He took the tencent trap to the back part of the store took down a saw and sawed out one of the holes and the catcher with it, says the Reading (Mich.) Hustler, and brought the mutilated trap back to the farmer, who paid his five cents and went away with the trap, apparently well satisfied.

A Wonderful Goblet.

Dr. Guthrie tells this story of a wonderful goblet, which the genius of a heathen fashioned, teaching a moral which many a deuthbed has fearfully illustrated:

Having made the model of a serpent he fixed it in the bottom of the cup and there, with gray eyes gleaming in its head, and fangs raised to strike, it lay, coiled for the spring. Beneath the ruby wine, the cup is raised, the draught is quaffed, the dregs are reached, and now that dreadful head rises up, too late to warn. And so, when pleasure's cup is nearly emptied, and the sinner with unwilling lips is draining its bitter dregs, shall rise the ghast ly terrors of remorse and death and judgment on his despairing soul. A serpent lurks at the bottom of guilt's sweetest pleasure.—Nashville Christian

Munificent Compensation.

Mr. Paderewski received a letter from an invalid English lady the other day requesting him, as she was unable to go to his concerts, to come to her house and play a few pieces, for which she offered him the munificent sum of \$2.50 This incident leads the Journal des De bats to relate a similar experience that occurred to Saint-Saens, when he was already a member of the Institute. A lady in the provinces, who was bring-ing out her daughter and had made up her mind to get the best there was, regardless of expense, wrote to him that she intended to give a ball and wanted him to provide the music at the plane, for which she offered to pay him \$5 and a second-class return ticket.

ASTOR A RESTAURATEUR.

John Jacob and the Shanley Brothers

to Open a Cafe on Upper Broadway. John Jacob Astor a restaurateur! It's fact, and the big block of land at Forty-second street and Broadway is soon to be the site of a restaurant which may vie with the best in this country or Europe, says the New York

For years Acker, Merrall & Condit have occupied the corner. It is now in that part of the city which embraces half a dozen theaters and lots of hotels. Some weeks ago Thomas J. Shanley and his two brothers, who conduct a chophouse opposite Daly's theater, got an option on the property and then approached the owner, John Jacob Astor. They asked Mr. Astor to build an upto-date restaurant on the property, where now stands a ramshackle two-story building. Thomas J. Shanley said "We expect in a short ime to build

restaurant that will astonish world. Before I went into this bust ness I was buyer for a large dry goods nouse. I went three times a year to London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and lots of other continental cities. I saw what we needed in the restaurant line. According to our plans, which Mr. Astor is to follow, we will have a building at least three stories high. On the roof is to be an open-air restaurant. Below we are to have one room for men and women where smoking is not allowed; another for both sexes where smoking is permitted. There is also to be a cafe for men and a banquet hall for meetings and big dinners. The roof restaurant will, I think, appeal to those who like to dine comfortably, and you know what heat is to the average New Yorker. "One unique feature will be an orches-tra so situated in a court that the man

who chooses to spend seventy-five cents, or whatever he cares to, will hear as much as those who are in the other galleries. I have always considered what people want, and when I say that our business in this small place amounts to over a quarter of a million of dollars year you can see what a larger place in a better location, perhaps, will amount to. Mr. Astor said that his new hotel would take so much moneyit is to adjoin the Waldorf, you knowthat he hadn't as much to spend on our new place as ordinarily he would have. However, \$200,000, we understand, is the

amount to be used.

"The place will be equipped with the newest and best culinary arrangements, and I shall leave for Europe shortly to get the best chef I can engage. The waiters will be English-speaking ones -I don't fancy foreigners-and if there is anything to eat to be had anywhere we will have it, and it will be properly cooked, too. It will be a new departure in a way, but we hope to make it a MARKET

MARK TWAIN'S STORY.

He Is the Author of "Joan of Arc" in Harper's Magazine.

The Hartford Courant says that "it is now known for a fact that Mr. Clemens is the author of the "Joan of Arc" romance, now running its serial course in Harper's Magazine. This has been guessed from the repeated occurrence of phrases and modes of expression, which are eminently characteristic of Mark Twain. It is surmised by the Lit-erary World of Boston that "the cloak of anonymity" is used because the au-thor may deem this his masterpiece, and dislikes to have it hampered by remembrance of the work he has done in the past. This may be so, and if it be Mr. Clemens, we sould suppose it likely that he would be glad to shred away his old alias, Mark Twain, and be known by his real name, as an author—just as many a popular writer has longed to do. Dr. Holland for example, grew very tired of being called "Timothy Titcomb," after the reason for using that name no longer existed. But the "Joan of Arc," which is exceedingly interesting, is not the first work to show Mr. Clemens as a writer of deep and strong purpose. He is a humanitarian, a moralist, a philosopher in his treatment of human life, as even "Tom Sawyer" indicated, and as the "Yankee in King Ar thur's Court," "The Prince and the Pauper" (that beautiful apologue of 'all sorts and conditions of men") and, above all, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," abundantly proved. The last-named tale of slavery is one of the most powerful pictures of the evils of "the pe culiar institution" ever written, ranking beside "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A scholar Mr. Clemens never can be, for he has waited too long, and thus he fills this romance of France many cen turies ago with expressions which be United States of his day, and to "Mark Twain" above all. Nevertheless, "Joan of Arc" is going to be worth reading. We may hope that Mr. Clemens has read De Quincey's brilliant essay on the Maid of Orleans. It is in line with his conception of the character.

"WALKING EGYPT."

Curious Semi-Religious Custom Southern Georgia. "You pretend to know enough to

come to congress from Georgia," re torted the colonel disgustedly, "and don't know what 'walking Egypt' is? Well, it's a grand Indian file procession to which the colored race gives way once a year in its churches. They lift up their voices in a horrible wall, the congregation does, and suddenly a negro jumps up in the aisle. Next a sister jumps up. She places her hands on his shoulders, and there they stand jumping up and down, stiff-kneed, like you've seen sheep when feeling festive. Usurunty little fellow, she a big, strapping wench. The singing moans on. Others get up until the whole congregation is in procession, hands forward resting on the shoulders in front, like a lot of penitentiary people going to dinner. Keeping a jerky time to the moaning, the procession, like a long, black centipede, jumps and jerks its way up one aisle, down another." says the Washington Post, "until their religious fervor has cooled. That's 'walking Egypt,' and I suppose the rite was imported from



Right Arm Paralyzed! Saved from St. Vitus Dance.

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