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..Judge Post and T. L. Norval ENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

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J. J. King of O'Neill

A. L. Bartow of Chadron

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ERS' RELIEF COMNISSION. meeting first Monday in Febru-h year, and at such other times as necessary. Robt. Gallagher, Page, Wm. Bowen, O'Nelll, secretary; k Atkingon

TRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. vices every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock. ev. Cassidy, Postor. Sabbath school ately following services.

R. POST, NO. 86. The Gen. John Neill Post, No. 86, Department of Ne-G. A. R., will meet the first and third Ay evening of each month in Masonic Neill S. J. SM11H, Com.

HORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. was hall. Visiting brothers cordially

C. L. BRIGHT, Sec. RFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M ets on first and third Thursday of each

ts on first and third Thursday of each in Masonic hall.

Doers Sec. J. C. HARNISH, H. P.

OF P.---HELMET LODGE, U. D. Convention every Monday at 8 o'clock p. Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethern lly invited. MCCARTY, K. of R. and S.

EILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30. I. 0.0. F. meets every second and fourth is of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Scribe, Chas. BRIGHT.

EN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS
of REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3d
y of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall,
ANNA DAVIDSON, N. G.
NCHE ADAMS, Secretary.

RFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F.& A.M. egular communications Thursday nights before the full of the moon.

1. DOBBS, Sec. E. H. BENEDICT, W. M.

LT-CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. OF A. sets on the first and third Tuesday in month in the Masonic hall.

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

0, U. W. NO. 153. Meets second and fourth Tudsday of each month in сит, Кес. T. V. GOLDEN, M. W.

DEPENDENT WORKMEN OF MERICA, meet every first and third WAGERS, Sec. MCCUTCHAN, G. M.

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arts Monday, Wed. and Fri. at. ... 7:00 a m ives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at. ... 4:00 p m

## FICIAL DIRECTORY THE RURAL HEROES.



About him the dry leaves are dancing in the melancholy autumn wind, and the sun is darting long, reddish rays through the bare

boughs above; the sky is blue be; and from blue can the woods rises a pungent, aromatic odor. Jean Pegolan, sentient, through his tough hide, of some small part of all this poetry, this serenity of nature, whips up the gray with a will and turns her head homeward.

It is quite true, to be sure, that the Prussians are marching on Paris, that here they have sacked a village, there burned a farm to the ground, and further on, shot some poor, unoffensive creature dead. But, I ask you, what difference can that possibly make to Jean Pegolan? Neither his house, nor his cattle, nor his crops, have suffered in the least from invasion. He saw some of the enemy at the neighboring town, where he had just been to sell some of the produce of his farm, and, dear me, he has not found that they are such monsters. One must admit that they are men like any others.

When he has passed the Green-Cross and sees the village before him, with its church steeple of gray slate and the gilt weather vane shining in the sunset, our honest farmer has a vision of the steaming dish of soup which awaits him on the table at home, that brings the water to his mouth.

"Hi! Git up!" But instead of "getting up" the gray comes to a sudden standstill.

A Prussian estafette, in passing has seized her bridle and sharply turns her out of the way. Then, as Pegolan is too slow in making room, he raises his whip and slashes it across the farmer's face, from ear to ear. Certainly Jean Pegolan has always

expressed the greatest respect for the conqueror, but this time, rage gets the better of him. He rises to his feet, seizes one of the benches of the cart and the Prussian rolls off his horse the next moment, with a broken skull.

The shadows are growing deeper across the road, the woods are very still, the moon is creeping up the horizon, half hidden behind a transparent veil of clouds.

Pegolan, who is now trembling in every limb, looks furtively around him. No one has seen the deed. His Prussian lies there in the ditch, kicking convulsively, face downward. As for him, he will assuredly tell no tales! "Come, git up! Hi"

And the gray, who scents her stable

from afar, starts off at a gallop.

They have all been pushed and locked into the church like a flock of sheep. There they are, sitting in groups in the nave, some very pale, others very red, all silent, their throats contracted by fright. A crude white light falls rom the windows of unstained glass and throws large pale squares on the blue peasants' frocks or illumines pitilessly some face on which abject fear may be read in the drawn mouth and pinched nostrils.

Faint heavy odors of autumnal foliage come from the neighboring cemetery and one hears the chirping of the sparrows disputing among themselves amidst the gravestones.

The night before, a Prussian patrol had found, near the Green-Cross, the body of a murdered hussard. It is necessary to make an example. And so, since dawn, a battalion of chasseurs have invaded the village, and, by order of the commanding officer, have imprisoned within the church walls every HODIST CHURCH. Sunday rvices—Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30

The morning—until the stroke of noon— Lass No. 1 9:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Ep League) 6:30 P. M. Class No. 3 (Child-30 P. M. Mind-week services—General meeting Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will e welcome. especially strangers. E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor.

The morning—until the stroke of noon— has been given them to point out the guilty one, or to make a personal con-fession; that hour passed, one of the men will be picked out at random, and the village turned down.

And it is now 11:30 o'clock. Oh! If they only knew the murderer-the assassin—the bandit—who ha brought all this upon them, while they were vegetating along tranquilly in the midst of the ruins of their country; how gladly and quickly would they, good people denounce him! If necessary they would wreak vengeance upon him with their own hands. But they do not know him; and meantime, the minutes hurry on, and none dare take the initiative none assume the responsibility of sing-

ling out the criminal. He who could solve their perplexities, who might cry: "I am the murderer, the assassin, the bandit!"-he, Jean Pegolan, is very careful not to breathe a

word. He sits in the shadow of the confessional, with his sealskin cap drawn over his eyes and his heart beating wildly within him, and thinks of his wife, who is so dainty and so kissable; of his cows, who are ruminating at their stalls; of his hay, all well stowed away in his lofts, and he tells himself that to die would be to leave that to all eternity, that one only dies once, that he would be very much of a fool to give himself up to justice, and that after all, he never killed the Prussian intentionally. The reasonings suffice to quiet his conscience. If the choice happens to fall on an innocent man-well, my faith, it cannot be helped. Every one is surely bound to look after himself in this base

Hark! the clock, a quarter to twelve.

Only a quarter of an hour left. The last stroke dies away in slow vibrations and silence hangs again under the high vaulted ceiling, like some invisible presence. The heavy rhythmic tread of troops approaching, then stopping, sounds from without. A hoarse cry of command comes next, multitudinous guns strike the ground with a dull

A decision must be reached-and at

Some one speaks a name-in a whisper only-yet every oneheard it. Then hastily, hurriedly, with the feverish eagerness of people who dread death, everyone repeats it. Jean Pegolan, the Eyvettes farmer, draws a long breath. The name is not his.

It is that of a poor devil, half-woodcutter, half poacher, a Red Republican. who voted a "nay" at the last elec-

not be helped. Perhaps the fellow did not do the deed. But then he was quite capable of doing it. Besides, he is only a poor wretch, while they are all com-fortable farmers, in easy circumstances. Justice above all things.

In vain does the poor wretch protest his innocence. The evening before he was ailing—a wrench he got in felling a tree. He had been on his bed, without stirring, all day. They could make in-quiries. They would see that he had not been out of his house. All in vain does he throw himself at their feet, his voice choked with anguish and fear. All in vain does he invoke their pity. What is to become of his children if he is to die? His wife will never equal the task

of providing for them. No one answers. Pegolan, in his corner, sits in cold perspiration, fearing some change in opinion, some sudden relenting. But the others are only too happy to have come to some conclusion. They ask but one thing now, to be speedily rid of this man who moans before them, tearing his hair, and reproaching them for their ferocious egotism, their monstrous cruelty.

The door is thrown wide open, and beyond it rises a forest of bayonets filling the small square, and nearer to the threshold the group of men charged with the execution have gathered, and the fatal instrument of death shines again in the warm white light of the

And 12 o'clock strikes. There is a cry broken by a detona-tion, and the smoke clearing away the body of the woodcutter and poacher is seen lying on the steps of the church, and stiffening there, while one by one those men pass out beside it, the blood staining the souls of their feet. And the Prussian officers, with looks of speechless contempt, turn away revolt-

Jean Pegolan has gained his own

abode once more. Heavens! But it is pleasant to be safe at home again after such an adventure The chickens are clucking, and scratching about in the barnyard, the pigeons are cooing on the roof, the ducks are waddling around a tiny pond that shines softly in the sun; from the stable, where the Prussians have not entered, comes the mellow lowing of the milch cows, and the gray's strident neighing forms a response. Sheaves of wheat are piled up with a golden luxuriance, in the coach house, and the hay in stacks, shows at all the windows of the loft.

The farmer shakes himself: his clothes are still moist with perspiration. He enters the house and sees his wife in tears on her knees beside the bed. She starts up at the sound of his step and stands before him, white as a spectre.
"What!" in a shrill voice. "You are not dead?"

Pegolan, stunned by this singular reception, stares mutely.

"It was you who killed the Prussian at Green Cross! Don't deny it! I saw the blood on your blouse this morning.

"Sh'-sh! It's true-but-don't denounce me, for pity's sake!"

"Ah!" cried the woman with mutter-able disgust. "You needn't be afraid now! You know it's too late, and you have allowed another man to be shot in your place?"

"It isn't my fault, is it? I didn't say anything. It was the Mayor who picked out the other one."

Pegolan lets himself drop into a chair, with flaccid legs, and something like remorse seizing him inwardly. For one moment his infamy is borne in upon



HE LAY DEAD.

him by the lightning flash of conscience Good Lord! One isn't perfect. And as the carriage that is bearing away his wife o her father rolls out of sight he is still sitting there, all upset.

But these impressions wear away, little by little. Evening comes on, and the Prussians have left the village with fife and drums, abandoning to their fate the three children and wife of the woodcutter, who will die of hunger, And Jean Pegolan has recovered all his good

What will you say? His farm is safe!

## GENERATOR GAS.

The English Are Ahead of Us as Its Utilizers.

Though the use of ordinary lighting gas is customary in England in engines up to ten horse power, for larger sizes a small convenient apparatus has been devised for the production of a gas that cannot be used for illuminating pur-poses, but which gives very economical results when burned in the engine cylinder. This is known as generator gas, the best fuels from which to obtain it being anthracite coal and gas coke, as these yield no tar; the thermal ef-ficiency is also described as low, it having about 160 heat units per cubic foot, as compared with 615 to 630 of London lighting gas, so that about four times the quantity is required to insure the same amount of power, the great quantity obtained, however, to-gether with the small amount of depreciation and labor necessary for pro-duction, it is said, make it in many cases comparable in cost to gas at 20 cents per thousand.

Found a Petrified Cat.

Mr. Philip Wetzell, 1724 Eastern avenue, has a petrified cat which was found in an old building in East Baltimore a few days ago. The cat was found by Mr. Joseph Smith between the plastering and the joists of Brown's coffee warehouse on Thames street, near Bond street. The building has stood tions.

Wed. and Fridays at ...1:30 p m barely walk, and these will be left without bread by his death. But that can out bread by his death. But that can NOTHING ESCAPES.

The Briarous-Like Clutches of French Taxation.

The New York World says: How to tax the people sufficiently to meet the governmental and military expenses, without burdening them beyond their power of endurance, is a task which gives sleepless nights to the statesmen and lawmakers of every nation in Europe, and is the cause of countless bitter discussions in the various parliamentary bodies of the old world. The French Senate and Chamber of Deputies have finally finished their tinkering with the budget, and the members have gone home to rest. The result of their labors is set forth in a recently published report addressed to the Minister of the Interior, in which there are some curious statistics. The tax on dogs brings in 8, 600,000 francs, and is imposed on 2,847,000 canines of all breed and conditions, from the two Chinese edible dogs owned by Walbeck-Rosseau the statesman-which are the only ones on the continent of Europe—down to the swarms of dogs without pedigrees which are among the highest prized possessions of the poor in Southern France as well as elsewhere in the world. The tax on clubs aggregate 1,440,000 francs, which are divided among about 5,000 such organizations, made up of 283,400 members. Billiards and check ers are enormously popular games in France, and the 94,000 places where the former diversion may be enjoyed put 1, 100,000 francs into the governmental coffers. Checker playing is not taxed, though attempts have been made to ren der that game a source of revenue. The quarter of a million bicycles in France pay the State nearly 2,000,000 francs in taxes. Two hundred and ninety-nine out of the 2,000,000 wheels, however, are growing rusty in the rooms of "ma tante," the Mont de Piete. Here, by the way, seems to be a new and untilled lit-erary field. Several touching poems have been written regarding the sorrows of Arabs, elderly ladies and other people when forced to sell a beloved horse, but no one has yet portrayed in verse the bitter pangs an ardent cyclist feels when lack of cash forces him to deposit his wheel as collateral security for a loan. Finally, the tax on horses and vehicles is an annual resource of 16,000,000 francs. There are 1,156,000 horses, 363,180 carriages which go on four wheels, and 1,068,130 which roll upon two.

DEVELOPING PRINTS.

New and Interesting Method of Doing the Work Lately Discovered. A valuable paper has been read before the photographic section of the American Institute by H. J. Newton, explaining a tow and interesting method of developing photographic prints on paper with coal tar products in alkaline solutions. He expresses the belief, from observation and the investigations he has made, that prints resulting by development from bromide of silver are absolutely permanent. The bromide paper was first made in Europe, and the first prints were on imported paper. An important consideration, of course is the keeping quality of such paper be fore using as well as after; and as to this the statement is made that samples have been kept some three years and a half without any sign of deterioration being exhibited, the manufacturers also declaring that the material when five years old is as good as when first made. Different alkalies do not perform or produce a uniform effect on paper manufactured at different establishments. Again, the carbonates produce a browner black than the caustic alkalies. But the beauty of a print will, after all, depend to a certain extent upon the bromide in the developer-particularly noticeable being the effect of an addition of bromide of soda to the developer.

METALLIC YARN.

Carpets Now Being Made by Aid of Suc Material.

The durability of carpets is now made greater, it is said, by the introduction of metallic yarns in the fabric, greater strength being thus assured than by the simple use of yarns made from animal or vegetable fibres, the idea being, briefly, the foundation of a metal coating on an inferior surface, and weaving the strands in certain proportions. A non-oxidizable metal is employed, and this is dissolved and applied to the surfaces of threads, rendering them like metal in appearance and general characteristics; the metallic composition is said to consist of aluminum, borax, alum, litharge and wax, these, combined with white lead and one or two other substances, producing a metallic coating that is flexible and soft as common paint would be. yet to all appearances the covering is similar to metal, very much resembling aluminum. Various substances are adapted for the core or body of the thread, such as wood, pulp, jute, cotton, flax, etc., and the metallic coating is applied to the yarns automatically, the device for this purpose consisting of a chamber in which the ingredients are placed and through which the varns are drawn, the coating adhering to the surface of the threads.

Naptha for Scouring. The employment of naphtha as cleansing substance in the scouring of wool is a new method favorably commented upon by the scientific papers By the use of a pump the naphtha is forced through and through the wool, extracting all the natural oil, it being also claimed that the naphtha does not injure the fibre of the wool, as does alkali cleansing, but leaves the fleece in an actually better condition than when cleansed by any other process. A further valuable feature mentioned of this method is that the greece that is extracted from the wool in a pure state, thereby becoming valuable as a medicinal agent or for a saponification into the purest of soaps. A plant following this method is said to have scoured 500,-000 pounds of wool and had saved a product of 80,000 pounds in pure wool

Pump or Drown. The Dutch are not fond of lazy peo ple, and they have a very good way of curing persons who can but won't work If a pauper who is able to work refuses to do so, they put him in a cistern to which a pump is attached, and turn on a stream of water. This stream flows in the cistern just low enough to enable the lazy person by lively pumping to keep the water from getting up over his

THE OLD TEASER.

A Venerable Side-Wheeler Which Has Seen Much Service.

One more round trip of the Miramichi between Montreal and the Gulf ports and the stanch old boat's life work will have ended, says the Montreal Star. The quaint side-wheeler of the fashion of a generation ago will give place to the modern twin-screw steamship Campana, which is even now on her way down the canal. The early history of the Miramichi is unique inasmuch as she was designed for an entirely different trade from the peaceful one she has followed since the early 70's. She was built at London, England, in 1864 by J. Penn and was christened the Teaser. For whom she was originally built is not known. This was kept a secret, no doubt, for the reason that her intended trade was of a semi-pi-ratical nature. She was designed for a blockade runner between southern ports of the United States and Europe In that year-1864-the war of the rebellion was at its height and the navy of the United States had completely blocked all traffic between the rebel ports and Europe. The speed of the Teaser was about sixteen miles per hour, which was accounted very fast in those days, and it was thought that she could outsail the ships of the United States navy. She was captured, however, on her first trip, as she was try-ing to get out of a blockaded southern port with a cargo of cotton. After the close of the war in 1865 she was sold by the United States government and for a time was employed in the Gulf of Mexico between New Orleans and Galves-Coal being very expensive, this did not prove a paying investment and she was laid up in New Orleans until 1872, when her present owners, the Quebec Steamship company, purchased her. Alterations, such as the deck houses, etc., have since been made. Her boilers were renewed six years ago, though the engines are the same as when she was built. She has made 300 round trips to the lower ports, which aggregate over 600,000 miles, and in all her service has never lost a life.

SHOES OF THE SEASON.

All Kinds and Sorts Designed for the Various Phases of Summer Life.

The walking boot par excellence is a reflection of good sense, and one more additional evidence that the present generation are in many things than their elders were. The favorite foot-covering just now is the Juliet or Diana shoe, with a graceful instep, elastic sides, and shapely yet solid heel. These come in finest French kid and in russet kids and leathers of various qualities. Large invoices of shoes are displayed designed for the wear and tear of rambles and climbing in country or mountain. These shoes are made of the softest and finest of French calf. They are far better for outing uses than shoes of any other sort, and when black-ened shine like satin. They are comfortable yet attractive improvements of the regular common-sense boot, with its un-necessarily heavy and ungainly heel and sole. For carriage wear are some very stylish and elegant models, includthose made of black satin, patent leather with black moire tops, russet-colored and gray undressed kid, and bronze kid with brown tips. The fancy for low shoes over black or dark silk hose will be as general as ever this season. The Juliet styles are their only rivals. For house and full-dress wear the low-cut Dieppe sandal of black satin or black French kid tipped with jet is very fashionable abroad. Colored kid slippers matching the evening toilet, contrary to reports concerning them, are not regarded as expressions of elegance, and have given place to the Dieppe sandal. With the exception of jet, bead adornings on slippers have entirely disappeared from the season's fashionable exhibit. Laced shoes of white canvas with white kid tops are still popularly worn on land and sea. For country uses and for tennis are some natty little outing boots laced with silk cords and finished with finely corrugated soles.

Coloring Soap. According to the Scientific American, a very radical change has taken place lately in the coloring of soap-that is, until a comparatively recent time mineral colors were exclusively employed, but the advance in the tar color industry has brought about the change. A very prominent advantage noted in respect to mineral colors is their stability, not being altered or in any way effected by exposure to light, an advantage, however, which is offset in many cases by the remarkably beautiful effect of numerous aniline colors and by the more difficult method of application in the case of the former; the specific gravity of mineral colors being rather high in most cases, they naturally tend to settle toward the bottom, necessitating crutching of the soap until it is too thick to drop the color; but for mottled soap, cinnabar, or vermilion and ultramarine are still largely employed.

Ornamental Glass Products.

Various experiments in glass manufacture are reported in French papers, among these being an attractive scription of ornamental products, the process, as will be seen, being characterized by extreme simplicity. face, as described, is first ground either by the sand blast or the ordinary method, and is then covered with a sort of varnish; on being dried, either in the sun or by artificial heat, the varnish contracts strongly, taking with it the particles of glass, to which it adheres, and as the contraction takes place along definite lines, the pattern produced by the removal of the particles of glass resembles very closely the branching crystals of frost work. The pattern may be varied in character by changing the thickness of the film of varnish, a single coat giving a small, delicate effect, while a thin film, formed by putting on two, three, or more coats, tracts so strongly as to produce a large and bold design; by using colored glass, a pattern in half tint may be made on colored ground.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder



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