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Enlarged Refurnished Refitted  
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Having leased the Gatz Market and thoroughly renovated the same we are now ready to supply you with choice Fresh and Salt Meats, Ham, Bacon, Fish, in fact everything to be found in a first-class market. We invite your patronage. : :  
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Cured by One Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.  
"When I had an attack of the grip last winter (the second one) I actually cured myself with one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Frank W. Perry, Editor of the Enterprise, Shortsville, N. Y. "This is the honest truth. I at times kept from coughing myself to pieces by taking a teaspoonful of this remedy, and when the coughing spell would come on at night I would take a dose and it seemed that in the briefest interval the cough would pass off and I would go to sleep perfectly free from cough and its accompanying pains. To say that the remedy acted as a most agreeable surprise is putting it very mildly. I had no idea that it would or could knock out the grip, simply because I had never tried it for such a purpose, but it did, and it seemed with the second attack of coughing the remedy caused it to not only be of less duration, but the pains were far less severe, and I had not used the contents of one bottle before Mr. Grip had bid me adieu." For sale by P. C. Corrigan.

Great Northern Railway  
W. & S. F. RY.  
Through daily service to Minneapolis and St. Paul with direct connections for all points in Minnesota, North Dakota and west to Pacific Coast. Through sleeping car service. Apply to any agent for rates, folders and descriptive matter.  
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The greatest danger from colds and grip is their resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for these diseases we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that it is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. It will cure a cold or an attack of the grip in less time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by P. C. Corrigan.

In every town and village may be had the



**Mica Axle Grease**  
that makes your horses glad.

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Shorthorn Bulls and Heifers.  
SCOTCH tops on best BATES families, 35 BULLS 14 to 26 mo. old. 20 HEIFERS and 10 COWS bred to our fine Scotch bull MISSIES PRINCE 75402. Over 200 head in heard to select from. These are the cattle for western men, as they are acclimated. Come and see them or write for prices.  
THE BROOK FARM CO.,  
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*Freight, No. 116	4:25 p. m.
†Freight, No. 64	12:01 p. m.

TRAINS WEST

†Passenger, No. 5	2:50 p. m.
*Passenger, No. 3	10:05 p. m.
*Freight, No. 119	5:32 p. m.
†Freight, No. 63	2:50 p. m.

The service is greatly improved by the addition of the new passenger trains Nos. 4 and 5; No. 4 arrives in Omaha at 10:35 a. m. arrives at Sioux City at 9:15 a. m. No. 5 leaves Omaha at 7:15 a. m., leaves Sioux City at 7:50 a. m.  
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The Prayers.  
I was in Heaven one day when all the prayers Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs  
Unto a place where he Who was ordained such ministry Should sort them so that in that palace bright The presence-chamber might be duly light; For they were like to flowers of various bloom; And a divinest fragrance filled the room.  
Then did I see how the great sorter chose One flower that seemed to me a hedge-ling rose,  
And from the tangled press Of that irregular loveliness Set it apart—and—"This," I heard him say,  
"Is for the Master;" so upon his way He would have passed; then I to him—"Whence is this rose? O thou of cherubim  
The chiefest?"—"Know'st thou not?" he said and smiled,  
"This is the first prayer of a little child."

**The Sixth Hand in the Game**

"No, thanks," said the drummer; "I'm through with poker."  
The men in the smoking room of the coastwise steamship howled in derision and incredulity.  
"No, boys," said the drummer, seriously, "I've sworn off on poker. I can't play the game any more."  
"Well, then," said the man who had invited him to join the game, "I guess it's all off for to-night. I don't care anything about four-handed poker. Honest, now, Mac, this is the biggest surprise I've had since Cocktail Jim climbed on the water wagon. What made you swear off?"  
"An experience I had in a game I played about six months ago, down in Nova Scotia," said the drummer. "It broke my nerve. In my business trips I visited Halifax about twice a year, and every time I went there I sat in a poker game with the same crowd. There was a big, burly hotel keeper named Drake, a French Canadian named Onesime Bellefontaine; his cousin, a barber, whose name was Narcisse Le Blanc, and an Irishman named O'Reilly. The game was played in Drake's hotel.  
"A year ago when I was there the game was on Saturday night, and Le Blanc did not butt in until well on toward morning. He was a nice, slender, good-looking young fellow, rather delicate and what you might call pretty, and simply crazy on poker. The game wasn't very high, but it served to pass away the time.  
"Well, on this night, Narcisse Le Blanc came hurrying into the stuffy little back room, threw off his coat, drew out a ten-dollar bill and bought his chips. The limit was 50 cents.  
"Who's winnin' to-night—you, M'soo Drake?" he asked.  
"No!" growled the big hotel keeper, and the game went on. Narcisse won steadily, and as steadily drank nips of whisky and water and smoked cigarettes. He hurried through his work that night and he was hot and excited.  
"Phew!" he exclaimed, "but it's hot! Open de window dere, someone!"  
"Better not, Narcisse," I said; "you have a cigarette cough already; you are sitting with your back to the window, and you'll catch a cold, and colds bring on catarrh, and catarrh brings on consumption, and consumption introduces the Lean Fellow."  
"De Lean Fellow! Who dat?"  
"Mr. Death."  
"Bah! Who's feared of him?"  
"Well, I am, for one," I said. "I know a man in Boston, I went on, 'who writes for the paper; mighty clever man, but he has a bad habit of joking with death; he's too familiar with him. He calls him by nicknames. The Lean Fellow is one of them. Good Lord! The Lean Fellow! The name almost makes you see him, and the bare ribs, and to make you hear the wind whistling through the bare ribs! Yes, Narcisse, I fear the Lean Fellow."  
"An' do I love him—me? Not mooch," said Narcisse; "but I can stand

Narcisse! laughed Drake. He went to the man at the window. "What's the matter, Jake? Is the inspector around?"  
"The man nodded. He had a policeman's helmet behind his back. 'Lie low,' he said, 'I'll let you know when the coast is clear. Give me a drink.' He got his drink. The window was closed, the blinds drawn, the lights lowered, and we waited in the dark.  
"What's the matter, Narcisse?" I asked. I fancied I could hear Le Blanc's teeth chattering. "Oh, nothing, nothing," said Narcisse, hastily. He admitted afterward, however, that the wind had chilled him. The lights were turned up and the game went on. Now and then Narcisse sneezed or hemmed in his throat. The tide of luck turned; he was beaten on an ace fully by four little ones, and after that he lost steadily. Morning brought end to the game and to Le Blanc's money. He borrowed a couple of dollars from his cousin and went miserably home.  
"Six months later I was sitting in the same game. I was dealing. 'The game doesn't seem the same without Le Blanc,' I remarked, glancing at the new player, a clumsy fellow. 'How is he, Bellefontaine?'  
"Pretty low," said the cousin, scanning his cards. 'I'm tired, me, sitting up with him. I should be there to-night, I s'pose. I'll take two cards.'  
"It was a jack pot, and Drake had opened it. 'I'll take one card,' he said. 'I'll tell you what,' he went on, 'Nar-



The wind, blowing in from the sea, puffed straight in his face. He got up and opened the window. The wind, blowing in from the sea, puffed straight in his face. The oil lamps flared. The loose cards jumped on the table.  
"It's blowing through the Lean Fellow's ribs. B-r-r-r! Shut the window!" said Drake. Just then a head appeared at the open window and the light fell upon a grotesque nose and a pair of little sharp eyes. The nose was long and fleshless and stuck out from the sunken cheeks like the beak of a bird.  
"The Lean Fellow himself! Look,

Disraeli's Idea of a Throne.  
When, in 1862, the late duke of Edinburgh, then Prince Alfred, refused the throne of Greece, to which he had been elected by popular ballot, the Greeks, determined to secure an English ruler, sought to make the late Lord Derby their king. "It is a dazzling adventure for the house of Stanley," wrote Disraeli to Mrs. Wilmot, "but they are not an imaginative race and I fancy they will prefer Knowlesy to the Parthenon and Lanchashire to the Attic plains. It is a privilege to live in this age of rapid and brilliant events. It is one of infinite romance. Thrones tumble down and crowns are offered like a fairy tale. I think he (Lord Stanley) ought to take the crown; but he will not. Had I his youth I would not hesitate, even with the earldom of Derby in the distance."



The cards of the extra sixth hand were visibly agitated.  
cisse wasn't built to stand the pace he went; it was too swift for him. I guess he's done for. I'll bet a dollar on my two little pairs, and look out for squalls, boys."  
"I had caught a third queen, and I said: 'A dollar better. I guess raising the window that night fixed Le Blanc. I was right; the Lean Fellow was there.'  
"Poor Narcisse," said Bellefontaine. "I'll raise you bofe just one little dollar more."  
"Count me out," said the fifth player, laying down his cards, as did O'Reilly. "I hear that Narcisse is expected to cash in to-night."  
"Is that so?" said Drake, as he raked in the pot, having caught a full house, and he started to deal again. "I guess he'd rather be here to-night and take a hand with us. He was dotty on poker."  
"That may be so," said I, "but you needn't deal six hands. I don't think he'll come to take it."  
Drake stared at the table. It was true. He had dealt six hands. He laughed. "M'ideal," he said. "I guess I must have meant it for Narcisse."  
"There was a pause as Drake reached for the cards, and then—" "Sacre Dieu!" screamed Bellefontaine, falling with a scared, white face back from the table. "Narcisse is—is takin' de hand!"  
"And, by the Lord, the cards of the extra sixth hand were visibly agitated. They gathered together for all the world as though a hand arranged them; they seemed to be lifting.  
"You chump!" cried Drake to Bellefontaine, "it's only the draught from the chimney!"  
"What did you think it was? I managed to ask."  
"Bellefontaine sat down, wiping his forehead. And then on the hot summer air the stroke of a bell boomed, then another and another, solemnly and slowly; it was tolling. Bellefontaine got up and on legs that trembled left the room, crossing himself as he went. The game was ended.  
"It was ended indeed for Narcisse Le Blanc. The church bell told us that. And then I quit poker for good."  
—C. M. Williams in New York Press.

The Affluent Agriculturist.  
"Why do they always portray the farmer as purchasing gold bricks?"  
"That's easy explained," answered Mr. Cortossel; "the farmer's the fellow that's got the cash these days; the other people is hustlin' to get some of it by any trick they can fix up."

Till We Meet Again.  
Although my feet may never walk your ways,  
No other eyes will follow you so far:  
No voice rise reader to ring your praise,  
Till the swift coming of those future days  
When the world knows you for the man  
you are.  
You must go on and I must stay behind,  
We may not fare together, you and I,  
But, though the path to Fame be steep  
and blind,  
Walk strong and steadfastly, before man-  
kind,  
Because my heart must follow till you  
die.  
Steadfast and strongly, scoring mean suc-  
cess,  
Lent to others—to yourself severe,  
If you must fail, fail not in nobleness,  
God knows all other failures I could bless  
That sent you back to find your wel-  
come here.  
—Caroline Duer, in Scribner's.

**Luther Chubb's Lucky Penny**

"Heads, I ask her; tails, I don't."  
Luther flipped his old penny in the air and caught it deftly in its downward flight. He gazed at his closed fist in some trepidation, then opened it cautiously.  
"Gosh! it's heads," he cried. "I was hoping it might be tails."  
But the die was cast. It was Luther's habit thus to leave matters of moment to the decision of his lucky penny.  
He thrust the coin in his pocket and went on brushing his hair.  
"Heads," he whispered, gloomily. "Heads."  
The prospects of Luther Chubb—financial, not matrimonial—were good. Had not Uncle Bildad considerably, if unexpectedly, died and left him the farm?  
While Bildad Chubb had lived and Luther lived with him in the rather ambiguous relation of favorite nephew and hardest-worked hired man, the charms of Myrtle Gillet had seemed an all-sufficient desideratum for future hopes in Luther's view of eventful matrimony.  
Miss Gillet was plump and possessed of some facial beauty, together with characteristics of independence and hustling ability. And she favored Luther.  
But with the accession of worldly resources came hesitation on the part of Luther, and from Myrtle a letter of most sympathetic condolence and unmistakable personal interest.  
Luther had involved himself by no proposition. Undoubtedly, he could do better. Still people expected it. His attentions had been regular, if not serious, and, after all, it would pain him to lose Myrtle. She had admirers.  
Luther's ideas, which had soared temporarily above the Gillet connection, came down with rapidity. He guessed there was no other way. His lucky penny had settled it.  
He spat his hair viciously and prepared to set out for Gillet's, a mile down the road.  
The sun was behind the hills when he tramped up the grass-grown path and beheld Myrtle seated in the wide porch—a fair picture in her white dress, with the fading light softening her strong features.  
"Why, Luther Chubb, who'd have thought of you coming over to-night?" she greeted, in feigned astonishment.  
"Kind of felt like it," responded Luther, with equal mendacity. "Knew you wouldn't expect me. How's your father?"  
"O, pretty fair for him."  
"Ain't getting along very well lately, I hear. Too bad."  
"Well, the old place isn't what it was, you know, Luther. Hope we won't have to pick up and move over to Fernside. He's talking of it."  
"I wouldn't do that."  
"Why not?"  
Myrtle edged a little nearer.  
"That is—no use of your going, I guess."  
Miss Gillet sighed softly and looked down.  
"Thinks I'm easy," reflected Lu-

Luther plunged wildly about road, climbed the fence and trod on through the high, wet grass, oblivious to the fact that he was wearing his new shoes.  
The glamor of wealth had departed from him. He was no longer the prosperous, envied heir of Uncle Bildad, the man upon whom fortune had so richly smiled.  
He was only the country boy who had thought every night for two years of Myrtle Gillet—every night until that fateful one when his uncle died, and his head had been turned.  
"Myrtle—why, of course, there could be no other—never has been. Without her—"  
Luther groaned and stumbled on, hating himself and cursing.  
Surely there was no reason for breaking out like that, not even giving him a chance to explain. Didn't she tell him to go ahead? Who ever supposed good-humored, fun-loving Myrtle Gillet couldn't take a joke? No, he had lost her—lost her!  
How dark it was in the woods. What? Was he stepping in water? Yes, and mud—mud. He must have strayed into Dyer's swamp. If he should get into one of those mires!  
Luther plunged wildly about, feeling for firmer ground and becoming more and more confused. That was the way—no—this.  
"Help!"  
The frightened cry pealed out in the gloom. Going down, down. Now he screamed, knowing what it meant. Gillet's cow had gone the same way.  
Almost unconscious with horror and weakness, his breath nearly gone, he waited feebly, "Myrtle, Myrtle! O-h-h, Myrtle!"  
"There he is, father! Hurry! for heaven's sake, hurry!"  
"Where, girl? Where?"  
"Yonder! Just his head! The rope, quick. Around my waist, so. Throw in some brush for footing. Now! Hold this lantern, mother!"  
An oozy, pushing slide, a gleam of white arms in the flickering light.  
"I've got him! Pull, both of you!"  
Half the girl's face was in the slime, but she never let go. Slowly the forlorn objects were dragged to the little line of turf; then up the bank to safety.  
"Come!" said old Gillet huskily, gathering up the rope and lanterns, "let's get out o' this. Can you walk, boy? That's it, lean on Myrtle. Good thing she heard you holler and routed us out."  
As they turned, Luther thrust a clammy hand in his pocket, extracted his fist with difficulty, and threw something from him with a gesture of disgust. It struck with a spat in the very place which had so nearly terminated his earthly career.  
"What's that?" asked Mrs. Gillet.  
"My lucky penny," replied Luther, with some strength in his tone.  
"I wonder if it fell 'heads' or 'tails'?" laughed Myrtle, squeezing his arm.—Elliott Walker in Utica Globe.



Longevity in Ceylon.  
Ceylon, according to its recent census returns, has no fewer than 145 inhabitants over 100 years of age. Seventy-one of these are males and seventy-four females. Of these, forty-three men and fifty-two women claimed to be exactly 100, while the highest age returned was 120. One hundred is a good round age, and no doubt every indolent octogenarian who could not be bothered to remember the year of his birth put down 100 to save time.

now," went on Luther. "But you and I are old friends, and people sort of expect it, you know. Folks don't want you to move away. Say, Myrtle, suppose I flip up my lucky penny—heads, we get married; tails, we don't. Eh?"  
"All right," said the girl, quietly; "go ahead."  
Luther chuckled.  
"Guess I'll end her misery," he thought, feeling a sudden sense of shame, and he carefully adjusted the coin in his hand, head up, with a cautious finger. A quick pretense of tossing, a catching slap.  
"I'll have to strike a match," observed Chubb, coolly. "Now!"  
Holding the light in his left hand he peered in apparent anxiety into his right palm.  
"Heads," he whispered merrily. "Don't say you ain't lucky, Myrtle."  
Turning to draw her to him, he met a fierce push and fell back in amazement.  
"Lucky! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. Lucky! Yes, I am, to have found you out! Take your hat, Luther Chubb, and go home, and don't you dare to ever speak to me again. Go!"  
"Why—why," gasped the discomfited lover, "I thought—"  
But the woman was past him and inside, angrily slamming the door and locking it.  
Luther rose, dazed and overwhelmed. Slowly he walked across the



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