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Orders left at our drug store or at my residence first street north and half block east of stand pipe will receive prompt response, as I have telephone connections.  
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Assisted by Imported KING TOM 171879.  
Both prize-winning bulls of the Pan-American, heads the Ak-Sar-Ben home herd of Shorthorns. Young bulls for sale.  
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Enlarged Refurnished Refitted  
Only First-class Hotel In the City  
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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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One who daily consults THE WALL STREET JOURNAL is better qualified to invest money safely and profitably and to advise about investments than one who does not do so. Published daily by Dow, Jones & Co., 44 Broad St., N. Y. The oldest news agency on Wall St. \$12 a year, \$1 a month.

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MERCHANT TAILORS  
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Original and Only Genuine.  
SAFE. Invariably Laid, ask for it in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Beware of Dangerous Substitutions and Imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, PHILA., PA.  
Mention this paper.

I have purchased a Celebrated Newcomb Fly-Shuttle Loom and am now ready to do all kinds of Carpet and Rug Weaving Work done by a competent weaver. Call at residence and examine work.  
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Cries sales in either German or English. Satisfaction guaranteed. Twenty years experience.  
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ONLY DOUBLE TRACK  
Railroad between Missouri River and Chicago.  
Direct line to St. Paul-Minneapolis.  
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Apply to nearest agent for rates, maps and time cards.

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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 MISSIE 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.,  
J. R. Thomas, foreman, O'Neill, Holt Co., Neb.

**WEST NORTHWESTERN EAST**  
HOLD  
Purchase Tickets and Consign your Freight via the  
TIME TABLE  
Chicago & Northwestern Ry.  
TRAINS EAST  
†Passenger, No. 4, 3:45 a. m.  
\*Passenger, No. 6, 9:52 a. m.  
†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.  
\*Daily; †Daily, except Sunday.  
E. R. Adams, Agent

**A Song of Love's Coming.**

To some Love comes so splendidly and soon.  
With such wide wings, and steps so royally.  
That they, like sleepers wakened suddenly,  
Expecting dawn, are blinded by his noon.  
To some Love comes so silently and late  
That all unheared he is and passes by.  
Leaving no gift but a remembered sigh,  
While they stand watching at another gate.  
But some know Love at the enchanted hour.  
They hear him singing like a bird afar;  
They see him coming like a falling star;  
They meet his eyes and all their world's in flower.

**When the Indians Wore Sweaters**

When Ned Dalton married Una Perkins the village gossips reaped a harvest.

Every one had something to say except the man whose heart was smarting under the wrong dealt him by the friend and schoolmate of his boyhood and the woman he had loved ever since she was a wee lass.

When some of his friends came to him to offer sympathy, Tom Reed met them with an impenetrable reserve. He turned with renewed fervor to his work upon a wonderful invention, which he never ceased to believe would one day make his fortune.

Una and Ned went to housekeeping in a cozy little cottage on the edge of the village, and for a time it seemed as if the dark prognostications would prove false.

Then Ned got into bad company and neglected his wife and home. After the baby came it was worse. Una expostulated, entreated, rebelled.

They quarreled bitterly and one dark, dismal November night Ned took the midnight train to Greenfield and the next morning was speeding away on the Northern Pacific express to Seattle, the gold fever in his veins and the Klondike a dazzling vision before his eyes. He left a letter for Una:

"I've gone to make my fortune in the gold fields. If I never come back, marry Tom. He always loved you, and it will be some amends for the wrong we both did him.

"NED."  
Una read the note with blinding tears, and fancied her heart was broken. But as the months passed and grew into years, and no word came from her husband, it was Tom she thought of most.

For the first year after her husband left she watched every mail, hoping that it would bring her some message. Now five years had gone, and she had given up all hope.

One day as she came home from work, her mother met her at the door. "Una, we have heard at last," she said, as she put a western paper in her daughter's hands, and pointed to a small notice marked in blue pencil.

Died—in Denver, May 18, Edward Dalton, aged 32. Westbrook, Conn., papers please copy.

"Now Tom will surely come," Una thought. But he did not.

One day she learned that he was ill, in dire poverty in a neighboring city. She went to the address that had been given her, and stumbled up the dark, ill-smelling stairs to the wretched hall bedroom that he occupied. Knocking timidly at the door, she received no response. She opened the door softly.

"Una!" He had awakened and recognized her.

"Una, why have you come?"  
"To ask your forgiveness, Tom."  
"You had that long ago. Do you think I don't know what you have suffered?"  
"Then why have you stayed away all these years, Tom?"  
"Can you ask? Look around. What

have I to offer any woman. You've had enough of poverty, my girl."  
"But your invention. Surely, Tom, you can interest some one in that."  
"I've tried, Una—every friend I know."  
"But have you tried our manager, Mr. Norton? He made a fortune in oil last year, and has plenty of ready capital."  
"Why do you think he would help me?"  
"From something his wife told me. You know, she has been such a friend to me, Tom.  
That was the beginning of Tom's good fortune. Mr. Norton was interested in his behalf and advanced funds. Soon Tom had regained his

former strength and was working all day and long into the night at the factory which bore the name of Norton, Reed & Co.

Una and Tom were married on the day that the factory wheels first started to run, and even the village gossips admitted that they would surely be happy at last.

And so they were until the tide turned. A wealthier firm than Norton, Reed & Co. manufactured sweaters and caps at prices with which they could not hope to compete. Tom was in despair, for again ruin stared him in the face.

One drizzling night a stranger alighted at the station, took the only cab the village afforded and told the driver, Old Bill Streaker, to take him to Thomas Reed's. On the way they conversed.

"Did you know a fellow who lived here once by the name of Ned Dalton. I met him out west," the stranger said.  
"Did I know Ned Dalton? Well, I guess I did. Every one knew him. Good hearted as the day was long, but shiftless. Just about broke Una Perkins' heart, and played Tom Reed a mighty dirty trick. Tom and Ned were chums till Tom fell in love with Una, and then Ned cut him out. Darned if I know how he did, though, even if he was a handsome cuss.  
"But she got her reward all right.

Under the window he paused and looked in.

She and Ned lived a cat and dog life, and one night he sneaked off to the gold fields. She never saw hide nor hair of him after that, till one day she heard he was dead.

"Then she married Tom. That's just about a year ago. They were happy as clams at first, but they've had mighty mean luck of late. They're poor as a church mouse, they say."  
When they got in sight of the house the stranger gave the old man a dollar and dismissed the cab.

Lights gleamed from the little cottage. The stranger stood a long time leaning over the gate, smoking his cigar. Then he threw it aside, set his jaw, squared his shoulders, opened the gate and walked up the path. Under the window he paused and looked in.

Tom sat at the open fireplace staring in at the fire. Una sat at his feet, leaning against his knee. Her boy, sprawled at full length beside her, played with a kitten. Una's face was turned toward the window, and it looked wan and white in the firelight. Tom's hand was resting lightly on her head.

A cold December rain was falling but the drops on the cheeks of the stranger were warm. Then he turned and walked rapidly away in the darkness.

A week later Mr. Norton came to Tom, his face radiant with good news. "An order for 1,000 sweaters, caps and leggings from Messrs. Lucky, Strike & Co., Chicago, Tom!"

After that orders poured in so rapidly that Tom could hardly fill them, and with every order came a check in payment. Other firms, seeing the output of the factory, gained confidence in them, and gave them their orders, and in a few months the business was on a paying basis.

Then one day Tom read the following article, clipped from a Seattle paper:

"The proprietor of the Lucky Strike mine, on the upper Yukon, who is said to have taken out some \$5,000,000 of gold in the last three years, owes the discovery of this rich claim to the Indians. He has repaid them in the following original manner: Every man, woman and child of the entire tribe has received the present from him of a woolen sweater, cap and leggings. These garments are of as many colors as Jacob's coat, and the tribe is not only the most comfortably clad, but the most picturesque Indians we have in the far west."

Tom took the paper to Una. "Can it be—?" His lips failed to speak the name.

Some few months ago a San Francisco paper printed the report of a steamer lost on route to Alaska. Among the passengers list was the name of Ned Collins, who was once the proprietor of the Lucky Strike mine, and who was known as Lucky Ned Collins.

He had squandered a fortune in wild plunging on the New York stock exchange and was returning to Alaska to retrieve his fortune. He was said to have been worshiped by the Indians, who would erect a monument to his memory on the site of the old mine now deserted.

They did, and though the inscription on the rude stone only commemorates the generosity of Lucky Ned Collins, Una and Tom read between the lines, "I've made amends to you."—Helen Farr Hunter in Boston Globe.

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**Good Horse or Jack**  
Company Horse, Black Percheron, registered; wt 1,800; to insure \$15  
One Big Hameltonian, wt 1300, to insure \$10.  
One Big Mammoth Jack, service to insure \$10.  
WILL MAKE SEASON AT O'NEILL AT MY PLACE  
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**LUMBER AND COAL**  
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**Gold Medal Beer**  
on draft, and the renowned  
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in quarts and pints for sale by.....  
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**ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES?**  
ALL CASES OF  
**DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE**  
by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.  
**HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.**  
F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:  
Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.  
About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.  
I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.  
I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours,  
F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.  
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In each pound package of  
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