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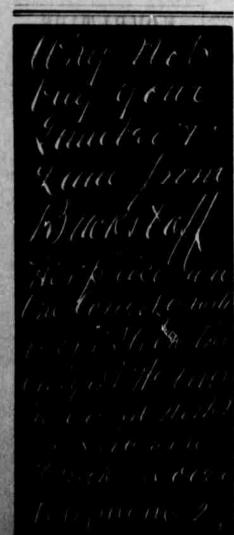
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R. MILLER,
General M'g'r.

1 1111 | GEO, H. HEAFFORD,
Last. Gen' Mgr.

Asst. G. P. & T. Agt.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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THE LONG PEACE SINCE 1865.



Angel of Feace, thou hast wandered too long!

Spread thy wings to the sunshine of love!

Come, while our voices are blended in soug.

Fly to our ark like the scorm beaten dove;

Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove;

Speed o'er the far sounding billows of song.

Crowned with thine clive leaf garland of love,

Angel of Feace, thou hast waited too long.

Brothers, we meet on this alter of thins. Brothers, we meet on this altar of thins,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,
Mandow and mountain, and forest and sea,
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine;
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers, once more, round this altar of thins.

Angel of Bethlehem, answer the strain)
Hark! a new birth song is filling the sky.
Loud as the storm wind that tumbles the main;
Bid the full breath of the organ reply;
Lee the loud tempest of voices reply;
Roll its long surge like the earth shaking mai
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky,
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

OUTSIDE THE LINES.

A STORY OF THE WAR BY CAPT. GEORGE



strangely connected, that are visited each Decoration day by a Grand Army com rade and his little family group—two graves with a history

The Union army had driven the Confeder ate invaders from northern soil in the Gettys burg campaign and followed their flying columns across the Rappahannock and Rapi dan rivers. One day, while passing along the turnpike among the rich farms of Orange county, Sergt, Everett Andros, of the Twentieth, was stationed with a guard at the entrance to a farm lane-common in the south-leading from the road to the house. Around the farm there were signs of life, a thing unusual in Virginia whenever the Union army passed by When the sergean and his men took the post they saw a young

woman sitting under a tree near the road, and two children playing near. To these spectators the army moving past, horsemen, footmen, heavy cannon, drawn by stout, sleek teams, was a holiday show, but what ever their thoughts, they looked on in silence. The general had given Andros' guard orders to permit no soldier to go to the houss. The tedious tramp of the army went on for bours, and sometimes the soldiers, chafing at bours, and sometimes the soldiers, chafing at their fatigue and privations, tried to pass at the gate or to climb the fence above or below the guard. When they were stopped they

gave surly retorts for the interference.
"Humph! You're afraid we'll take some thing from these 'secesh,'" one would say Another would add: "Serves 'em right if we of Arkansas. PULLMAN SLEEPERS AND do." But the guards would motion them sternly to move on. Sometimes these roughwords, though aimed at the guards, were meant for the young woman, and through her the people of her class. But the keenest sallies passed unheeded by the one whose watching as the hours dragged seemed to be a weary vigil, for curiosity must tire out as last. Could the long lines of soldiers hold some special attraction for her;

last. Could the long lines of soldiers hold some special attraction for her?

At last the sergeant, through pity for the defenseless maiden and her wards, and te spare the temper of his men, walked along the road opposite the watcher, touched his cap in salute, and said:

"Pardon me, miss, but I think you ought to leave this spot. You are exposed here."

A gentle lifting of the eyes was the only sign that the words were heard. Another sally from some soldier whom the guard put away with force gave point to the warning and Andros repeated it in the same friendly tons, adding: "You will be called a—a—rebel, and, perhaps, a spy." Still no answer, other than a nervous turning of the face to ward the speaker and a quick withdrawal for her eyes at the instant had been fixed sharply upon the ranks in the road. The regiment passing was the ——Pennsylvania. The men rolled and jostled along, giving vent in sallies of repartes, or song, or complaints at the day's long march. But there was one of the number who did not join in the railiery or the complaints. Could he have been seen before the column reached this point marked changes would have been noted in his actions. Now, his eyes would roam over the country, and again rest in the thick dusty woof under foot. When his rank came the country, and again rest in the thick dusty woof under foot. When his rank came abreast of the lane, this soldier, a private in the line, held his head bent like the weariest of his fellows, but at the moment the guard was wrangling with some burly ruffian, who was wrangling with some burly ruffian, who struggled to get in at the gateway, and when the silent marcher looked up on the outery, his eyes met those of the young woman. Both blushed, and he turned and hurried on. Quickly now the other called the children to her and led them to the bouse. Andres supposed the last scene between the guard and the would be forager had shown the stubborn miss that the roadside was no place

for her
All that happened here was unu
All that happened or camped the Where the army marched or camped the cit-izens asked the commanders for house guards, or one was sent unasked. But this young woman, relying, it seemed, on her own presence by the road, had not asked for protection, and her conduct had left no room for suspicion that she might be friendly with the enemy. Secession women invariably stayed indoors when bluecoats were about.

Twilight came on, the army continued its tramp. The guards began to wonder if they were to be kept at this station all night, when the shuffling, shambling form of a negro was seen in the lane. Now for news, thought the guard, for the negroes were the unfailing sources of local knowledge, and it was often good news to the soldiers to know what river or road their camp was on, or even the names of farmers and planters round about. When the negro neared the gate he stopped, cap in hand, and eyed the soldier pacing with his guin. The sergeant called him to come on, but he stood in his tracks and stammered the words, "Y-y-oung miss sent mei" The guard halted. Andros drew near. "Young miss' sent me to say, 'Piense come to de bouse."

"Who is your young miss, Sambo!"
"She named Miss Ellwood, salt. Ole miss "She named Miss Ellwood, sah. Ole miss' she named Ellwood, too, sah. But I'se no Sambo. I'se named Patrick Henry, sah. "Patrick Henry Ellwood of course!"
"Oh, no, mars. I'se no Ellwood, sah. I bulong to Mistah Mars Seyton."

"Where's your master?" said Andres. "My mars, sah! Ole mars' dead, sah.

Young mars done gone. Dunno, sah, whah he done gone, sah." Andros knew that he could not get full details from a negro at once, and as there were no white men on the place he shouldered his musket and went to extend his acquaintance at Ellwood farm.

"Ole Miss," he learned on the way, was head mistress, and had been twice widowed. The last master, Col. Ellwood, had been killed in the Confederate army. A son of the first master, Capt. Seyton, was now in that army, and still another son, owner, as laws had said, of Patrick Henry and one or two more on the place, was a wanderer.
"Mars Eliwood and my Mars Edward nevvy could get on together," the old man said sad-ly "Young Miss," Evadne (called Eva by the negroesi, was an Ellwood, having been a

The lane opened into a wide lawn, with a garden and yard and a path ran from the track to a side door. As he passed the front of the house—an old style, cross shaped mansion-Andros saw that rough bars were nailed over doors and windows, giving a very deserted look. The back part was open and the negro went to the doorway of a room between the parlor and kitchen. Now the heroine of the occasion stepped out on the porch, and by a simple nod and gesture, showed the soldier a seat by the door. Andros saluting, said, "No, miss, I am on duty. How can I serve you?" He spoke with studied coldness. Without confusion or change of color, the other said, "You are certainly welcome. I sent to you because I wish to know if there must be a guard here at the lane?"

"N-no, ma'am, no must about it unless you wish. May I ask why?" She thought a noment and finally said: "There is no objection to a guard, yet it might be unpleasant. The speaker was a type of fair haired, can-did womanhood, a winner of notice rather by her manner than by physical beauty, with which, however, she was richly endowed. She was earnest, and inclined now to be confidential, and continued: "I regret you cannot rest yourself here (motioning to the broad seat), you soldiers seem to be always in mo tion, and I have something to tell you."

There were no white people in sight excepting the fragile young woman, but from winows and doors and the corners of houses and sheds, the shining faces of the slaves peered out curiously. Andres was assured by this that no enemies lurked at hand or the negroes would be in hiding. He sat down and Miss Eliwood drew a chair in front as though to screen him from prying eyes, and said "I beg a favor, and that of you person ally It is too trifling, too selfish a matter to take to your generals, busy with other care." Such frankness was itself winning, and An dros answered: "I shall serve you if I can and do my duty."

"You can be true to duty," she said. "I have a friend, a near friend, in your army whom I wish to have come here, to-night, if possible, or the next night, and, it may be, afterward."

Andros arose, nervously, but the other, not noticing his mood, continued: "There is a family secret at the bottom of this and I can go no farther now; but I can summon him through our people, if you will direct them to his camp, and let him come and go—yes, you shall come with him if that will answer

He was all soldier now, and searching the face before him, said, brusquely, "In what regiment does your friend serve!" The - Pennsylvania.

"I'll keep your secret, and if I can-that is, if my men stay on at the road, I will let you meet at least on my post, but I promise nothing beyond that."

With a touch of his cap he drew his gun to it was fully dark the old negro came sham-bling along again, a negro lad holding a lantern in front of him. Andros directed them to the camp of the — Pennsylvania, and then repeated the orders to his men to allow no one to pass between the bouse and the army lines. There was danger in Andros' course, for he had fairly taken it on himself to guard the farm from rascally camp prowlers, and also taken risks on the exposure army secrets by allowing intercourse of ci i-zens with soldiers. But he believed that the woman was true and that barsh rules might

oe evaded in rare cases. Some time after the camps had become quiet, the negro and the boy came across lots beyond the road, and halted at the gate for a sign to enter. Andros was hailed and he ned the gate, and the old man passed on as silent as a funeral mourner. A cunning negro knows how to be mum-when some-thing dear to him is afoot. Before midnight the sergeant, armed, and a stranger in uni-form, but without a gun, stood at the door of Ellwood house. The stranger tapped softly and when the door opened he stepped in, guid-ing the other by a touch on the arm. There was a second door leading to an inner room. and from there an elderly lady came out to meet the callers. Miss Ellwood brought the stranger forward and he was greeted with affection and a caress. The young woman took his hand, their eyes met, and Andros



soldier as "a friend," and then Miss Eliwood dropped a low bow and said, laughing: "Now it is my turn. my mother and my cousin Ed-

usual geniality of these Virginia people, told on the sergeant again and reassured him. "Edward" bore himself with reserve, mingled with tenderness. The children who had been by the roadside that day came up and greeted the new coner shyly and somewhat coldly, calling him "Uncle." The mystery in these strange relationships would have puzzled Audros not a little had he tried to unravel it. Excusing himself, he said to his companion, "I'll take post outside until you are ready." The visit lasted an hour or more. When Miss Eliwood came to the door with her visitor Andros said "I'll keep my pledge as far as I can. Our army is moving its lines back and this bouse will be outside of the pickets. How far outside I do not know May be the enemy will hold this ground and

then my power will end." "Edward" was Miss Ellwood said promptly, and with spirit, "I can answer that the southern soldiers will not come nearer than at present and we shall be outside the lines, unless your

army circles us in." Before they reached Andros' guard post, now the outer Union picket, "Edward" said to the other: "Comrade, our trade is soldiering, and we have no business with feelings that clash with duty. But there is a secret here we must beg of you to respect and I pledge my faith you shall not be harmed by what

With a tryst for the next night they sep arated.

The armies settled in winter quarters, the Ellwood place between the camps and in sight of both. Andros had periodical tours of duty on the outposts, and young Seytonfor such he was in reality-found a ready ally to pass him through the pickets by night and to guard him on his risky errand. Whether that errand was one of love only or with some deeper dramatic interest, the obliging ally could not guess. He shared in many of the comforts of the family circle, and a still stronger charm for a soldier exiled from all social pleasures was the meetings with the genial southron who did the honors

Miss Ellwood and Seyton both assumed outwardly, that the latter held the relation of suitor, but at times the interest of the lady in the chivalrous sergeant led him to hope that he, too, had favor in her eyes. How ever, accident had brought him on the scene as the friend of a comrade who had prior claims, and he was content with the part he had taken. At such times the next best thing to being the hero of a romance is to stand by some good fellow who is the hero. The mystery in it all, too, piqued the sergeant's fan-cy; the half shut bouse; the long conferences between the old lady and the Pennsylvania lover—or cousin, or whatever he was—in the inner room, while Miss Ellwood kept away duliness by sprightly talk in the reception room. Occasionally Andros would think that affection was ripening in spite of all, but at the bour of parting Seyton's hand was pressed last and held longest, and glances of intense though rather sad expressiveness passed between the supposed sweethearts.

At length there came a break in these visits. "Edward" was furloughed from his company and went north. On his return some weeks later the spell that had saddened him before had vanished. He spoke no longer of mystery, and was even careless about privacy when he resumed the visits beyond the outposts, though for form's sake things went on in secret. Miss Eliwood was also changed. Her manner toward both soldier comrades was most cordial and at times she was quite gay. Andros was charmed and more than ever inclined to flatter "Edward" on his success in wooing outside the lines.

Late one night Andros, who was in charge of a picket guard, was ordered to extend his pickets before daylight to a bluff some rods beyond the house. After it was done and day was dawning he returned to the house, now in the lines, to tell the occupants of the change in orders. The faithful Patrick Henry had been doing night sentinel duty, too, and he was abroad and hailed the sergeant at the farm yard gate.
"Mawnin, sah!" he said, saluting.

"Good morning," said the other, quickly 'I wish to see Miss Ellwood, or"-

"Scuse me, sah, dey's all done gone!"
"All!" "Evvy single one, suah!" "Why how comes that?" said the other,

"D-dunno, sah, 'ceptin' de aawd done tuk It was now broad day and a turn of the eyes showed the puzzled soldier that the Confederate camps that had stood out boldly in

negro's eyes followed the sergeant's. "Ah! some other people are away, I see." Andros colored with anger. Turning upon the old negro he muttered bitterly, "I suppose the Lord took them, too, eh?" and strode on to the lines. As soon as he was relieved from picket watch, Andros hastened to the camp of the - Pennsylvania in no happy frame of mind. Seyton greeted him cordially and met him by saying at once, "I have an ex-

planation to make? "Well! I think so. How"-"I see you are excited and I suppose some strange thing has happened. I knew it was to come, but it is all right, as I told you it would be. There has been no treachery and no harm done."

"But what are you to those-persons?" "Brother and son!"

"Scoundrel! I ought to run you through! At any rate I'll have you arrested as a spy. "First hear my story. I was born in that ouse, a slave holder's son. My brother, Heary Seyton, was a wild fellow, but generous, noble and true. Father died and Henry became hall fellow with the popular set of the county, greatly to the regret of my mo ther. My stepfather, Col. Ellwood, who was also foster uncle, was a genuine southerner, conservative and sat in purpose. I went north to school, and to 1861, on reaching age, I sent a writ of managaission to the slaves ! had inherited, and all but the old family hands left the place. I did not write to the folks after the war began, except to say that I had enlisted for the Union and to warn them not to know me in case fortune took me to these parts, as something might arise to question the loyalty of one born a Virginian. From Confederate prisoners I met I learned that Col. Ellwood had fallen in the war and Henry was captain in the First Virginia, a regiment raised in our county and filled with his boon companions. This is all I heard until the army came here, as you know. When I neared the place marching that first day, my beart was full and it was as much as I could do to keep from rushing out to greet Eva at the roadside-for my sister was my favorite pet in the old days.



"When I went with you that night, as soon s the greetings were over, I learned that a third principal was in the house—Capt. Sey ton, First Virginia-living in hiding under barred doors. He was a fugitive from death sentence by laws of war for a crume against my own government."

'And you dared involve me?" 'Wait! I beg. My brother would never shirk an honest doom. He was innocent and Who are and Where Live Fortune's Vota-I have proved it."

"But where is he now, and they, the famfly?" At the last word Andres softened. He could not think barshly of Eva, and it flashed upon him that for all love goes where 'tis sent, and her feelings may have been for him what sometimes they seemed to be, tender as well as friendly "Mother and Eva and all are way to the north, and my brother has reoined his army, under Lee, spared from the

fate that hung over him.
"It was this: You remember how, last spring, a party of Confederates dashed into our camps near Alexandria at night and seized some officers. Afterward our men overtook the assailants, finding two of their captured comrades dead and three missing, supposed to have been foully murdered. My brother led that night attack, a fair act of war, and he was put in a Union prison as hostage for the return of the missing men, and was charged with the murder of all."

Andros was in a shiver, thinking that be was surely implicated in a most detestable

crime. Seyton continued: "But my brother, on his part, had simply taken his prisoners unharmed toward his own ines-a long ride off-and on the way had been overpowered by a band of partisan rangers, notorious outlaws from the mountains. These men, always scenting plunder and living by robbery and reprisal, insisted upon stripping the helpless prisoners and holding them as hostages to buy the release of some of their own crew who were lying in Union prisons for crimes. My brother and his followers resisted this outrage in vain. In the melec two Union prisoners had been killed and the others taken away to the haunts of the rangers, my brother and some others be ing finally overhauled by Union troops in pursuit. War is stern. He was sentenced to death, and the verdict was sanctioned by his own government, which repudiated the murder of captives in war. ["It is not admissible in civilized warfare to take life with no other object than the destruction of life."—Decision

war. I "All his proof was in the hands of his en mies, the outlaws, and they were in disgrace with both governments, and to screen their own crimes would, if appealed to, swear away an honest soldier's life. By a desperate flight he escaped, swam over the broad Poto mac and was intending to reach the moun tains in disguise and somehow produce the living witnesses of his innoconce. I'e reached hone and was bemmed in just as our army and his own came to the neighborhood. If seized by us he would hang; if by his own people he would be returned to a Federal prison, because, on his escape, the son of a Confederate leader had been sentenced as a hostage to die in his stead on the appointed

of G. W. Randolph, Confederate secretary of

day. The only hope was in a friend who, having aid from our government, would be protected in a visit to the mountains. Once there, by force or parley he might get the missing men. This I did while on my fur-lough. That leave of absence, comrade, was granted because of long and faithful services.' Thus armed I went to Washington, secured aid, entered the Blue Ridge fast nesses and released the men, who confirmed all. Their dead comrades fell in a common fight against the outlaws, and my brother had fought to save his prisoners. Proofs were sent to the enemy's camp, and on my last visit home I handed my brother his pardon and papers of honorable exchange, which made him free and honest."

"I see how it all could be," said Andros, thoughtfully. "But why deceive me and put me in such risk?"

"Would you have trusted me had you known how I was related outside the lines!"

"No, I would not." "Then all would have been lost. The day of execution was near. A reprieve had spared the principal, and had he been found by ither army he would have found no mercy. The story ended, Seyton smiled and said. But, comrade and friend, I have here a word from one who can add to the thanks I owe

With this he gave a note to Andros, who opened and read: "Miss Eva Ellwood begs that Sergt. Andros will give her an oppor tunity to apologize in person for the breach of faith practiced outside the lines. Her home in future will be her brother's, at

The old negro, Patrick Henry, followed the Union camps to be near his "master," as he persisted in calling Edward Seyton-pronoted captain in his own regiment. At the end of the war the comrades, Seyton and Andros, went home together, and the romance of the outposts ended in the marriage of the ergeant—now captain—with Eva Ellwood. Capt, Henry Seyton, the Virginian, left the

disbanded Confederate army broken down in health and found an asylum with his kinsmen at the north. Now both he and his brother ie near each other in death, and Decoration day brings a guerdon of flowers from tender hands to mark their graves. But one grave only, that of faithful Edward Seyton, is allowed with the true memorial emblem, the silken banner of our Union. That is placed there by his friend and Grand Army comrade, Capt. Everett Andros.

OF SOUTHERN ORIGIN.

Chauncey Depew's Eloquent Sketch, Decoration Day, 1879.

When the war was over, in the south, where, under warmer skies and with more poetic temperament, symbols and emblems are better understood than in the practical north, the widows, mothers and children of the Confederate dead went out and strewed their graves with flowers, and at many places the women scattered them impartially also over the unknown and unmarked resting places of the Union soldiers. As the news of this touching tribute flashed over the north it roused, as nothing else could have done, national amity and love and allayed sectional animosity and passion. It thrilled every household where there was a vacant chair by the fireside and an aching void in the beart for a lost hero whose remains had never been found, old wounds broke out afresh, and in a mingled tempest of grief and joy the family cried, "May be it was our darling." Thus out of sorrows common alike to the north and south came this beautiful custom. But Decoration day no longer belongs to those who mourn. It is the common privilege of us all, and will be celebrated as long as gratitude exists and flowers bloom.

Mr. F. J. Smith, editor of the Ft. Abercrombie, Dakota, Herald, says: "The most wonderful medicine I have ever met with is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In case of colic it gives speedy relief. On hunting trips I have found it indispensible. Put in alkali water, it imparts a pleasant tas'e and prevents the painful diar rhoea which alkali water produces. I could not feel safe without it in my house." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by O. L. Shrader, druggist.

Lincoln Ice Co., 1040 O St. Telephone 118. The latest "fad" for Lincolnites these warm Sundays is to board the eastbound flyer at 1:25 p. m., enjoy a fine dinner on the dining car, arrive at Omaha at 3, see the baseball game and start home at 7:15 arriving here at b o'clock. This makes a most pleasant after-noon and the entire time is put in with solid 644 South 11th Street, LING AN NEW

It will gratify the community to hear the

result of the 228th grand monthly drawing on Tuesday, May 14, 1889, of the Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans, La. Ticket No. 50-416 drew the first capital prize of \$300,000. It was sold in fractional parts of twentieths at \$1 each, sent to M. A. Daupin, New Orleans, La. Two were paid to the First National bank of St. Paul, Minn.; one to Alex Tafaureau, 152 Chartres street, New Orleans; one to Alfred and Margaret Friot, San Francisco; one to Wm. S. Johnson, Boston, Mass.; one to a correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s bank of San Francisco; one to a depositor New Orleans National bank of New Oorleans; one to David Simmons, 117 Charlotte street, Peoria, Ill., and the remainder elsewhere. No. 38,847 drew the second capital prize of \$100,-000, also sold in fractional twentieths at \$1; one was paid to F. B. Baird, Lakeside building, Chicago, Ill.; one to a party through the United States Express company, Chicago; one to F. Paglinca, care A. S. Bjake, 309 Canal street, New York City; one to First National bank of Detroit; one to Horace Bidwell, en-gine 11, and Patrick Donovan, foreman entine 17. Buffalo, N.Y.; one to L. M. Fry, Weatherford, 1ex.; one to Anglo-Californian bank, San Francisco; one to G. C. Goodrich, Baltimore Md., etc. Ticket No. 34,281 drew the third prize, \$50,000, also sold in fractional parts at \$1 each: one was paid to Rudolph Bloomquist, Chicago; one to T. H. Nowack, Sealy, Tex.; one to 1. Consodine, Villa Rica, la.; one to First National bank of Honey Frove, Tex.; one to Rofino Esteves, St. Bernard Parish, La.; one to L. Adler, care Felsenthal, Grass & Miller, Chicago; one to National City bank, New York city; one to the Anglo Californian bank of San Francisco, etc. The next grand monthly drawing takes place on Tuesday (always Tuesday), July 16, when a similar scheme of prizes will be offered to those who tempt fortune.

How He Become Famous.

The Walker, Iowa, News says: "Our old riend, Robert Baird of Muscatine, Iowa, has een secrets rv of the State senate, and an active politician for years, but was never generally known until he had the coilc and used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diathoe Remedy and got into one of their advertisements, "Now he is famous." Here is what Mr. Baird said: "While in Des Moines was taken with a severe attack of bowel complaint. For two days I suffered intensely, trying several drug stores and paying them for relief, but in vam. I finally bought a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoen Remedy, and two doses of it brought me out all right. I consider it a grand remedy." 25 and 50 cent bottles for al by O. I. Shrader, druggist.

Fourth of July Excursions.

For the Fourth of July celebrations the Union Pacific railway, "The Overland Route," will make a rate of one fare for the round trip from all stations at which tickets are sold to any other point on its lines within 200

Excursion tickets will be sold July 3d and 4th, good going on date of sale, and good returning until July 5th, inclusive,

A large number of cities and towns on the line of the Union Pacific railway are prepar-ing to celebrate the coming Fourth of July in an elaborate manner and will offer a very enjoyable program for the entertainment of

heir guests. These special excursion rates are given in rder that you may take your family and friends to any of the numerous points of interest and assist in the various celebrations. For detailed rates, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address any ticket agent of the Union Pacific Railway.

Among the varied and wonderful attractions to be seen at the Minneapolis Exposition this season will be Captain Paul Boynton, the world renowned swimmer, with a troup of performing sea lions and monkeys. The Captain gives his aquatic exhibition in the pool in the center of the building, concluding each performance with a grand naval battle. He will be at the Exposition during the last two



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