Mary J. Holmes.

Among the writers of fiction no name is better known or better loved than that of Mary J. Holmes. She is an indefatigable worker, and while the hours from 9 until '2 are usually spent at her desk, it is no uncommon thing to see her wandering among her flowers in her large well filled yard; the latter separated by a trellis from the smooth, even lawn in front. It is very pretty, the low, broad cottage with its broad piazza, its cosy nooks and corners, its bay windows, its ferns and flowers, with white marble statuary gleaming through the trees. We enter first the wide hall with its warm lights and birds and pass from these to the drawing rooms; the arrangements of the rooms are wholly unconventional. Here we find rare and costly paintings, from foreign lands; there a rare bit of china, so fragile that we fear lest it melt like a snowflake and vanish from sight. We enjoy to the utmost our first visit to Brown cottage, and we listen to the full, soft, rich tones describing a visit to Vesuvius and the buried city of Pompeii, we are charmed by our charming hostess and come away delighted with our visit.

When Dobbins' Electric Soap was first made in 1864 it cost 20 cents a bar. It is precisely the same ingredients and quality now and doesn't cost half. Buy it of your grocer and save your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

To Tell the Age of Cattle.

A heifer has no rings on her horns until she is two years of age, and one is added each year thereafter. You can therefore tell the age of a cow with considerable accuracy by counting the rings on her horns and adding two to the number. The bull, as a rule, has no rings until he is five years old. To tell his age after that period, add five to the number of rings. The best way to tell the age is by the teeth, which of course is the only way with polled cattle. What are called the milk teeth gradually disappear in front. At the end of three years, the second pair of permanent teeth are well grown, at four the third pair, and at five the fourth and last pair have appeared, and at this time the central pair are full size. At seven years a dark line caused by the wearing of the teeth appears on all of them, and on the central pair a circular mark. At eight years this mark appears on all of them, and at nine years the central pair begins to shrink, and the third at eleven. After this period the age can only be determined by the shrinkage generally. At fifteen years the teeth are nearly all gone.

One may be better than his reputation or his conduct, but never better than his principles.

For two two-cent stamps we will send you one of the handsomest almanacs in the country. "Homestead," Omaha, Neb.

The wild oats of youth change into the briars of manhood.

A Beautiful Picture Free.

For one 2c postage stamp, we will mail a panel size photo-engraving of our popular picture "Kissing at 7, 17 and 70." Address the makers of the great Anti-Bile Remedy, "Bile Beans."
J. F. SMITH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Nothing is so strong as gentleness, nothing so gentle as real strength.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which if taken at the flood leads on to fortune." If your affairs are at a low ebb now, don't fail to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main st., Richmond, Va., who have plans that will enable you to make money rapidly.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

AMONG THE BEST PROOFS

Of the real value and efficacy of proprietary medicines, of their purity and careful manufacture, is, when the manufacturers, themselves, together with their assistants, use them in their own homes and recommend them to their relatives and friends. "It is a poor doctor, who does not believe in his own prescriptions." For a number of years Messrs. Iler & Co. have been manufacturing Kennedy's East India Bitters, and there is not a person who is, or has been, connected with their establishment, with whom "East India Bitters" have not become a household friend.

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.

Buy a Home in Ellis, Kansas.

This town is one of the most promising in Kansas, located on the Union Pacific Railway. It is a division station of that road and has division shops, round house and eating station. Mills and factories are springing up and it is becoming a thriving place, in the midst of a prosperous farming region. It is a healthy place and the soil and climate are excellent. Albert Woodcock, General Land Commissioner U. P. Ry., Omaha, Neb., or Leroy S. Wintens, Land and Emig. Agt. U. P. Ry., Ellis, Kan.

Men may bend to virtue, but virtue can not bend to men.

Furniture.

Hardy & Pitcher of Lincoln, Neb., have one of the largest stocks of Furniture in the state. They are shipping goods all over the state constantly, so can secure good freight rates. Anyone wanting furniture will find it to their advantage to call on or write to Hardy & Pitcher.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

Buy Union Soap and make a guess. Ask your grocer about it to-day.

They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing.

Largest in the West.

To any of our readers who have anything that needs cleaning or coloring we would call their attention to the Lincoln Steam Dye Works. Office 1105 O St., Lincoln, Neb. They clean and color all kinds of ladies' and gents' clothing and guarantee first-class work. Send to them for price list. Goods sent by express or mail.

Send two cents in stamps to E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent Union Pacific railway, Omaha, Neb., and secure a handsomely bound copy of Outdoor Sports and Pastimes, containing complete rules for Lawn Tennis, Croquet and Base Ball, free. Just issued.

In France they have applied electricity to the playing of organs.

Opium in China.

A Yellow book, recently published by order of the inspector general of customs in China, discloses an enormous development in the native production of opium. There are ten districts in which the native article is largely in use. In some cases it has driven the foreign opium out of the market, and in many the two are blended. In one district the annual production is estimated at £6,000,000 in value, and the funny thing about it is that this all goes on in spite of government prohibition. At this rate the opium trade difficulty in India is in a fair way to settle itself. —London Truth.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio says—"Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by druggists, 75c.

WITH THEE

If I could know that after all
These heavy bonds have ceased to thrall,
We whom in life the fates divide—
Should sweetly slumber side by side—
That one green spray would drop its dew
Softly alike above us two,
All would be well; for I should be
At last, dear loving heart with thee!

How sweet to know this dust of ours,
Mingling, with feed the self-same flowers—
The scent of leaves, the song bird's tone
At once across our rest be blown.
One breadth of sun, one sheet of rain
Make green the earth above us twain;
Ah, sweet and strange, for I should be
At last, dear tender heart, with thee.

But half the earth may intervene
Thy place of rest and mine between—
And leagues of land and wastes of waves
May stretch and toss between our graves
Thy bed with summer light be warm,
While snow drifts heap, in wind and storm,
My pillow, whose one thorn will be,
Beloved, that I am not with thee.

But if there be a blissful sphere
Where homesick souls, divided here,
And wandering wide in useless quest,
Shall find their longed for haven of rest,
If in that higher, happier birth
We meet the joys we missed on earth,
All will be well, for I shall be,
At last, dear loving heart, with thee.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

"MISS ANNA"

Coffee had just been served and the room was filled with smoke and that genial afterglow of pleasant, reminiscent talk that always follows a good dinner, and especially a dinner where old friends have met, old friendships been revived and old stories told. These men had been comrades in war and served under the same flag, held the same political opinions and suffered the same losses. All but one had told his story, when our host turned towards him and said:

"Well, Harrison, we are waiting for your story."

Harrison smiled deprecatingly, gazed into the fire, and then began the following in his soft, Southern drawl:

Well, my story happened when we were in Georgia, just outside of Marietta, and our mess consisted of six men—two Georgians, one Alabamian, a Virginian, myself and a Creole with a beautiful face and a tenor voice that would charm the birds from the trees, named, singularly enough, Orphee. We became a very tuneful set under his inspiration, and exchanged musical information with much generosity. Our favorite air was that famous camp song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." You should have heard us sing it. Orphee's tenor, my baritone, and the three other fellows chiming in softly, until the very pine trees stopped whispering to listen, and the fire burned softly in admiration, and war somehow did not seem so hard and cruel. Well, one dark night we were sitting around the fire, discussing with unwearied enthusiasm the prospects of the cause, when we heard irregular footsteps outside, and paused in our talk to listen.

"You can turn in here until further orders," said our Lieutenant's cheery voice, and a minute afterwards a short thick-set man entered. He made an apologetic little bow, shook himself like a dog, and, taking off his large wideawake, disclosed a dark, square face, with shy, dark eyes, blue-black hair, and a wide, firm mouth. He smiled tenderly, giving an air of great sweetness to an otherwise sombre face. He sat down on a blanket, Turkish fashion, quietly hoped he was not disturbing us, and then dropped his eyes meditatively on the ground. Silence reigned. We were too disconsolate to be polite, and so listened uneasily to the slow, indefinite stirrings of the wind through the trees, when suddenly a new sound arose, as of stealthy, uncertain footsteps coming nearer and nearer. The newcomer pricked up his ears, and his face wore an expression almost approaching guilt. "A spy," was my first illogical conclusion, as I rose to my feet and waited expectantly.

The flap of the tent stirred slightly, cautiously; the wind rose and swept the darkened landscape; the rain poured down with a rush, as if to give a tragic significance to what was about to happen, for—something did happen—the flap was suddenly pushed aside, and a goat walked in and went straight to the stranger, who received her with an indescribable tenderness of look and gesture. "A rum go," said the Virginian under his breath.

We all agreed, but contented ourselves with staring at the strange spectacle of a man and a goat fondling each other with uncouth marks of affection. After a while we resumed our old lazy positions and silently awaited further developments. The little man signed the goat to a remote spot, where she lay down, and then, turning towards us, said as if taking up an unrepressed thought: "You see, boys, I could not help it if Nannie would follow me. I have been good to her, and she remembers it. I had to leave home secretly to escape her, and all through the journey I felt like a scoundrel, and now—well, here she is."

He stopped abruptly without waiting for comment, and lay down with a short good night. I lay awake several hours after the others, wondering idly as to the probably tie which bound the new-comer to the goat, but arrived at no solution. From that night Parsons and his goat became a subject of never ending speculation to the mess. He was very quiet and unobtrusive, never resenting, although contriving to evade, impertinent questions, and bearing everything with a good nature amounting to stupidity. As for the goat, she became the hapless butt of the whole division. We called her derisively "Miss Anna," treating her with an amount of mock consideration that made Parsons' eyes fairly glisten with appreciation. The second night after their arrival we began to sing, as usual, when the Virginian rose, and in a speech, the delicate humor of which I shall not attempt to reproduce, begged that "Miss Anna's rest should not be broken by our rude chanting."

I shall never forget the broken, tender, deprecating little reply that came from Parsons, and how we consented at last to sing. His face was so rapt as he sat beating time with his forefinger and occasionally quavering out an effective "Dying To-night, Dying To-night," we sang as if our very life blood was ebbing away, that I began to realize the absolute cowardice of ridiculing a perfectly innocent, unconscious man. I began to try and shield him from the funmakers, and was finally joined by Orphee, who became and eloquent partisan. As for Parsons, he grew almost to worship the handsome, sweet-voiced ad.

One luckless afternoon, Parsons, Orphee and I strolled off together, leaving "Miss Anna" to the mercies of our mess; but tormented by some vague presentment of evil, I induced my companions to return a little earlier than they intended. As we neared the tent my ear caught the sound of derision that came first from our Virginian, and were then finally caught up by the others and then ended in peal after peal of laughter. We pushed eagerly in. Alas! "Miss Anna," decked out in the most ridiculous toggery, had been tied between four stakes driven into the ground and the men were engaged in pricking her with pine burrs until the poor animal fairly writhed with agony. In a minute we had freed her and Parsons held the poor bleeding creature close to his breast. His small, square figure seemed to rise and dilate with a certain sense of superior power, as he turned his blanched face and blazing eyes upon the crowd.

"You call yourselves gentlemen," he said harshly, "you who have tortured a poor, dumb, defenseless creature left in your care. Thank God, my meaning of the word is different! You have no excuse. You are all supposed to be men and honorable men, men who are fighting for the rights of their country, and yet you can amuse yourself with such senseless cruelty as you have practiced this afternoon. You have branded yourselves as cowards and liars, for"—and here his voice broke suddenly—"I trusted you."

There was an ominous, threatening stir in the little tent, and several men stepped out towards the speaker, picturesque in his very unpicturesqueness, whose grotesque figure stood out sharply against the bit of landscape showing through the opening in the tent. But his face awed them back. The goat turned and moaned pitifully, rubbing his nose against Parson's coat with mute insistence. His face softened wonderfully, he seemed to forget the men, his anger, everything, and he whispered to her in soft, caressing tones.

"You have followed me through thick and thin, Miss Anna. When the overflow came and we were starving, it was you who struggled back to us through the water, and it was your milk that kept us alive. Everything then depended on your strength. We called our baby after you and when the poor little one died it cut me cruelly, cruelly. I cannot forgive this day's work. Be brave, Miss Anna, be brave," and putting his cheek on Miss Anna's head the tears fairly rolled out of his eyes.

He stopped a minute, drawing in his breath in short, quick little sobs and threw out both hands with a forlorn gesture of abandonment.

"Oh! great God! I was so lonely when wife and babies all were dead, and I loved Miss Anna then; I love her now as the one relic left me of that beautiful, vanished past. Then the war came and I tried to leave you, thinking it would be best, but you followed me to be ridiculed, despised and even tortured. All the conduct of the past week breaks over me and I see what a blind fool I have been."

"Parsons, you're to go on picket duty to-night, and you had better start now," called in the voice of our lieutenant. The men, now thoroughly ashamed of themselves, came nearer and were about to offer some heartfelt words of apology, but Parsons turned away, and delivering "Miss Anna" over to Orphee, said pleadingly:

"If anything should happen to me, you will take care of her?"

Orphee's eyes filled with tears as he pressed the extended hand.

Without another word or look Parsons strode out into the dark.

"We're brutes, cowardly brutes!" said our Virginian, disgustedly.

"I would rather face a million Yankees than hear that man's story told in that voice again," said another.

That night was a weary one. We could not forget the solemn figure, the dark, patient face, the broken, harsh, tender voice, and the pines above the river far away seemed to mingle their grief at our cowardice and brutality. Meanwhile "Miss Anna" slept peacefully on the best blanket of the mess, while we lay there sleepless, thoughtful, unhappy, even the greater issue of the war momentarily forgotten.

With the dawn came action. The Yankees were upon us, and we fought like wildcats. As evening came on the fight was suspended, and when our mess met everybody was there, "Miss Anna" included, except Parsons. We had made up a scheme to beg his forgiveness and to swear to be gentlemen, at least. Each of us had a separate speech of apology to make expressive of shame and contrition. When night settled down and Parsons did not appear we grew anxious, and sat silently around, not daring to breathe the great fear uppermost in our minds. "Miss Anna," too, walked up and down uneasily, sniffing the air and rubbing her nose against any convenient shoulder. As we sat thus our lieutenant called in to me:

"Harrison, step here a minute."

I arose and went out a little unsteadily.

"Parsons was hurt last night on guard, and has asked to see you. Go now; there isn't much time I'm afraid."

He turned to lead the way.

"I may tell them?" I said.

"No use,' he answered shortly, as Orphee's stricken face appeared in the doorway.

Well, I followed him to the rude hut selected for our hospital. It was lighted by torches, and the surgeons were busy with the men who had fallen in the day's fight. In the farthest corner of the room lay Parsons. I knelt down by him and took his hand. He smiled faintly, reassuringly and whispered:

"It's not so hard—it was so quick, you know—just a flash, a burn, and then a dull pain. Only I lay there so long, Harrison, that I thought everything very clearly out, and I'm sorry. How could those fellows know! I am afraid I lost my temper. I'm such a devil of a fellow when I lose my temper," he said pathetically, "and Harrison, I beg pardon, old fellow—but, Miss Anna!"

His eyes apologized amply for this inquiry, and I went in search of the men and their charge.

They followed me eagerly, and we unconsciously fell into a procession and moved through the door with "Miss Anna" in our midst. It must have been a strange sight, a half-dozen men and a goat marching solemnly up the aisle of the rude cabin, but to the credit of human nature, be it said, nobody laughed or seemed to observe the humorous side of the situation.

"Miss Anna!"

The voice broke like a sob across the stillness, and the faithful friend pressed close to her master's side. The strong men who had faced death so unflinchingly all day quivered and shrank before this new phrase. Orphee looked longingly into the dying face as the white lips murmured of bygone days, of baby hands and tender, wifely kisses.

"Miss Anna," the voice began again, weakly, "the boys all know and love her," and then suddenly recollecting, he turned his eyes on the manly bearded face around him, and noted their moist eyes, then with the old frank smile of appreciation he muttered: "Dying to-night, dying to-night. Sing it, Orphee."

The river rushed and sang, the wind sighed airily through the sorrowful pines, but distinct and clear rose the voice of Orphee, that sweet high tenor, thrilling with tears and pathos. It quivered and fell as it reached the chorus, and the "dying to-night" was sobbed out on his knees as he held the poor, cold hands close to his breast. The wounded men turned on the rough floor, the surgeons desisted from their work, and one little fellow, his breast shot to pieces, crossed himself involuntarily, stirred by the sorrowful sweetness.

Again Parsons spoke:

"Be good, boys, to 'Miss Anna.' No better, truer sweetheart could you find. Say with me now, God bless 'Miss Anna.'"

And we said it with him.

"Amen," he answered solemnly, and with a spasm of pain he was lying there quite still, smiling tenderly as of old, with "Miss Anna" close to his breast.

"And 'Miss Anna?'" asked the host.

"Was shot down the next morning in the first charge."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then Harrison raised his glass and looked wistfully around. In an instant the glasses were refilled, and with reverently bowed heads and hushed tones the whole room drank to the memory of "Miss Anna."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

What Is Electricity?

As the use of electiricity becomes more general there is increased curiosity to learn what it is, says The Electric Power. It is considered a mysterious force, because in its normal condition it cannot be seen. The wire which conveys the current gives no manifestation of the energy which is passing through it. Just as the poet said, "We take no note of time save from its loss." So with electricity, it must be measured as it flies. It is true, however, that its laws are perfectly understood. Is it necessary that we should know what it is? Nothing is more familiar to us than the action of gravitation. We know that it is the attraction of the earth. It holds the atoms of the earth together and enables us to perform all of the operations which make up our daily life. It is, however, a mystery, but its laws are as well known, and if we violate them by jumping off a precipice should we consider the force of gravity necessarily dangerous? Steam is also something of a mystery. It has been familiar to mankind since the dawn of civilization, yet how many people know that it is transparent and therefore invisible until it comes in contact with the air?

Willing to Compromise.

From the New York World.

"When I used to run a gristmill over in Scrub Grass township," said Uncle Silas Bowersox, and old skin' flint named Ab Jones always managed to go home to mill just in time to be invited to dinner or supper, as the case might be. This went along most all summer, when the old woman got mighty sick of it an' told me I musn't invite him any more. I didn't see how I could very well help it, the way Jones managed things but the old lady was pretty sick herself, and told me I could just tell him that I was very sorry, but that we didn't have a bite of bread in the house. That looked like an easy way out of it, and so the next time Jones kem to mill and lingered by the brookside, so to say, I just up and told him how awful sorry I was that I couldn't invite him to stay to dinner, but it happened that Mrs. Bowersox, didn't have a bite of bread or biscuit in the house.

"Oh, well,' says old Jones, 'pies and cakes will do.'

"An' pies an' cakes it had to be.'

Vaccination.

Vaccination, which is compulsory in England, is optional is France. Post hoc, the smallpox death average is 0.31 per 1,000 in the large cities of France, as against 0.04 in this country during the same period. Of course this looks conclusive, to the ordinary man, in favor of our own practice. No doubt, however, the anti-vaccinationists will give quite another reason for the difference.—London Globe.

The Best Testimonial

yet published for any blood medicine is the printed guarantee of the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medial Discovery, which warrants that wonderful medicine to benefit or cure in all cases of those diseases for which it is recommended, or money payed for it will be returned. It cures all diseases arising from torpid liver and impure blood and their names are legion. All skin, scalp and scrofulous affections, eruptions, sores and swellings, salt rheum, tetter, erysipelas and kindred diseases, are among those in which the "Discovery" effected marvelous cures.

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy cures, 50 cents, by druggists.

One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters.

The Best Yet.

In addition to the unequaled Dining Car Service between Council Bluffs and Denver, the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," will on Sunday, August 18th, and daily thereafter, run Dining Cars between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., on "The Overland Flyer," leaving Council Bluffs at 7:55 p. m., Omaha 8:15 p. m.

These cars are models of excellence, and the best meals the market affords will be furnished at 75 cents.

The doer of a secret sin supposes it is he they are talking about.

The most prominent physicians in the city smoke and recommend "Tansill's Punch."

Silence is worth its weight in gold in many crises of human experience.

Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.

The last of the Mohicans was probably designed for a Lo instep.

St. Jacobs Oil Cures PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY **SPRAINS.**

For 10 Years. Thayer, Ia., Aug. 22, 1883. I suffered 10 years—since 1873—with strained back and was in bed 4 months. St. Jacobs Oil cured me. No return. J. C. STOUT.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

BEST $2.00 SHOE in the World.

1026 P STREET.

CURTICE & THIERS, Musical Instruments.

Weber, Haines Brothers, Bush & Gerts, Sterling, and Pease Pianos. Packard Organs. Sheet Music and Novelties. Mail orders solicited. If you want an instrument of any kind it will pay you to write us for PRICES.

207 So. Eleventh Street, Lincoln, Neb.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

COUNTY MANAGERS Wanted for Farmers' Labor Saving Account Book. None like it.—Rapid seller.—Exclusive territory to state and county managers. Salary or commission. Write at once and secure agency. NEBRASKA PUBLISHING Co., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Agents Wanted to earn $75 to $200 per month on salary or commission. Our Books, Bibles and Albums in demand. Send stamp for catalogue and circulars. NEBRASKA PUBLISHING Co., Lincoln, Nebraska.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

Lincoln N. U. - - 77—36

ANOTHER CHILD LOST

Wholly Because of the Criminal Carelessness of the Parents—How Parents, by a Lack of Precaution and Care, are Responsible for the Deaths of their Children.

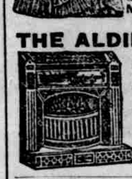
Lost! Not in the streets of the city, not in the woods, but lost to the parents through death! The report of the Board of Health in New York shows that more than one-third of all deaths during the summer are children. Cholera infantum, teething, summer troubles, unripe fruit—all are at war with the little creature whom it is the parents' solemn duty to protect. Nearly all these sad deaths might have been avoided. Parents thoughtlessly neglect their children, but they are none the less criminally responsible. Watch the tender child that heaven has sent you. Do not wait for the approach of sickness, but fortify its little body against the terrible evils of summer. Millions of disease germs are constantly attacking and find an easy home in the child. Kill the germs. The simplest and surest way to do this is always the best. Put two drops of Perry Davis's Pain Killer in the child's liquid food. This will kill the germs—will prevent disease. It is wonderful what an effect this simple precaution has. One mother, writing on the subject says:

"Money could not tempt me to go through the summer without a bottle of Perry Davis's Pain Killer close at hand. I lost one child that I am certain could have been saved had I used this remedy, and I have always felt responsible for its death. None of my children have since been sick during the summer, which is due to my care and the free use of Pain Killer."

There are thousands of parents following the same course, and the constant health of their children is their reward. No parent can afford to risk the life of a child when so sure and simple a means of safety can be secured.

GARMENTS GUARANTEED TO FIT PERFECT WITHOUT TRYING ON.
FREE
by return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO. CINCINNATI, O.

THE ALDINE FIRE PLACE.



Before Buying Grates, get our circular. Sent Free. The Aldine fire place produces Warm Floors, Perfect Ventilation; keeps fire over night and is cleanly. Burns coal, coke, wood or gas. Can be piped to common chimneys, or set like other grates, and can be run at half the cost of any other. Address ALDINE MFG. CO., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

MUSIC IN THE AIR

Headquarters for Band Instruments, Drum Corps Outfits, Accordeons, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Guitars, Zithers, Harmonicas, Strings for every Instrument made. Full stock of Sheet Music, Music Books, Band and Orchestra Music, Band Follos, Instruction Books for all Instruments. Any one sending in an order will receive a copy of Music FREE. Write to us for prices and catalogues, stating what kind of goods wanted.
MAX MEYER & BRO., Omaha, Neb.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL 7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages. Illuminated Cover. SENT FREE on application enclosing one (2c.) stamp, by addressing. THEO. HOLLAND, P. O. Box 120, Phila., Pa.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Low rates. Circulars free. BRYANT'S COLLEGE, 451 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WEBSTER
THE BEST INVESTMENT
For the Family, School, or Professional Library.

Has been for many years Standard Authority in the Gov't Printing Office and U. S. Supreme Court.
It is Highly Recommended by 38 State Sup'ts of Schools and the leading College Presidents.
Nearly all the School Books published in this country are based upon Webster, as attested by the leading School Book Publishers.
3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Engravings than any other American Dictionary.
GET THE BEST.
Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated Pamphlet with specimen pages, sent free.
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

READ THIS!
There are in the Northwest over 50 cities where you could have purchased a few years ago for $25 a building lot that to-day will sell for upwards of $10,000. We think there are just as good opportunities present themselves at the present time. We own and control over 1000 lots in the most promising city of one of the new States. It will probably be the State capital. For 60 days only we will sell these lots for $25 each payable in monthly instalments of $1.00 per month for twenty-five months. Send us your name and address at once for descriptive circulars, plats, etc. This may be the chance of a life time to you. Address, THE NORTHWEST INSTALMENT CO. 420 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

G. P. Rathbun's
OMAHA BUSINESS COLLEGE.
The Largest and Best Equipped School in the West. Thorough Practical Department.
Send for College Journal.

$100 A MONTH and more is earned by graduates who spent 6 months or less at the College. Send address of 20 friends and get circular and beautiful specimens of penmanship FREE. Both sexes attend. Shorthand taught by mail. BUSINESS COLLEGE, Sterling, Ill.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2 FREE. Lines not under horses feet. Write Foster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

LEADING BUSINESS HOUSES OF LINCOLN

WHERE TO TRADE WHEN VISITING THE

NEBRASKA STATE FAIR

AT LINCOLN.

THE State National Bank OF LINCOLN, NEB.
Capital Paid Up, - - $200,000.00
E. E. BROWN, President. K. K. HAYDEN, Cashier.

LINCOLN NATIONAL BANK.
Capital, - - - $100,000
Surplus, - - - $35,000
NATHAN S. HARWOOD, President,
R. E. MOORE, Vice President,
C. T. BOGGS, Cashier,
FRANK M. COOK, Assistant Cashier.
Business Solicited.

THE GERMAN NATIONAL BANK, Lincoln, Neb.,
Capital Paid In, - - - $100,000
Surplus, - - - $ 20,000
OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS: H. H. Schaburg, President; C. C. Munson, Vice-President; Joseph Boehner, Cashier; O. J. Wilcox, Assistant Cashier.

WILSON & GREEN, Druggists.
Drugs, Paints, Oils & Druggists Sundries
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
139 South 10th St., Lincoln, Neb.

WEBSTER & ROGERS
Make a specialty of fitting the foot and carry shoes made on widths AA, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. Call at
1043 O Street.

DEAN & HORTON,
State Agents Trahern Pump Co. and jobbers of
Iron and Wood Pumps, Iron Pipe and Fittings.
Brass Goods, Sinks, Lead and Sewer Pipe, Drive and Tubular Well Material, Leather and Rubber Belting, Rubber Hose, etc. Eclipse Wind Mill Extras. Office, 235 and 237 North 10th Street.
LINCOLN, - - NEBRASKA.

HOHMANN'S MUSIC DEPOT, Established 1859.
First-Class Pianos and Organs.
Sheet Music, Music Books, and Musical Instruments of all kinds.
A FULL LINE OF MUSIC BOXES.
1140-1142 O St., - Lincoln, Neb.
F. W. HOHMANN.

HARPHAM BROS.,
WHOLESALE SADDLERY, AND SADDLERY HARDWARE.
Horse Clothing, Etc.
We sell to dealers only and are not your competitors in the harness business.
833 and 835 O Street, LINCOLN, NEB.

A. C. CASS, President. J. T. STORRS, Secretary.
WHITEBREAST COAL & LIME CO.
Coal, Wood, Lime, Cement, Etc.
Lincoln, - - - Nebraska.
Office, 109 South Eleventh St. Yards, Sixth and O. Telephone No. 231.

ANTRIM & MASTERSON.
LINCOLN STEAM LAUNDRY.
We make a specialty of work sent us by express. Adressa us for agents' terms.
138 N. 11th St., Lincoln, Neb.

THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. PRICE 25 CTS.
PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

It's handy

All hands want Pearline

Enables one pair of *hands* to do the work of several; millions use it; millions more will when they learn its value.

You can read, write, sew, wash dishes, prepare the meals, care for the baby while Pearline is washing the clothes for you almost without the aid of *hands*. It cannot hurt the most delicate of *hands* or fabrics. It saves your *hands* one-half their work, in fact, when you have anything to wash or clean, you will find sooner or later that Pyle's PEARLINE is the best thing with which to do it.

Beware Many *hands* are engaged in peddling imitations of Pearline—or goods which they claim to be "as good as Pearline,"—IT'S FALSE—Pearline is not peddled. All grocers *handle* Pearline. 153 JAMES PYLE, New York.

ce, not
ain state lines. It
ed that the states h