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The representative American and English Wheels. Agents Wanted Throughout the State.

CARRIAGES: Cheap buggy bargains advertised by Eastern houses will be duplicated in goods and prices.

E. R. Guthrie,

ESTABLISHED 1877.

JAS. McMILLAN & CO.

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DEALERS AND EXPORTERS, COUNTRY AND PACKER.

Green Salted HIDES, Calfskins, Dry Hides, Pelts, Furs, Wool, Tallow, Grease, Deerskins, GINSENG & SENECA ROOT.

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has often wasted time and material in trying to obtain a shade of color, and has even resorted to the use of ready mixed paints, the ingredients of which he knew nothing, because of the difficulty in making a shade of color with white lead. This waste can be avoided by the use of National Lead Company's

Pure White Lead Tinting Colors

These tints are a combination of perfectly pure colors, put up in small cans, and prepared so that one pound will tint 25 pounds of Strictly Pure White Lead to the shade shown on the can. By this means you will have the best paint in the world, because made of the best materials—

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and pure colors. Insist on having one of the brands of white lead that are standard, manufactured by the "Old Dutch" process, and known to be strictly pure:

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These brands of Strictly Pure White Lead and National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors are for sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere. If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card.

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We have land for sale in Adams, Butler, Chase, Custer, Dundey, Frontier, Furnas, Greeley, Gosper, Garfield, Hitchcock, Harlan, Hall, Hayes, Kearney, Loup, Lancaster, Perkins, Sherman, Valley and Webster counties in Nebraska. These lands belong to us, and we will sell them from

\$4.50 Per Acre Up, AND ON EASY TERMS.

Call and see us or write us for list naming the county or counties you wish to invest in.

C. C. BURR & SON,

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State Agent quotes prices on the following goods.

- A good common flour at 90 cts. per 100.
- White Rose flour at \$1.50 per 100.
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- Prime Brown Sugar \$4.00 per 100.
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- Fine Uncolored Japan Tea 25c per lb.
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- Good Coffee 20c per lb.
- A full line of Spices, Pepper, Cinnamon, Cloves, Ginger, Mustard, Allspice, etc., at 20c per lb.
- One gallon best coal oil with glass can 40 cents.
- Soda and Butter cracker 6c per lb. 11 cases.
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- Vanilla " " 55c " "
- Finest full cream Y A cheese 12c lb.
- A good Overall for only 50c.
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- Rockford half hose 75c per doz.
- " " " best made \$1.05 a doz.

Write for anything you eat or wear. J. W. HARTLEY, State Agt., 245 S 11th St., Lincoln, Neb.

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ONLY ONE PERCENT ABOVE FACTORY COST

We are the ONLY MANUFACTURERS in the world selling machines direct.

We ship ALL MACHINES on approval, complete with the LATEST ATTACHMENTS.

SPECIAL TERMS TO SECURE A MACHINE FREE. We will give 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

PRICES AT THE BOTTOM. Send for Catalogue.

Chicago Sewing Mach. Co., Dept., A 51 42-52 N. Halsted St., Chicago.

GUELPH 2:16 1/4

Champion of Nebraska Tracks. Winner of the fastest heat and the fastest three heats ever trotted by a stallion in the State. Size of Manhattan. 3-year-old record 2:34. Axiety. 3-year-old record 2:33. Guelf, Jr. 4-year-old record 2:36. Judge Gresham. 3-year-old record 2:40. His sire is Princeps; dam Mary by Messenger Durco; 2d dam Bonnie Lassie by Hambletonian 10. Guelf has been a consistent campaigner, and one of the gamest race horses that ever lived. He has size, style, color and speed, all of which are essential in a horse to breed to. Guelf will trot a mile in 2:10 or better this season, barring accident. He has trotted a mile in 2:12 1/4, showing that his record is no measure of his speed. Guelf will make the season at Lincoln, Neb., 24th and O Sts. Service fee \$50, with the usual return privilege.

MONTE CARLOS 9947.

Brother in blood to the great Jay Bird. Sired by Monte Cristo (brother to Lumps 2:31) by Geo. Wilkes; dam Lady Frank, p. 2:34 (dam of Early Dawn 2:31, Jay Bird 2:31, Dewey Eye, dam of Galileo Rex 2:13, McGregor Wilkes 2:27 1/4) by Mambrino Star 2:28 1/4; 2d dam Lady Franklin 2:29 1/4 (dam of Cottage Girl 2:29 1/4) by Etty's Black Hawk. Monte Carlos is the sire of Dan Hendee, 2-year-old record 2:44, his first colt and others that are showing early speed. He is destined to make as great a sire as Jay Bird. He will make the season at Lincoln, Neb., at \$25.00. These horses can be seen at the Lincoln Barn, cor. 24th and O streets. Send for catalogue. Address all communications to A. T. TURNEY & SONS, Lincoln, Neb. Cor. 24th and O Sts.

PILES, FISTULA,

and all other Diseases of the Rectum cured by Drs. Thornton & Minor, Kansas City, Mo., without knife, ligature or caustics—no money to be paid until patient is cured. We also make a specialty of Diseases of Women and Diseases of the Skin. Beware of all doctors who want any part of their fee in advance, even a note. In the end you will find them expensive luxuries. Send for circular giving names of hundreds who have been cured by us, and how to avoid sharpers and quacks. Office, No. 100 West Ninth Street, Rooms 31-33-35 Bunker Bldg.

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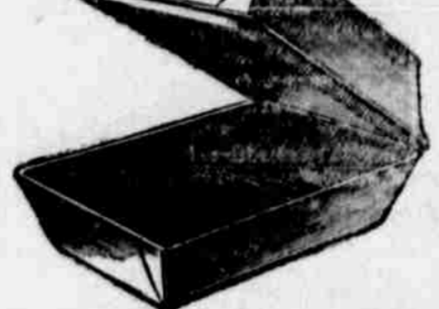
M. E. HINKLEY,

GENERAL NURSERYMAN,

Marens, Iowa.

The best of the new fruits, ornamental and evergreens. Big supply of the BLACK HILLS SPRUCE, the best evergreen yet. It will cost you nothing to let me price your needs. Ex-perimental station of the State Horticultural Society in connection with the nursery. Correspondence, satisfaction guaranteed.

SEEDS: ALPACCA, CLOVER, SPRING WHEAT, KAFFIR, RICE and Jerusalem Corn, Yellow and White Milo Maize, Black and White Hulless Barley, Brown Dhoura, Onion Sets—all grown in 1892. For prices address, MOTHER & KINISON, Garden City, Kansas.



The best paying investment for a housewife is The Excelsior Home-Baker and Roaster. Bakes bread tasty, leaves it moist; meat will be juicy and rich, saves one-third nutritious elements. No lady can do without it after having tried it. Write for circulars.

AGENTS WANTED. CHARLES SCHULTEISS, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

AGENTS WANTED—Male and female old and young, \$15.00 to \$25.00 per day easily made, selling our Queen Plating Outfits, and doing Gold, Silver, Copper and Brass Plating, that is warranted to wear for years, on every class of Metal, Tableware and Jewelry &c. Light and easily handled, no experience required to operate them. Can be carried by hand with ease from house to house, same as a grip sack or satchel. Agents are making money rapidly. They sell to almost every business house and family, work cheap, durable, simple and within reach of every one. Plates almost instantly, equal to the finest new work. Send for circulars &c.

Queen City Silver & Nickel Plating Co., East St. Louis, Ill.

CATARRH HAVE YOU GOT IT? If so, try my Medicine. It is a sure cure. Try it and be convinced. You will never regret it. Sent by mail to any address. Price One Dollar. JOHN P. HOKR, 125 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Cancers Cured.

I will pay liberally for the names and addresses of persons suffering from cancer. Guarantee a permanent cure or no charge. No matter if the physician has given up, write me at once. Physicians supplied with remedy at liberal discount. Full remedy and instructions for self treatment.

THE HARRIS CANCER SANITARIUM, Fort Payne, Ala.

Want 100 Farmer Agents in Nebraska

For 1893. The most complete line of wood and steel pumping and geared, oil and gas engines, low and machines the most reliable and durable in use. Agents wanted who have been permanent residents and are known to be reliable. If you or any of your neighbors want any kind of windmill this year, write now and secure the agency.

COWAN S. D., March 11, Goodhue, Wind Engine Co., St. Charles, Ill.: I am grinding feed for 10 horses and a head of cattle and for sheep. It stands like a good deal of the time, I would not be without it for anything. If I had to get a new one every year, I can grind 12 bushels an hour with it in a good wind. My neighbor Mr. Haskell likes his mill best; he has a 10 foot outfit, same as mine, and thinks there is nothing like it. His son says they can grind a bushel of corn in two minutes with it. Mr. and Mrs. Haskell say it is the best thing they ever invested any money in on the place. Yours truly, FRED WILSON.

Goodhue Engine Co.

St. Charles, Ill.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

The other day, in speaking of the improved facilities for luxurious travel in this country says: "We are abandoning the old system of lighting the cars with kerosene lamps, and more than half the coaches have already been equipped with the most improved and the safest system of lighting known in this country or Europe. With the new Pintech lamps there can be no possibility of danger from explosion or otherwise, as the apparatus is all out side and under the car, and in the event of mishap, the fixtures become detached and the gas escapes into the air." The brilliant Pintech light, the finest car illuminant in existence, now in use on the Union Pac. life System fulfills all the requisite conditions so happily noted by Mr. Depew.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

Before the end of another decade nearly every city of consequence will own and conduct its own light and water plants.—Wahoo New Era.

Capital is thoroughly organized. It is the duty of all true populist workers to push organization everywhere. It matters not so much whether the organization be Industrial Leagues or People's party clubs. But let's organize.—Grand Island Journal.

It is a fact worthy of note that the harder a man works the poorer he gets, and the less he works the richer he gets. This is the result of the false industrial conditions brought about by the old parties. Cast your influence with the people's party which says the change shall be made.—Beatrice Tribune.

Hon. C. D. Casper, of David City, one of the ablest and truest friends of the people in the last legislature, an all-around and a yard-wide representative of true democracy, is at home now throwing out a few hints in his valuable Butler County Press of what he knows about good legislation and poor democratic politics.—Lincoln Herald.

Attorney General Olney—not having wit enough to act voluntarily—should be asked by President Cleveland to resign either his government position or his position as advisory counsel and director of several railroads against which the government may have to bring suit. Mr. Cleveland had embarrassment enough of this kind in his previous administration.—Bridgeport Standard.

John L. McKean, half brother of E. E. Carr of this city, has been elected editor and manager of THE UNIONIST at Lincoln. He is wholly in sympathy with the boys and will devote his rare energy and executive ability to making the paper both sword and shield to them. The hands of labor can never be fully bound so long as men of his spirit and native ability are found among the opponents of the plutocrats.—Aurora Register.

The recent great labor disturbances in Belgium have resulted in the enactment, unwillingly, of a provision granting "universal" suffrage. The term universal does not in this case include women. Neither is the right to vote extended equally to all. But the poor man who has never been convicted of crime and is twenty-five years old may have one vote, while his more fortunate neighbors may have two or even three votes apiece.—Kansas Farmer.

Four years ago, there was not one man in ten in Custer county who knew anything to speak of about the money question. Today you can scarcely find a man in ten who will not admit that government paper money, properly regulated as to volume, is as good and safe as gold and silver. Even the g. o. p. press has ceased its ancient wall about "intrinsic value," and "God's money." It makes one smile to see the world move.—Custer County Independent.

The maximum rate bill means thousands of dollars in the pockets of the farmers of this country. The republicans in both houses worked and voted almost solidly against it. In spite of this fact we expect to see a large number of farmers before the summer is over with torches over their backs, patches on their trousers, furrows of care in their faces, b-a-a-awing for the g. o. p. and "protection." Ye gods, what a spectacle it will be! Angels will look over the parapet of heaven, and weep.—Custer County Beacon.

Hon. Albert Dickerson returned home Sunday of last week, but so modest was he, or anxious to get to farm work that few knew he was in the country for several days after his return. Mr. Dickerson thinks farming pretty hard work after so long a rest from manual labor, but not nearly so exciting as law making in Nebraska. Aside from all joking however, we are glad to see Mr. Dickerson home again and proud to know that he was one of the faithful in seeking and working for good legislation.—Litchfield Monitor.

It is stated the financial policy of the administration will soon be announced. The concert of action between the two old parties is evidenced by the daily collisions between Mr. Carlisle and John Sherman, and the promised announcement is awaited with apprehension, for nothing beneficial to genuine business interests is expected. What is the real condition of the business world today is indicated by the failures of the week, one in New York for over one million dollars and one in Michigan for two millions. In both cases banks were involved and the savings deposits of thousands were endangered.

Tourists Trips.

Round trips to the Pacific Coast. Short trips to the Mountain Resorts of Colorado. The Great Salt Lake. Yellowstone National Park—the most wonderful spot on this continent. Puget Sound, the Mediterranean of the Pacific coast. And all reached via the Union Pacific System. For detailed information call on or address, E. T. MASTIN, C. T. A., 104 O St., J. B. SLOSSON, Gen. Agt., Lincoln, Neb.

Notice to Bridge Builders.

Notice is hereby given the supervisors of Harlan County will receive sealed bids for the erection of three iron bridges as follows: One iron bridge at Claypool's crossing between Alma and Orleans consisting of one span of 50 feet length and to be 10 feet wide in the clear and to be 20 feet above low water mark. One iron bridge across Prairie Dog Creek at Patrick's crossing, to consist of one span of 30 feet and to be 10 feet wide in the clear, and the road bed to be not less than 18 feet above low water mark. Also one iron bridge across the Prairie Dog Creek at Cobbleick's crossing, to consist of one span of 30 feet, and to be 10 feet wide in the clear, and the road bed to be not less than 18 feet above water. Bids for the above bridges must be filed with the undersigned not later than at noon on May 30th, 1893, and must be accompanied by a good and sufficient bond in case contract is awarded. The board however reserves the right to reject any or all bids. T. W. MAHONEY, County Clerk.

DISGUISES.

All wear disguises in life's game. The true men lurk within; A sage may masquerade and claim To be a harlequin. A cynic's sneer may serve to hide A tender heart of gold. As in the sea warm currents glide Beneath a surface cold. Full many men who to the eye In virtue's caps appear. Are seapichers in which there lie But bones and darkness drear. They say that when from death we wake We'll know as we are known. Each from his face the mask will take And the true self be shown. —Inter Ocean.

BEAL'S PARTNER.

In April, 1852, a company formed at Barry, Pike county, Illinois, to come to California. It consisted of Palasci Green and family, Isaac Holman and family, James Allen and family, Mrs. Hull, a widow, and two children, Jeffrey Madison, Frank Donaldson, Malon Bill, H. Huntley, Joseph Black, Samuel Ristine, Nelson Gray and Jay Green, the writer of this story.

At Big Sandy creek, where we camped one noon, two Kentuckians, who joined us, and who were partners in the team they drove, had a quarrel over their private affairs. Their names were Colonel Bosley and Major Beal. The war of words between the two men being over, we proceeded. Two days brought us to what was called "Lost River." At this place we took a vote of the company, and determined to camp until noon of the next day. The country was full of hostile Indians, and there was some opposition to our delaying so long.

Early the next morning I was awakened by loud and angry talk. I got up and found a heated dispute going on about breaking camp at once. I said, "I thought this thing was settled yesterday—that we were to stay here until noon." The talk quieted down. But Bosley was determined to go on. He went out and got his two mules and with the assistance of another man began to harness the animals. Beal asked, "What are you going to do?" "I am going on," was his partner's reply. "I am not," was Beal's quiet answer.

Bosley having hitched his mules to the wagon, drove out of camp, taking the two young men with him, Dave Dye and Steve Deems. Bosley and Beal were under contract to take these men to California. Bosley in this manner left Beal with a pair of mules and harness. Beal applied to me and my partner, Mr. Gray, for conveyance to California. We took him on condition that he do an equal share of camp duty, and that we have the use of his mules.

There was a feeling of uneasiness in the camp after Bosley had gone, and after talking the matter over we decided to move on. This was about 10 o'clock a. m. About noon we overtook Bosley, who had stopped to feed his mules. We passed him and soon came to a very steep hill. My team was in the lead. Beal was driving it and I was riding a small mule. When we gained the top of the hill I told Beal to wait for the other teams to come up. I dismounted from my mule and Beal got down from the wagon. Just at this time Bosley appeared at the top of the hill, riding a mare and carrying a double barreled shot gun on the horn of his saddle. He rode up quickly, his eyes flashing intense anger, and demanded:

"Major, are you going to leave me in this kind of a way?" Beal replied firmly: "Yes, sir, I am."

Bosley instantly raised his gun, muttering something I could not understand, and fired. Beal received the charge in his left breast. I sprang forward to save the man's life, but not in time. I grasped the muzzle of Bosley's gun and held it down, but the fatal messenger had sped. I commanded Bosley to surrender. Still holding the gun by the barrels, I tried to wrest it from him, and in the effort pulled him out of the saddle. Then ensued a terrible struggle between us for the gun. Bosley retained his hold upon it. He was a large, muscular fellow, and he was in a frenzy. He cocked the lock on the loaded barrel and pushed me backward, all the time endeavoring to bring the gun in range with my body, while I was struggling as desperately to hold the muzzle to the ground. In this way he ran me back to some brambles. My feet became entangled and I fell on my hands and knees, Bosley covering my head and shoulders with his breast and throwing his arms around me. I still held the gun. I called for help. I shouted murder! No one came to my relief. The rest of the company was got in sight. My legs were crossed. I was powerless. I kept on struggling, and at last got my feet squarely under me. With all my strength I suddenly raised erect, lifting Bosley off his feet, throwing him over my head and wrenching the gun from his hands.

As soon as I was clear from Bosley I ran to Beal, raised him up, and supported him against a clump of sage brush. He was beyond human aid. His heart was riddled with buckshot. He died without saying a word. Our entire train was soon on the scene, and shortly there arrived another ex team of fifty men. We buried Beal and piled up a monument of rocks over his grave. Bosley was put under guard and we all traveled on, the object being to join another large emigration train, and with this increased number of men to hold a council and determine what should be done with Bosley.

On June 13, 1852, we found a mule train from Pennsylvania bound for Oregon and some packers. We met at Ham's Fork of the Green river. We now had at least 100 men in the crowd. It did not take long for the leaders of the companies to decide upon a plan of action. Bosley should be tried then and there for murder. The prisoner asked that the witnesses be sworn. The Oregon captain administered the oath in behalf of the California and Oregon emigrants as plaintiffs and Leonidas Bosley defendant. I was the last witness. I testified positively to the killing, but was careful to give the prisoner the benefit of every word or act that might be in his favor. When the testimony was all in Bosley arose and said, "Green, you have done me justice, but John Peters has not." The jury retired from the rest of the crowd and soon agreed that the prisoner was guilty, but could not fix the punishment. The Oregon captain then made this statement to the crowd. He then drew a long line on the ground, and said: "All of you who are in favor of inflicting the death penalty immediately will cross this line." The crowd rushed like a flock of sheep over the "dead line," not half a dozen refraining from this call for vengeance. A special tent was pitched, and Bosley was held through the night under guard. The next morning I visited him early. I found him dressed in a fine broadcloth suit, white shirt and black cravat. He was a fine looking man in features and physical build. I looked upon him and thought: "Dressed for eternity in this wild and rugged desert land." He gave me three letters and told me that each contained a lock of hair, one to his mother, one to his wife and one to his brother. These were messengers to bear the sad news that would break the hearts of loved ones in Kentucky. The hour of execution came. Should I live 10,000 years I could not forget the scene that then transpired. All the teams were ordered to drive on with the women and children, one man only was stationed with each wagon; all the other men were retained. The Oregon captain ordered all present to form in a half circle. A few refused to do so, whereupon they were commanded by the captain to toe the mark or leave the ground. All then formed in line except myself. I waded a slough near by and stood on a high point. I was determined to watch the proceedings, but not consent to participate in them. Twelve men were drawn by ballot to act as executioners. One of the party volunteered to load the twelve rifles. He was instructed to retire from observation and load six rifles with powder and ball and six with powder only. After loading the guns this man left them where they were and departed. The prisoner was held under guard about fifty yards distance down the road. Two men were sent to bring the guns, which were placed in the hands of the twelve men, who were then marched in line to the place where the prisoner awaited death. The rest of the party took up places in file on each side of the road. The captain said to Bosley, "What is your distance?" The doomed man replied, "Twelve steps." The captain then said, "Step off your ground." "I cannot do it; you do it for me." The captain answered, "I will do it with you." These two, judge and convict, then, side by side, paced off twelve steps from the line of men who held their rifles in parade manner. The Oregon captain then took a blanket from Bosley's shoulders and spread it on the ground. Bosley knelt down upon it with his back to the riflemen. Up to this time he bore himself with heroic fortitude. He asked that he be allowed to give the signal to fire, by raising his right hand, and his request was granted. He turned his head, looked behind him, and asked, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" I saw a marked change coming over his face. I cannot describe his look, but it was so strange and impressive that I can never forget it. He dropped his head and asked a question that started the tears in every eye: "Is there any one present who will pray for me?" In the file of men with the rifles, waiting the order to fire, was a German who the previous evening had visited Bosley at his tent and sought to talk with the prisoner concerning his spiritual welfare, and his peace with his God. Bosley had at that time waived all such consolation. But now, at the open grave, he bowed his head and penitently called, "Is there anyone present who will pray for me?" It was this German who at once laid his gun upon the ground and stepped forward. I never heard a prayer more fervent and eloquent. It was an intensely solemn occasion, and among all the hardy, rough-mannered men present there was not one who was not deeply affected. I claim that no man but a Christian could have performed this double duty of mediator and executioner. His prayer concluded, he stepped back into line and took up his rifle. Then the captain pronounced these words in a clear tone: "Make ready!" and twelve rifles barrels were leveled at the kneeling sacrifice to border justice. "Take aim," and the gunners steadied themselves for the fatal signal, and Bosley's right hand went up. "Fire!" and instantly flashed the volley, reverberating a wild and unearthly death knell among the crags that looked down upon the awful scene.—Woodland Mail, Cal.