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LINCOLN, NEB., Aug. 19, 1893.
Sulpho-Sailne Sata Co., Lincoln, Neb.
Gentlemen.—I have been a victum of rheumatism
for several years past. I have suffered intensely at for several years past. I have suffered intensely at times, and have gone to the Hot Springs of Spath Dakota, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas five times, seeking rehef. I have also taken much medicine under the directions of able physicians. About one month ago I suffered from one of the most violent attacks of the disease, and at once began taking hot salt water baths at your new and uplendid bath house in this city. Under the care of your gentlemanty and efficient attendant, Mr. Henry ichmotte, I have, I think, entirely recovered. our gentlemanis and efficient attendant, Mr. Henry schmotte, I have, I think, entirely recovered.

Fro experience and my observation of the regults of treatment of many patients at the Hot iprimes above named and at your bath house. I am convinced that better and quicker results can be obtained by a course of hot sait water baths at your ath house than at any other place in the country. I do not hesitate not only to recommend, but to urge every person suffering from rheamatism to try a course of baths at your bath house under the directions of one of the physicians in charge I believe your new and magnificent bath house will rove a great blessing to the many victims if rheumatism in this vicanity, and I hope it will receive the liberal patronage it merits.

f rheumatism in this vicinity, and I nope it would be the liberal patronage it merits.

You have not requested of me any testimonial, but I deem u proper that I should acknowledge the great relief I have received at your hands, and you may use what I have said in such manner as you may deem proper.

Very respectfully,

J. B. Strode.

The above from Judge Strode is but a sample of the many similar testim n als we have received without solicitation and which will appear from time to time in these columns.

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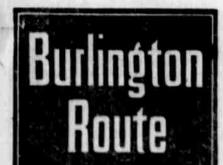
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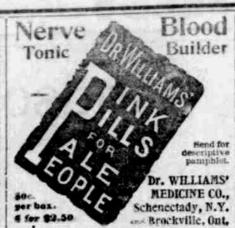
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Via the Missouri Pacific Route. On the second Tuesday in December 1893, January, February, March, April and May, 1894. the Missouri Pacific Route will sell round trip tickets to a stations in Texas, with final limit to return in thirty days from date of sale. Stop-overs are allowed in Arkansa-, Texas and Oklahoma, New Mexico and Indian Territory. Come and take a trip to the south. PHIL DANIELS C P. & T. A. 1201 O street.

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The Missouri Pacific Route will sell round trip tickets at one and one-third fare within two hundred miles. Tickets will be on sale December 23, 24, 25 and 30 31, January 1, 1894, good to return January 3. This will be a splendid epportunity to visit your friends. Come and take a trip via this line PHIL BANIELS, C. T. A., 1201 O street

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Greensburg, Indiana

Missouri Pacific are offering the very lowest rates for round trip tickets to the World's Fair, good for return until November 15 1893. Also have placed on sale summer tourist tickets at the usual low rates as can be verified by calling at office 1201 O stree, Lincoln Neb., J. E. R. MILLER, C. T. A. or H C. TOWNSEND, G. P. & T. A. St. Louis

Missouri Pacific.

The Missouri Pacific railway seems to be up with the times to the very latest moment in giving low rates to the World's fair also to St Louis and all eastern points as well as to the south Any information desired can be had at 1201 O St Lincoln Neb J. E. R. MILLER C. T. A., or St. Louis Mo. of H. C. TOWNSEND G. P. & T. A.

Railroad Time Tables.

The Northwestern Line (PREMONT, ELEHOUN AND MO. VALLEY E. R.)
DEPOT CON- ER EMBERT AND S STREETS. CITY
TICKET OFFICE 1133 O STREET.
(Continuous lines to all points mentioned.)

	Leave.	Arrive.
Chicago and east Fremont Omaha Sioux City, St. Paul Deluth	*1:35 p. m.	*12:90 p m
Marshaltown, Cedar Rapids, Clinton, Des Moines, Pierre, Aber- deen, Oakes	*1 35 p. m.	•12:20 p. m
Omaha	17:30 a. m.	*12:20 p m 19:30 p m
folk. O'Neill, Long Pine Chadron Casper Hot Springs, Rapid	•7:30 a. m	*5:20 p m
Fremont secomodation	†3:50 p. m. †11:35 a. m	19:30 p. m.

Missouri Pacific Railway. Ticket Office at Depot and corner Twelfth and

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	Leaves.	Arrives
Auburn and Neb City Exp St. Louis day Express Auburn and Neb. City Exp St. Louis night Express Accomocation	• 9:50 p m	5:30 p a 6:44 a a 6:45 a a

Union Pacific Railway

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Manhattan east and west, Topeka, Kansas City, east and south.	† 7:45 a m	\$:45 p m
David City, Stromsburg. Bioux City, David City. Columbus, Denver,	† 6:30 р ш	† 10:40 a iii
Salt Lake, Helena, San Francisco and Portland.	• 2:45 p m	• 3:50 p n
Beatrice and Cortland	:50 p m	+ 9:02 B III

Railroad. Depot corner Eighth and S streets. City ticke

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Omaisa	7:05 1:45		m	٠	13:05	P	n
souri Vailey, Cedar Rapids, Chicago and East Madison, Mil- waukee, Sioux City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth and Northwest	• 1:45	p	m	•	12:05	p	10
Fremont Accom'dation }	+ 12:05	p	m.	٠	7:15	D)	11

Burlington & Missouri River Railroad C D AO R RO

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A LITTLE CHILD.

I paced one day along the dusty street
With heavy heart and isattentive mind,
When suddenly, with they, pattering feet, A little child came softly up behind

He joined me, and we walked on side by side. Some spell of silence I could not define Was on us. Then, with blue eyes opened wide,

He looked at me and placed his hand in mine A baby's hand, and yet so firm and strong,

It held my tired one with kindly grasp, And as we walked still silently along My heavy heart found healing in that clasp. What sweet, mysterious influence led him

there I cannot tell, but thus it seemed to me-His guardian angel guided him to share My burden with unconscious sympathy.

Unconscious, for as yet his tender mind Had never learned that love is kin to pain. And this is sympathy, whose links can bind Their heart to heart as with a golden chain.

He needed naught of mine; he would not miss Me when we parted, nor would understand My thanks, but on his brow I left a kins And thanked God for the kindly baby hand.

-Penny Post.

THE ETHEL LYNCH.

Ira Lynch was the agent at a little station on the Silver Creek railroad, called Halfway. Why the station was called by that odd name is impossible to state, unless it was because it was located about the cepter of the road. It was not much of a station either, the only building being the shed that contained the engine and pumps which pumped water to the tank that supplied the road engines.

Few trains ever stopped for any other purpose, unless they were flagged, as there wasn't a house within two miles of the station, with the exception of the little cabin occupied by the agent and his family, which consisted of himself, his wife, daughter and her little baby brother. Ethel, the daughter, was a sprightly little girl of perhaps 12 or 13 years of age, and pretty enough for an artist's model, as she sat upon the back of her milk white pony, man fashion, her legs bare to her knees, and dressed in a gray plaid skirt, a tight fitting velvet jacket, and a trim boy's cap resting jauntily upon her beautiful aubura curls. Ethel Lynch was a prime favorite with the trainmen and regular passengers on the Silver Creek road, and they were always on the alert to get a glimpse of the

redheaded girl and the white horse. Mr. Lynch was formerly engineer on the engine that pulled the train known as the Thunderbolt—a limited express upon th main line of which the Silver Creek road was a branch. But one night train robbers removed a rail from the track, and Ira Lynch-who saved the lives of the passengers intrusted to his care by standing faithfully at his post of duty—was drag-ged from under the pile of broken and twisted iron and steel that once formed a part of his beloved engine, a burned and bleeding mass. Of all the many people who witnessed the terrible sight, not one thought it possible for him to live, but by careful nursing and a strong determination on his part to live for his wife and his little daughter's sake he so far recovered as to be able to take charge of the little station at Halfway.

At the time our story opens, Mr. Lynch

was standing at the open window of the pumphouse, gazing intently at some ob-ject in the direction of his cabin.

It was at the close of a lovely day in June; the rays of the setting sun-for i lacked but an hour of sunset-shone full in his face. Shading his eyes with his hand, he looked long and earnestly.

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, "it's our Ethel! Ma must be feeling better, or she wouldn't leave her alone!'

Being satisfied that everything was all right, he again gave his attention to his work, so as to have things in shape to leave for the night. By the time the task was completed, Ethel had approached to within speaking distance. The pony was walking along very leisurely, under a loose rein, "so as not to scare pa," Ethel had said to herself, as she checked the pony

down to a walk. "Well, how's ma and the baby been today!" inquired Mr. Lynch, as Ethel slid from the pony's back to the ground. "Oh, they've been splendid all day! Mamma wanted to get up, she felt so

"I'm glad to hear that, for it don't seem very much like home when ma is sick; does it?"

"No, indeed. But do you want to know what I came over for?"

"Why, yes, to be sure!"
"Well, listen and I'll tell it to you: This afternoon mamma fell asleep, and she had an awful dream. It worried her so that she told it to me, and I came over to be sure it wasn't so, but you couldn't make mamma believe it wasn't so, for she said she never could until she had seen you

with her own eyes." "Why! It must have been something terrible to frighten your ma. She isn't a very timid woman. But tell me, and then I'll know for myself."

"Well, mamma said that she saw five men walking up the track. They all wore big bushy whiskers and carried guns. She said she didn't think anything strange about it, but thought they were hunters, until one of them said, 'It must be that he is in the pumphouse.' So she just watched them, and, sure enough, they came directly here, the big man that spoke being in the lead. They approached the window very cautiously; the big man put his gun through the window and fired. Then she saw you throw up your hands and fall to the ground, dead!

"That was quite a dream, and it's no wonder it frightened her. But you go right back and tell her that I am well and will be home soon, and she will be satisfled.

"No, she won't either, pa, for she said that she could never believe that it was only a dream, until she had seen you with her own eyes. You must go home. I'll stay and give water to 41's engine, and signal No. 9. "All right, Ethel, if you think that she

will feel any better for seeing me. Here are the keys. Now be sure and don't stay longer than benecessary, for it will be dark kong before you reach home. "Yes, pa, I'll do just as you say, only do

make baste so that ma won't worry. Goodby. Kiming her father, she waited impatiently until he had taken his leave. "A girl of whom any man might well

be proud," soliloquized Mr. Lynch as he

paused to look back and wave his hand to Ethel. Resuming his walk, he continued: "Why, I wouldn't take the best mine in Colorado for that redheaded girl and her white pray. Eibel is a girl that can be trusted. I feel perfectly safe to go home and leave her there, for I know that she will do her duty. Why, officines, with her sitting on my knee, just to teach her, I've eatd, 'Pahaw, Ethel, you don't care very much for your old, crippled up pa, do

back as proud as any queen and say:

"I do, too, love you, Pa Lynch. I had rather be the daughter of a cripple, if he got hurt while noing his duty, as you did, the ground. than to have a king for my father, if he

were a coward. "Well, she don't think any more of me than I do of her, so it's an even thing all

around. Thus Mr. Lynch mused, as he walked homeward to assure his invalid wife he

was all right. "I guess I had better tie Snowflake behind the pumphouse," said little Ethel, as her father disappeared from view, "because the soot from the engines makes him all speckled."

That done, she went to examine the switch, to see that it was thrown right for No. 41, the through freight, which was already due.

She had but just returned when the whistle sounded for the station, and a moment later the huge monster came in sight. Ethel waved the white flag, to signal all right, the engineer answered with two short, sharp whistles, and an instant later called for brakes, in order to stop at the station for water.

"Why, there are two sections on run 41, tonight!" Ethel exclaimed as she saw the two red flags on the engine.

Then the train drew up at the station, the engine was cut loose and switched over to the tank for water, after which the train proceeded on its way to Piacer City, six miles distant, to sidetrack for No.

9, the fast limited express.

After the second section had gone through the same operation as the first, Ethel entered the pumphouse to make sure that the fire under the boiler was properly banked for the night.

She desired to start for home as soon as No. 9 passed, so as not to alarm her parents by any unnecessary delay. She had been inside but a moment or two, when her attention was attracted by a slight noise at the window.

Imagine her surprise, upon turning around, to see a man standing at the open window, with his gun, which was resting upon the window sill, aimed directly at

"It's mother's dream!" she said to herself, but not a muscle moved to show that

she was surprised.
"Say, little gal," said the man at the window, "where is the station agent?"
"He is not here, sir. He went away some time ago."
"When ago."

"Where to?" demanded the man gruffly

"He went to Keeley's Bar, with supplies for the company's men," replied Ethel, and added, in an undertone, "but that was a long time ago." "When is the lightning express due!"

"In 30 minutes," said Ethel, as she glanced at the clock above her father's "Well, we want to board her. Can we

"No, sir. They do not stop here for

"Can't you flag ber?"

"No, sir." "Why not?"

there is danger ahead." "Then there will be danger ahead," said the ruffian as he turned his back to Ethel, and addressing the men said: "Get to work lively, men, and take up a couple of rails. The express is going to stop here

tonight, and don't you forget it!" Ethel glanced through the window, and, sure enough, there were four men besides

a clatter of a horse's feet upon the hard ground, and an instant later the white pony dashed around the corner of the pumphouse and was off with the speed of

"Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" rang the report of firearms in rapid succession. The men had discovered her flight, but in

their haste had shot wide of the mark. "Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang" rang out a second volley from the repeating rifles. The bridle rein dropped, as Ethel threw up her hands and fell forward on the pony's neck, limp and apparently lifeless. The frightened animal, seeing he was free to go where he chose, dashed headlong down the bank into the gulch

below and disappeared from view. "I guess that redheaded imp of a girl won't give us any further trouble," re-

marked one of the men. "You're right," said another. "She's

fixed all right enough." Had the speakers stood where they could have seen what was taking place down in the gulch, they would soon have discovered their mistake, for no sooner had the pony reached the bottom, than Ethel arose erect in the saddle, gathered up the reins and remarked:

"A pretty good trick for a redheaded girl to play. When they thought me dead, they ceased firing; otherwise I might have been killed." Looking at her tiny watch, a present from her father, she added:

"Six miles and only 22 minutes in

winch to make it. Now Snowflake, fly." Loosening a rawhide from the pommel of the saddle, she lashed the pony into a run. One, two, three, four miles are passed. The tender hearted girl, who under ordinary circumstances would not think of beating her pony, used the lash without

mercy, urging him to his utmost speed. Finally, exhausted, her hand dropped to her side, and when she again raised it she saw that it was covered with blood. "Why!" she exclaimed. "I must have

been hit after all. Yes, my skirt is soaked with blood, and come to think of it I did feel a stinging pain in my thigh when the men fired, but what of it? We must reach Placer City in time should it kill us At last the station was in sight. Only a short half mile and she would be at the

end of her journey. But, alas! the wind bore a sound to her ear that fairly froze the blood in her veins, a long, shrill whis tle, the express calling for a clear track. Ethel shut her teeth tightly and plied the lash with all her strength. "Faster, Snowflake, faster, faster! Oh!

Heaven help us!" she exclaimed. The pany groaned at every jump, yet she urged him to go faster. Already she could see the headlight on the rapidly approaching enrine. It glowed in the gathering twilight like the eye of a flery domon. Would she be too late?

On came the flery monster. The race was an unequal one-an iron horse, propelled by steam as hot as fire and water could make, and an Indian peny running a race upon which depended many lives. On came the iron steed, its grim driver all unconscious of the fact that he was carrying the unsuspecting parsengers and the \$500,000, which the express messenger was so carefully guarding, straight into the hands of a band of train robbers.

Weald she be too late? Made desperate by the thought, Ethel leaned forward and buried her white teeth deep into the neck of the peny. Made furious by the pain, the almost exhausted animal leaped forward, staggering as he

"Then she'd throw her dainty head ran. A moment more, and they were at the station. Without waiting to stop, Ethel slid from the pony's back; then ber leg gave way beneath ber, and she fell to

A fireman on a freight engine recognized Ethel and ran to her assistance,

"Oh, don't mind me, but flag No. 9!" she gasped, and none too soon, for she could hear the roar of the ponderous train and the rapid clicking sound on the rails, caused by the driving wheels passing over the rail junctions, each tick plainly telling her that the train was at least two rods nearer destruction. Then the engineer whistled for brakes,

and she knew that the train was saved. When the train had stopped, Ethel told her story to the wondering people who had gathered about her, after which the conductor ordered her carried to the baggage car, but she refused, saying:

'No, I will not go without Snowflake." "All right, little girl," replied the con-

ductor, "the pony shall go too." So they took both horse and rider into the baggage car, where a bale of mattresses was hastily broken open, and one procured for the little sufferer to lie upon, and a roll of blankets, belonging to one David Carson of Dead Man's Gulch, but more commonly known as "Dare Devil Dave," was brought forward to serve as a pillow. The owner of the blankets was there in person, kneeling on the floor beside her.

"Poor little girl," he said as he wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand. "This is more than I can stand." His huge frame shook with sobs as he picked up her cap, and turning to the bystanders said, "Felliow citizens, let us do something."

The miners gave liberally. Both bills and coin were tossed into the cap. One miner contributed a small leather bag, containing a couple of ounces of gold dust. Nor was David Carson the only man that wept for the uncomplaining little sufferer. Tears coursed down many a sun bronzed cheek unused to such a visitor, and not one of them, rough as they were, but would willingly have taken her place and borne the pain in her stead, were such a thing possible. A few moments later, the man from the guich again knelt beside Ethel, and as he placed her cap upon the floor beside her said: "Here, little girl, this may make you feel better. It's to buy you a new gown," which remark plainly went to show his ignorance regarding the value of dress goods. He had collected enough money to purchase a fair sized dry goods store.

When the doctor that had been sent for arrived, the train proceeded on its way. Half a dozen miners, armed with Win-chester rifles, were stationed in the cab of the engine, under the command of "Dare Devil Dave," and the only order that that individual gave was this:

"Fellow citizens, I hope you know your business. Don't shoot unless you get the word; then shoot to kill." The train approached the station at

Halfway at a very high speed, all on board seemingly unconscious of any impending danger. A light was swung across the track, "We have orders not to flag No. 9 unless signaling the train to stop. The engineer obeyed promptly, and the train was brought to a standstill less than 100 feet from where the robbers stood with guns

leveled at the train. "Hands up!" demanded the leader. There was a flash of fire from the cab windows, followed by the report of a half

dozen rifles, and it was all over. the spokesman, making five in all, as her mother had dreamed.

Quick as thought, she turned and sprang through the open door; there was ble home. Nearly all the passengers were there. The conductor, accompanied by the doctor, had gone on in advance to pre-pare Ethel's parents for her home coming. The patient little sufferer was reclining on a car seat, borne by two stalwart miners, while David Carson brought up the

rear, leading the badly used up pony. We may perhaps never know just what took place at the agent's cabin. The only remark was made by the big hearted giant from the gulch. When the party had re-turned to the train, he drew a sigh of relief as he exclaimed:

"Fellow citizens, I feel better." The trainmen soon replaced the rails which the robbers had removed, and No. 9 went on her way, an hour and 20 minutes

It was several months before Ethel was

able to again ride Snowflake. But one

day her father told her that there would be

a new engine on the lightning express, and

he would like very much to have her see it. So she rode over to the station and sat gracefully upon her pony as the train approached. The first thing that attracted her atten-tion was a beautiful miniature milk white pony, standing upon the front of the engine, one foot poised in air, nostrils dilated and neck proudly arched, for all the world like her own beloved Snowflake, and

seated upon its back was a very small girl, that was dressed and looked very much like herself. Then her eyes fell upon the name of the new engine, painted in gold letters beneath the cab window. There could be no mis-

take, for the letters were very plain and read like this, "The Ethel Lynch." Then, as the train swept past, the pas-sengers, who had been informed of Ethel's ride, cheered heartily in honor of the little

mountain beroine. Surely it is not to be wondered at that the trainmen on the Silver Creek road have a warm place in their hearts for the little girl out in Colorado or that the president of the road has hanging in his private office an oil painting of "A redheaded girl

A Hobby For Walking Sticks.

and a white horse."-Exchange.

A certain wealthy Hungarian magnate had a collection of 366 walking sticks, all of different styles and patterns, which stood arranged in elegant cases specially designed for the purpose, each stick occupying its proper place according to the days of the year. Each day when he walked out the count took with him the cane appointed for the day, and never any other. No. 366 was appropriated to the 29th of February in losp year. This nobleman, however, showed a marked preference for · certain number of his sticks, such as recalled pleasant memories or were especially magnificent. By special favor these-and poor 566, which could properly be brought out only once in four years were occasionally permitted to take an airing, the count instructing his valet to go out for a walk, taking one or other of these favorite cases with him.—Exchange.

No Women Allowed.

Imagine a household numbering 6,000 persons in which no woman is allowed any share in the management. Such & the case at Deiros Bagtebe palaca. rultan. Perhaps the womenject to his majorty's manuers, for he never uses a pixte and is soldens open to the attractions of a knife and fork. His dinner services are of gold and silver, however,-New York Sun.