

RIP-AN'S TABLETS. REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

DR. MCGREW is the only SPECIALIST who treats all PRIVATE DISEASES and DEBILITIES of MEN ONLY.

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT. \$10.50.



Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 19, 1923. Sulpho-Saline Bath Co., Lincoln, Neb. Gentlemen—

The above from Judge Strode is but a sample of the many similar testimonials we have received without solicitation.

NEW NO. 7 GOODHUE GALVANIZED Steel Mills. BEST IN USE.

PATRONIZE The Only Line Under One Management. Lincoln to Points Below.

THE KIRKWOOD Steel Wind Engine. Has been in use since 1892.

Burlington Route BEST LINE TO ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO.

Nerve Tonic Blood Builder. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

NATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE. "HIALTO BLDG. NEXT TO POST OFFICE."

PATENT SOLICITORS. SUES & CO., See Bldg. OMAHA, NEB.

THE STAR COIL SPRING SHAFT SUPPORT AND ANTI-RATTLE.

EAGLE BRAND THE BEST ROOFING. Is unequalled for House, Barn, Factory or Out-Buildings.

Pearl Steel Mill and Tower. SIMPLE, STRONG, DURABLE.

CHEAP FARM LANDS. 100,000 Acres Just Put Upon the Market.

LIGHTNING HAY PRESS. FULL CIRCLE. TO CIRCLE.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE MERIT. The Rocker Washer has proved the most satisfactory.

THE KIRKWOOD Steel Wind Engine. Has been in use since 1892.

BEST LINE TO ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO. Use Northwestern line to Chicago.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS. Via the Missouri Pacific Route.

Holiday Rates. The Missouri Pacific Route will sell round trip tickets.

A Co-operative Village. Send your name and address on a postal card.

Missouri Pacific. Missouri Pacific are offering the very lowest rates.

Missouri Pacific. The Missouri Pacific railway seems to be up with the times.

Railroad Time Tables. The Northwestern Line (FREMONT, ELKHORN AND MO. VALLEY R.R.).

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

Union Pacific Railway. DEPOT, CORNER OF 6 AND FOURTH STREETS.

Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad. Depot corner Eighth and 8th Streets.

Burlington & Missouri River Railroad. (C. B. & M. R. R.) Ticket office at 2nd & Q Depot.

A LITTLE CHILD. I paced one day along the dusty street With heavy heart and impatient mind.

He needed naught of mine; he would not miss Me when we parted, nor would understand My thanks.

THE ETHEL LYNCH. Ira Lynch was the agent at a little station on the Silver Creek railroad.

Mr. Lynch was formerly engineer on the engine that pulled the train known as the Thunderbolt.

At the time our story opens, Mr. Lynch was standing at the open window of the pump-house.

It was at the close of a lovely day in June; the rays of the setting sun—for it lacked but an hour of sunset.

"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!"

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

"Why, listen and I'll tell it to you: This afternoon mamma fell asleep, and she had an awful dream.

"Then she'd throw her dainty head back as proud as any queen and say: 'I do, too, love you, Pa Lynch.'

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

"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."

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

"No, sir. They do not stop here for water."

"Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" rang the report of firearms in rapid succession.

"Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" rang out a second volley from the repeating rifles.

"I guess that redheaded imp of a girl won't give us any further trouble," remarked one of the men.

"No, she won't either, pa, for she said that she could never believe that it was only a dream."

Then the engineer whistled for brakes, and she knew that the train was saved.

"All right, little girl," replied the conductor, "the pony shall go too."

"Poor little girl," he said as he wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand.

"When the doctor had been sent for arrived, the train proceeded on its way.

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

A light was swung across the track, signaling the train to stop. The engineer obeyed promptly.

It was a sorrowful little procession which wended its way down the bridge path that led to the station agent's humble home.

There was a flash of fire from the cab windows, followed by the report of a half dozen rifles, and it was all over.

A certain wealthy Hungarian magnate had a collection of 366 walking sticks, all of different styles and patterns.