

### MY HEART'S DELIGHT.

There never lived a painter who her lineaments could trace,  
The verse was never uttered that could tell their peerless grace,  
I always dream of flowers when I look upon her face.  
No lily bud is sweeter,  
No rose so pink and white,  
The birds must pipe in meter  
To sing my heart's delight.  
Her locks are like the sunbeams that the summer fairy weaves,  
Her voice recalls the music of the wind among the sheaves,  
Her footsteps fall like rose leaves beneath my cottage eaves,  
There is a spell about her,  
Her beauty haunts my sight,  
I could not live without her,  
My bosom heart's delight,  
The balm of spring is on her lips; there's summer in her smile,  
Her gentle glance reveals a heart that never knew a wile,  
And yet the dimple on her cheek a hermit would beguile,  
May fortune e'er smile o'er her,  
I'd die for her tonight,  
I live but to adore her,  
My dainty heart's delight.  
—Boston Transcript.

### CRANDALL'S MARCH.

Tom Crandall, the orderly sergeant of Company I, was a fine soldier and a fine fellow as well, but he was something of a martinet—hardly popular among the members of his own company.

When orders were issued to have the men thoroughly drilled, Orderly Tom obeyed most literally. From reveille to tattoo it was drill, drill, drill for the boys of Company I till they would have welcomed marching orders for the north pole as a release from the manual of arms and evolutions.

Nothing less than a surgeon's order would serve with Orderly Tom as an excuse from drill.

One afternoon, when the company had fallen in, the roll call revealed the absence of Thomas Higgins and William Stapleton. A rigid examination of the company quarters failed to discover the delinquents, and with "absent without leave" against them in the orderly book and a big black mark in Tom's memory the company marched to the drill ground without them.

The quarters of the men were the stables of Snediker's hotel. With 10 full companies to drill, the stable yard, which was the only parade ground within the regimental lines, was totally inadequate; hence all drills in company movements were conducted in a field outside the guard lines.

Sentinels were duly instructed to permit all squads or companies in charge of noncommissioned officers to pass out, but under no other circumstances to allow an enlisted man to leave the camp without a pass, though all soldiers might enter unquestioned.

Tom marched his company about a hundred feet from the lines and had just changed direction by the right flank when his quick eye detected the two skulkers stealthily emerging from the quarters of Company H.

"Company, halt!" instantly shouted Tom. "You, Higgins and Stapleton, get your equipments and fall in for drill! Do you hear?"

Evidently they did hear, but instead of obeying both started on the double quick toward the cookhouse.

"In place, rest!" shouted Tom to his company. "Halt, there!" to the skulkers. But they quickened their pace.

Dropping his rifle into the hands of a corporal, Tom started in pursuit. Across the guard lines he sped to the cookhouse, into which the two fugitives had disappeared, and into which he also quickly vanished.

Now, a large portion of the members of Company I were young fellows, ranging from 17 to 23 years of age, little used to military restraints, while the deprivations and dullness which they were experiencing made them peculiarly eager for some sort of fun.

It can be easily conceived that Orderly Tom's unexpected deviation from irksome drill was hailed by the boys of the waiting company with delight. They hoped the race would last long, and that the fugitives would escape.

So they did. After an absence of some 10 minutes Tom reissued from the cookhouse alone, and with an ominous frown upon his brow approached his command. At the same time the two fugitives were seen far down the road, making their way rapidly toward the town, having left the cookhouse by some way of which Tom knew not.

The almost simultaneous appearance of the defeated orderly and the victorious skulkers was greeted by the boys of the company with first a shout of jeering laughter and then a ringing cheer.

"Attention, company!" shouted the orderly sergeant. But the only attention paid him was another shout of laughter that deepened his frown.

"Stop that laughing in the ranks!" again commanded the orderly.

"Halt!" cried the sentinel, bringing his piece to a charge and confronting Orderly Tom, who had now reached the guard line. "You can't pass here."

"I cannot pass!" gasped the astonished orderly. "Why not?"

"Orders," curtly replied the sentry.

"Orders! Well, what are your orders?"

"Oh, you know the orders well enough," answered the sentry—"to let no enlisted man pass out of the camp without a pass except noncommissioned officers in charge of squads for drills."

"Well," exclaimed Tom triumphantly, "I am a noncommissioned officer in command of a company out for drill, and there is my company, as you well know."

"Don't know nothin' about that company. It's outside the lines, and you're inside. Don't look much like a company anyhow."

Indeed the sentinel's sarcastic allusion to the company was justified, as the men danced and roared and fairly hugged one another to see the difficulty into which their stern sergeant had fallen. He made no further attempt to cross the lines, but turned and strode swiftly toward headquarters, followed by a fresh

burst of derisive laughter from his subordinate command.

In a short time he reappeared, and exhibiting a pass to the sentinel advanced toward his demoralized company, and resuming his rifle uttered the single word, "Attention!"

Every face instantly sobered, for every man felt that not only was Tom deeply offended, but that retribution was close at hand. Very quietly he gave the order: "By the right flank! Right face, company! Forward, march!" and retribution began.

It was December. Snow had fallen some days before, then rain, followed by a day or two of unseasonably warm weather. The country roads, tramped by troops of drilling cavalry and plowed by teams and loaded wagons, were all slush, water and very tenacious, deep mud.

Straight to this abominable highway Tom marched Company I. Directly into the middle of the road, where the mud was thickest and the water deepest, the boys wheeled in obedience to his stern command. Then, as unconcerned as though on the most perfect parade ground in the world, he issued his orders:

"By company, into platoons! Left into line, wheel! On right, by file into line!" and through all the evolutions.

At one moment Company I charged bayonets down that fearful road at double quick, at another wheeled in circle through slush, while Tom noted defects and corrected them as nonchalantly as though on a grassy lawn.

For a full hour and a half, long after recall had sounded, without halt or rest, Tom maneuvered that weary company.

At last, wet, weary and half exhausted, the mud bedraggled company was led to quarters by its inexorable commander. Throughout that remarkable drill the only words Tom uttered that indicated the state of his feelings were spoken as he gave the command of dismissal.

"Company, right face!" he ordered. "Arms apart! When you fellows would like to defy discipline again, let me know. Break ranks, march!"

And so ended the proceeding, which was known as "Tom Crandall's march" as long as Company I was an organization.

In the days which followed the boys of Company I came to know their orderly sergeant better and learned to respect and appreciate his military qualities, for his literal interpretation of orders sometimes tended to their inconvenience it often led to their comfort and well being, and in more instances than one to the preservation of some of their lives.

Poor Tom sleeps today in the silent camping ground, and many of his old companions are with him, but with each returning spring the floral emblems of his surviving comrades are laid upon his grave as tenderly as though that grotesque march, of which he was the hero, had never been.—George H. Hoesa in Youth's Companion.

They sat cozily side by side at the theater enjoying to the top of their bent the miserable fate of Desdemona, and dear George told her that he would never be jealous of her—no, not if she should give away 1,000 pocket handkerchiefs, and then they had squeezed each other's hands under her lace wrap, and they were happy as happy can be.

"Dear George" bought her a box of bonbons and then ate them all up, for no man was ever so much in love as to be shy in the matter of eating.

By and by it came to the end of the third act, and after looking very restless and wretched George said fondly, "You won't mind, dear, will you, if I just step out into the vestibule to stretch my legs a bit, will you?"

If George had had half an eye he would have seen that she did mind—very much. No woman likes to be left alone in a theater, but she only said coolly, "Oh, not in the least, if you care to go."

So George crawled over the laps of half a dozen ladies, treading on their toes, scratching their chins with his watch chain and brushing the bloom off their faces and evening attire.

She waited about five minutes, and then, swiftly bundling her wrap around her, and with her pretty face scarlet with indignation and embarrassment, she bravely left the theater and went home.

And it served George right.—New Orleans Picayune.

According to Law.

The prisoner before the wild and woolly western court hadn't much of a chance and no friends, but a young lawyer from the east, out there to win his spurs, undertook the case for the glory there might be in it, and the first thing he did was to demand a jury trial.

"Aw, come off," remonstrated the judge.

"Your honor," said the young man, with great dignity, "I demand in the name of the constitutional right of every citizen of this great and glorious country that my client here be tried before a jury of his peers."

"He can't get it," said the judge, almost overcome by this oratorical outburst.

"I demand it, your honor," insisted the young advocate.

"D'you say a jury of his peers?" inquired the judge, as if about to relent.

"Yes, your honor."

"Well, now, look a-here, young fellow," decided the judge, "fer half a cent I'd fine you fer contemp'. D'you think we'd stand a dozen more like him in this community? If you do, you hadn't better say so. Perceod with yer argument." And the mandate of the court was obeyed.—Detroit Free Press.

Sound Advice.

Penem—I'm getting out a book to be called "First Aid For the Injured." Tell me what is the best thing to do when a bath is been in the water too long?

Old Salt—Send for the coroner.—Spare Moments.

### AN ARTICHOKE IDYL.

#### AN UNFAMILIAR VEGETABLE OVER WHICH EPICURES RAVE.

The "Jerusalem" Kind Is Not the True Article and Is Used to Fatten Cattle—Mouth Watering Recipes Used by French and Creole Chefs.

Just 56 years after Columbus discovered America a gastronomic genius in the south of France discovered the artichoke as a delicious dish of a saladic character. It was indeed a rather remarkable find or guess, for the plant bears a strong resemblance to the thistle, and up to that date any man who ate it ran the risk of being classed with that animal which enjoys thistles and knows how to bray.

The portion of the artichoke generally eaten is the underside of the head before the flower unfolds itself, or what in kitchen parlance is called the artichoke bottom. But the lower part of the leaves that join this base and contain about a fifth of a teaspoonful of edible and easily digestible substance is equally prized by the wise. A common way of eating these bottoms after the head is removed from the plant and the body has been well boiled, like a cabbage, is to pull off the leaves and then eat the remainder soured in salt and butter.

But the French and the creoles of New Orleans, where the artichoke is regarded with a kind of sentimental or affectionate appetite, frequently gather the heads when the bottom is no larger than a silver dollar and eat the lower end of the leaves raw, dipping them daintily in a sauce made of oil, red pepper and red wine vinegar or occasionally in a queer sauce of butter and spice.

Another way the French and their kindred here have of embalming the artichoke in the memory of particular stomachs is to bake the dried heads, for which purpose the second crop or rowen of artichokes is preferred, in a meat pie with mushrooms. This dish has not yet made its appearance in New York restaurants.

Neither has the artichoke patty, an invention of the famous Parisian chef, Trissoni, now living in rich retirement on his estate near New Orleans, and cooking only occasionally on state occasions or for gourmets whose praise delights his poet nature. At a dinner given in 1884 by the New Orleans exposition management to some editorial visitors, Trissoni presented some of these famous patties, and one editor, whose name is a household word, remarked that such a dish could teach a man the art to choke himself to death without grieving, and which another replied that the art to joke in that way was an editorial function more honored in the breach than in the observance, and in an awesome hush the guests went on solacing their souls with patties.

The composition of these culinary wonders is a profound secret, which will probably die with its Columbus, but there are many other ways—about 20 in all—of cooking the artichoke, and some of these methods carry elaboration to excess. Let a brief description of one way suffice.

You take about six or eight plants of medium size, remove the coarsest leaves, trim them off straight on top, cut out the cores or chokes, wash and drain carefully. Then fry the tips in oil, and for dressing chop up very fine half a pound of fresh pork fat, with the same amount of butter. Add 3 minced shallots, a large spoonful of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, nutmeg, a pound of minced mushrooms and a gill of madeira. After thorough mixing divide into as many portions as you have artichoke shells and fill the hollow plants.

Cover these with hands of thick pork and tie around with strong string. Put these imprisoned artichokes now into a large saucpan, with more pork, chopped carrots, onions, parsley, etc. Moisten with medium stock and white wine and let boil.

Then skin and cook in an oven for an hour. Drain off the stock and reduce it with espagnole to a semiglass state, sprinkling in just a spoonful of lemon juice now and then. Free the artichokes from their cord and bands and serve them, thinly covered, not drowned, in their accompanying sauce. The name of the dish is artichants entiere a la barigoule and is equal to a dinner of several courses.

By some persons this dainty vegetable has been confused with the so called Jerusalem artichoke, which is also eaten, though chiefly by cattle. The Jerusalem artichoke is not a true species at all, but of a kind of wild sunflower (hence its Italian name girasole, turning to sun), with a tuberous root that resembles a potato and tastes very like a delicate turnip when well cooked.

This plant is called in some localities the Canada potato, in others the Virginian. It was introduced into England in 1620, and its tops, when cured, were found to be good hay, five or six tons to the acre, and its tuber was fed to cattle. It is not quite as nourishing as the potato, having 4 per cent more water, but it is very fair eating in spite of the prejudice against it. Once in a soil, it is extremely difficult to extirpate, and it has a curious gift of resisting cold, having never been known to be killed or spoiled by freezing.

It was also introduced in southern Europe at the same time it came to England, and in some places its dried fibers are transmitted into cordage and coarse cloth. It got its odd name, Jerusalem, in English, by a corruption of the Italian name, girasole, just as tomatoes got the name of love apples in French, pommes d'amores, by a French mistake of the Italian name pomi di Mori, apple of the Moors, that vegetable having come to Italy from Morocco traders.

It is a fact worthy of note that artichoke flowers, like rennet, will curdle milk.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The literal meaning of "an revoir" is "till seeing you again," but the phrase is French only means "goodbye for the present."

### IMMENSITY OF THE HEAVENS.

#### A Peep Into Space That Fairly Dazzles the Imagination.

If our sun were removed to the pleiades, it would hardly be visible in an opera glass, with which nearly 100 stars can be seen in the cluster. Sixty or 70 pleiades surpass our sun in brilliancy, Alcyone being 1,000 times more brilliant, Electra nearly 500 times and Maia nearly 400. "Sirius itself takes a subordinate rank when compared with the five most brilliant members of a group, the real magnificence of which we can thus in some degree apprehend." If we seek to know the dimensions, not of the individual stars, but of the cluster itself, we are met with many difficulties, but on the assumption that it is approximately spherical in shape we can calculate its diameter to be over 40,000,000,000 miles, so that light would take seven years to pass from one extreme to the other. If we think of the dimensions of our solar system by themselves or in relation to terrestrial matters, they appear stupendously enormous.

Neptune, the most distant known member, has an orbit over 5,000,000,000 miles across—a distance that a ray of light would travel in 7½ hours—but the solar system is to the pleiades but as a Lilliputian to a Brobdingnagian—is but as a microbe to a mountain, for a sphere the size of the solar system would, if it were spherical and its diameter that of the orbit of Neptune, be relatively so minute that it could be contained more than 400,000,000,000 times in a sphere the size of the pleiades—in other words, the limits of the pleiades could contain 150 solar systems as many times over as there are miles between Neptune and the sun.

It must not be forgotten that, although there are 2,300 stars in the cluster, yet with such dimensions for the entire group vast distances must separate the stars from one another. In fact, 2,300 spheres, each with a diameter of 3,000,000,000 miles, could be contained in the limits assigned to the group, and, assuming equal distribution of the stars in the group each would be at the center of a sphere 8,000,000,000 miles across, and therefore a light journey of 187 days from its nearest neighbor.—Longman's Magazine.

#### Sandstorms.

More than once we had practical experience of sandstorms. On the first occasion my tent was blown over upon me as I slept, and I was left crawling about under the flapping canvas trying to find my shoes. When I had emerged, I found this new kind of hailstorm rather trying to the exposed parts, and I rather prided myself on my success in re-erecting my house unaided. The other tents held, and their occupants did not know of my mishap, but every other upright thing was cast down, and a number of loose properties went off into the desert. They were all recovered except a sponge, which, being light and elastic, hopped off miles beyond recovery, and by the next morning might have arrived in the mahdi's country. The next visitation was in the daytime, when we were on the march. I saw it coming in the distance, a wall of sand cloud sweeping toward us, though the atmosphere where we were was still. I stopped the caravan and began pitching camp immediately, but before the operation was complete we were struck by the storm of sand through which we could not see 20 yards. After half an hour of this a person feels like a fried sole covered with bread crumbs.—Nineteenth Century.

#### Sewer Gas.

Occasionally the assertion is heard that the healthiest of all occupations is that of sewer scavenging. In large cities the men, in spite of their filthy work, are proverbially healthy. Mr. Laws, a chemist, who has been employed in special investigations in the sewers by the London city council, has proved in a huge report that sewer gas is all but innocent of distributing bacteria of any kind, and certainly not those which are pathogenic. The sewage contains microbes of various kinds in abundance, but the gas itself is much freer from these dreaded organisms than the outer air of the street. Of all this he gives most convincing proof, and so challenges the theories which lay to the account of sewer gas a train of horrible ravages on health. This is a startling revelation and suggests that fresh inquiry is needed into the real causes of so much illness traceable to drains and foul odors.—San Francisco Call.

#### The Duty of Resignation.

People in affliction say queer things, and it is wisely provided no doubt that at such times they are not considered strictly accountable. There is certainly a peculiar flavor in a remark made by a middle aged widow who had just buried her second husband. As is usual in such cases, interested friends were making such consolatory remarks as occurred to them, dwelling, after the regulation fashion, upon the duty of resignation under the circumstances. "Oh, yes," the weeping widow murmured, "I know I ought to be reconciled, but I am not. I can't feel reconciled at all—not a single bit. Maybe I'll feel reconciled in a few months, but of course I can't promise."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

#### The Mother's Tenderness.

"Poor Tommy is in disgrace," said Mrs. Figg to the friend of the family who had dropped in. "I have just had to give him a whipping. You can have no idea how much I hate to do such a thing. I am so tender hearted."

"I wish," sobbed Tommy, "that you was tender handed 'stead of tender hearted."—Indianapolis Journal.

#### A Lost Purse.

Kind Hearted Man—What are you crying about, little boy?  
City Arab—I lost a purse.  
Kind Hearted Man—How much was in it?  
City Arab—I don't know. That feller took it out of your pocket just as I was going to get it.—Liverpool Mercury.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

#### SPECIMEN CASES.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three of Electric Bitters bottles cured him. Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Peaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by McMillen.

#### A HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested? Trial bottles free at McMillen's drug store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.

#### Live and Learn.

It is estimated that there are two million chickens hatched in the United States every year, but not more than one-half of these reach the size for market. Cholera, gapes, pip, etc., kill millions every year. All these diseases are quickly cured by the use of Wells' Hoosier Poultry Powder. 25 cents. For sale by McConnell & Co.

#### Afraid of Pneumonia.

Mrs. Catherine Black, of LeRoy, N. Y., took a severe cold. The physician feared pneumonia. She took one bottle of Parks' Cough Syrup and says: "It acted like magic. Stopped my cough and I am perfectly well now. I recommend to everyone for throat and lung trouble as I believe it saved my life." Sold by McMillen.

#### We Guarantee

That no horse will ever die of colic, bots, or congestion of the stomach if Morris' English Stable Powder is used regularly two or three times a week. If fed to cows it will increase the quantity of the milk and cream one-third, and will keep both in good healthy condition. 25 cents. Sold by McConnell & Co.

#### A Merciful Man

Is merciful to his horse, and every horse-owner should have a bottle of Morris' English Stable Lintiment as a part of his ready and useful outfit. A safe and speedy cure for barbed-wire cuts, wounds, galls, scratches, sore shoulders and back, sweency, puffs, poll evil and all blemishes. There is nothing else like it. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00. Sold by McConnell & Co.

#### BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box, at McMillen's.

#### The Prettiest Girl in Town

Has been using Parks' Tea and she says: "My complexion is much improved. That muddy look is all gone. I take a cup of Parks' Tea three nights a week and feel just elegant." Sold by McMillen.

#### Why Do You Cough?

Do you not know that Parks' Cough Syrup will cure it? We guarantee every bottle. There are many cough syrups but we believe Parks' is the best and most reliable. Sold by McMillen.

S. B. Bashford of Carthage, S. D., was taken sick in Sioux City. He procured two bottles of Parks' Sure Cure for the Liver and Kidneys. He says: "I believe Parks' Sure Cure excels all other medicines for rheumatism and urinary disorders."

#### STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed to in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.  
Sold by druggists, 75c.

#### Rail Road Notes.

J. Hailey of Batavia, N. Y., conductor on N. Y. C. railway, and one of the best known men on the road, says of Parks' Tea: For ten years I have suffered from constipation. Tried everything and found nothing of lasting value. Hearing so many talking of Parks' Tea I tried it without much hope. The first dose moved my bowels easily and now I am cured. It works like magic. Sold by McMillen.

#### Distemper—Cause and Treatment

Is the title of our little book which tells all about one of the most loathsome and dangerous diseases affecting horses, sheep, and dogs, with unquestionable proof of the merits of Craft's Distemper and Cough Cure in the treatment of the same. Sent free by addressing The Wells Medicine Co., LaFayette Ind. The remedy is sold by McMillen.

#### Morris' English Worm Powder,

A specific remedy for worms; warranted to cure the worst case of worms known, or money refunded. Knocks pin worms in horses every time. Also good for all kinds of worms in horses, sheep and dogs. Price 50 cents at all drug stores, or postpaid by mail. The Wells Medicine Co., LaFayette, Indiana. Sept. 8—1 yr.

#### Craft's Distemper and Cough Cure.

A safe preventive and positive cure for distemper, coughs, etc., in horses, sheep and dogs. Has stood the test of frequent use in every portion of the country, and will do precisely what is claimed for it, as those who have used it will cheerfully testify. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00. For sale by McConnell & Co.

#### It Does Not Cost Anything

To try Parks' Sure Cure. A specific cure of all diseases peculiar to women. Ask your druggist our guarantee plan. Sold by McMillen.

#### SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before Hon. D. T. Welty, judge of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 7th day of July, 1886, in favor of Harry S. Bartholomew as plaintiff, and against George W. Bede et al. as defendants, for the sum of ten hundred and ninety-six (\$1096) dollars and thirty (30) cents, and costs taxed at \$2125, and accruing costs. And Burton & Harvey on their cross petition obtained a decree for the sum of \$28.46. I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendants to satisfy said judgments, to-wit: The southeast quarter of section 13, town 4 north of range 27 west of the 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 15th day of June, A. D. 1894, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, when and where due attendances will be given by the undersigned.

Dated May 24, 1894. E. R. HANKS, Sheriff of said County. 51st

W. S. MORLAN, Attorney.

#### LEGAL NOTICE.

D. E. Deussenberry will take notice that on the 26th day of April 1894, H. H. Berry, a justice of the peace of Willow Grove precinct, Red Willow county, Nebraska, issued an attachment and garnishee for the sum of \$28.70 in an action pending before him, wherein G. L. Deussenberry is plaintiff and D. E. Deussenberry is defendant, that the property of the defendant consisting of the sum of \$28.70 which has been in the hands of S. H. Colvin has been attached under the said order of attachment. Said cause was continued to the 15th day of June, 1894, at 1 o'clock p. m.

G. L. DEUSENBERRY.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life away is the truthful and starting title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't, runs no physical or financial risk in using No-to-bac—Sold by all druggists. Book at drug stores or by mail free. The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana, Aug. 25—1 yr.

Awarded Highest Honors world's 1886

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The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.