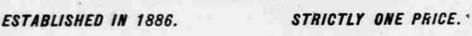


Prior to our Annual Inv-Special Discount on Rem-

nants---Short lengths in Dress Goods, Novelty Dress Goods, in Dress Flannel, Underwear, Blan-

Groceries, and we will save you







OUR ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE WINTER GOODS

............

See our lines of Samples for Custom Work. A good fit and Lowest Prices Guaranteed.

JONAS ENGEL, Manager.

Confidence is Restored. To Attain Wednesday.

to the position of operator; upon which in any one day. He worked, he labored, we congratulate.

Fireman William Koll moved into the city, yesterday, and is occupying the Holliday residence.

Engineer and Mrs. J. W. Holliday are in the city, today, coming down from Lyons, Colorado, last night.

Mrs. H. L. Donovan is entertaining her mother, who recently arrived in the city from Holyoke, Colorado.

A one fare round trip rate has been made by all Nebraska roads to the beet sugar convention, Hastings, Feb. 2-3.

Mrs. G. R. Snyder went down to Lincoln, Thursday morning, on a visit to relatives and friends in the capital city.

Supt. Campbell went in to Omaha, Monday night, on business at headquarters, returning home on Wednesday night.

Frank Harris made a flying visit to Galva, Illinois, going on Saturday, and returning on Monday night. His mother is ill.

Engineer and Mrs. B. J. Sharkey entertained a numerous company of neighbors and friends, Tuesday evening, on a large scale, at High Five.

The construction of railways during 1896 reached a mileage of 1,802 according to the Railway Age, and 1,693 taking the figures of the Railroad Gazette.

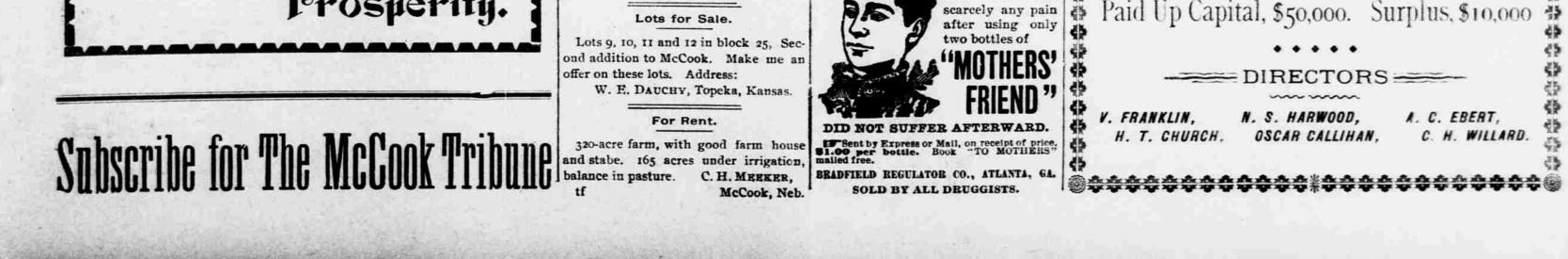
Brakeman and Mrs. Ed. Beyrer and Mrs. V. H. Solliday, Tuesday morning, went down to Red Cloud, to attend the could have seen me"funeral of another of Albert Slaby's children.

Mrs. A. Miller and family left on Monday morning for Goodland, Kansas, being accompanied by her sister, Mary Heafy. A brother, Morris Heafy, is quite ill there with inflammatory rheumatism.

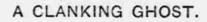
Mustered Out

At McCook, Nebraska, November 26, 1896, by dropsy, Mathias Kessler, Co. B, 104 Illinois Infantry. Mr. Kessler was

A. C. HARLAN.



and son Harry were Denver visitors, the noise of the street, and he used to write about 15 hours a day. He was not a Howells or a Bronson Howard, Charlie McManigal has been elevated whose working hours never exceed four he toiled. He had no time for a bicycle and could not afford a horse. He hated walking. Run he could not. Swimming was out of the question. Still he must have exercise. He kept his dictionary in the basement and his thesaurus in the kitchen. As he used both very often it was necessary to make many trips down stairs and up again, and in that way he kept himself in splendid physical condition. A visitor once saw him dashing down stairs like a madman and soaring up again like a kite and was distressed till informed by John's wife that John was simply hunting for a word and had found it.-New York Press.



Awful Experience of a Chicago Man In a Missouri Hotel.

"The most disagreeable experience in my travels," said the man from Chicago, "was when I awakened in the middle of the night in a Missouri hotel and heard a chain clank in my room. I don't know whether it is the association of a clanking chain that makes the sound so dismal or the mere fact of being awakened by a noise that shows the presence of something living, but I don't know of a more unpleasant awakening.

"I sat up in bed, but could see nothing, for the room was as dark as a pocket, and my heart thumped with suspense as I heard that weird clank, clank, clank, accompanied by a strange shuffling noise that was quite as mysterious and baffling. I reached under my pillow and drew out my"-

"Revolver?" suggested the man who finishes everybody's sentences.

"Naw, my whisky flask. I took a pull that would have made my wife give me a temperance lecture if she

"And what became of it?" "The whisky?"

"No, no, the clanking ghost." "Well, I fell off to sleep after awhile, and when I got up in the morning and investigated, I found out what it was."

"A maniac?" "No; I was the only maniac. It was earled up under my bed, chain and all, and it turned out to be a pet coon that the hotel people owned and which had escaped from its quarters and found its way to my room. But I wouldn't put in another night like that for a farm and

