

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

Long Strides by David City, the Capital of Butler County.

Twelve Hundred Inhabitants Who Live in a Live Town.

Interesting Description of Butler County and its Resources.

Correspondence of THE BEE.

DAVID CITY, November 21.—Three years have gone by since I last visited David City, and the changes wrought by that brief period left little for me to remember, when yesterday I traversed the broad and beautiful public square and gazed at the ranks of business houses that enclosed the four sides of that little park.

New buildings were everywhere conspicuous, and the bright smiles of the business men told of peace and prosperity. I met Dr. Peebles, the old veteran of the medical department. He smiled blandly, hunted for the cash to pay for THE BEE one year and remarked that this was a poor country for doctors and but for recruits in the infancy line his business would not pay for horse feed.

The bank president, Mr. Jas. Bull, found a golden eagle in the northwest corner of the money drawer and remarked that he had sold during the last six months 114 car loads of lumber, which item I noted as showing that a single dealer could do in a hand where half the shingles bear evidence of short acquaintance with the weather.

There was only one man who said anything about quitting business and that was Henry Will, landlord of the Commercial house. The hotel was full during the three days I stopped with him, so he cannot be resigning the proprietorship for want of custom; nevertheless the hotel is for sale, and intending purchasers of hotel property should correspond with Mr. Will or they will lose one of the best bargains in that line that I know of.

There is at least one store in this city that does a jobbing trade; there may be others, but they put forward no claims in that direction. Mr. W. G. Boston has sold to dealers during the past season seven car loads of hardware, stoves and tinware. Mr. J. B. Morgan has made extensive additions to his stock of furniture, sewing machines and undertaking goods.

A pork packing department has been added to the fine meat market of Mr. G. G. Gross, who also keeps an extensive stock of groceries.

It was my pleasure to attend a sale of Durham cows, heifers and bulls, conducted by Hon. J. C. Roberts, of Roberts, Waverly, Williams, attorneys. Nearly two hundred head of blooded stock were offered and a large proportion went off with new owners, but many of the best still remain and will be disposed of on long time with a low rate of interest or a discount for cash.

D. R. Bullock has just refitted and reopened the David City House. The ban and law office of Mr. Matt Miller is one of the busiest places in town. It is a dull day when Matt has nothing to do.

A bran new agricultural implement warehouse has sprung from the flames that devoured the store of Mr. Morris Jones, and he is now booming his business more energetically than ever before. To Mr. Jones I am indebted for many favors and dollars. Such men are the life of a town.

Last, but by no means least, on this list of men who are making their mark in David City, comes that well known real estate firm of Bunting & Runyon, agents for railroad and other lots and lands. Mr. Bunting labored zealously to secure a good representation for Butler county in my correspondence. He has worked hard to develop this country, and the proud satisfaction he now enjoys when he sees around him the wealth and prosperity of this community in great part located here through his efforts must indeed be worth more than gold although a liberal share of that useful commodity has been garnered in the years since he first came to this place with only wild prairie for which to carve home fortune and friends.

All those who wish to learn more of this country should communicate with Bunting and Runyon.

There is here a wonderful invention that takes the place of a blacksmith's striker. It must be seen to be appreciated. It has been patented and I will no doubt prove a fortune to its owner Mr. J. Robt. Williams.

THE COUNTY. Butler county is one of the best stock and agricultural sections in the state. Its soil is rich, dark alluvium, deep and fertile, and it contains just enough silica to render it warm and quick. It has an underlying corrugated stratum of clay, supporting a soil remarkably porous, allowing the air to penetrate, thus carrying moisture to the roots of vegetation, while moisture operates in a diverse direction from the clay subsoil. Such soil will endure greater extremes of wet and dry weather than any other in the known world. That is the secret of the marvelous growth of vegetation in these south Platte counties, during seasons of excessive rainfall or periods of growth. There may be instances of a partial failure of crops, but an entire loss will probably never occur.

The county has an area of 594 square miles at least, seven-eighths of it being susceptible of the highest state of cultivation and the other fraction suitable for grazing purposes. The Platte river fringes its northern border and the Blue river, Oak creek, Plum creek and other tributaries, flow through the southern portion, while Scull, Bone and Deer creeks and their branches water the opposite half of

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Told by the Turkey.

I hate to see an ungrateful man, goodness knows; but an ungrateful turkey—a turkey who has lived to come off his perch the morning after Thanksgiving—the rooster fowl who is by an indulgent destiny permitted to walk over the feathers of his late fellow gobblers and isn't properly impressed with the situation, I say he ought to be tarred and feathered by an indignant populace. I shall not begin the relation of my life and adventures with any doleful reflections, or any morozing on the wherefore of my being born a turkey, and the consequent bringing up in full view of a hateful and seemingly inevitable Thanksgiving day.

One might be born for worse things. I had a very disagreeable neighbor whom I envied once—a peacock with a ravishingly beautiful tail; but alas, one day while strutting down the road airing his plumage, he had his earthly career and his lovely tail cut off by a great ungrateful sausage wagon.

I am thankful to have been spared so ignominious a fate.

I claim a sort of distinction for having been born a good looking turkey. One shouldn't be too proud of natural advantages. Candor, however, forces me to admit that I rather prided myself on my brown mottled breast and creamy wings, which made it an easy matter to single me out of a barn yard of fowls, ordinary in most respects.

I was brought out of my babyhood and early trials, under the personal care of a very kind little boy, who used to stuff me, however, in a horrible manner with cornmeal dough, until the water ran out of my eyes. His kindness in this respect was a great drawback to my happiness. If I could only have been left alone, to wander around the farm and into the hay mows and granaries at pleasure, I should have liked it better; but as said before, I should hate to be ungrateful. I had a twin-brother who was a good-matured fellow enough, but he was not handsome. As soon as we clipped our shells we were claimed by the farmer's two sons, who wrangled a good deal over what to call us.

I saw my turkey, as you may know, very early, lovely, and at that age I saw no reason to be vain or haughty with my brother, who afterwards turned out badly.

"You may call yours Billy or Jack, if you like," said my little boy, sitting under a chestnut tree unifying a lot of cotton twine to make a kite tail. "As for me, Charley, I have already named my turkey, Mustapha."

"Sounds like mustard," said Charley, throwing down his twine, and looking at me. "What does it mean? It's awful queer, ain't it?"

"Yes; but it's got some style to it. He don't look like a common turkey, and he ought to have an uncommon name."

"Well, you've got it, I should say. I never heard of no Mustaphas in all my born life, and you neither, I guess."

"You ain't read no tales of kings, I reckon," said my master, Freddy, turning very red in the face. "Mustapha has been the name of a lot of kings and princes in story books, don't you know—them stories Sallie Horton used to read to Kitty when she sprained her knee falling out of the cherry tree. Mustapha means a great lot of things, I don't know what all; ask Kitty."

"If I was you, Charley, I'd call mine Ali. He's another of the same kind of chaps. It's most as pretty as Mustapha, too."

"I'll see," said Charley; taking a better aim at me this time, "I'm going to have a christening soon as ever mine can stand a ducking in that old trough yonder."

This change remark came near costing me my head, as you were both held under water so long that our teeth rattled, or they would if we had any. Mrs. Thompson gave Charley and Fred a lot of cookies and baked apples for their picnic the following Saturday, without suspecting their dark and deadly designs, and so my brother and I were dragged to the old horse trough.

The fresh spring water was pumped in, and we were baptised, and christened, respectively. "Ali Charley Thompson and Mustapha Frederick Thompson, Eq.," and "The Lord have mercy on your souls, Amen!" This was the winding up, and I suppose the prayer was heard immediately, as we both gave a gasp, and came to, with a shiver.

Ali's legs were a little wobbly and queer after this, and I think his christening went against him. Nothing unusual happened after this for a long time. I shall never forget those long sunny days, when Ali and I prowled through our neighbors' wheat fields, and picked up many stray bugs and caterpillars on the green hill and meadows around. I think we were favored in many ways, when it came to be known at the house that we were civilized turkeys, and had names like Christians, though I have doubted this since, having heard some of the goings on of certain Mustaphas and Alis, who were not much chaps to know.

But the boys meant well. Sometimes I think Ali got his badness with his name. He was always stratching up garden seed and running the young chickens, and pecking at the ugly little seedlings before they feathered out. Boys were always flinging rocks at Ali, and once Mr. Bryant's hired man, Pete, shot an arrow into one of his wings, which he always dragged after that.

Mrs. Thompson was a kind-hearted woman, and I felt very sad to see her weeping around with an apron over her head, crying in the pan full of dough she mixed for us morning and night. Her husband was a stern, gruff man, who had no patience with anybody but Dan, who was a regular Satan, and his mischievous, who kicked every hitching-post down on the place. Things were going wrong, even a scatter-brained turkey could see that, and we soon learned what it was all about. While quietly leading in the yard, during the milking and the doing up of chores, I gathered stray bits of talk which alarmed me dreadfully.

There was a heavy mortgage (whatever that was) and the talk of foreclosure soon unless something was done. The crops were all bad, the hay had been spoiled by the rains, and Farmer Thompson needed money badly.

"I don't see as I can help it, Mary," he said, putting up the bars after Sue and Beas, the cows. "I hate to part

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

Long Strides by David City, the Capital of Butler County.

Twelve Hundred Inhabitants Who Live in a Live Town.

Interesting Description of Butler County and its Resources.

Correspondence of THE BEE.

DAVID CITY, November 21.—Three years have gone by since I last visited David City, and the changes wrought by that brief period left little for me to remember, when yesterday I traversed the broad and beautiful public square and gazed at the ranks of business houses that enclosed the four sides of that little park.

New buildings were everywhere conspicuous, and the bright smiles of the business men told of peace and prosperity. I met Dr. Peebles, the old veteran of the medical department. He smiled blandly, hunted for the cash to pay for THE BEE one year and remarked that this was a poor country for doctors and but for recruits in the infancy line his business would not pay for horse feed.

The bank president, Mr. Jas. Bull, found a golden eagle in the northwest corner of the money drawer and remarked that he had sold during the last six months 114 car loads of lumber, which item I noted as showing that a single dealer could do in a hand where half the shingles bear evidence of short acquaintance with the weather.

There was only one man who said anything about quitting business and that was Henry Will, landlord of the Commercial house. The hotel was full during the three days I stopped with him, so he cannot be resigning the proprietorship for want of custom; nevertheless the hotel is for sale, and intending purchasers of hotel property should correspond with Mr. Will or they will lose one of the best bargains in that line that I know of.

There is at least one store in this city that does a jobbing trade; there may be others, but they put forward no claims in that direction. Mr. W. G. Boston has sold to dealers during the past season seven car loads of hardware, stoves and tinware. Mr. J. B. Morgan has made extensive additions to his stock of furniture, sewing machines and undertaking goods.

A pork packing department has been added to the fine meat market of Mr. G. G. Gross, who also keeps an extensive stock of groceries.

It was my pleasure to attend a sale of Durham cows, heifers and bulls, conducted by Hon. J. C. Roberts, of Roberts, Waverly, Williams, attorneys. Nearly two hundred head of blooded stock were offered and a large proportion went off with new owners, but many of the best still remain and will be disposed of on long time with a low rate of interest or a discount for cash.

D. R. Bullock has just refitted and reopened the David City House. The ban and law office of Mr. Matt Miller is one of the busiest places in town. It is a dull day when Matt has nothing to do.

A bran new agricultural implement warehouse has sprung from the flames that devoured the store of Mr. Morris Jones, and he is now booming his business more energetically than ever before. To Mr. Jones I am indebted for many favors and dollars. Such men are the life of a town.

Last, but by no means least, on this list of men who are making their mark in David City, comes that well known real estate firm of Bunting & Runyon, agents for railroad and other lots and lands. Mr. Bunting labored zealously to secure a good representation for Butler county in my correspondence. He has worked hard to develop this country, and the proud satisfaction he now enjoys when he sees around him the wealth and prosperity of this community in great part located here through his efforts must indeed be worth more than gold although a liberal share of that useful commodity has been garnered in the years since he first came to this place with only wild prairie for which to carve home fortune and friends.

All those who wish to learn more of this country should communicate with Bunting and Runyon.

There is here a wonderful invention that takes the place of a blacksmith's striker. It must be seen to be appreciated. It has been patented and I will no doubt prove a fortune to its owner Mr. J. Robt. Williams.

THE COUNTY. Butler county is one of the best stock and agricultural sections in the state. Its soil is rich, dark alluvium, deep and fertile, and it contains just enough silica to render it warm and quick. It has an underlying corrugated stratum of clay, supporting a soil remarkably porous, allowing the air to penetrate, thus carrying moisture to the roots of vegetation, while moisture operates in a diverse direction from the clay subsoil. Such soil will endure greater extremes of wet and dry weather than any other in the known world. That is the secret of the marvelous growth of vegetation in these south Platte counties, during seasons of excessive rainfall or periods of growth. There may be instances of a partial failure of crops, but an entire loss will probably never occur.

The county has an area of 594 square miles at least, seven-eighths of it being susceptible of the highest state of cultivation and the other fraction suitable for grazing purposes. The Platte river fringes its northern border and the Blue river, Oak creek, Plum creek and other tributaries, flow through the southern portion, while Scull, Bone and Deer creeks and their branches water the opposite half of

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Told by the Turkey.

I hate to see an ungrateful man, goodness knows; but an ungrateful turkey—a turkey who has lived to come off his perch the morning after Thanksgiving—the rooster fowl who is by an indulgent destiny permitted to walk over the feathers of his late fellow gobblers and isn't properly impressed with the situation, I say he ought to be tarred and feathered by an indignant populace. I shall not begin the relation of my life and adventures with any doleful reflections, or any morozing on the wherefore of my being born a turkey, and the consequent bringing up in full view of a hateful and seemingly inevitable Thanksgiving day.

One might be born for worse things. I had a very disagreeable neighbor whom I envied once—a peacock with a ravishingly beautiful tail; but alas, one day while strutting down the road airing his plumage, he had his earthly career and his lovely tail cut off by a great ungrateful sausage wagon.

I am thankful to have been spared so ignominious a fate.

I claim a sort of distinction for having been born a good looking turkey. One shouldn't be too proud of natural advantages. Candor, however, forces me to admit that I rather prided myself on my brown mottled breast and creamy wings, which made it an easy matter to single me out of a barn yard of fowls, ordinary in most respects.

I was brought out of my babyhood and early trials, under the personal care of a very kind little boy, who used to stuff me, however, in a horrible manner with cornmeal dough, until the water ran out of my eyes. His kindness in this respect was a great drawback to my happiness. If I could only have been left alone, to wander around the farm and into the hay mows and granaries at pleasure, I should have liked it better; but as said before, I should hate to be ungrateful. I had a twin-brother who was a good-matured fellow enough, but he was not handsome. As soon as we clipped our shells we were claimed by the farmer's two sons, who wrangled a good deal over what to call us.

I saw my turkey, as you may know, very early, lovely, and at that age I saw no reason to be vain or haughty with my brother, who afterwards turned out badly.

"You may call yours Billy or Jack, if you like," said my little boy, sitting under a chestnut tree unifying a lot of cotton twine to make a kite tail. "As for me, Charley, I have already named my turkey, Mustapha."

"Sounds like mustard," said Charley, throwing down his twine, and looking at me. "What does it mean? It's awful queer, ain't it?"

"Yes; but it's got some style to it. He don't look like a common turkey, and he ought to have an uncommon name."

"Well, you've got it, I should say. I never heard of no Mustaphas in all my born life, and you neither, I guess."

"You ain't read no tales of kings, I reckon," said my master, Freddy, turning very red in the face. "Mustapha has been the name of a lot of kings and princes in story books, don't you know—them stories Sallie Horton used to read to Kitty when she sprained her knee falling out of the cherry tree. Mustapha means a great lot of things, I don't know what all; ask Kitty."

"If I was you, Charley, I'd call mine Ali. He's another of the same kind of chaps. It's most as pretty as Mustapha, too."

"I'll see," said Charley; taking a better aim at me this time, "I'm going to have a christening soon as ever mine can stand a ducking in that old trough yonder."

This change remark came near costing me my head, as you were both held under water so long that our teeth rattled, or they would if we had any. Mrs. Thompson gave Charley and Fred a lot of cookies and baked apples for their picnic the following Saturday, without suspecting their dark and deadly designs, and so my brother and I were dragged to the old horse trough.

The fresh spring water was pumped in, and we were baptised, and christened, respectively. "Ali Charley Thompson and Mustapha Frederick Thompson, Eq.," and "The Lord have mercy on your souls, Amen!" This was the winding up, and I suppose the prayer was heard immediately, as we both gave a gasp, and came to, with a shiver.

Ali's legs were a little wobbly and queer after this, and I think his christening went against him. Nothing unusual happened after this for a long time. I shall never forget those long sunny days, when Ali and I prowled through our neighbors' wheat fields, and picked up many stray bugs and caterpillars on the green hill and meadows around. I think we were favored in many ways, when it came to be known at the house that we were civilized turkeys, and had names like Christians, though I have doubted this since, having heard some of the goings on of certain Mustaphas and Alis, who were not much chaps to know.

But the boys meant well. Sometimes I think Ali got his badness with his name. He was always stratching up garden seed and running the young chickens, and pecking at the ugly little seedlings before they feathered out. Boys were always flinging rocks at Ali, and once Mr. Bryant's hired man, Pete, shot an arrow into one of his wings, which he always dragged after that.

Mrs. Thompson was a kind-hearted woman, and I felt very sad to see her weeping around with an apron over her head, crying in the pan full of dough she mixed for us morning and night. Her husband was a stern, gruff man, who had no patience with anybody but Dan, who was a regular Satan, and his mischievous, who kicked every hitching-post down on the place. Things were going wrong, even a scatter-brained turkey could see that, and we soon learned what it was all about. While quietly leading in the yard, during the milking and the doing up of chores, I gathered stray bits of talk which alarmed me dreadfully.

There was a heavy mortgage (whatever that was) and the talk of foreclosure soon unless something was done. The crops were all bad, the hay had been spoiled by the rains, and Farmer Thompson needed money badly.

"I don't see as I can help it, Mary," he said, putting up the bars after Sue and Beas, the cows. "I hate to part

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

Long Strides by David City, the Capital of Butler County.

Twelve Hundred Inhabitants Who Live in a Live Town.

Interesting Description of Butler County and its Resources.

Correspondence of THE BEE.

DAVID CITY, November 21.—Three years have gone by since I last visited David City, and the changes wrought by that brief period left little for me to remember, when yesterday I traversed the broad and beautiful public square and gazed at the ranks of business houses that enclosed the four sides of that little park.

New buildings were everywhere conspicuous, and the bright smiles of the business men told of peace and prosperity. I met Dr. Peebles, the old veteran of the medical department. He smiled blandly, hunted for the cash to pay for THE BEE one year and remarked that this was a poor country for doctors and but for recruits in the infancy line his business would not pay for horse feed.

The bank president, Mr. Jas. Bull, found a golden eagle in the northwest corner of the money drawer and remarked that he had sold during the last six months 114 car loads of lumber, which item I noted as showing that a single dealer could do in a hand where half the shingles bear evidence of short acquaintance with the weather.

There was only one man who said anything about quitting business and that was Henry Will, landlord of the Commercial house. The hotel was full during the three days I stopped with him, so he cannot be resigning the proprietorship for want of custom; nevertheless the hotel is for sale, and intending purchasers of hotel property should correspond with Mr. Will or they will lose one of the best bargains in that line that I know of.

There is at least one store in this city that does a jobbing trade; there may be others, but they put forward no claims in that direction. Mr. W. G. Boston has sold to dealers during the past season seven car loads of hardware, stoves and tinware. Mr. J. B. Morgan has made extensive additions to his stock of furniture, sewing machines and undertaking goods.

A pork packing department has been added to the fine meat market of Mr. G. G. Gross, who also keeps an extensive stock of groceries.

It was my pleasure to attend a sale of Durham cows, heifers and bulls, conducted by Hon. J. C. Roberts, of Roberts, Waverly, Williams, attorneys. Nearly two hundred head of blooded stock were offered and a large proportion went off with new owners, but many of the best still remain and will be disposed of on long time with a low rate of interest or a discount for cash.

D. R. Bullock has just refitted and reopened the David City House. The ban and law office of Mr. Matt Miller is one of the busiest places in town. It is a dull day when Matt has nothing to do.

A bran new agricultural implement warehouse has sprung from the flames that devoured the store of Mr. Morris Jones, and he is now booming his business more energetically than ever before. To Mr. Jones I am indebted for many favors and dollars. Such men are the life of a town.

Last, but by no means least, on this list of men who are making their mark in David City, comes that well known real estate firm of Bunting & Runyon, agents for railroad and other lots and lands. Mr. Bunting labored zealously to secure a good representation for Butler county in my correspondence. He has worked hard to develop this country, and the proud satisfaction he now enjoys when he sees around him the wealth and prosperity of this community in great part located here through his efforts must indeed be worth more than gold although a liberal share of that useful commodity has been garnered in the years since he first came to this place with only wild prairie for which to carve home fortune and friends.

All those who wish to learn more of this country should communicate with Bunting and Runyon.

There is here a wonderful invention that takes the place of a blacksmith's striker. It must be seen to be appreciated. It has been patented and I will no doubt prove a fortune to its owner Mr. J. Robt. Williams.

THE COUNTY. Butler county is one of the best stock and agricultural sections in the state. Its soil is rich, dark alluvium, deep and fertile, and it contains just enough silica to render it warm and quick. It has an underlying corrugated stratum of clay, supporting a soil remarkably porous, allowing the air to penetrate, thus carrying moisture to the roots of vegetation, while moisture operates in a diverse direction from the clay subsoil. Such soil will endure greater extremes of wet and dry weather than any other in the known world. That is the secret of the marvelous growth of vegetation in these south Platte counties, during seasons of excessive rainfall or periods of growth. There may be instances of a partial failure of crops, but an entire loss will probably never occur.

The county has an area of 594 square miles at least, seven-eighths of it being susceptible of the highest state of cultivation and the other fraction suitable for grazing purposes. The Platte river fringes its northern border and the Blue river, Oak creek, Plum creek and other tributaries, flow through the southern portion, while Scull, Bone and Deer creeks and their branches water the opposite half of

THIS NEW AND CORRECT MAP Shows beyond any reasonable question that the CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY is by all odds the best route for you to take when traveling in either direction between Chicago and all of the Principal Points in the West, North and Northwest. Carefully examine this Map. The Principal Cities of the West and Northwest are Stationed on this Road. Its through trains make close connections with the trains of all railroads in the Union.

THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY, Over all of its principal lines, runs each day from two to four or more Fast Express Trains. It is the only road west of Chicago that uses ties.

The Imperial Palace Dining Cars. It is the only road that runs Pullman Sleeping Cars North or Northwest of Chicago. It has nearly 3,000 MILES OF ROAD. It follows the following Train Lines: Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Northern Pacific; Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Northern Pacific; Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Northern Pacific; Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Northern Pacific.

PILLSBURY BEST Buy the PATENT PROCESS MINNESOTA FLOUR. It always gives satisfaction, because it makes superior article of Bread, and is the Cheapest Flour in the market. Every sack warranted to run alike or money refunded. W. M. YATES, Cash Grocer.

INVITATION TO ALL WHO HAVE WATCHES AND CLOCKS TO BE REPAIRED, ENGRAVING TO BE DONE OR—JEWELRY to be MANUFACTURED. While our Work is better, our Prices are Lower than all others. AT THE LAST STATE FAIR I received all of the SIX FIRST PREMIUMS offered for Competition in our line Over All Competitors. For the Best Watch Work, For the Best Jewelry, (own make.) For the Best Engraving, For the Best Diamonds (own importation) FOR THE BEST QUALITY OF GOODS DISPLAYED, ETC.

CAUTION! My Motto has always been and always will be—"First to gain superior facilities and then advertise the fact—not before—no wild advertisements. Some unprincipled dealers being in the habit of copying my announcements, I would beg you, the reader of this, to draw a line between such copied advertisements and those of Yours very truly, A. B. HUBERMANN, The Reliable Jeweler, Omaha, Neb., Sign of the Striking Town Clock.

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, AND Gent's Furnishing Goods, —AT THE— NEW YORK STORE. H. M. & M. PEAVY, Proprietors, 1309 Farnham Street, OMAHA, NEB. Max MEYER & CO., WHOLESALE TOBACCONISTS. Tobacco from 25c. per pound upwards. Pipes from 25c. per dozen upwards. Cigars from \$15.00 per 1,000 upwards.

STAR BRAND SPLITTER TARRANT'S Seltzer Aperient May properly be called the "Hercules" of medicine, for it cleans Nature's sewage station, and allows the recuperative powers of the system to do the work of restoration to health. No matter how long Nature's alarm bells have rung, it opens the proper avenues, the functions are permitted to resume their work, and the patient gets well.

Gentle Women Who want glossy, luxuriant and wavy tresses of abundant, beautiful Hair must use LION'S KATHLIRON. This elegant, cheap article always makes the Hair grow freely and fast, keeps it from falling out, arrests and cures fluffiness, removes dandruff and itching, makes the Hair strong, giving it a curling tendency and keeping it in any desired position. Beautiful, healthy Hair is the sure result of using Kathliron.

TAKE THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY AND ALL EASTERN LINES. THE SHORT LINE VIA PEORIA FOR ST. LOUIS, NEW LINE FOR DES MOINES, ROCK ISLAND.

NO CHANGING CARS BETWEEN OMAHA & CHICAGO. Where direct connection is made with THROUGH SLEEPING CAR LINES FOR NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND ALL EASTERN LINES.

THE SHORT LINE VIA PEORIA FOR ST. LOUIS, NEW LINE FOR DES MOINES, ROCK ISLAND. The important arrangements offered by this line to travelers and tourists are as follows: The celebrated PULLMAN (10-wheel) PALACE SLEEPING CARS, only on the C., B. & Q. PALACE SLEEPING ROOM CARS, with Pullman's Reclining Chairs, No extra charge for meals, Reclining Chairs, No extra charge for meals, Reclining Chairs, No extra charge for meals.

HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL. If you are a man of business, a man of letters, a man of science, a man of art, a man of law, a man of medicine, a man of religion, a man of politics, a man of war, a man of peace, a man of joy, a man of sorrow, a man of hope, a man of despair, a man of love, a man of hate, a man of life, a man of death, a man of heaven, a man of hell, a man of earth, a man of air, a man of fire, a man of water, a man of earth, a man of air, a man of fire, a man of water.

HAWKEYE PLAINING MILL CO., Des Moines, Iowa. Manufacturers of SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, BRACKETS, MOULDINGS, &c. Great reduction in Blank Orders, Plans for building, and work furnished in all kinds of hard wood. Counters finished in oil when ordered. Workings of all kinds furnished and put into building ready for use on short notice. Our stock is the largest and best in the West. Save money by giving us your orders. Sashes, Windows and Blinds.

BOGGS & HILL, REAL ESTATE BROKERS. No. 1608 Farnham Street, OMAHA, - - - NEB. 1712-1714 - - - 2nd opp. Grand Central Hotel.