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POETRY OF THE TIMES.

You know it is late, And the night is growing colder; Still you lean over the gate! You know it is late.

There's a fire in the grate, Ah! sweetest, be bolder— You know it is late, And the night is growing colder.

The baby's got the croup, But Myrtle's on the stoop; She's sitting in the shadow of the vines, By her side a young man stands.

In the gloaming still they sit, Myrtle's bang does coyly fit To the shoulder that supports her little head.

TOPAZ, THE ENCHANTRESS.

Sombody rang the bell, and Kate, our servant, who was cleaning the

point in my room, looked out of the window and exclaimed: "There's company come, Miss Annie."

"Ah, is that so? Now I do wonder who it is, and we in the midst of spring cleaning!" I said, in an angry tone.

"They are taking off the trunks," continued Kate, as she rushed from the room to answer another and more impatient ring.

"Trunks!" I cried, and ran to the window. The carriage rolled away; I heard a soft, sweet voice in the hall asking if Miss Annie Forbes was at home, and as I was the personage inquired for, hastened to meet my visitor.

In the pleasant parlor, where the golden sunbeams fell in a bright shower over the petite figure, sat Topaz Tregarden, my friend and schoolmate, when we attended Madame Aury's select school for young ladies. This was three years ago. I was now twenty-two, my parents were wealthy, and my brother Harry and myself were the only children.

We lived a few miles from the city, in a fine old-fashioned mansion that had been in our family for years. Brother Harry was a lawyer, not that he chose that profession for the love of it, but to please father, for he was a true artist and poet, and would spend hours in a picture gallery, dreaming over some fair face or some glowing landscape, while he neglected an important case, or forgot his many clients who were waiting at his office for him. He was just the nature to be enthralled by the spirituality of the face of my guest.

Topaz Tregarden was the eldest of a numerous family. Her folks were poor, living in a small country town near Boston. Topaz was a music teacher; she was having a short vacation and she thought she would spend the month with me. I wished brother Harry was a thousand miles off, but Topaz was now my guest, and I must make the best of it. No human soul was ever enraptured in a fairer temple than was that of Topaz. She had a strange, quaint name, but it seemed suited to her; she was petite and graceful and bewitching, a fair, sunshiny little thing, with a complexion of lilies and roses, eyes of dove-like softness, hair yellow as the gem she was named for, and falling in soft rings and curls over her white forehead. She had a sensuous, indolent nature; elegant clothes, rich jewels, soft colors, dainty food, servants, carriages, etc., made up her ideas of a perfect life; she cared for nothing but self, never gave a thought to anything of a noble nature, and home ties or affections troubled her not at all, but with all her faults, with all her selfishness, there was a charm about her hard to resist, she was so fair, so radiant and lovely.

"You darling girl, how glad I am to be with you once more," called out Topaz, in a sweet, coaxing voice, as she stood on tiptoe to kiss me, for I was a head taller than my guest. I was as dark as she was fair. "Are you glad to see me, Annie? You ought to be, for think how long a journey I have taken to see you, and I never yet have got a glimpse of that Adonis, your brother Harry, of whose beauty and accomplishments I have heard so much from his adoring sister."

"Of course I said I was glad to see her; that was one of the fashionable lies one is obliged to utter in polite society, but I was not glad to have this siren, this heartless, scheming, selfish beauty in the daily presence, under the same roof with my noble-hearted brother, for he, with his poetic nature, has passion for the beautiful, would surely fall a victim to the wiles of this enchantress."

"How do you envy you," sighed Topaz, as she reclined in a cosy armchair in the guest chamber. She reminded me of some rare flower, all ablaze with summer glory, she was so bright, so radiant, so dainty, and the scarlet wrapper she had donned made her look so picturesque; never did easy-chair take a more lovely burden into its hospitable rest.

"And why should you envy me so much?" "How can you ask, Annie? But of course you know nothing of poverty—you who have always had every luxury. Now at home I never have any fire in my room, and at night if I want to read, I have to go to bed, wrap myself in shawls, and with one poor lamp, am allowed until 10 o'clock to amuse myself—no longer. I never see chicken or turkey on the table more than twice a year—Christmas and Thanksgiving. I cannot afford a silk dress. You never in shopping are obliged to go to half a dozen different stores in order to get a thing a few cents cheaper. You need not laugh, for all this is true and very hard to bear. My little salary I get by teaching music has most of it to go for house expenses. Oh dear! I do think the old saying is true: It is hard to be wicked, but worse to be poor."

"Why don't you marry some rich man?" I laughingly asked. "That is what I mean to do, my dear," replied Topaz in a very cold

manner. "No romance for me, no love; all I want is wealth, and that I will have. I know I am beautiful, and that beauty must be the means of bringing me what I value more than anything else—a luxurious home and plenty of money."

Such were the sentiments of the fair Topaz, and she so beautiful that few could resist her wiles. Brother Harry came home at dark. It was now the latter part of April, but the evenings were chilly. In the parlor a cheerful coal fire was burning in the open grate, looking like a mass of glowing rubies piled against the bars. Laces of flame, mellowed by the rich crimson of the silken curtains, flickered and danced on the walls, lighting up the paintings into almost life-like beauty; marble statues gleamed cold and white in their niches. The furniture of satin and ebony, the carpet so soft and glowing with blossoms almost as fair as those of nature's weaving, the gleaming mirrors, rich trifles of silver, and even gold, that were seen in the vast apartment, all looked so elegant, so luxurious, I had seen them a thousand times before; never until this evening, it seemed to me, had I looked upon my beautiful home and its surroundings with such fond affection, such proud satisfaction, and, knowing that my guest enjoyed this elegance and luxury, I felt gratified that all seemed so much like perfection, and I did sincerely wish that poor little Topaz might have all the right and rare articles, all the magnificence she craved; but I thought as I thought that all these luxuries, all this beauty, did not bring perfect happiness. Had it not, as Topaz truly remarked, "always had I every luxury," with no wish ungratified? Yes, for did I not love a poor man—a young physician, who was struggling to gain a name and fortune? My parents would not consent to my engagement to him; said I was too young, that there was plenty of time, etc. So Frank Allston had four years ago bidden me good-by and had gone to India, where a rich, old uncle—a bachelor—lived, and had sent him to some and see how he liked Calcutta; said would get him plenty of work to do. And I had waited and hoped all these dreary years. So I had my troubles as well as Topaz.

When brother Harry entered the drawing room, Topaz was seated on a lounge, and the soft light from the chandelier shone like a mellow radiance over her. She looked like some rare flower, some exquisite painting, or some ideal of an artist's dream—the loveliness of her golden hair and soft azure eyes, the rounded contour of her form, her complexion, wherein bloomed roses and lilies side by side; then the modest dress of gray cloth, with the pretty, low-cut collar, the throat and dimpled wrists, while a cord of ribbon, blue as her eyes, relieved the plainness of her attire; but she looked as royally fair, as though she were a princess. And so thought Harry, as he gazed with admiring glances at my guest, for a moment before he entered. All that evening he seemed chained to her side, and when callers came in, Harry had no eyes but for Topaz, although quite a number of fine-looking ladies were present, and when Topaz, upon being asked to sing, complied very readily, and sang, to a pretty accompaniment, a sweet little ballad in a clear, bird-like voice. Harry listened with admiration in every glance, and I felt that even now the spell of the enchantress was on him, and that the love that comes but once in a life-time would soon possess him.

The day passed rapidly. I always since I left school, had superintended the domestic affairs of my mother, and weeks after the arrival of Topaz, I had been busy, looking after the servants, as they cleaned and arranged the different rooms and went through the usual routine of spring cleaning.

"Do not trouble yourself about me," said Topaz, as she gazed fitted from room to room, like the pretty butterfly that she was. "You are the Martha of the household, and I presume you enjoy making cake, puddings and jellies, or giving orders to Kate, Bridget and Joe, just as much as I like gathering flowers or having a moonlight flirtation with some gay cavalier. I do not want you to make any excuses for being away from me every morning. Why, bless your heart! I have had a magnificent time; have not missed you. In fact, that handsome brother of yours has given me very little chance to be lonely, for he has paid me every attention, to make up for your neglect," and Topaz laughed merrily, and gazed with an admiring glance into a mirror that reflected her fair image, thinking no doubt that she soon would number brother Harry among her many admirers, for in the two weeks she had been at Thornley, her beauty had become the theme of every tongue, or at least of all the gentlemen, and invitations from all quarters poured in upon us to attend parties, operas, afternoon teas, etc. At Mrs. Cary's there was to be a masquerade, the last dancing party of the season, and great preparations were being made for the grand event. The Carys were the wealthiest family in Thornley, and their house a palace in all its rare appointments.

Topaz was wild with delight. She had never been to a masquerade, and was as excited over the event as a child over some new toy. The night of the party arrived, a fair, mild evening in April—no moon, but soft starlight, and in the air the perfume of coming buds and blossoms. I insisted upon Topaz's sharing my purse, for my monthly allowance was a very generous one, and my guest, after a little hesitation consented to help to spend my money, and I must confess, after once consenting, she did not scruple to help herself most generously. We had employed a dressmaker from the city to make up our costumes, and very lovely looked the fair Topaz as Undine, with sea-green draperies clinging about her, and lace, white and airy as the foam of the sea, floating around her, her tawny hair drooping low, her white forehead crowned with water lilies, while on her exquisite neck and ears, a gift from Harry. I personated evening, and in my trailing robes of black, with diamond stars shining on my brow I knew that beside the bright beauty of my guest I was utterly eclipsed; but why need I care if no words of admiration were whispered in my ears? The one I loved, the one of whose praises were dear to me, was far away, and I cared very little for all the gay scenes I took part in.

Harry, as a nobleman in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was perfect in his manly beauty, and as I gazed on his fine face and form, and saw a happy smile resting on his countenance, I prayed that his life might be one of peace; but my heart misgave me when Undine came in in her siren beauty, and with his sweet, low voice, told Harry that she should depend upon his dancing this evening with her.

"For you know, Harry," said the enchantress, "that I do not understand waltzing, and you who are so perfect in everything, must be my teacher."

"When I saw the light flash in my brother's eyes, and noted that radiant happiness that shone in his countenance at the praise bestowed upon him by Topaz, I knew that my Harry's heart was in the keeping of this fair, false girl."

The Cary mansion, with its gorgeous salons blazing in the light of magnificent chandeliers, was a scene of fairy-like beauty, with rare paintings, gems of antique work, elegant furniture and vases of blooming flowers, while the crowds of elegantly dressed guests added another charm to the Eastern-like gorgeousness of the scene.

"Oh! Annie, what do you think there is a count, a real live count here!" whispered Topaz to me, as I was resting for a moment after dancing and she standing near, flushed and radiant, looked, as she was, the queen of beauty. In all the large gathering of fair maidens, she was the star of the evening.

"I am to be introduced; see, there he is talking with our hostess. I think he is very loudly looking! I wonder I can charm him," and the girl laughed lightly.

At ten past twelve, as announced, and the maskers removed their masks. I went to supper with Harry. He seemed uneasy, and frequently glanced around as in search of some one. I knew of what he was thinking and of whom he was looking.

A musical laugh was heard, then the rustle of silken garments, and Topaz came into the supper-room leaning on the arm of the most distinguished of the guests, Count Hector La Fontaine, a dark, sailor man, with black, restless looking eyes—eyes that never glanced at you honestly, but drooped beneath your gaze, but he was faultless in his dress and manner, and on his breast glittered many a jeweled order.

Harry was pale and silent all supper time, and there was an angry glitter in his eyes as he watched Topaz, who, glowing and radiantly lovely, was bending her golden head low, and the white lids drooped over her velvet eyes as the French count murmured many a hurried compliment in the ear of the delighted girl.

Another month passed swiftly by. My guest was with me still. Harry had proposed and been accepted, and now the dear fellow seemed perfectly happy, and while his betrothed was at times cool and calm, and even icy in her manner, the infuriated mad dog did not seem to notice the strange ways of indifference of the fair Topaz, but when at rare intervals the yellow-haired siren unbent and was gay and loving and bewitching as she could be in her bewitching beauty, then Harry fairly worshipped her. Count La Fontaine, since the night of the masquerade, had remained in Thornley at the hotel. Topaz met him when she went into society with the same coquettish manner and bewitching ways that she did all her other admirers. In vain Harry remonstrated with his future wife on her giddy conduct.

"Let me enjoy myself in my own way," was the girl's reply to his reproaches; "soon a change will come, and I shall be wholly yours; until then I shall do as I please, and if you do not fancy my flirtations you know it is not yet late to decline the honor of an alliance with the noble house of Tregarden."

So Harry submitted, for he was mad in love, and could not bear to lose the beautiful siren, although he began to see how heartless his idol was.

As the betrothal of the rich Mr. Forbes, Topaz, of course, could not return to her vocation of teaching music, so she remained at Thornley, enjoying all the comforts and luxuries she loved so well. Harry loaded her with rich gifts, she had a small fortune in jewels, lace, rich dresses, etc., and the heavy and costly preparations to look upon when she was arrayed in one of her many elegant outfits that now belonged to her.

At length the wedding day arrived, bright and beautiful as summer. The leaves wore all the tints of the rainbow; a bright blue sky, blue as the eyes of the bride, smiled upon the bridal, while the air was cool and invigorating, and all nature seemed in harmony with the festive scene.

I had often wondered why Topaz, who had confessed to me her love of wealth, had not chosen the count instead of Harry, for although we had plenty of this world's goods yet we were not baronial castles, or all the untold splendors that belonged to the haughty race of La Fontaine; and on this day that was to bring to Harry, as he thought, such perfect happiness, the day that he could claim Topaz as all his own, and thinking in his fond infatuation that when she was once married she would give up her heartless, silly and coquettish ways, while dressed in her rich robes of gold and with her amber hair crowned with orange blossoms, Topaz confessed to me—the sister of her future husband, that she had no love for him—that all the heart she had was given to the French count. I was frozen with horror at the now late avowal.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" I said, as pale and cold as a statue, the false siren stood before me. "I dared not," she replied; "but I thought Harry would ere this have grown tired of me, for I have repulsed him whenever he showed any tenderness toward me."

"Has the count ever said he cared for you?" I asked. "No, he has admired and complimented me, but has never honored me with a proposal of marriage, although his every look and act has shown that he loves me. I am miserable, Annie, in spite of all the wealth I now enjoy, and am rightly punished."

"It is not too late," I cried, while I felt sick and faint as I thought of my poor brother. "I will go to Harry, and he will not wed an unwilling and unloving bride."

"No, no, Annie, I forbid you to. I may not have the man I care for; I will wed the one who loves me; I will do my best to make him happy, so do not darken his whole life by telling him of my folly and unwhippedness." So I, fool that I was, listened and consented.

Five years passed. I had become a happy wife and mother, for three years had passed since my marriage with the lover of my youth, Frank Allston. He had returned from India with fame and a fortune, and my parents gave their willing consent to our union.

In all these five years Harry and Topaz had remained abroad, and the fair American, as my sister-in-law was called, was the star at every festival, the beauty at every ball, and the idol of all the gay nobles into whose society she was thrown.

Her promise to me in her wedding day she soon forgot, and Harry was made miserable by her taunting him with her aversion and hate of him, and as each day passed she became more and more reckless. At length at one of the receptions of the French emperor and the Empress Eugenie, for Harry and Topaz were now in the gay Parisian capital, the false-hearted siren met Count La Fontaine, and now that she was the rich American's wife, courted and admired, the aristocratic villain thought her more worthy of his notice than when only an humble music teacher, and although Topaz found out to her astonishment that there was a Countess La Fontaine, she again became infatuated with the dark-eyed count and one night, after a private party, she was missing, as also the nobleman. Harry employed detectives, and finally the fugitives were traced to Switzerland; a duel was the result of the meeting between the injured husband and the seducer. Harry, our noble, handsome Harry, was shot, dying almost instantly, while La Fontaine lingered a few years in misery, from a wound in the side, and finally died an agonizing death. Topaz became an adventuress, living as best she could. Her ultimate fate I never learned; it was a dark one. It was many years before the tragedy reached our home.—Boston Sunday Budget.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

In one of the exercises in some of the Boston high schools the pupils correct the English of the newspapers. The Commercial club of Chicago proposes to establish a manual training school in that city at a cost of \$100,000.

The colored people of Richmond, Va., are loudly demanding that teachers of the public schools should be placed in the public schools.

Dr. Mayo says that no southern city has done so much of itself for its school children with so little aid from abroad as has Charleston.

At a teachers' meeting recently held in Hartford it was suggested as a good plan for self-cultivation that teachers should devote an entire year to one study at a time—taking up sculpture one year and the next engraving, or chemistry or history.

A pamphlet has been sent out by the medical department of the Detroit university, setting forth its facilities for graduating its "students," to whom it promises diplomas of great beauty and utility. The Detroit newspapers say that the president, named Thomas, is an old chum of Dr. Buchanan, the Philadelphia bogus lorna convict, and that the concern is a fraud.

Hearing recitations, Colonel Parker says, is not teaching, by any means. Teaching is the bringing of new ideas into the mind through objects, classifying, classifying, comparing them, and combining them into new creatures of the imagination. All that a teacher can do is to lead the child to see, to acquire knowledge. Rote learning is simply imitating stupidity, both in pupil and teacher. It will be a happy day for the public schools when all teachers are made to understand these plain truths.

It is complained in England that the universities themselves have long since abdicated their teaching functions. Most of the real teaching, it is said, is provided by the unauthorized and out-of-system private tutors, who exist independently of the colleges, and have, in a great degree, superseded them. In too many cases the candidate for an ordinary degree, if he wish to pass, is compelled to make use of a private tutor. His college does, indeed, provide him with a certain number of lectures, but the number is usually quite inadequate, and even if it were greater in several instances the teaching provided is not nearly so well calculated for the needs of the student as the more carefully-arranged teaching of the private tutor.

In the grammar classes of the New Hampshire schools a system has been adopted by which a teacher devotes her time out of school and her preparation during school hours to a particular study, passing this into three or more rooms each day, and bringing the members of as many classes under her immediate care. State Superintendent Kent says in regard to this matter: "When teachers have been working together, and have shown in what particular direction their tastes lie, each may be asked to select a certain branch of instruction, and vacancies can be filled by promotion, as experience points to particular fitness. But when those subjects are assigned, and the work begins, the faithful teacher, no longer expected to scatter her energies over a wide range of studies, collects as many treatises as possible, and makes the learning and scientific study of many minds contribute to her stock in trade. It can also be arranged that the remain with the classes she teaches during their study hour, thus giving them the benefit of her knowledge and skill in preparing their lessons, and carrying out the modern view of the teacher's duty, which is something far different from hearing lessons."

IMPIETIES. Another couple of weeks and the time will have arrived for ministers to begin to look pale and interesting. Getting ready for a vacation, you know.

A chicken fight for \$50 per bird was Sunday's diversion at St. Louis, and Chicago will probably lead Sunday sports with a rat pit to square the record.

The clergyman at Lampasas supply the report in its weekly newspaper, and to read during their leisure hours. The way of the transgressor is hard, very hard.—Texas Sittings.

Iowa has ordered a church bell with an inscription of nasty words. It is to go under a lower sixty feet high, and they won't charge anything to climb up and read the inscription.

A Utica clergyman had occasion to refer in a sermon to the Prophet Jonas, and in spite of a whispering at the hands of a mob, he was having "passed three days and three nights in the whale's—ahem—stomach."

Two charges of immorality against clergyman were before the Chillicothe (Mo.) Methodist Conference, a day ago. That involving the Rev. Prince Wright was sustained, and he was expelled. In spite of a whispering at the hands of a mob, he had not reformed. But the case of the Rev. J. W. Green had a happier conclusion. He was honorably acquitted, and the verdict was that the conference committee was resolved, with hearty cheers, the presiding Bishop joining in the joyful demonstration.

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