

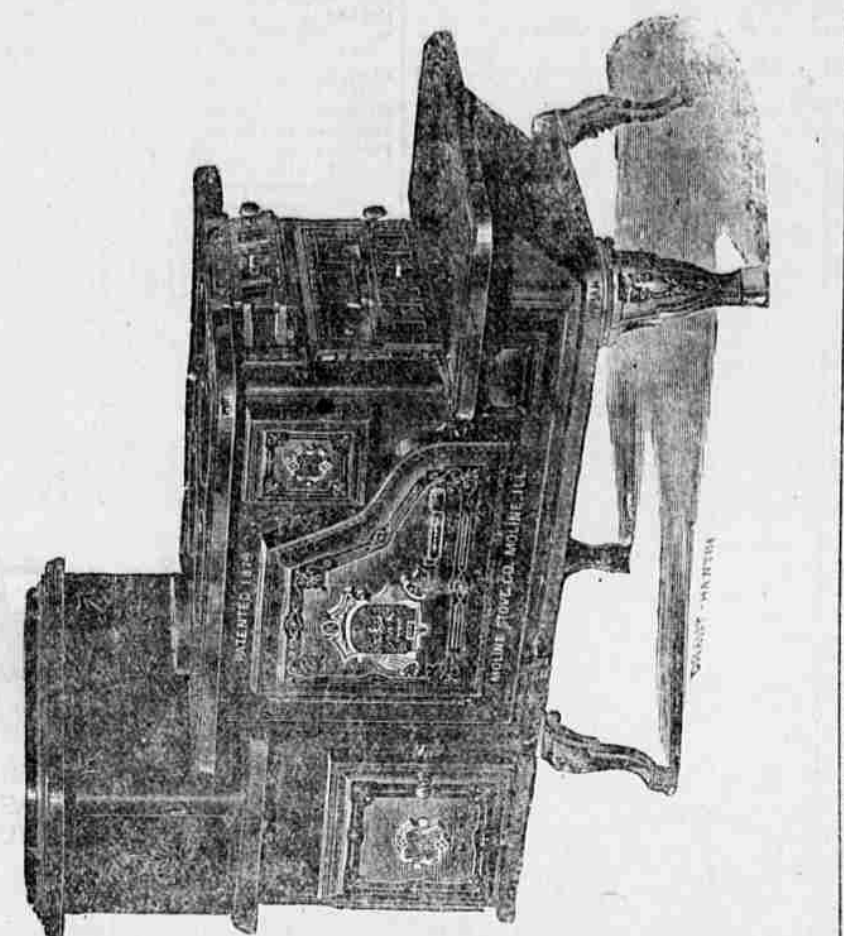
# LEE, FRIEL & CO.

The Only Exclusive  
Wholesale Hardware House  
IN THE WEST.  
1108 AND 1110 HARNEY STREET.  
OMAHA - - - - - NEB.

**J. S. CAULFIELD**  
—WHOLESALE—  
BOOK SELLER AND STATIONER  
—AND DEALER IN—  
Wall Paper and Window Shades  
1304 Farnham St. Omaha Neb.

# ROTH & JONES

Wholesale Lumber,  
No. 1408 Farnham Street, Omaha, Neb.  
**THE MOLINE STOVE**



Manufactured by  
**MOLINE STOVE COMPANY.**  
They make a specialty of COOKING STOVES, and have this year placed in the market one of the MOST ECONOMICAL AND MOST SATISFACTORY STOVES ever made. They make both Plain and extra top, and guarantee all their goods. The agents for the company are:

**PIERCY & BRADFORD,**  
—DEALERS IN—  
**Furnaces, Fireplaces, Heaters**  
MANTELS,  
GRATES, RANGES, STOVES,  
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, Etc.  
211 FARNAM STREET. OMAHA NEB

**D. M. WELTY,**  
(Successor to D. T. Mount.)  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
Saddles, Harness, Whips,  
FANCY HORSE CLOTHING  
Robes, Dusters and Turf Goods  
of ALL DESCRIPTIONS.  
Agent for Jas. R. Hill & Co.'s  
**CELEBRATED**  
**CONCORD HARNESS**  
"The Best in the World."  
1412 FARNAM ST.  
Orders Solicited. OMAHA, NEB



**CONCORD HARNESS**  
"The Best in the World."  
1412 FARNAM ST.  
Orders Solicited. OMAHA, NEB

**IMPERISHABLE**  
**PERFUME**  
**Murray & Lanman's**  
**FLORIDA WATER.**  
Best for TOILET, BATH  
and ANDKERCHIEF.

**THE KENDALL**  
**PLAYING MACHINE!**  
AND  
**DRESS-MAKERS' COMPANION.**  
It plays from 1-10 of a inch to  
width in the concert forte or piano it  
It does all kinds and styles of playing in use.  
So lady that does her own dress-making can  
afford to do without one of these playing  
never out of fashion, it is a real life.  
For Machines, Circulars or Agents' terms address  
**CONGAR & CO.,**  
113 Adams St. Chicago.

## CORA'S MISTAKE.

By A. L. A.

Oakville was in a state of intense excitement. In this out-of-the-way place the most ordinary events, under the management of a few kindly disposed gossips, immediately became extraordinary; but now there really was some excuse for the delightful flutter pervading the village and vicinity. They were to have a new teacher at the big district schoolhouse, commonly dubbed Oakville academy—a young man fresh from college, and a resident of Boston; as if all this was not astonishing enough, it was soon whispered about that he was an embryo doctor; and then Oakville fairly bubbled over with curiosity and delight.

For the past year Mr. Hunt, a worthy middle-aged gentleman, had occupied the position of instructor at the aforementioned academy; but falling health obliged him to resign, and the trustees, after mature deliberation, concluded to accept the services of Mr. Paul Mayhew, of Boston. Mr. Mayhew was a graduate of college, and had chosen the profession of medicine; but, lacking funds to continue his studies, he was obliged to do something toward supplying this very practical want. Tall and fine looking was he, with a firm, decided manner that struck terror to the hearts of the Oakville gossips, and warned them of trouble to come.

Just at the edge of the little village was a handsome farmhouse, owned and occupied by James Graham. He was the rich man of the vicinity, and his well tilled farm extended more than a mile to the south and west of the village. His family consisted of himself and wife, a son who was in business in a distant city, and two daughters—Clara and Louise. These young ladies, although neither handsome nor brilliant, were looked up to in Oakville society on account of their father's wealth. Mrs. Graham in her younger days had attended boarding school a whole year—a fact which she never forgot to mention when she found herself in polite society.

Adjoining the Graham residence, and only a few rods from it, was an old fashioned cottage where resided Carl Harrington, for some years overseer and manager of Mr. Graham's extensive acres. Carl Harrington was at one time a successful merchant, but failing in business and at the same time losing his health, he was obliged to seek out door employment. Turning his attention to practical farming, he secured a position with Mr. Graham. He had but one child—a brown-haired, brown-eyed daughter, of whom any father might be proud. Pretty Cora Harrington was acknowledged belle, despite her father's lowly position.

Mr. Hunt had lodged at Mr. Harrington's, as had his predecessors for several years previous to this, and it had come to be an understood arrangement that the "teacher" should find a home at this pleasant cottage; but to the intense surprise of all, Mr. Mayhew was transplanted bag and baggage to the Graham mansion, where he was received with open arms, figuratively speaking, by Mrs. Graham and her daughters.

However, Oakdale was not long in finding a reason for his new departure. Mrs. Carter, one of the most notorious gossips said "She guessed Miss Graham was in hopes she'd found a beau for one of the girls, and was going to keep him right in the house." Mrs. Graham herself had several very good reasons for the step she had taken. To Mr. Graham she represented that the profits accruing from Mr. Mayhew's board would go a long way toward a new parlor suit which must have in the fall, while to the minister's wife she explained that for a college bred gentleman there was no little society in Oakdale that she really felt it her duty to make a congenial home for him; being from Boston, and of a good family, he was probably aristocratic in his tastes and could not think of allowing him to lodge at Mr. Harrington's small cottage. All this being duly circulated about the village, came to Mrs. Harrington's ears in a greatly exaggerated form through the medium of Mrs. Carter.

"I don't think much of that Mayhew chap they've got to teach school," said that worthy lady to Mrs. Harrington and Cora, a few days after Paul's arrival. "He's too high feeling for Oakville. I guess he'll be sure to be a big house, and with refined and educated folks, and when they told him about you, he said he couldn't think of living in a little old house like this. He's from Boston, you know, and I've always heard they were awful proud there."

And after much more of the same strain, Mrs. Carter went her way rejoicing. Cora waited until she was out of hearing, and then burst forth—"Mamma, shall I never hear of Paul Mayhew—proud little fellow, and I hate the sound of his name already!"

"Cora, Cora! how can you talk so! I presume Mrs. Carter exaggerated; you know she always does."

"But he must have said something like it, or his story would never have started."

"Well, let us say nothing more about the matter, said gentle Mrs. Harrington, and I hope you will act as if you had never heard it."

Cora went on the porch, a little ashamed of her hasty remark, but firmly resolved to snub the high and mighty Paul without mercy. And one day she solemnly registered—Paul Mayhew should never enter her home if she could prevent it; since he despised it and its occupants, he should never be invited there she resolved.

She soon had an opportunity to commence the "snubbing" process, for Paul was not one to remain long in proximity to a pretty girl without an effort to make her acquaintance.

"Who lives in that romantic looking cottage?" he asked of Louise Graham, only a few days after his arrival in Oakville.

"My husband's head servant," Mrs. Graham answered loftily, before Louise had a chance to reply.

"Then I suppose the fine looking young lady is his daughter."

"Yes," Mrs. Graham said, heartily wishing Cora lived a mile away, and resolving to keep her as much in the background as possible.

Paul strolled past the cottage gate and haunted that part of the grounds adjacent to the Harrington residence day after day in the vain hope of making Cora's acquaintance. That provoking young lady would sit out under the trees and read for an hour, while Paul, just the other side of the fence, proceeded to do the same; in reality he was watching her immovable face for a sign of recognition; but she could not have appeared more unconscious of his presence had she been a stone deaf and blind.

Paul was puzzled. The rest of Oakville had fairly overpowered him with friendliness, and invitations to tea, croquet parties, and every imaginable merry-making a country village affords, poured in upon him from all sides. One afternoon as he returned from school, he saw Cora leave the house apparently on her way to the woods not far distant.

"Now is my chance," thought Paul. "I'll speak to that girl if she annihilates me the next moment."

He waited about ten minutes and then followed cautiously. Cora was seated on a fallen tree, her hat thrown off, and a copy of Longfellow's poems with which to while away the time. A very charming picture she made with her brown hair blowing about the flushed cheeks; at least so thought her appreciative audience of one. She did not observe Paul until he was very near; fairly cornered was she, and rather glad of it, too—not that she desired his friendship; oh, no! but she was perfectly willing to enter into communication just to show him how little she stood in awe of Mr. Paul Mayhew of Boston.

"Miss Harrington, I presume," said Paul, with his best bow.

Cora looked up with a well defined start, and bowed coolly.

"I think as we are neighbors we should become better acquainted. I am Paul Mayhew, principal, assistant teacher, and janitor, of the Oakville Academy, at your service."

"From Boston?" queried Cora, with a sarcastic curl of the red lips.

"Yes, but surely that is no offense. Boston is a very pleasant place, I assure you."

"Oh, certainly! What a shock it must have been to leave that classic locality for Oakville!"

"On the contrary, Miss Harrington, I was delighted to get into the country at this season of the year. Pardon me, but I see you have Longfellow's poems in your hand; are you an admirer of his works?"

"Yes," answered Cora, relaying a little in the hope of eliciting from Paul some of the descriptions of scenery.

"So do I," confessed Paul. "I brought a copy with me for the express purpose of reading them when I could raise my eyes and see his vivid descriptions illustrated by your splendid Oakville scenery."

They got on quite amiably after this, and both were surprised at the faint sound of a supper bell indicating six o'clock. Paul confidently expected to converse with Cora for an hour or two, but he was disappointed. As they neared the vine shaded cottage he remarked—

"What a picturesque home you have!"

"Don't trouble yourself to pay me compliments in that direction," retorted Cora, so sharply that Paul wondered what he had said amiss.

"Rather peppery," he soliloquized, after a cool dismissal at the gate, "but just the sort of girl I like to talk with; knows enough to take her own part, and doesn't swallow all the pretty things a fellow happens to say."

There was another meeting in the old woods before the week was out, followed by walks and talks that Mrs. Graham observed with no friendly eye.

"That Cora Harrington is a bold piece," she remarked to her daughters. "She's after Mr. Mayhew every second of her time; it's a wonder he isn't disgusted."

But he wasn't; on the contrary, he was falling desperately in love. He was not a susceptible youth, by any means, having passed through numberless flirtations and come out heart-whole every time; but Cora Harrington, with her brown eyes and piquant tones, was making and havoc with his hitherto invulnerable heart.

Cora, on her part, had not yet awakened to the fact that she loved Paul Mayhew. She enjoyed his society, and acknowledged as much to herself, but as she disagreed with him on very possible occasion, she considered her plan of warfare carried out to the letter. With Spartan-like firmness she adhered to her resolution of never inviting him to her home, and this glaring omission could not fail to strike him unpleasantly. In vain he sought to get her to accept of his poverty and lowly position.

She knew that she was in love with him, but she was afraid of committing herself too far. No, he utterly rejected this theory, for whatever Cora's faults might be, she was not a mercenary. Still they met very often, and but for this one obstacle, the course of true love seemed to run smoothly enough.

July had come, and Paul was looking forward to a month's vacation, hardly knowing whether to be pleased or disappointed, for he was sure to be parted from Cora. He was feeling unusually despondent, one afternoon, as he started for the post office; his poverty-stricken condition had come over him with renewed force, and his profession seemed farther away than ever. He had conscientiously tried to keep on with his studies, but it was slow work away off here by himself.

Only one letter that afternoon, and in a strange hand, too.

"Looks like a dun letter," thought Paul, as he tore it open.

The next moment he jumped at least three feet into the air.

"By Jove! But I'm in luck for once!"

And so it was, for the suspicious looking document informed him that by the death of a distant relative he was heir to ten thousand dollars, and summoned him to come immediately and take possession of the same. Not a large fortune to be sure; but it was entirely unexpected, and would enable him to get his profession, which was all he desired.

Almost his first thought was of Cora. "But for that one unexplainable whim I would ask her to be my wife this very night," he thought impulsively, as he caught a glimpse of her pink dress through the shrubbery.

She was on her way to the woods, and Paul had just followed.

"I will make just one more effort to overcome her prejudice, from whatever cause it arises," he said to himself.

"Oh, Paul, come here and help me gather these lovely ferns!" cried Cora, the moment she became aware of his presence. "I'm going to press them."

Paul obediently seated himself and endeavored to assist; but his mind being otherwise occupied, he proved more hindrance than help.

"If you are more clumsy than usual, if that is possible," Cora said crossly. "Come, I want to talk to you. Won't you put away the ferns and listen?"

Unfortunately Cora was in one of her pensive moods, and Paul was promptly informed that the ferns were of no consequence; so the conversation languished for awhile. Paul was too thoroughly in earnest to joke, and Cora wondered what kept him so quiet. Finally, when the last fern was in place, she prepared to return. The sun had sunk behind the distant hills when they came to the cottage.

"I will bring chairs out under the trees," Cora said as Paul followed her through the little rustic gate.

"No, let us go inside; I have something to say to you."

Cora hesitated. Could she keep her foolish resolution in the face of this boldness? Paul noted the hesitancy and exclaimed quickly—

"Cora, does this mean that I am to be excluded from the privilege of entering this house?"

Again Cora pouted, but now she was only considering how to yield gracefully.

Paul wheeled suddenly as if to leave, then turned and put out his hand.

"Good-by, Miss Harrington, I leave Oakville to-morrow, so this is good-by forever, perhaps." And without giving Cora a chance to utter a word, he went.

Bewildered by the sudden announcement, she stood looking after him. Why was he going away, and what would her life be without him? These were the questions she battled with through the weary night that followed; with the morning came new hope. Surely he would not leave Oakville without seeing her, and she resolved to tell him of her silly resolution, made when she did not know him so well as now. "I will even ask pardon for believing him guilty of those ridiculous speeches," she concluded, which was a great concession for saucy Cora; but she felt she had done wrong, and was too generous to shrink from saying so.

Their meetings had always been accidental—or apparently so—and Paul had never yet called and asked for her; she confidently expected he would do so this morning, and she saw him pass down the wide gravelled walk which led from Mr. Graham's door, his traveling satchel in his hand. Louise Graham accompanied him, and when they reached the gate he turned, shook hands with her, and hurried away.

He was gone without a word of farewell! Cora sank into a chair, and for a moment everything turned black before her eyes. All the sweetness of their intercourse rushed over her in those few terrible moments. "I did not know I loved him, and now—now it is over forever!" she moaned.

Well, the day passed somehow, and so did the other interminable days, until a month had gone by. The first shock over Cora's proud refusal to appear as usual, and not even to her mother did she confess the truth.

All this time not a word from Paul. Cora had an uncontrollable desire to hear some news from him, and finally resolved to go to Mrs. Graham. Surely he must have written to them.

Oh, yes, they heard quite often. Mrs. Graham's spirits rose as she reflected that Cora was evidently not in communication with Paul, and she went on volubly.

"He's studying night and day so as to go through law next year, or next, I guess. Here, Cora, I have a letter mailed in a way that she meant should express a great deal more than she dared utter. That's the reason he doesn't come down and see us. He is going to study vacations and all till he gets through, and then—well, I guess he'll be down a while then."

Mrs. Graham smiled again, and lifted her eyebrows in a way that spoke volumes to poor, distracted Cora.

"I've settled her expectations," thought Mrs. Graham, exultantly. "Well, he never would have married a poor girl like her, anyway, so it's all for the best. This was a right endeavor to still the quail which even her blunted conscience might experience."

Cora went home ten times more miserable than before. Mrs. Graham had really said very little, but the girl was in no mood for reasonable reflection. She knew Mrs. Graham was inclined to be deceitful, but her pure nature shrank from believing any one guilty of deliberate deception; beside, she was Paul's favorite, and Cora had more than once heard him speak in her praise.

Cora lost appetite, and grew visibly thinner and paler until Mrs. Harrington became alarmed. It was a warm weather, and Cora must have had some air, she declared. Aunt Maggie Willard in Brooklyn, would be determined to have a visit from her, and she could go down to the seashore every day, which was just what Cora needed.

To please her mother Cora consented to all this, and one September evening found her in her aunt's pleasant home. Every day when her health permitted they visited some place of interest, and Cora tried to appear cheerful for the sake of those who did so much for her. One day they had planned to go to the beach, but an old friend of Mrs. Willard's came to spend the afternoon, so they felt obliged to stay at home. Cora was disappointed. She liked these trips to the seashore. The ceaseless roaring of the waves as they broke on the white-sanded beach soothed her as nothing else had power to do. Could she not go alone?

"Oh, no!" Aunt Maggie said. "That would never do!"

But Cora begged so hard that she finally consented.

Oh, it was so pleasant to get away from all curious eyes, however friendly! There was the usual crowd on the island, but Cora paid no attention to anyone. Seeking out the least frequented part of the beach, she gave herself up to meditation. Where was Paul, and what was he doing on this beautiful day, she was wondering. Did he ever think of her and those pleasant days in Oakville?

## DIRECTORY OF LEADING WESTERN HOTELS

HOTELS.	PROPRIETORS.	TOWNS.
ARLINGTON.	J. G. MONTGOMERY.	Lincoln, Neb.
SARATOGA HOTEL.	J. S. TILGHMAN.	Millard, Neb.
MARSH HOUSE.	E. MANS.	Brownsville, Neb.
COMMERCIAL HOTEL.	JOHN HANNAH.	Stromsburg, Neb.
HALL HOUSE.	A. W. HALL.	Louisville
CITY HOTEL.	CHENEY & CLARK.	Blair, Neb.
COMMERCIAL HOTEL.	J. G. MEAD.	Natigh, Neb.
GRAND CENTRAL.	E. SEYMOUR.	Nebraska City, Neb.
MISSOURI PACIFIC HOTEL.	P. L. THORP.	Weeping Water, Neb.
COMMERCIAL HOUSE.	A. O. CAARPER.	Hardy, Neb.
GREENWOOD HOUSE.	W. MAYFIELD.	Greenwood, Neb.
COMMERCIAL HOUSE.	E. STOREY.	Clarinda, Iowa.
ENO'S HOTEL.	E. L. ENO.	Eremot, Neb.
EXCHANGE HOTEL.	O. B. HACKNEY.	Ashland, Neb.
METROPOLITAN HOTEL.	FRANK LOVELL.	Atkinson, Neb.
MORGAN HOUSE.	E. L. GRUBBS.	Guide Rock, Neb.
SUMMIT HOUSE.	SWAN & BECKER.	Creston, Ia.
HOUSTON HOUSE.	GEORGE CALPH.	Exira, Ia.
REYNOLDS HOUSE.	O. M. REYNOLDS.	Atlantic, Ia.
WALKER HOUSE.	D. H. WALKER.	Audubon, Ia.
COMMERCIAL HOTEL.	S. BURGESS.	Neola, Ia.
CITY HOTEL.	D. A. WILLIAMS.	Harlan, Ia.
PARK HOUSE.	MRS. M. E. CUMMINGS.	Corning, Ia.
NEBRASKA HOTEL.	J. L. AVERY.	Stanton.
MERCANTILE HOTEL.	J. W. BOWLEWARE.	Burlington Junction, Mo.
COMMERCIAL HOTEL.	F. M. PARK.	Blanchard, Ia.
PARKS HOTEL.	HENRY WILLE.	Shenandoah, Ia.
COMMERCIAL HOTEL.	CHAS. BAGNELL.	Day City, Neb.
SAGNELL HOUSE.	WM. LUTTON.	College Springs, Ia.
COMMERCIAL HOUSE.	FRANK WILKINSON.	Villisca, Ia.
JUDKINS HOUSE.	H. H. PERRY.	Malvern, Ia.
BALL HOUSE.	D. F. STEARNS.	Ida Grove, Ia.
COMMERCIAL HOUSE.	JOHN ECKERT.	Odebolt, Ia.
WOODS HOUSE.	J. S. DUNHAM.	Oskola, Neb.
DOUGLAS HOUSE.	J. T. GREEN.	Clarke, Neb.
BEDFORD HOUSE.	J. M. BLACK & SON.	Bedford, Ia.
ARLINGTON HOUSE.	A. C. POTTER.	Marysville Mo.
NORFOLK JUNCTION HOUSE.	G. M. CARTY.	Norfolk Junction Neb.
WISLOW HOUSE.	M. D. JONES.	Seward Neb.
AURORA HOUSE.	O. R. CROZIER.	Aurora, Neb.
CROZIER HOUSE.	D. W. ROCKHOLD.	Sidney, Neb.
AVOCA EATING HOUSE.	LOCKWOOD & SHATTUCK.	Avoca Ia.
CENTRAL HOUSE.	Capt. JOHN FOSTER.	Red Oak, Ia.
FOSTER HOUSE.	E. HAYMAKER.	Lewis, Ia.
WHITNEY HOUSE.		Griswold, Ia.

## THE JELM MOUNTAIN GOLD AND SILVER

Mining and Milling Company.

Stock Fully Paid Up and Non-Assessable

Mines Located in BRAMEL MINING DISTRICT.

OFFICERS:

DR. J. I. THOMAS, President, Cummins, Wyoming.

WM. E. TILTON, Vice-President, Cummins, Wyoming.

R. N. HARWOOD, Secretary, Cummins, Wyoming.

A. G. LUNN, Treasurer, Cummins, Wyoming.

TRUSTEES:

DR. J. I. Thomas, Louis Miller, W. S. Bramel, A. G. Dunn.

R. N. Harwood, Francis Leverage, Geo. H. Falon, Lewis Schuman.

DR. J. I. Thomas, Geo. W. Kendall, Authorized Agent for Sale of Stock.

York attending lectures, and that very afternoon had concluded to take a trip to the seashore. He came down only one boat behind Cora, and was wondering aimlessly about when he caught sight of her. He stopped short in amazement. This was no more like the girl he left in Oakdale than is a Winter landscape like smiling verdure of Summer, yet it was certainly her form and features. The sight of her pale, lovely face drove the last vestige of resentment from his heart.

"Cora, my darling, is it you, or am I dreaming?"

Cora rose slowly at the sound of the well-known voice.

"On Paul, I have been so miserable!" she cried piteously; and Paul clasped her to his heart caring not a whit for the people looking curiously on.

Mutual explanations followed, and Paul learned the cause of Cora's strange behavior.

"It seems as childish as I look back on it," Cora said penitently. "Oh, I can never forgive myself!"

"You deserve some dreadful punishment," Paul said gravely, "and I, being the injured party, claim the privilege of naming it. You must marry me before the month is out."

Aunt Maggie could hardly believe her eyes when a happy, laughing girl walked in, and with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, introduced her friend, Mr. Mayhew. Surely the same breeze had accomplished wonders that day.

Oakville was disgusted, it having long ago decided in favor of Louise Graham as the future Mrs. Mayhew. Mrs. Graham was indignant when the fact was mentioned to her.

"I don't know whatever put that in anybody's head. I'm sure we never thought of such a thing. Mr. Mayhew is not the sort of a husband we would wish Louise to have by any means, but I am very sorry to see him taken in by Cora Harrington's baby face. She's a good-for-nothing child, brought up far above her station, and no wife for any decent man. Still I hope they'll be happy, Mrs. Carter. Which pious wish we heartily echo."

Fortunes of Fathers and Mothers.

Thousands of dollars can be saved by using proper judgment in taking care of the health of yourself and family. If you are bilious, have a hollow complexion, poor appetite, low and depressed spirits, and generally debilitated, do not delay a moment, but go at once and procure a bottle of these wonderful Electric Bitters, which never fail to cure, and that for the trifling sum of fifty cents.—(Tribune.)

THE NEBRASKA MANUFACTURING CO.

Lincoln, Neb.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Corn Planters, mowers, farm rollers, guck hay rakes, bucket elevating wheels, etc.

We are prepared to do job work and manufacture for other parties.

Address all orders to NEBRASKA MANUFACTURING CO., Lincoln, Neb.

ANTI-MONOPOLY LEAGUE.

Blank membership rolls for the anti-monopoly league, containing statement of principle and full procedure and instructions how to organize, will be sent on application, to U. M. Galt, Melroy, Neb. Enclose stamp.

1830. SHORT LINE. 1830.

KANSAS CITY.

St. Joe & Council Bluffs

RAILROAD

Direct Line to ST. LOUIS

AND THE EAST

From Omaha and the West.

All trains leave B. & M. Depot, Omaha, Neb.

No change of cars between Omaha and St. Louis.

NEW YORK

Daily Passenger Trains

BRANDEN and VICTORIAN ROUTE VIA LINE

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS VIA

ST. JOSEPH & COUNCIL BLUFFS

ST. LOUIS VIA ST. JOSEPH & COUNCIL BLUFFS

ST. LOUIS VIA ST. JOSEPH & COUNCIL BLUFFS

ST. LOUIS VIA ST. JOSEPH & COUNCIL BLUFFS