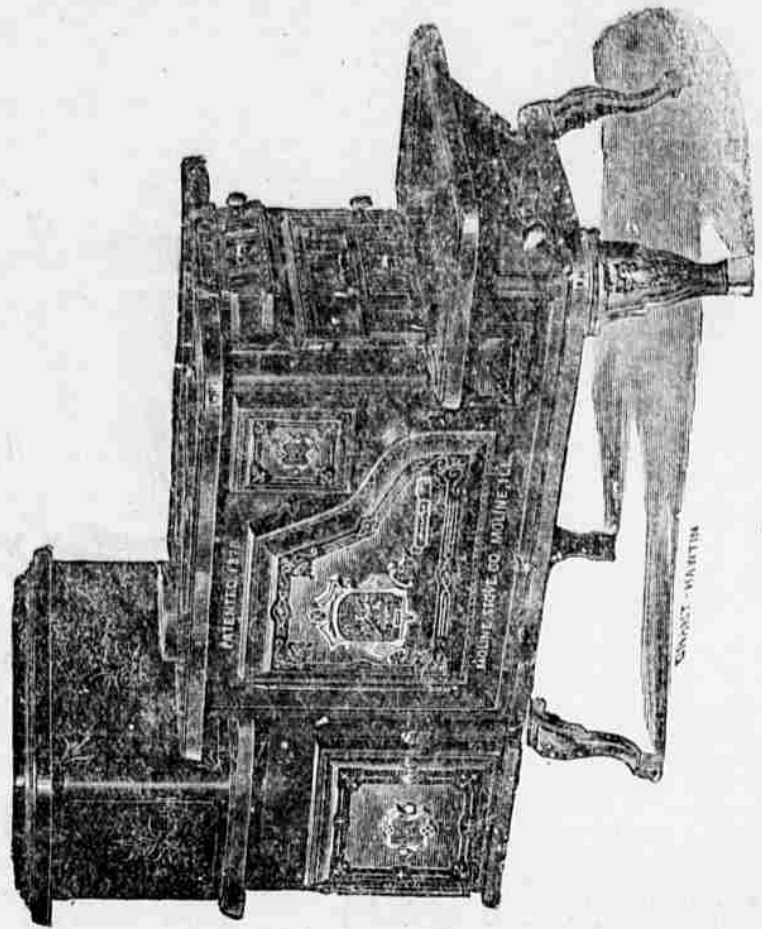


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Table listing hotels, proprietors, and towns across the western United States.

A SUCCESSFUL RACKET. How Farmer Meredith Was Freed at the Denver Exposition.

Some days ago there arrived in the city an old farmer from Iowa named Meredith. He came here to visit the State and the Exposition, and had plenty of money to invest should he find a good opening. It was better had he remained at home, for very evidently he was not accustomed to the ways of the world and the deep-laid snares that are always set for the unwary. Shortly after coming here he made the acquaintance of a young man who gave his name as Harbison, saying he was a son of Col. Harbison, a mining operator of Grant county. [There is no such county in the State.] On Tuesday they visited the Exposition, observing the opening exercises and taking in the sights generally. While walking about the building young Harbison stopped beside a huge pyramid of glittering ore and very confidentially informed Mr. Meredith that the "stuff" was taken from the father's mine. He called the mine the "Mountain Queen," and went on to tell how large the pay-streak was, how much the ore assayed, and how much was being taken out every day by the force of men employed. The honest old farmer took everything he saw for granted, and it was not long before he was beginning to study out ways and means by which he could gain possession of one of the coveted holes in the ground. After thus having excited the old gentleman's cupidity for wealth, young Harbison very wisely allowed the subject to rest until yesterday, when they again visited the exposition. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon the young man invited Mr. Meredith to accompany him to Sans Souci park, where they could drink beer in solitude and enjoy a quiet smoke. Ticked by the attention so liberally paid him, the old gentleman very readily complied, and they soon found themselves in the main building in the park. While there a rather elderly and gentlemanly-looking person came in and leaned up against the counter, near by. The young man quickly noticed the new comer and at once called him over, introducing him as Col. Harbison, his father. The conversation was cleverly turned, and soon all three were engaged in an earnest discussion of mining affairs in general, and the "Mountain Queen" in Grant county. Mr. Meredith after a time intimated that he had some money to risk, and would like to invest it in mines, asking if there was no opportunity for making such an investment. This is just what the alleged father and son was waiting for.

"Why," said the elder Harbison. "I think I can fix it so you can come in with me as an equal partner. You see, my partner is a gambler, and much given to dissipation and carousing. The association is not a pleasant one, and either of us would be willing and glad to get rid of the other, I think that by talking to him I could get his permission to sell for him, and you are just the kind of a partner I want—have plenty of money and sense."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the credulous farmer. "How much will he ask for his half?" "Two thousand dollars." "I don't think I have that much money with me, but I can draw for more," and going down to the innermost recesses of his inside vest pocket, Meredith pulled out a roll of money and began to count it out on the table before him. He had just \$1,165 on his person; a good sum, which the shrewd operators were sure of securing. "Well, will you take the half interest?" asked the elder Harbison when the counting process had been completed. "Yes, I will, if the mine is just as you represent it to be." "Mr. Meredith, it is fully as good as we have represented it to be and its chances for developing even still greater value are wonderfully good; and if you mean business you will deposit that money with me, the remainder of the \$2,000 to be paid us when the deeds are made over to you." That settled it. The money was handed over, and then, after taking another drink, they proceeded to the exposition to look up the recreant and unrepentable partner. They entered the mineral department, the elder Harbison stopped, and pointing to a well-dressed, gray-headed man, the remainder of the \$2,000 was paid to him. "There he is now; that's my partner. I think I had better go to him and have a private talk, as I don't want a row with him, and he is sure to flare if he finds out I have been trying to sell him out." The man indicated was rather prepossessing, had an independent air, wore a gray mustache and glasses, and was standing beside the very pyramid of ore which was palmed off to Meredith on the day previous. The father and son went to the "partner" and drew him aside to a point near one of the doors, all three seeming to be earnestly engaged in a more than usually interesting conversation. They remained there some time, and soon the old man grew weary of waiting and began to gaze across the building. As turned the three men at the door slipped out through the doorway, jumped into a hack and were driven away. When Mr. Meredith looked for them they were gone, and all he could see was the dust thrown up by the flying vehicle. It was then that he realized he had been playing the part of a "sucker," and had been robbed. He rushed outside like a mad man, yelling at the top of his voice for a hack, and gesticulating in a frenzied manner. Those who saw him, including the hack drivers, thought him stark crazy, and therefore no conveyance was offered him. Finally, he did the worst thing he could possibly do, going to the Circle railway depot and waiting there fully ten minutes for a train. This gave the robbers all the time they could desire, and they profited by it. Upon arriving in the city Mr. Meredith placed the case in the hands of Detective Joe Arnold, and although two hours were spent in looking up the confidence men, no trace of them could be discovered. Mr. Meredith is 51 years of age,

and lives at a distance of about seven miles from Iowa City. He feels his loss very keenly, and is yet very much excited. Young Harbison is described as a well-dressed, smooth-faced young man, and the colonel was a fine-looking gentleman, tall, and wearing a mustache and side-whiskers.

Rheumatism, disordered blood, general debility, and many chronic diseases pronounced incurable, are often cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Irrigation by Artesian Wells. Among the schemes being worked up by the national department of agriculture is that of irrigating the great arid plains of the west by means of water obtained from artesian wells. The proposition is not a new one. Attention was called to it nearly forty years ago. It remained for Gen. La Duc, however, to urge the importance of the matter on congress, and chiefly through his instrumentality an appropriation was made for sinking experimental wells. Several months ago commissioners were appointed to select sites for wells and to oversee operations. No recent report has been received of the progress of the commission. That the money appropriated by congress will all be spent is altogether likely, but that any good will result from the expenditure is extremely unlikely. When all our arable and naturally watered land is taken up and improved, as it is in some parts of Europe and Asia, it will be time to reclaim land from the sea, to drain lakes, and to experiment in irrigating arid plains by means of water obtained from artesian wells. There is no occasion, however, for doing anything of the kind when land is so plenty that congress votes millions of acres to railway companies and offers a quarter of a section to every foreigner who lands on our shores and declares his intention of becoming an American citizen. It seems unlikely that any member of congress, when voting the appropriation, considered the feasibility of irrigating large bodies of land by means of water procured from artesian wells under the most advantageous circumstances. Irrigation is quite an expensive business even when water can be obtained from a natural stream.

Irrigating small bodies of land devoted to crops that require a comparatively small amount of water has been quite successful in some parts of California. In Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties there are about one thousand artesian wells whose water is used for stock, domestic and irrigating purposes. Dr. C. A. White, in an article on this subject in the current number of the North American Review, says: "The deeper wells are 500 feet, but the average depth is from 150 to 200 feet; averaging, say, 2400 cubic feet average discharge of water per well, one-tenth of a cubic foot per second. Experience there shows that it takes a flow of one cubic foot per second to irrigate one hundred acres of land. The average well will therefore irrigate ten acres, and the average cost of such a well will add \$40 per acre to the original cost of the land. The greatest flow from any of these California wells is that of the Burlington well, near Compton which amounts to 17 cubic feet per second; enough to irrigate 170 acres." It is understood that these wells require no tubing, and that they are sunk with little liability to accident. The water rises to a considerable distance above the surface and can therefore be easily conducted in any direction. It is nearly pure, and is, consequently, well adapted to irrigating purposes. Such, however, is not the case with the water obtained from artesian wells. It is sometimes brackish, and at other times it is charged with iron, sulphur, magnesia, and other impurities to such an extent that it is detrimental to the soil over which it flows. Unless the water discharged from an artesian well can be raised a considerable distance above the surface of the ground it will be nearly useless for irrigating purposes, as a fall is required to carry it to the different parts of the tract to be watered.

The prospect of obtaining water at a moderate depth on great plains is not promising. Commissioner Le Duc indicated that a well was drilled in Fort Lyon, Col., but after boring 800 feet the work was abandoned. A good flow of water was obtained at Pueblo, Col., from two wells, each about 1,200 feet deep. A flow of water was secured at Denver at a depth of 800 feet; at Cheyenne at 900; and at Carson at 1,300. There have been, however, a great number of failures at other places. Dr. White is of the opinion that boring wells can not be secured on the great plains without boring from 2,000 to 2,400 feet. The cost of one of these wells, judging from the kind of rock that must be passed through, will not be less than \$6,000, even if no tubing is required to prevent the water from passing through the shelly formation that may form the sides of the well for a portion of its distance. If one of these wells should afford a flow of one cubic foot of water per second, and no portion of it was wasted, it would irrigate one hundred acres of land at a cost of \$60 per acre for water alone. It must be stored in such a manner that it can be put to command when it is required for flooding the land. After the artesian well has been sunk and supplied with tubing, enormous reservoirs must be constructed for holding the water, and ditches dug for conducting it to different parts of the tract of land to be irrigated. It is fair to estimate the cost of the reservoirs and canals required for a \$6,000 well at \$4,000, which would make the outlay for getting ready to irrigate a 100-acre farm \$10,000, or \$100 per acre. It is evident that no farmer who has not risen to the rank and estate of commissioner of agriculture, and who has a desire to be a cabinet officer would engage in such an undertaking.

Business Directory.

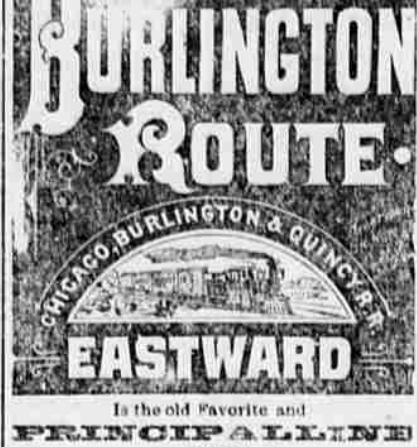
- Architects: JOSEPH L. WELLS, 217 South 12th Street. ARCHITECTS: J. L. LARSEN, 217 South 12th Street. ARCHITECTS: JAMES DAVINE & CO., 1108 and 1110 Harney Street. ARCHITECTS: J. L. FRIEDRICH, 1015 Douglas Street. ARCHITECTS: J. L. FRIEDRICH, 1015 Douglas Street. ARCHITECTS: J. L. FRIEDRICH, 1015 Douglas Street.

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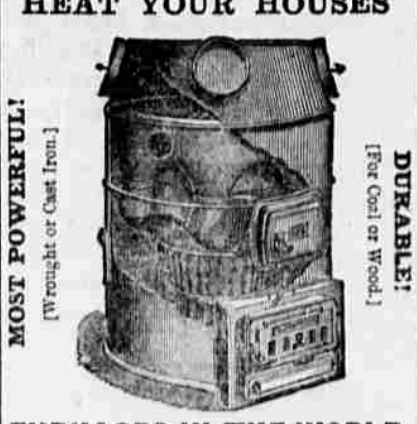
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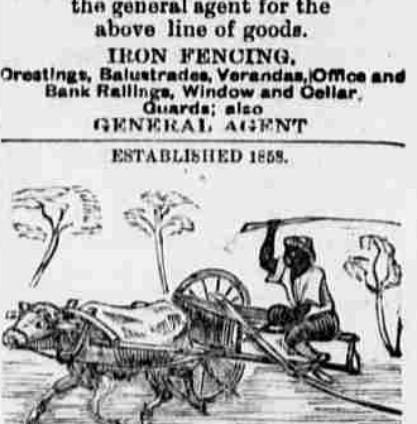
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