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IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS
FURNITURE HOUSE

In the West. An additional story has been built and the five floors all connected with two

HYDRAULIC ELEVATORS.

One Exclusively for the use of Passengers. These immense warehouses--three stories, are 66 feet wide--are filled with the Grandest display of all kinds of Household and Office Furniture ever shown.

All are invited to call, take the Elevator on the first floor and go through the building and inspect the stock. CHAS. SHIVERICK, 1206, 1208 and 1210 Farnam Street, Omaha

J. A. WAKEFIELD, LUMBER.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Lath, Shingles, Pickets, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOLDINGS, LIME, CEMENT, PLASTER, ETC. STATE AGENTS FOR MILWAUKEE CEMENT COMPANY! Near Union Pacific Depot. OMAHA, NEB.

MAX MEYER & BRO. JEWELERS AND MUSIC DEALERS. OMAHA, NEB.

The Oldest Wholesale and Retail JEWELRY HOUSE in Omaha. Visitors can here find all novelties in SILVER WARE, CLOCKS, Rich and Stylish Jewelry, the Latest, Most Artistic, and Choicest Selections in PRECIOUS STONES and all descriptions of FINE WATCHES at as Low Prices as is compatible with honorable dealers. Call and see our Elegant New Store, Tower Building, corner 11th and Farnham Streets

MAX MEYER & BRO., MANUFACTURERS OF SHOW CASES. A Large Stock always on Hand.

P. BOYER JO., DEALERS IN

HALL'S SAFE AND LOCK CO. Fire and Burglar Proof SAFES VAULTS, LOOKS, O. 1020 Farnham Street, OMAHA, - - - NEB

DIRECTORY OF LEADING WESTERN HOTEL

Table listing various hotels and their proprietors across different cities in the West, including Arlington, Weatherly House, Reynolds House, etc.

COUNTRY OF THE TIMES.

On Keller Sister. She says she did. And she says she did. Agnide she glows, and then she glows. This brave but foolish girl! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! A dash, a crash, 'twas awful rash. But the roller skates upset her. --Evanston Argus.

Coming of Spring. Far in the sunny south she lingers, Yet slowly comes along. With fairly garlands in her fingers, With a host of sweet songs. Her eyes with promises are beaming, Her smiles will rapture bring. The sunlight from her hair is streaming, Thrice welcome, lovely Spring.

She brings us gifts, the royal maiden, Fair flowers to deck the hills. With primrose her arms are laden, Bluebells and daffodils. Pale crocuses have come before her, Wild birds her welcome bring. Ten thousand longing hearts adore her, The gray world's darling, Spring. --J. M. Eillon.

His Devotions. The organ plays, the choir is singing; I wonder if she knows I'm here? Her thoughts, no doubt, are upward winging. While mine sink, clogged with doubt and fear.

Tis she, of course; 'twill be no mistaking Her crowded, glossy braids of brown, And that's the bonnet she was making; I sat and watched her bead the crown.

How left her fingers are, how busy! Ah! happy man within whose home-- But stay! such thoughts they make me. And have no place beneath this dome.

Far better should I ponder grimly My faults committed, duties missed, How neat her glove is, and how trimly It buttons round her slender wrist!

Ah! vain and poor is earthly pleasure; No wonder that our sad hearts yearn To some more high and lasting treasure-- They're sitting down; perhaps 'twill turn.

Thank Heaven, she sees me! She is singing A sweet reproachful glance my way, Yes, dear, indeed, I have been singing, And now, my saint, I mean to pray. --M. Bridges in Our Continent.

MAY AND SEPTEMBER.

In a well furnished apartment in one of the houses in Bloomingdale street, there sat, on the morning I speak of, three persons. One was a man whose smooth brow and unfaded locks told nothing of age, but whose limbs were completely paralyzed. The second was a lady who might have once possessed great beauty, but on whom consumption was making busy and unmistakable ravages. The third was a girl of eighteen or nineteen, whose likeness to each, as well as her evident devotion to their wants, proclaimed her their daughter. Kate Ashcroft was not beautiful in the common sense of the word. She had fine expressive eyes and a sweet mouth; but even these did not cheer her to be called a beauty. The highest charm of her face was a sweet and lovely expression, speaking of inward peace and gentle, kindly thoughts.

Mr. Ashcroft had long been a miserable invalid. When still in the prime of life paralysis had done its work upon his frame, bringing all the appearance of old age to his noble figure, while his feet were still youthful. Mrs. Ashcroft had watched beside him faithfully and devotedly, until consumption had touched her with its chilling fingers, and laid her upon a bed of pain and distress. Thus it fell to the daughter to nurse both invalids; and she did it with a devotion that made the task light. She was the light of their eyes--the only being whom they could not wholly give up in the prospect of death.

What would she do when they were gone, was the question that weighed upon their minds most heavily. They had no relatives near enough to take an interest in the child; and the new friends they possessed were in foreign lands. Judge, then, how desolate was the path that seemed to be before the daughter they loved so well. It added, too, to their anxiety, that they must leave her penniless. Sickness had melted away their resources until the little that was left would hardly pay the expenses of the double funeral which must inevitably follow their long and lingering illness.

"Do not grieve so, dearest father," Kate had been saying; "I shall surely be provided for. I can work as well as many others. The little I shall want, I can earn."

Her father gazed at her with fearful eyes. "Poor child!" he exclaimed; "how little you know of the world. How will you, who have known so little of the trials of life, be able to stem the rude torrent of adversity? How will you bear up against the uncertainty of poverty? Will you, those little hands so brave enough to earn your daily bread? You, who have never borne the weight of crushing sorrow. O merciful Father! Bring her into thy fold, and make her thine especial care!"

Tears hot and bitter impeded his utterance. It was long ere Kate could soothe him into anything like composure. Mute and still was the mother's grief, yet as deep as that of her husband. All the terrors of a desolate, lonely life for Kate uprose before her; yet she conquered all trace of emotion. It was but the prelude of great suffering, for that night saw her in the shadow of the dark valley. The breaking of a blood vessel was the consequence of her suppressed emotion, and before morning the weary spirit was released from the suffering body.

"There sat the shadow feared of man." More rapidly than ever Mr. Ashcroft was falling. The death of his wife was his own death blow. From the moment of her departure he ceased to speak, and lay wrapped in silent grief. It was painful indeed to see poor Kate. She went from room to room to look upon her mother's lifeless remains, and lay back again, to try to speak comfort to the poor mute sufferer. Scarce a day intervened before he, too, was also summoned away.

"Oh, for one word--one look of recognition!" sighed the poor girl who hung over him. Alas, it was not granted her. Slowly the pulse ceased beating, and then stopped forever. Kate was, indeed, doubly orphaned. Kind neighbors tried to bring com-

fort to the bereaved girl; but she could not bear the words. She shrank from them as if touched to the very quick; and her well-meant condolence was lengthened out to her. When all was over, Kate was told that she must leave the house. It was wanted for a richer tenant. She had not a single dollar. Her furniture was taken away and sold to pay the rent. All the little ornaments of the rooms, so dear to her because they were the gifts of parents on successive birthdays, went with the rest; and the afternoon of the third day from the funeral of both her parents, Kate walked out of the gate and entered a small cottage, poor, mean and old, the only shelter she could afford to rent in.

The next week saw her out in the pursuit of employment--something--anything that would bring her food enough to support life and strength. No foolish pride in Kate's heart held her back from the search after the means of living. Teach her to that resource of almost every girl left to herself--was not included in her catalogue of labor. Kate was intelligent and well taught; but of the regular run of learning she was ignorant. Of useful information she had a fund. It was imparted to her from childhood by her father and mother; but neither of her parents were willing to spare her from home, and she knew her school education was not extensive. She had learned bookkeeping, however, of her father, who was once a successful merchant, before the hand of disease had touched alike his person and his fortunes. And her first thought was that she might obtain some situation in which she could make this knowledge count to her for bread.

She entered several stores, modestly offering her services as book-keeper or cashier; but all those situations were already filled. Next the milliners' shops were tried--then the dressmakers' rooms--shops and rooms which, in better days her mother had most generously patronized, but which now seemed to have no work for Kate. Her last effort was at a depot for ready-made linen. The shopman knew her and allowed her to carry off some work without the usual deposit of its worth in money. She was glad of even this scanty means; and half an hour after she left the shop she was seated in the one habitable room of her little cottage, sewing diligently upon a garment--the first of her half dozen.

Kate was a rapid and skillful seamstress; and she had small hours required little time to put in order, and her frugal meal still left time to prepare, she was rejoiced to find that she could complete them all in a single week. She was to be paid a half dollar each; and she carried them back, and received the money the next Saturday evening with a feeling of satisfaction that no one ever experiences unless it is sufficient for her expenses; and very soon she was trusted with finer and more expensive work, until at last she could readily command from six to eight dollars. She did this until late in the winter; constantly carrying bundles of work, and enjoying the air and exercise it brought her, without a thought of degradation in so doing.

She was sometimes passed without recognition by some who had known her under other circumstances; but Kate's cheerful and independent spirit was far above all this. She looked as serene under the neglect as if the recognition were ever so cordial; and so often shamed the proud ones who could not deny that in her simple mourning garb there was an elegance and propriety which they never yet attained. Even her packages of work did not take from her the unmistakable ladylike appearance inseparable from her; for she carried it with an ease and grace so rare that it seemed almost the badge of superior gentility. The lovely expression, which we have called her highest charm, still illuminated her face, and they who looked at Kate once were apt to linger in their interested gaze as long as politeness permitted.

She was returning from carrying back some work one slippery day, when, just as she had shut her own gate, she slipped upon the ice and fell, breaking her ankle and severely wounding her left arm. She tried to move and rise, but was impossible. She uttered a little mean of real pain, and then faintly tried to give Kate a full half hour thus when a gentleman discovered her and alighted from his carriage. He raised her to a sitting posture and the pain of being removed recalled her senses. She shrank from his touch for an instant, but soon recovered from her momentary embarrassment, and gratefully expressed her thanks.

"What art thou? I carry you, my dear young lady?" he asked kindly. "This is my home, sir," she answered, producing the house key. The gentleman unlocked the door, and Kate strove to rise, but again fainting with the pain. The stranger carried her in and deposited her gently upon the wide, comfortable couch which had served as a bed ever since she removed. He reached for some water, which he sprinkled upon her face, and she revived.

"I am a surgeon," said he, smiling; "an old, gray-haired surgeon. Will you permit me to examine your injuries?" There was such a fatherly manner about him that Kate could not submit to holding out her arm and foot for his inspection.

"You have hurt yourself more than I thought, young lady," he said, in a tone so cheerful that Kate felt as if she had found a friend. "But it will be all right soon, if only you will have a little courage for a short time."

"Oh, I have plenty of that," answered Kate; "but I lack the fortitude to hold long-continued pain. Will it be long, sir?" she asked anxiously. "Not if you have good nursing."

"Ah, that is out of the question, sir." "Why not? Have you no mother or sister?" Kate's eyes filled with tears. "I have neither," she said, after a pause in which she was weeping bitterly.

"No friend who can be with you now while I mend this broken limb?" he asked, while looking at the small, white arm bared for his inspection. "I have no friends," she murmured.

It was a short sentence, but it went to Dr. Broderick's heart. "No friends?" poor young lady! But before he could say a word more,

Kate had hushed her emotions awakened by his questions, and was her own calm, collected self again. She bore the setting of her ankle like a hero, and submitted to have her arm violently pulled without flinching. Then she sat upright, and looked this new helper in the face. He was a man of apparently forty years of age; tall, and not slender; with large, benevolent brown eyes, and a few white streaks in his dark, abundant hair a gentleman in the broadest sense of the word, scholar, and a good surgeon. Kate's simple, straightforward mind had divined what he was, and her eyes took in the details, as well as the meaning of his face; a face so entirely good that a child might read it. Her heart instinctively told her that here, at any rate, was a man who would never deceive.

She had heard of him--heard how beloved and trusted he had been in his native country--a neighboring one where he had always practiced--had heard of more than one grand and noble deed he had performed. She had learned, also, that in his younger years he had been sorely afflicted with disappointment--had laid all his hopes of a happy domestic life upon a broken shrine, and had beheld them waste away into utter decay.

All these things rushed to her memory when he told her his name. She remembered, too, that her father had desired to call him in when her mother was ill, but she had opposed it. Her mother was always so afraid of expenses which she knew would not avail to leave her life, and she wanted so much to leave something for Kate when she should have passed away.

And a bridegroom! Kate had known of Kate's present situation, that there would have been one pang more in her dying hour.

"I shall ride over to see how you are, to-morrow," he said kindly, as he went out. "You must be as quiet as possible, but I will lend you my cane, so if you want to some and lock me out, you can do so."

And Kate did rise and go to the door with him, despite the protestations of hopping upon one foot.

"Now go back to your sofa, and you may read a little; but remember, no work till I see you."

She obeyed him willingly, for she was weary, and was, moreover, jarred by her fall. Toward night she fell asleep and did not wake until morning. She was unable to go about much, save with the doctor's help; but, for an unusual little girl came in on an errand, and Kate begged her to get her mother's permission to stay with her until she was able to walk about.

Through little Jenny's exertions, the room assumed its usual neatness. At noon the doctor made his appearance. Kate was sitting up, her foot in a cushioned chair, it was doing well. Dr. Broderick said, and she would need no further attendance.

"But I shall call occasionally," he added, "so that you shall not be too careless."

The next week he asked her to ride with him. She needed air, he said; and, as it was always his prescription for convalescents, she must not object. Into his amply-robed sleigh therefore he lifted her, taking Jenny also; and the lovely form from whom stopping at the doctor's own home.

"My mother will be happy to see you, Miss Ashcroft," he said. She is greatly interested in my patient, especially when they are as lonely as yourself."

And he carried her in his arms to an apartment, half office, half sitting-room, where a sweet-faced woman welcomed her with kindly warmth to a seat beside the cheerful wood fire. The windows were full of the rarest plants. The walls were almost covered. Splendid roses and lilies were in bloom--geraniums and fuchsias were abundant, and the purple scented violets were the sweetest Kate had ever seen.

"They are Arthur's favorites, above all flowers," remarked Mrs. Broderick, as Kate eagerly took the cluster she gave her; "and I think they must be your favorites, too, by the way you look at them."

They were, indeed, very dear to Kate, as they were the last flowers her mother held in her hands; and she told her new friends why she loved them so well.

"She's a little darling, Arthur," exclaimed Mrs. Broderick, when the doctor returned from taking Kate home. "I am going to send for her to stay a month with me. Do you think she will come?"

The doctor laughed. "No unless you tell her that you want her to see for you, mother. She was hardly willing to call here, or even to ride with me. If she is 'innocent as a dove,' she is also as 'wise as a serpent,' and will not be beguiled into anything that will compromise her character."

"I like her better for that, Arthur. Very well--tell her I want a beam of extra prices for work. But don't you go to falling in love with her, Arthur. Why not?"

"Because I shall get no work done if you are hanging about the room." "You are a dear, cross, good mother! What do you suppose I want to fall in love for, when I have you? Besides, you are such a proud old lady that I should not dare to fall in love with a sewing girl."

"Don't, Arthur. You make me feel faint. Remember, I was a sewing girl, and I married a richer man than you are." "Come, come, mother! I shall have to correct you or put a mistress over you. How would you like that, little mother?"

"Hold your tongue, Arty! and tomorrow see that you go early after my sewing girl!" Dr. Arthur patted his mother's cheek, and kissed her fondly. "I am going now," he said. And truly he told Kate such a piteous tale of his mother's disappointment in losing her seamstress, that gratitude to him prompted her to go.

A month of happiness it was to Kate--so petted, and caressed, so carefully tended, and, finally, so beloved by mother and son.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Broderick, reflectively. "It's a serious thing to marry a wife only half your age, Arty."

break it up with any of your objections." And it was, and is, a very happy match for both.

An Extraordinary Case. AUSTIN, TEXAS, Feb. 20, 1880. To Mr. J. W. Graham, Druggist: Dear Sir--My case was an acute form of bronchitis, and was of one and a half year's duration. I employed the best medical aid possible, but failed rapidly, until the doctor said I would die--that my case was incurable. Thrown upon my own resources, I got a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and in six hours felt a decided relief. In three days the cough almost disappeared. Now that my chances of life are good for many years, I earnestly recommend the above to every sufferer of lung or throat disease. feb24dxw-eod-1w C. G. LATHROP.

True to her Trust. Too much cannot be said of the ever faithful wife and mother, constantly watching and caring for her dear ones, never neglecting a single duty in the household. When they are assailed by disease, and the system should have a thorough cleansing, the stomach and bowels regulated, blood purified, and malarial poison exterminated, she must know that Electric Bitters are the only sure remedy. They are the best and purest medicine in the world and only cost fifty cents. Sold by C. F. Gooden.

BRIDGE PROPOSALS. Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of County Commissioners of Gage county, Neb., for the erection of a bridge across the Big Horn river upon either one of the wagon roads leading from the town of Wynora, Gage county, Neb., and over and across said river. Said bridge to be one hundred and fifty (150) feet long, and also a bridge across Turkey Creek, southeast of Wynora, Gage county, Neb., to replace the old one now in use. All bids to be of wood, iron or combination. All bids to be accompanied by plans and specifications to be sealed and filed with the County Clerk on or before 12 o'clock noon, March 20th, 1880. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids. Successful bidders will be held to give bond for the faithful performance of the contract. By order of the County Commissioners. A. J. FETTER, County Clerk. Beatrice, Feb. 21 1880. med-4w

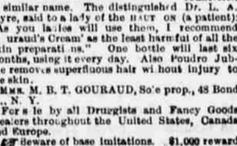
A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

of Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Redness, Itchiness, and every blemish of the face, and restores the beauty and color of the complexion. It is so harmless that it can be used by the most delicate and delicate of women. It is so effective that it is the best preparation for the skin. It is so cheap that it is the best preparation for the skin. It is so effective that it is the best preparation for the skin. It is so cheap that it is the best preparation for the skin.

of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Gouard, and a lady of the name, (a patient) "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouard's Cream' as the best preparation for the skin." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Jubilee removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. Max. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 45 Bond St., N. Y. Dealers by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Europe. Beware of base imitations. \$1.00 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same. [14-w-eod-ne 21-w-dm



THE GREAT BURLINGTON ROUTE. EASTWARD. In the old favorite and PRINCIPAL LINE FOR CHICAGO, PEORI, ST. LOUIS, MILWAUKEE, DETROIT, NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK, BOSTON, AND ALL PORTS EAST AND SOUTH-EAST. THE LINE COMBINES SEVERAL ADVANTAGES. It is the most direct route through our line, and is universally recognized to be the FINEST EQUIPPED RAIL LINE in the world for all classes of travel. Try it and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort. Through Tickets via the Burlington Line are sold at office in the West. All information about Rates, Fare, Stoppage, and Accommodations, Time Tables, etc., will be cheerfully given by application to: J. J. BOTT, Gen. Manager, Chicago, Ill. J. J. BOTT, Gen. Manager, Chicago, Ill. Gen. Agent, Omaha, Neb. P. DUELL, Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.



BUCKS BRILLIANT STOVES AND RANGES. Are acknowledged to be the best by all who have put them to a practical test. ADAPTED TO HARD & SOFT COAL, COKE OR WOOD. MANUFACTURED BY Buck's Stove Co., SAINT LOUIS, PIERCY & BRADFORD, SOLE AGENTS FOR OMAHA.



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NOTED BUT UNTILTED WOMAN.



The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who shows all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Women." Some of her correspondents love to call her. She is devotedly devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life's study, and is obliged to keep at it daily, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy or release from it. Her vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and ascertained of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst forms of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhoea, Irregular and painful menstruation, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and degeneration, Floodings, All Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to be "Change of Life."

It restores every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes fatness, weakness, all craving for stimulants, and relieves wateryness of the stomach, it cures Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, swelling pain, weight and backache is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It contains only 25¢ per bottle for \$2, and is sold by druggists. Any advice required in special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. E. W. Pinkham for reply, to her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed. It is abundant testimony shows, "are the world for the cure of Constipation, and Torpidity of the Bowel. Her Blood purifier is a special line and has far surpassed in its popularity. Let her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole object is to help you." Mrs. A. M. D.

Nebraska Loan & Trust Company. HASTINGS, NEB. Capital Stock, - - \$100,000. JAS. B. HEARTWELL, President. A. L. CLARKE, Vice-President. R. C. WEBSTER, Treasurer. DIRECTORS: Samuel Alexander, Oswald Oliver, Geo. H. Pratt, E. C. Webster, D. M. McElhinney, Jas. B. Heartwell.

First Mortgage Loans a Specialty. This Company furnishes a permanent home institution where farmers can obtain legally secured money. Nebraska can be negotiated on the most favorable terms. Loans made on improved real estate in all counties of the state, at a reasonable local rate of interest.

WESTERN CORNICE WORKS! O. SPECHT, Proprietor. 4212 Harney St. - Omaha, Neb. MANUFACTURERS OF Galvanized Iron CORNICES, DORMER WINDOWS, FINIALS, Tin, Iron and Slate Roofing, Speech's Patent Metallic Skylight Patent Adjusted Ratchet Bar and Bracket Shaving. I am the general agent for the above line of goods. IRON FENCING. Castings, Balustrades, Verandas, Bank Railings, Window Guards, etc. GENERAL AGENT. ESTABLISHED 1858.

A. J. SIMPSON, LEADING CARRIAGE FACTORY. 1409 and 1411 Dodge Street, aug 7-me 6m OMAHA, NEB. SHORT LINE -OF THE- CHICAGO, Milwaukee & St. Paul RAILWAY. Is now running its FAST EXPRESS TRAINS from OMAHA AND COUNCIL BLUFFS -WITH- Pullman's Magnificent Sleepers -AND THE- Finest Dining Cars in the World. IF YOU ARE GOING EAST TO CHICAGO MILWAUKEE. Or to any point beyond; or IF YOU ARE GOING NORTH TO ST. PAUL OR MINNEAPOLIS. Take the BEST ROUTE, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul's. Ticket office located at corner Farnham and Fourth streets and at U. P. Depot and at Millard Hotel, Omaha. See Time Table in another column. F. A. NASH, General Agent. G. H. FOOTE, Ticket Agent, Omaha. S. S. MERRILL, A. V. H. CARPENTER, General Managers, Chicago and St. Paul. J. T. CLARK, GEO. H. HEAFORD, General Supt. Asst. Gen. Pass Agent.

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