Vital Questions !!!

Ask the most eminent physician.

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly "*Some form of Hops!!!*"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "*Buchu !!!*"

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, billiousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion !!!!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possible exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patient's

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflamatory and chronic, of suffering from scrofula.

Erysipelas!

"Saltrheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, Indigestion and, in fact, almost all diseases frail"

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

GOING WEST.

PRINCIPAL LINE

FROM

CHICAGO, PEORIA & ST. LOUIS,

BY WAY OF

OMAHA AND LINCOLN TO DENVER,

OR VIA

KANSAS CITY AND ATCHISON to DENVER.

Connecting in Union Depots at Kansas City, Omaha and Denver with through trains for

SAN FRANCISCO

And all points in the Great West.

GOING EAST.

Connecting in Grand Union Depot at Chicago with through trains for

NEW YORK, BOSTON,

And all Eastern Cities.

At Peoria with through trains for Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Columbus, and all points in the South-East. At St. Louis with through trains for all points South.

Elegant Day Coaches, Parlor Cars, with Reclining Chairs (seats free), Smoking Cars with Revolving Chairs, Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and the famous C. B. & Q. Dining Cars run daily toand from Chicago and Kansas City, Chicago and Council Bluffs: Chicago and Des Moines, Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Topeka without change. Only through line running their own trains between Chicago, Lincoln and Denver, and Chicago, Kansas City and Denver. Through cars between Indianapolis and Council Bluffs, via Peoria.

GOING NORTH AND SOUTH.

Solid Trains of Elegant Day Coaches and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars are run daily to and from St. Louis: via Hannibal; Quincy, Keokuk, Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Albert Lea to St. Paul and Minneapolis; Parlor Cars with Reclining Chairs to and from St. Louis and Peoria. Only one change of cars between St. Louis and Des Moines, Iowa, Lincoln, Nebraska, and Denver, Colorado.

It is also the only Through Line between

ST. LOUIS, MINNEAPOLIS and ST. PAUL.

It is known as the great THROUGH CAR LINE of America, and is universally admitted to be the

Finest Equipped Railroad in the World for all classes of Travel.

Through Tickets via this line for sale at all R. R. coupon ticket offices in the United States and Canada.

T. J. POTTER, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Manager. PERCEVAL LOWELL, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt. Chicago.

MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address,

J. H. REEVES, 78 Reade St., New York.

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Mutual Benevolent

ASSOCIATION,

OF BEATRICE, - - - - NEBRASKA.

The Pioneer Mutual Benefit Association in the State of Nebraska.

It is co-operative in its working and all members have a vote in the management by vote at the annual meetings.

Its aim is to benefit its own members, their widows, and orphans, in case of death, accident, sickness or total permanent disability of a member, at actual cost with economical management.

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"I Don't Believe It!"

FROM THE SPANISH OF VASQUEZ.

That the young widow weeps and sighs
Over the grave where her husband lies,
I perceive it;
But that it would not joy renew
To welcome give to Number Two—
I don't believe it!

That Laura tells me only I
Can on her fondest love rely,
I perceive it;
But that she does not tell again
The same sweet tale to other men—
I don't believe it!

That jealous husbands' lots are hard,
And they should be upon their guard,
I perceive it;
But that these fools by Hymen scotched,
Are watching more than they are watched—
I don't believe it!

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

Seasonable.

When the summer is departing and the year is growing old,
When the forests are assuming richest hues of red and gold,
When a softer, deeper azure tints the cloudless noonday skies,
And the sunset gives us glimpses of the walls of paradise,
When the song birds have departed to a region less austere
And the melody, mellifluous, greets us more the longing ear;
When the wild geese flying southward of approaching winter warns,
And the earth's ripe fruitage, garnered, safely lies in sheltered barns;
When the nights are growing chilly, and more welcome is the sun—
It is then the thrifty coalman adds a dollar to the ton.

—[Somerville Journal.

In The Gloaming.

'Twas but a maiden, scarcely turned fourteen,
Before me on the busy thoroughfare;
Becoming garments hid her pretty form,
And down her back in masses hung her hair.

Less graceful is the panther's stately tread
Thro' labyrinthian jungle of wild ferns;
She seemed to draw me to her as the steel
Unto the magnet unresisting turns.
With slackened pace I lingered close behind,
Her every movement followed by my heart;
And all unconscious of her woman's sway,
All innocence she plied her woman's art.

Her dainty feet tripped on with scarce a sound;
Her ankles swelled to beauty unrevealed,
Lost in a wondrous maze of draping skirts
That half suggested what they half concealed.
No tense, impassioned arm o'er closer held
A dear one's loving, unresisting form,
And still more closely as new raptures thrilled
And fiercer frenzies surged in quenchless swarm,
Than o'er her budding, nearly ripened breast,
And shoulders round as Paris's Helene.
Was drawn, her jaunty, perfect-fitting basque,
A splendid thing of fleecy, silken sheen.

Then suddenly there came a glare of light
From out a door where sundry lemonades
Went trickling down fierce throats by thirst deranged—
That hair was wool Her face—an ace of spades!

THE BAR OF GOLD.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

"Look Ned! Look now. It's like them curlecue things on Mrs. Jones' wall, ain't it?"

"So 'tis," said Ned, looking over his sister's shoulder. "Nell can do anything."

"This ain't so good," said Nell, modestly. "I wish I could do anything, Ned; I'd paint a nice lot of flowers to hang over your bed."

"Do, Nell!" Jim exclaimed.

"Yes, make that for us, Nell," Ned added, as he looked admiringly upon the drawing on the table. At that instant the little group around the table were silenced by a woman's voice.

"If I were your father, I'd take them notions out of you mighty quick, miss!"

The girl looked up turning a frightened face to the speaker. Her lips trembled, but she mastered her emotions as she replied:

"I washed the dishes, ma, and swept the kitchen."

"After I told you a dozen times or more!" Anybody hearing that voice and tone would have been prepared for bad grammar, and the gross exageration a scold commonly indulges. "Why don't you hunt up your clothes and sew the buttons on them, instead of putting all the work on me?"

"I'll mend them, ma. I didn't think it was any harm to learn to draw and paint a little."

"Learn to paint! What does a chit like you know about drawing? It's downright laziness, and I'm going to see if your father's going to encourage it, when you ought to learn to make your own clothes. When I was as old as you—" The supposed head of the house entering at that moment, Mrs. Chapman turned to him wrathfully:

"That girl has just had the impudence to talk back to me because I spoke to her about tending to her own clothes, instead of fritterin' away her time in nonsense on paper."

Mr. Chapman, who, after taking to himself a second wife, discovered he had voluntarily placed a heavy yoke upon his neck, looked at the little group now huddled together, mute and with scared faces.

"I tell her, if I was he father, I'd take that laziness and nonsense out of her. A girl as big as that ought to be at work. You ought to take her to the factory with you Chapman. She can carry spools up and down stairs, or do something useful, 'stead o' sprawlin' all over paper and slates, usin' up pencils."

"I did'nt think Nell was big enough to go to workyet. I'll think about it."

The father's heart plead for the girl whose upbraiding eyes forcibly recalled the dead, and reminded him of his obligation to the living.

"Well—don't be to long thinking about it said Mrs. Chapman number two as she left the room. Nell stole to her father's side, and slipped her hand in his.

"Don't mind, pa. If it wasn't for Ned and Jim, I would'nt care, but I'd rather be with you at the factory than at home."

"Hush!" He felt ashamed of it, but he was afraid his wife would overhear her, "I'll see about it—don't fret—and don't talk back. You must be good children." This was addressed to the group collectively. The boy mutineers were preparing to knuckle their eyes when he added harshly, "None o' that now!" whereupon the boys choked lumps down their throats, and pushing their fists straight down into their pants pockets, while their father glanced at the paper Nell left lying on the table. He bent suddenly over it and then turned to Nell:

"You copied it."

"No indeed I didn't pa."

"I saw her do it," said Jim, coming to his sister's aid manfully.

"She did it all out of her head, pa," Ned affirmed, they both looked at Nell, and Nell blushed as she cast her eyes dow."

"I can do ever so much better than that pa."

Mr. Chapman sighed. He wished he was not so poor. He wished he could send her to school. He wished—so many things that he realized keenly for the thousandth time, he had made the mistake of his life in marrying Hannah Cone. It would not do to let this nonsense grow—to encourage it. Best take Nell to the factory. Work would occupy her time—keep peace in the house maybe.

So it was settled to the satisfaction of Mrs. Chapman number two. Nell, at the age of fourteen accompanied her father to the factory the following Monday.

Hague's factory was so vast, the crowds of men, women and children who were shut up in it from early morn till night, were so numerous that a score more or less were never noticed. It made a great difference to Jim and Ned, however. The step-mother's breath grew colder now that Nell was out of hearing. They had more surprises in the shape of smart blows, and the step-mother's voice grew shriller. Two pillows were bedewed oftener with tears, and two trembling, fearful children became afraid of their own shadows.

Meanwhile the great chimneys of Hague's factory projected the smoke of thousands of tons of coal heavenward, the the looms produced acres upon acres of beautiful and costly fabrics and Nell Chapman's feet toiled up and down stairways that seemed to lengthen as the day wore on wearily until there seemed to be no end to them. "It was easy work" Mrs. Chapman number two said. "A baby might carry spools." Meantime Nell, with dark, heavy lidded eyes, hollow cheeks, and tired feet dragged herself wearily to and from the great factory, until—but I will not anticipate.

The inhabitants of N —— were stunned one burning July day with a sound that smote their ears like the crash of worlds. Doors were burst open; walls trembled; the earth vibrated; every pane of glass in the town was shattered. It was just after the noonday meal. The great engines in Hague's carpet factory had made two or three revolutions, when the workers were appalled by a sound accompanied by a blow that threatened the total destruction of the factory. The towns people running to their doors, looking towards the factory saw a puff of yellowish smoke hanging a few momenta over one corner of the mill. When the smoke cleared away, a hole in the wall as large as the side of a small house was observed. Around this the workers in the factory, now standing silent and grim, gathered with pale faces. The towns people mingling with them held a few courageous souls bearing out the dead engineer, and half a score maimed for life. When the authorities collected their wits, and investigated the matter, they arrived at the unexpected conclusion that it was a merciful dispensation of Providence that so few were injured, and but one killed, when, had the "accident" occurred five miuutes later, or fifty minutes earlier in the day, hundreds would have been killed and wounded by the explosion of the boilers.

As it was the factory would resume operations in a week, or ten days at most.

* * * * *

Chapman was among the wounded. "All his own fault," Mrs. Chapman number two said. "If he had been minding his own business—in his own place—it wouldn't have happened."

This in the ears of a man to whom the doctors hinted his chances for ever seeing sky or earth again was problematical, was as bitter as anything in Job's experience. To lie up stairs in a close back room, and hear a shrewish step-mother scold his little boys all day was a hell on earth. There was, in these days of utter wretchedness, a sound that John Chapman well knew; a sound of hurrying feet and then the shrew's tongue lashed the "lazy lump that ought to be working in a neighbor's kitchen."

As there never was any love in the case at all, on the second wife's part, when dire poverty flung the door wide open, all the windows in the house were not large enough to echo her discontent and ill humor to the ends of the town.

Nell Chapman sat in silent despair in the one room set apart for herself and her brothers. Although it was a little past high noon, and the air was stifling hot, her little brothers were compelled to remain in their room. Ned and Jim had been guilty of the enormous offence of "litering the house" with the trimmings, and pieces of paper they had gathered at Judge Hanner's house, where the paper hangers were at work. Such brilliant paper was never seen before. The boys swooped down upon it as misers might appropriate a gold mine. They wore it around their legs, arms, and bodies, and waltzed away with it home, where in due season, Mrs. Chapman, gave them "such a warming" that both cried themselves asleep in broad day light in their bed-room. Ned on the floor Jim in Nell's shielding arms. When she laid him down beside Ned gently, and seated herself again, it was in an attitude the Almighty never intended youth to take.

Her elbows were planted on her knees; her palms clasped her cheeks and chin, and she looked streight before her into vacancy.

As she sat there in the darkened room, she recalled a face in which compassion and tenderness were blended so sweetly that her memory could not grasp an approach of a frown upon it. It was not possible the dead mother could see the living—if her dead mother could see them now, it would be torture inconceivable.

What could a girl like her do? If her father did not recover his eye-sight, her brothers would be bound out. It would be as much as she could do to pay her own way.

As she sat with stony eyes staring at the door, the cat pushed its way in, and rubbed against her, purring. It hastened to little Jim's side—it always purred around him when he cried—and curled beside him. Mrs. Chapmnn number two banged out at the front door, leaving it wide open, and when Nell, recalled to herself by the sound looked down upon the floor, a broad bar of sunlight falling through the door of the room, slanted across the floor

It fell upon the tangled trimmings of paper "them little wretches brought in" around their legs and arms, and drew with them in a heap as they fled from the heavy hand of the step-mother. The scarlet tints burned like fire; the purple shimmered: yellows shone like gold. As Nell looked at the queer patches of purple and dull brown interlaced with a net work of tangled trimmings, she started. Her pulse quickened. An idea formed itself slowly in her brain. Then she flew—fairly flew to her treasure in the cupboard, brought forth her poor little box of cheap water colors—pathetic in their cheapness, and her shabby pencils, and a piece of paper and began to paint.

The flies hummed through the open door, the cat purred loudly beside little Jim, the air palpitated with heat, but Ned was oblivious to all these. It was only when Mrs. Chapman number two returned, and noisily slammed the door to, that Nell paused in her work. Then she put her paint box and paper in their hiding place.

* * * *

"If you please, indeed sir, I did it all myself."

"H'm!" Mr. Hague, the elder, looked down upon her through his glasses in a way that almost made Nell's heart stand still, she was so overcome with awe by the appointments of Mr. Hague's private office, and by the manner of Messrs. Hague, father and son.

"My father did not intimate a doubt of the truthfulness of your statement; he simply expressed surprise. This is, I must say—oh! by the way, what is your name?"

"Nellie Chapman."

Young Mr. Hague looked meaningly at the elder Hague, the elder Hague said something in a low tone to his son, then the latter asked abruptly:

"How is your father, Miss Chapman?"

It sounded so strange to be called Miss Chapman that she was flurried, but she managed to say, "The doctor thinks he may see again."

"H'm! h'm! said the elder in a peculiar manner. "Very odd—unaccountable."

"Not at all," said the son. "I have heard of cases almost similar."

"H'm! rare—rare, I should say." He wheeled around to Nell suddenly then, "My child—this, I scarcely know what to say of it. Best put it in Boone's hands and let him decide."

"Now, that is precisely what I do not propose to do," said Hague, Jr. "It wont be fair. Boone must not know where we obtained the design. I suggest I be permitted, as usual, to order him to supply any details that may occur to him, in preparing the design for the frame."

"You are right—quite right. And you Miss—this is the most extraordinary case that ever came under my notice—call on us—say in a week."

"Make it Saturday if you wish," interposed Hague, Jr., kindly as he looked into the wistful eyes, that seemed to search his very soul in their anxiety.

"I will be back Saturday," Nell said simply as she slipped out. She thought she would have fainted if she remained a moment longer, her joy was so great.

* * * * * *

The present owners of Hague's factory the foremost in the land, point to an elegant residence on the summit overlooking the town, where the hobby horses of the grand-children and children of Hague senior and junior shine under the trees. The Hagues amassed a competency and retired from active pursuits. The greatest stroke of business the firm of Hague & Son ever did, was when they put their famous "Bar of Gold" pattern on the market. The series of patterns following yielded them larger profits in two years than all the profits of twenty years lumped together. There is a story current in the trade that the profits from the original "Bar of Gold" pattern amounted to upwards of two hundred thousand dollars. Incidentally I may mention that the succeeding profitable patterns were designed by the same hand—the hand that was appropriated by Hague, Jr., before the firm retired from active business.

Needless to add that Nell's brothers and father shared her good fortune, or that her father thinks to this day that there never was a pattern as handsome as "The Bar of Gold."

☞ **Keep this in Mind.** In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10 at all druggists. Wells Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of direction for 2c stamp.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

It is about time for the summer hotels to pull down their blinds.

September oyster jokes have been scorched by the hot wave.

It is a doubtful compliment to your milkman to tell him his milk makes your mouth water.

A Wall street broker, prominent and very wealthy previous to the recent panic, has applied for and accepted a position on the New York police force. His principal duties now, as heretofore, will be "roping them in."

Five hundred rats undertook to devour a tramp sleeping in an old ware house in Norfolk; but they didn,t know their man. He killed over 200 with a club and melted the hearts of the others by telling how the Chicago fire reduced him to poverty.—[Detroit Free Press.

When Mrs. Pinaphor read that "Foo Chow had fallen," she said this might be good news to those who liked the stuff, but she wouldn't buy the mixture if it were to fall to three cents a quart. It is supposed the good woman was thinking of chow-chow.—[Norristown Herald.

Two citizens in Ukiah recently struggled for the possession of a watermelon. The stronger of the twain was victorious, and was about to walk off with the prize when his antagonist pulled a knife and stabbed him to the heart. Danger lurks in the watermelon from every conceivable point of view. The safest plan is to eat clams.—[San Francisco News-Letter.

A man in Southern Arkansaw wrote the following notice and tacked it on a tree: "This here is to notify merchants not to 'low my wife to get nothin at thar stors on credit fur me an' hur have played quits fur she's a caution. i lived with her as long as i could an' i don't believe she could get along with a saint, this is also to notify folks interested in the cause of eddycation that i am going to take up school at the old Beson place next Monday.—[Arkansaw Traveler.

There is a young lady who lives next door to Blogg's house, and while Blogg had company the other evening she was heard in her endeavors to extort music from a piano. "Our neighbor's daughter is a very good player," remarked Blogg, affably, during a pause in the conversation. "Her time is a little slow," was the critical response of Blogg's caller, who happened to be a connoisseur in music. "Yes," said Blogg, "her young man is there, and very likely she has set the clock back.—[Lowell Citizen.

"I understand that you have stopped practising," said the secretary of state to an eminent colored physician. "Yas, sah, 'cluded to gin up de trade an' go ter preachin'. In dis country dar ain't no money to be made in practisin' o' medicine. W'y sah, ef I had er voted my time ez lose to ter suthin' else ez I has ter dis usiness I would er been putty well off by dis time. Ober two thirds of my patients neber paid me, sah." "Why didn't you sue them?" "Touldn' done no good, 'case da wuz dead, sah. I got de wus' class o' patients. None o' 'em neber had no health and constitution."—Arkansas Traveler.

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of **Angostura Bitters** half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B Siegert & Sons.

SINGULARITIES.

There is a forty-five-year-old-mule in Laurens county, S. C.

An early history of Normandy, a vellum manuscript, lately sold in London for $4,900.

The Sutlej, a large river in British India, with a descent of 12,000 feet in 180 miles, or about sixty-seven feet per mile, is the fastest flowing river in the world.

In the harbor of Toulon may still be seen the Belle Poule, the ship on which the remains of Napoleon I. were brought home from St. Helena. She holds the post of honor at the entrance to the arsenal.

Versailles boasts of an orange tree 500 years old. It was planted in 1422 by Eleanor of Carlisle, wife of Charles III., King of Navarre.

A Japanese lady of the nobility lately buried her favorite cat in a snow-white coffin covered with a gorgeous white silk pall. The mistress and a large contingent of female mourners followed the remains. Priests chanting a solemn litany met the bier and escorted it to the grave.

A very interesting curiosity is shown in a show-window in Pittsburg. It is a minature working model of the largest steam-hammer in the world—the Creuzot hammer in France. The model is simply a clock, and the great hammer, which in one case weighs 100 tons, in the other is a pendulum that moves noiselessly up and down. Not a single detail in the great hammer is omnitted in the smaller one.

A large tarantula was found in a bunch of bananas the other day by a fruit dealer in Indianapolis. The spider, with its nest, was put in a glass jar and fed upon flies and cockroaches. In a very short time hundreds of young tarantulas began to creep out of the nest, and the parent spider moved to the other side of its prison, crouching motionless, as if astonished at the multitude of its offspring.

Piles

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, sym toms of indigestion are present, as flatuency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moistere like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching particularly at night after getting warm in bed, its very common attendant. Internal, External and Itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure where other remedies have failed. Do not delay until the drain on the system produces permanent disability, but try it and be cured. Schroter & Becht.

"Trade supplied by C. F Goodman.'

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CHARTER OAK STOVE

The BEST of All

And Undisputed in the BROAD CLAIM of being the VERY BEST OPERATING, QUICKEST SELLING AND MOST PERFECT COOKING STOVE

Ever offered to the public.

as a table delicacy very few things are superior to Riegs's Food. Recipes accompany each can for Puddings, Custards, Blanc Mange, etc., and, unlike many preparations, the "little ones" need not be wanted when the desert comes, but may eat their fill. It is safe and nourishing, being a concentrated preparation of wheat, thoroughly steam-cooked in its manufacture. Sold by druggists. In cans, four sizes—25c, 65c, $1.25 and $1.75. No. 1 the choice for families. WOOLRICH & CO. on label.

VARICOCELE Painless cure. Book free. Civilian Agency, 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

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BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the world, world famed Dr. Siegert's Bitters. Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS,

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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

The reputation of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a preventive of epidemics, a stomachic, an invigorant, a general restorative, and a specific for fever and ague, indigestion biliousness rheumatism, nervous debility, constitutional weakness, is established upon the sound basis of more than twenty years' experience, and can no more be shaken by the attempts of pretenders, than the everlasting hill by the winds that rock it. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally throughout the world.

PROPOSALS FOR CONSTRUCTION OF POST OF FORT D. A. RUSSELL, WYOMING.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE PLATTE, OFFICE OF CHIEF QUARTERMASTER, OMAHA, NEB., September 18th, 1884.

Sealed proposals, in triplicate, subject to the usual conditions, will be received at this office until 11 a. m. Saturday, October 18th, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened in presence of bidders for furnishing the materials and constructing in accordance with plans, specifications and drawings, the following described buildings, viz;

6 Company Barracks.
6 Sets Non-commissioned Officers Quarters.
1 Sets Field Officers Quarters.
6 Sets Captains Quarters.
1 Commissary Building.
1 Quartermaster Building.
1 Oil House.
1 Magazine.
1 Engine House, and
1 Bake House.

All the above to be of brick. Also, the following of wood.

1 Building for Workshops, and
1 Ice House.

These buildings to be located on sites to be designated at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming. The work to be commenced by October 25th, or as soon thereafter as contracts are completed. Two sets Barracks, and and two sets Captains Quarters to be completed by Dec. 31st, 1884, and the remaining buildings by June 30th, 1885, if practicable.

Proposals may be made for either or all of the buildings: the price of each to be stated separately.

Each proposal must be accompanied by a guaranty in the sumof $5,000, executed in accordance with forms furnished by this office. Preference given to articles of domestic production and manufacture, conditions of price and quality being equal, and such preference given to articles of American production and manufacture produced on the Pacific coast to the extent of the consumption required by the public service there.

The Government reserves the right to reject any or all bids or parts thereof. Plans and specifications may be seen and examined at this office.

Blank proposals and instructions as to bidding, terms of contract, payment, and circular giving full information to bidders, will be furnished on application to this office.

Envelopes containing proposals to be marked "proposals for construction at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming Territory,' and addressed to the undersigned.

G. B. DANDY, Chief Quartermaster.

sept 20-c11 m 5t

M R. RISDON

Gen'l Insurance Agent

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Phœnix Assurance Co., of London, Cash Assets $1,856,584,6
Manchester, N. Y., Capital 600,000.0
Lancashire, of Newark, N. J., Capital 1,275,000.0
Girard Fire, Philadelphia, capital 1,200,000.0
Firemen's Fund Cash Cap'l 1,222,212

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