The Mechanical Boy,

- A marvel indead is the diligent bee That doth the fleet moments employ: Yet still a phenomenon greater than he Is the lively Mechanical Boy.
- With jackknife and hammer from morning till night
 He fashions each gude little toy.
 And no other pleasure gives equal
 To the lively Mechanical Boy.

When school hours are over he comes rush

ing in,
His countenance lightened with joy,
And soon will the kitchen resound with the

Of the lively Mechanical Boy, With bow and with arrow, with pop-gu

and kite.

His parents he'll often annoy:
Yet every indu'gence is claimed as a right
By the lively Mechanical Boy. But urge him to labor, though ever so light That instant he's stupid and coy; But when for the cupboard he goes for a bite

Ho's a lively Mechanical Boy. The sham battle rages with neighboring

boys.
The skirmishers quickly deploy;
That naught in creation can equal the no
Of the lively Mechanical Boy. Though oft you remind him that ten-penn

Will double-thick pockets destroy.

The birch is the final resort that avails
To convince the Mechanical Boy.

JIM'S WIFE.

1. I never saw his face, nor hers. But ! sometimes saw his hands, long, thin and white, with that pallor peculiar to plants grown in the dark and human beings shut out from light and air.

It was midsummer, and the broad street that ran down the open plaza scanty pallets. around which Comanche is built, was white with dust, and already reflected back the hot glow of a scorehing sua, although it was yet early when I drew back the curtain that draped my little window and looked out, on the morning after my arrival. The heavy shadows of an immense live-oak cooled all the front of the low, irregular built log-house into which I had come as a summer guest, but the big, square county jail, nearly opposite stood naked and bare to the light, absorbing the heat into its solid white stone walls and casting it out again in quivering rayes that thrilled all the breathless

Everything was so still just at that mo ment; she herself was so motionless standing there in the middle of the street with legs showing white against her rusty black dress, and his head almost hidden beneath the faded yellow sunbonnet that covered her face; the sky was of so deep and strange a blue and the shadow of the single scraggy mesquite beyond her lay so sharp and black upon the dazzling sand. that I had a curious sansation as if I were looking into a picture. But only for a moment. A clattering group of horse men, booted and spurred, rode past; she moved a step or two out of their may, stooped and placed the child upon the ground, then stood erect and lifted her face again toward the dark, narrow windows of tha jail. And I, too, looking up, saw for the first time those long, pallid hands folded about the rusty iron bars!

I drooped the curtain and turned-to be smothered in morning kisses, as the children, glowing, rosy, bright, came trooping in from their early breakfast.

And out you

the great, purple, flat topped mountains, just over beyond the bright sweep of open prairie set about the little town, and the mesquite groves upon the hillside were tossing their feathery heads in it joyously. The wonderful lapis lazuli blue sky was flecked with white masses of slow moving clouds; one of these laid half the village square in shade, in the midst of which I could see the town well, with its broad stone curbing, and the knot of men and boys grouped about it their hats off and foreheads bared to the wind. A cowboy in picturesque costume came riding across the sunlit half of the plaza, and his gay laugh floated on to me as he answered a mellow halloo from far off in the distance. It was a pretty scene, and I stood reaching for the flower that swung above my head, and letting my gaze wander in delight from purple mountains to golden valley and back again, until it fell suddenly upon a black spot in the street close by, and I realized with a shock that she was still there. The child lay at her feet, apparently asleep, a little white heap in the dust; the hands had disappeared from the window bars above, but just where I had seen her first she stood, straight, slender, silent, motionless. The flower fell from once to go out of me.

my curtain in the wan gray of early morning, I found her there, or I saw her trudging down the sandy road, with the child in her arms, toward her dreary

Day after day the pitiless August sun beat down upon her as shekept her sta-tion before that gloomy facade. Sometimes, but not often, she sat down prone in the dust, but always in the same spot
—the spot whence she best could see
those slinging hands. People went up
and down the street; the tide of labor
hack and forth; man, wode in to the resi back and forth; men rode in to the various courts and rode out again; wagons vines deep-washed out, where the shadows lie heavily and where wild things, from beneath which the curious eyes of sallow women and shock-headed children crevice to crevice; over soggy bottompeered down at her. But none of these lands, strewn with wrecks of over-loaded things seemed to enter into her conscious freighters, where the crows caw in the big ness; she looked neither to right nor left, and the weeks wearing away found her with face still turned upward to the long, narrow window, patient, quiet, fixed, and the child always beside her, mute and motionless as herself. Sometimes a second pair of hands grasped the "That's Jim's younger brother," the frozen air which presently melts into told me. "It's nigh about a blinding rain, as she sits far forward on six years sense they dropped ther man an' twan't coolblooded murder neither. They've trailed and glittering door of the road for gathers himself about God knows how and He only knows up at the side of the road prepared to and honest men found difficulty in living when, keepin' out'n the sheriff's way, speed away, but aware of her unseeing and wherever they've went she's went eye, settles himself comfortably in his too, and sence they've been here she comes in every little while and stays couple of deer, tawny and sleek, lying in round like this yer. Jim's her husband, yeu know." Ah, as if I didn't and drop them again as she goes by. The

long, yet dread, to see her face. But I slience by the remoteness of her gaze; yet faded sudbonnet as she passed me in the dim twilight, going down to the camp in the edge of the thicket, where she and the child slept at night under the dark sky with its solemn star. But it was so

One morning, at last, I saw her climb valley, and turns the windows to coppery

The mountains that had been wrapped sweet, fresh breezes into the heart of meet him. midsummer, stood up blue and clear. The old against the cold, gray sky of November. All day long a norther had been rearing down from them, twisting the bare, thorny branches of the mesquite thickets, creaking the limbs of the great, isolated, olive-potored liveoaks; whistling through the dry grass of the little prairie, striking like a solid thing upon the shivering sides of the shelterless, gaunt, long-horned cattle, and sweeping with a mosn into the streets of the town. The little town itself, all the warmth and color blown out of it, looked deserted, for it was Sunday, and every men was housed with his own in the glow of his hearth fire.

As night fell the wind grew keener, with a suggestion of sleet upon It. The old stage lumbered in, arousing the dogs as it passed, but presently these dropped into stillness sgain. The lights behind the windows began early to disappear, and one by one went out, except in house far down in the hollow, where the divine hour of a woman was approaching there only twinkled all night the feeble

rays of a lamp.

There, and in the square stone jai where the guards watched and dozed alternately in the hall below, and in the cells above the prisoners shivered on their

Down the long hill, close upon mid-night, into the midst of this stillness and gloom, rode two score and more of men. Grim, silent and pitilesss, with faces veiled and belts bristling with weapons, and they came like phantoms from some unknown Dark.

The heavy thud of a pondereus beam upon the door of the jall! The guards start to their feet. The prisoners grasp each other with a hush of expectation in-to which creeps the hope of deliverance. Again and again the dull sound mingles with the ever increasing roar of the wind and dash of the rain. Then there is the crash of splintering wood and a rush like that of doom, silent and mighty, up the erance? The solid key groans in the lock; the smoky lamp throws a ghastly glare in the cold cell. * * * And presently emerges into the freezing night air a long, double file of men, whose faces the child lifted in her arms, his little bare are hidden, but whose clenched hands betray too well a lack of mercy; and in the midst thereof walked two barefooted, shivering, half-naked creatures, with the ropes already knotted about their necks.

And to silently hurries this ghostly procession up the wind-swept hill and across the barron heath, that not even the watch-dogs are aroused from their slum bers. One old hunter, indeed, lifts his head from his pillow, with the instinct of danger upon h m; rises upon his elbow and listens to the soughing of the wind, while the glow of the dying fire reddens the barrel of the rifle swung above the door, laughs contentedly as he hears nothing else an drops back into dreamland.

Behind, the jail doors are left wide open, but the other prisoners, fro-zen with horror, crowd back into their

And out yonder the work is finished: Toward noon of the same day l'stepped out upon the vine-hung gallery. A glad, of the victims, indeed, begs for the life of life-giving wind was blowing down from his young brother, and the other prays that he may be shot. But this is all. But white and cold already, before death has had time to freeze the blood in their veins, they are left swinging to and fro in the frantic gusts of wind; while those veiled phantoms of the night mount their horses and ride swiftly back into the unknown dark from whence they came. The little town sleeps peacefully on,

and midnight has not yet sounded. It is still the Lord His Day.

Ah, but over yonder, more than fifty miles away, that Sunday morning, a alender little woman had climbed into at old rickety, open buggy. I have told you that I never saw her fece, but I make no doubt that at that moment her face beneath the faded sunbonnet was beautiful, a lovely light, as of first youth and first love, played over the lonely pallor of her cheeks; her sunken eves shown and a bonny smile parted her lips as she leaned forward and gathered up the reins and started the bony, slowmoving horse on the long and wear some journey. For "the boys" bend had been signed. To morrow they would be set free-for a time at least-and a remy hand and the heart seemed all at to look beyond the overwhelming glad-She was always there. When I lifted ness of the one thought that to-morrow they-he-would be free, and she would

Fifty miles, why, that is nothing! Across long and lonely reaches of 'rough" where the old horse ploughs his way painfully through heavy sand, stumbling every now and then upon the shin-cak roots that twisted their loose, ugly masses as hard as a rock; down into ra cottonwoods and discuss angrily the pale

passer-by. Fifty miles, why, that is nothing! It is cold and the wind stings her face ike so many needles; her bare hands are olue and stiff and her feet are numb. But do you think she feels on her forehead

bed of dry grass and stares out at her; a few horsemen she meets pass her by with-My heart ached for her and I used to out the customary salutation, awed into never did, though once she removed her turn to look afterward, remembering the joyous amile upon her lipa.

And night falls and those awful phan toms are somewhere veiling their faces!

The next day is well worn when she crosses the low flat and ascends the hill late that I could see only a lonely pal- at the foot of which nestles the town. It lor and sunken eyes that seemed not to is still cold, but the clouds have broken

into a rickety open buggy, drawn by the gold. A bird somewhere in the distance, meager graw horse that had been staked as the jaded old horse breaks into a near her camp. I saw her settle the stumbling trot, throws out upon the child in her tap, grasp the reins and drive frosty air a succession of joyous notes slowly up the long hill that leads out of that are caught up and answered by antown At the top of it she paused and other still further on. She pushes back stood up in the buggy, looking back. Her her bonnet and draws a long, restful slender form was sharply defined against the early moraing sky for a moment—I stone school house and the sing can see it yet! Then she sank back in her little cottages on either side of the street; seat, and presently she passed out of and there is the low log-house so full last door! Oh, yes, they are there to weicome the boys; why, of course, and how in purple mists when they had sent their kind! Only she longed to be the first to

The old horse slackens his pace and creeps on; she leans out eagerly, letting the lines fall, and clasping her hands, while the color comes and goes in her pale cheeks. She does not see them! But then her eyes are dimmed no doubt by the wind and rain and cold. Stand aside there gentlemen! She has come

to meet them; do you not understand! She is lifted gently down and her faltering steps are supported as she moves blindly forware. The pitying crowd parts, two or three men rise hurrledly from the things that lie white and stark and rigid

upon the ground.
Well? Well, the meeting is over.—[M. M. Davis, in the Current.

A BELATED TRAIN,

A Remarkable but True Story of the Rail,

Des Moines Leader. The Rock Island train on the Keokuk livision did not arrive in this city yesterday until 1:40. The delay was occasioned by the engine throwing a side rod east of Eldon. The train was moving at the usual rate of speed at the time of the accident, but fortunately the rod was on pulled to Eddyville with the engine working on "one side." At Eddyville he east bound train was met, and an exchange of engines made, the crippled being attached to the Keo-

train and sent back the shops for repairs. Some lively running was done between Prairie City and Des Moines, Passing through that gave the telegraph poles the apearance of the teeth in a fine comb. A keg of nails and a tub of butter sitting on the stricken guards driven on before. Delivn its wake until near the next station, where the keg struck the ground with into the boards of the adjoining fence with a force that clinched them on the ther side, while the butter was gradually pulled under the rear ceach, until it ested on the truck frame and melted away on a hot box. When near-ing Fairmount, the engineer being on a long stretch of straight track, saw a cow crossing within the corporate limits, four miles away. He gave the stock whistle, called for brakes, "put her in the back motion," and attempted to avold injuring the cow, but only succeeded partially, as the steam chest nipped her tail off close to the vertebra, and she was in a hurry, too. A lady on the platform at Altoona made some pleasant remark to Conductor Tom Riley, and before that paste board puncher could replace his cap after bowing he found himself smiling at a colored lady in east Des Moines. The shadow of the train fell to the rear four miles out and did not arrive until five minutes after the coaches stopped in Des Moines. It takes Keokuk engineers to get to the front,

> EDUCATION IN RED AND BLACK. Negroes and Indians Tell of the

Beauties of Christianity,

Black men and red Crow Indians and 'iniane, Sioux and Virginians, sat around education, and they formed a pleasing that stretched back te the doors.

A new policeman tried to break up the meeting because "rouge et noir" is a foridden game, but nothing else marred its

A quartette of colored Hampton colege students sang some weird plantation dittles. Cold-day-when-he-gets-left, a Sioux chief, seemed particularly pleased with them, and explained that they vividly recalled the war whoops he was wont

to utter before his conversion. Hampton college, told feelingly of his subjects struggle for an education, how for mother. months and months he had denied himself hoe cake and watermelon so that he could save his money to buy Ollendor's

Noah-La-Flesche-which is Omaha Indisn for Short Talk-spoke for an hour and a half. He is a sturdy son of the

reservation, and when I return I'm going

to put a roof on it." George Bushotter, a Sloux Indian. made an address in which he announced Crow Creek Indians, declared that nothing could induce him to leave his fatheras he calls Major Glassman, the Crow Creek government agent—that his fol-

children were learning their A. B. C. "My brethren," said White Ghost, in the beautiful similes of his native tongue, "a juicy beefsteak lays way over jerked died one morning. As one of the heirs, discount blankers. Table 1

General S. C. Armstrong complained of the small salaries that were paid to Indian agents, and asserted that good on them. After the pow-wow the audience departed.

Crocodile farming is rapidly becoming a leading industry in certain localities. The largest animals are killed and skinned, their flesh being used to feed their descendants. One dealer last year supplied a St. Louis tanner with 5,000

Berlin contributes to its local university 811 of the 5,000 students who are registered for the winter term.

A HALLELUJAH WEDDING.

Captains Hooper and Leslie, of the Salvation Army, Married at the Barracks.

Philadelphia Times. "It's ten cents to-night," said Captain Condit at the door of the Salvation Army parracks, en Germantown road, below Berka street last evening. summer of merry laughter, and music and light—why, what a crowd about the jail going to be a wedding, a real hallelujah at the rate of 11 per cent a month, Leslie, of Bristol, England. She was expected here on the Sth of the month, but

> ried to-night." Salvation Hill was crowded with people of all ages. There were not a few real sealskin cloaks among the crowd and three policemen warmed themselves at the ove. A few minutes after eight o'clock lander that she would pay no more in he still, chill air was alive with the dis ordant sounds of a key-bugle, several ambourines and some men's and women's voices, decidedly untrained. Then in an effort to force her to continue psy a procession of Salvation soldiers marched ing the 11 per cent. interest, the broke in, shouting as they entered; "God Bless All Here," and took pessession of the raised platform at the end of the hill. In a few moments this platform was occupied by seven men in scarlet jerseys and an equal number of women in poke connets, decorated with red ribbons, proprietor of the key-bugle, the key-bugle not lend tself, the tambeauines, about a dozen old a claim. adies also in poke bonnets and a big bass drum.

On silence being obtained, Captain Faith Jeffry, "the Plymouth Jallbird," led the services with a hymn, between each verse of which she requested her audience to behave themselves. Among the performers were Lieutenant Lizzie Foster and Captain "Dutch, Abery, a the downward sweep, and struck the Foster and Captain "Dutch,' Abery, a no family will ever be without it after once are ground instead of coming up through the cab and interviewing the engineer. The sylvania Dutch and apologized for her rods were disconnected and the train accent as she had "only been in Reading Kuhp & Co. and C. F. Goodman. three weeks, but so many speak Dutch there I had to learn it." In the middle of the prayer from Captain Thompson the door of the hall was thrown open and Captain Hooper and his finance entered back and marched up the aisle. Captain Some Hooper did all the blushing, the sea air and many a fight in England having taken all the blush out of Captain Leslie. Altoona, the gait was of that character | They were followed in a few moments by the minister, the Rev. Dr. Morris, of the Jefferson street Methodist church.

The wedding ceremony was begun by Bugler Whetmore, who announced that by the suction of the train and followed that he had some questions to ask the And great violence and the nails were driven undertaking this solemn step with the intention of upholding and furthering the interests of the Salvation army? To this the groom replied, with tears in his eyes, that he was. The lady sald she was also. Then Dr, Morris went through the usual marriage service of the Methodist church, hesitating every time he addressed them whether to call them captain, Mr. and Miss, and concluding by saying, "Mrs Hooper, I congratulate you." The evening's entertainment was not considered complete until the bride and bridegroom had made speeches. These consisted in an average of upward of 30,000. a shower of blessings on the spectators and an announcement from Captain Condit that a free lunch would be distributed to-day at one o'clock.

SPEECH RESTORED. trange Case of a Lady Who Refused

to Converse with Any One,

Hobe-Democrat. Beartown, Lancaster county Pa., Janary 28.—An account has already been published of the sudden death of Mrs. Deputy Coroner A. G. Seyfort, of Caern- height and weighing 200 pounds. arvon, it having been deemed necessary, since no one was present to witness the death but Mrs. Sensenich's daughter, who for twenty-five years has refused to colored brethren, Omahas and North Car- talk to or with any one but her mother and became delirious, Several remedies and two sisters, and upon this rests one were tried without effect, then he tried the pulpit of the big Brooklyn tabernacle of the strangest and most remarkable yesterday. They were living witnesses of wonders of the age. George W. Sensenthe efforts of the Sunday school mission-ich was the proprietor of what is ary society in behalf of Negro and Indian known as Sensenich's tannery, on the old Downlington turnpick, between the townforeground to the numbers of paie-faces ship line of East Earl and Caernarven. When quite young he was married to Miss Worst of Salisbury. She died geveral years afterward, leaving as the only offspring an infant boy, who is now F. W. Sensenich, a well known veterinary

surgeon of the eastern end. Several years succeeding the death of his first wife, he married Miss Elizabeth Krutz, from which union there were three chil dren, all daughters. Lydia, the eldest, is married to James Emery, of Salisbury; Harriet is the wife of Levan Wenger, of Mr. W. H. Daggs, a negro graduate of Bareville; Emma, the youngest, and the subject f this sketch, has lived with her

SPEECH RESTORED BY A SHOCK.

She is about 30 years old, and during this time never spoke to anyone but her mother and two sisters until her mother fell over dead in her presence, a few days ago. She afterward related the circum forest, erect as a primeval sycamore.
"I am married," said Short Talk spoken to many others. When a child through an Interpreter—signs of disapstances to several ladies and has since pointment among the ladies-"and I am any lessons and seemed as mute as it she carpenter. I am glad I embraced was unable to speak. Nevertheless she Christianity, for it teaches that one wife acquired a very fair education. She at is enough for any man. I built a house tended church regularly and was a confor my wife and children before I left my sistent member at Bridgeville. She went into society, and seemingly enjoyed it very much, but when spoken to the only answer the speaker would receive was a smile. She had a special abhorrence for his intention of becoming a minister of men. Many a one thought that she the gospei, and White Ghost, chief of the must talk, and made vain efforts to get a reply. It is said that when quite small her father tempted her with gold pieces if she would speak one word to him, but it was useless. Four years ago lowers are tired of raising the deuce, and her father died, after a lingering illness. were now raising wheat, and that his During that illness she constantly attended him with the tenderest care, but not one word would she speak to him to discount blankets. I think your brother of this she invested in suying the resi-knows when he is well off. Ugh!" dence of A. G. Seyfort, which is now the dence of A. G. Seyfort, which is now the parsonage of the Bridgeville church. During this legal transaction her mother acted as the second person, but not in the presence of any one. The awful shock of her mother's sudden death was great blow to ner, and it was feared that she would lose her reason, but the effects are passed and she now speaks to any one. The case is most peculiar, and is the talk of the eastern end of the

> A Washington Money-Lender. That Washington is infested with a lass of money-lenders who grow rich by extorting outrageous rates of interest

from all they can get into their clutches, writes a correspondent of the New York limes, is known to a good many governis still cold, but the clouds have broken and a sudden flood of light bathes the Chinese language, comprising no less their victims. A case in which Secretary valley, and turns the windows to coppery than forty volumes.

of the money-lender, and which has just come to light, is an excellent example of the methods of some of these so-called brokers. The widow of a naval officer who had lost his life during the war has been supporting a large family for severa years on a salary of \$900 a year as a cler in the treasury department. In 1881 on of her young sons died. She was with-out means to give him a decent burial and applied to a broker for a loan of \$60 "There's The money-lender demanded interest wedging. Staff Captain Hooper, division and in her extremity the widow officer, is going to be married to Captain agreed to the terms. She paid the \$0.60 her ship only arrived from London on Monday. He hasn't seen her in two years, but thanks to General Booth, she's come over to him and they're to be marsalary, and the loan remained unpaid. A few months ago the widow made a calculation which showed that she had paid the broker \$150 in interest and still owed the \$60 principal. She told the money terest, but would repay the loan as soor as she could save it out of her salary. After annoying the women almost daily recently went to the secretary of the treasury and urged him to compel the widow to pay the debt at once, under penalty of dismissal from her position. Secretary McCulloch, after investigating the matter, has written to the money-lender that the treasury department will not lend itself to assist in recovering such

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> In some villages in Colorado, Kansas and New Mexico, where sand is sprink-led over paper to dry the ink, it is said the natives would not know what blotting paper was were it not for the insurance agents.

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A Russian peasant, a member of a happy pair before they could be joined in Bible reading sect, has been sentenced wedlock. Was the captain, he asked, to imprisonment for three years and nine undertaking this solemn step with the months by the Odessa criminal court for having preached against the image wor, ship of the Russian church.

> Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the lood, reaches every part of the system and in this way positively cures catarrh.

While during the entire month of Noember, 1790, but 113 persons from the outside entered through the twelve gates of the Prussian capital, the number of strangers now arriving per month reaches

The Human Bellows, The lungs furnish the air. They keep

blowing, blowing, blowing, all day and night. Lungs must be sound if health s expected, When lung fever comes, there is danger. The Rev. A. W. Whit-ney, of Hingham, Wis., had lung fever and was laid aside from his pulpit and pastoral duties. He writes that after a long sickness he used Brown's Iron Bitters and gained strength and health.

There are in existence more than forty Egyptian obelisks, the smallest of which Geo. W. Sensenich, of this place. An is the Lepsius, in the Royal Museum at inquest was held over the remains by Berlin, two feet one and a half inches in

> Mr. W. H. Mathieson, Dee street, Invercargill, New Zeland, writes, "My apprentice took very ill with neuralgia got immediate relief."

Eight men, all of whose names ended with the same letter, recently men in a restaurant in Jackschville, Fla, without previous arrangement. Their names were Wiltz, Fitz, Ketz, Fritz, Dritz, Britz, Pcetz, and Schmidtz.

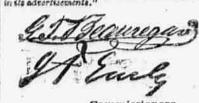
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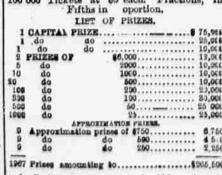
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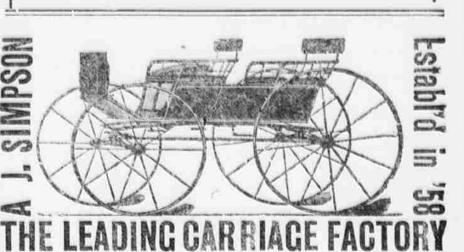


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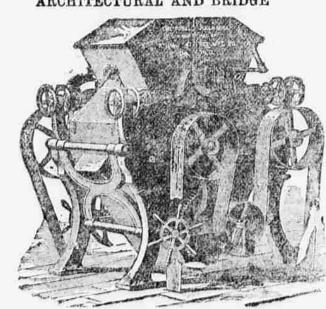
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