

IN WYOMING'S BROOKS

"There was a trout caught in one of the near by mountain streams the other day that weighed six pounds and a half."

The begrimed passenger who alights from the Burlington train at Sheridan, Wyo., is pretty sure to collide with this pleasant little story before he has gone many yards, and this and the other yarns that will be poured into his ears at Sheridan Inn during the evening will in all probability send him out the next morning, fishing rod in hand.

There is much to suggest the traditional English inn in the tasty hotel which has just been erected at the Wyoming terminus of the Burlington. A peaked roof and projecting windows with an appropriate interior—rough plaster finish, beams hewn from logs, immense store fire places, et cetera, combine to render the inn enjoyably picturesque. The hotel is a pleasant place and as a rendezvous for fishing and hunting parties it is a sweet boon. If you are in a hurry you can make all your fishing arrangements after reaching Sheridan at 6:30 p. m. and start for the chosen stream early the next morning.

The streams in the Big Horn mountains and the foot hills are full of trout and whitefish. A twenty-five mile ride overland in a buckboard or carryall will take you to an inviting canon through which a beautiful brook winds its tortuous course, falling over rocks and abounding in cascades, with trout pools at convenient points. If you are desirous of securing the best results and do not mind spending a couple of hours sprawling in the grass you will probably use grasshoppers for bait. But the trout in the Wyoming streams can be tempted with artificial flies, and the latter are so handy that you will probably not disturb the wary grasshoppers.

The trout in the vicinity of Sheridan are of the salmon variety and lots of them weigh two and three pounds. If you push your way up one of the streams you can easily secure all the shiners that you care to lug back to camp.

A number of fishing parties from Omaha and Lincoln have recently visited the Wyoming streams and they have all caught fish.

POLITICAL TALK.

The populist state convention will be held in Lincoln September 4.

There is a prospect now that the populists may nominate R. W. Coulter, of Raymond, for sheriff. Mr. Coulter is a democrat, and if he is nominated by the independents he will be endorsed by the democrats.

The prohibition county convention will be held August 15.

Captain W. B. Taylor of the Fifth ward is among the men who would be county commissioner.

The republican county convention will probably be held sometime in September, most likely after the fair.

Whoever may be selected at the county convention the republicans of Lancaster county are sure to nominate a good, strong ticket, one that all members of the party can support. The candidates for the various offices with scarcely an exception are straightforward, honorable, capable men. This is particularly true of the candidates for sheriff and register. The ticket will be composed of strong men.

Mr. Westover, of the firm of Fisher & Westover, left Friday for Columbus to visit his uncle, Mr. Henry Binder.

Miss Pomeroy, of Omaha, is visiting Mrs. Buncoer at 1000 R street.

Rev. and Mrs. John Doane are spending the week at Crete.

Hood's pills may be had by mail for 25c of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Business men that want a clean economical lunch at noon, instead of going home, will find a "dinner at the Cafe Royal, 124 North Tenth street. Prices from 15c up.

Furs stored for the summer insured free from theft and fire at F. E. Volkler's, practical furrier, Y. M. C. A. building.

Most Likely.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs, "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They parted. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years is married. They meet at a ball. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her hand beating a tattoo upon her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

NOT A PARALLEL CASE.

But Discipline Among the Faithful is Enforced.

Some years ago the Russian ambassador at Constantinople entertained a distinguished party at dinner, and after the disappearance of the comestibles, when the soothing cigar shed its benign influence around them and helped them to impeded digestion beneath their respective diaphragms, the conversation, which had been desultory, turned upon the discipline maintained in the several forces represented.

"I assure you, gentlemen," said a Russian general who was present, "that my servant Ivan, an old campaigner, can be dispatched upon an errand to any part of the town, and I will tell you to an instant the time of his return."

As some appeared rather incredulous Ivan was summoned.

"I want you to go," said his master, "to the tobacconist by the bridge and get me a box of cigars. Here is the money. Now, gentlemen," said the general, pulling out his watch and consulting it, "he leaves the house. Now," after a pause, "he is at the end of the street; now he crosses the road, now he is being served; now he is returning." Then, after another pause, and replacing his watch, "Now, gentlemen, he is here."

"Ivan?"

As he uttered the word the servant entered the apartment with the cigars.

All agreed that it was very cleverly done, with the exception of an obese and guileless pasha, who opined that it was nothing out of the way and boastfully asserted that discipline among the faithful was, if anything, superior to that of any other country, and to prove the veracity of his statement announced his intention of performing a similar feat.

His servant was summoned accordingly.

"All," said the pasha, "I wish you to go to the tobacconist by the bridge and get me a box of cigars. Here is the money. Now, gentlemen," said he, imitating the Russian and consulting his watch, "he leaves the house. Now," after a pause, "he is at the end of the street. Now he crosses the road; now he is being served; now he is returning." Then, after another pause, and replacing his watch, "Now, gentlemen, he is here."

"I am here, effendi," answered the individual, entering with a profusion of salaams.

"Well, where are the cigars?"

"His excellency's slave has not yet discovered his slippers."

A roar of laughter greeted this reply, amid which the humiliated pasha retired to order a dose of bastinado for the unfortunate Ali.—Tit-Bits.

One on the Boy.

"Change a nickel for me," asked the newboy with the freckled face, climbing on the platform.

"Yes," said the street car conductor, "hand it over."

The boy handed him the coin, the official put it in his pocket, gave him 2 cents in return and punched a hole in his half fare slip.

"Where's the 2 cents?" demanded the boy.

"The 2 cents is all right, sonny."

"But I didn't want to ride."

"What did you get on for?"

"I wanted to git de change for a customer."

"That's all right," said the conductor, putting his tongue in his cheek and winking at the passengers. "You've got your change, and you've paid your fare. You can stay on as long as you please."

The boy, with something in his eyes that made him wink and something in his throat that choked him, got off and ran back.

But let us not waste any sympathy on him. He was only a newboy with a freckled face. Let us admire the conductor, who chuckled over his little joke for the next two blocks because there was nobody in the car big enough to knock him down.—Chicago Tribune.

She Had Faith.

They belonged to the class of people who find it hard to understand that the cable car will not stop in the middle of the block.

"Did you ring the bell?" asked one woman.

"Yes," said the other, "but they are going just as fast as ever."

"The conductor is looking at me and nodding his head," she exclaimed as she abruptly ceased shaking her parasol at him.

"How impudent! Well, he'll stop pretty soon."

"The cable will break."

Then the gripman reached the opposite side of the street and stopped the car, and she said triumphantly and yet not altogether amiably, "There; I told you so."—Washington Star.

A Rousing Toast.

Alphonse Karr, the gardener poet, was present at a banquet given by the followers of Hahnemann, the founder of homoeopathy.

Toasts were given to the health of one medical celebrity after another by different members of the company till at last the president remarked:

"M. Karr, you have not proposed the health of any one."

The poet rose and replied modestly, "I propose the health of the sick."—Youth's Companion.

Great Saving of Leather.

Little Dick—Papa, didn't you tell mamma we must economize?

Papa—I did, my son.

Little Dick—Well, I was thinkin that mebbly if you'd get me a pony I wouldn't wear out so many shoes.—Good News.

Business Is Business.

A furniture shop advertisement of the Rue Grenelle:

"For sale. Superb dining room set. Genuine old oak, warranted brand new."—San Souci.

The Obliging Telephone Girl.

"Hello, Central! Give me 427."

"Four twenty-seven's busy now, but I can give you 436."—Truth.

Waiting.



On the Fence—I wish I sh'd come. She's about an hour behind time, and the mosquitoes are biting like mad.

Boys in foreground have sent him a love letter and signed it "Julia."—Life.

IN THE NEW CONGRESS

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—Assuming that every legislator does his duty and responds to the call of President Cleveland, 355 representatives in congress will face Clerk James Kerr of Pennsylvania when he declares the house of representatives of the Fifty-third congress in extraordinary session on Aug. 7, one chair being vacant by death and no successor yet chosen. On the same assumption, and of course in neither senate nor house will an absolutely full attendance be had at any time during the congress.

Vice President Stevenson will look down from his elevation into the faces of 85 senators and of three other persons hanging around the fringe of the senatorial circle with governor's certificates in their pockets. He will be assisted in his functions as presiding officer by 43 Democrats, 39 Republicans, 1 Populist—Allen of Nebraska—1 Independent—Kyle of South Dakota—and 1 Farmers' Alliance senator—Peffer of Kansas—for, having split from the two old established parties, these latter three senators, after the fashion of opponents of the established order of things, whether in politics or religion, find themselves unable to agree on a common designation, and each in the congressional directory insists on being denominated in a special manner. One of the three months hovering around the senatorial candle awaiting entrance—Mr. Beck with of Wyoming—is a Democrat, and two—Messrs. Mantle of Montana and Allen of Washington—are Republicans.

Speaker Crisp when elected will preside over 217 Democrats, 128 Republicans, 4 Populists, 3 silverites, 2 independents and 1 Populist-Democrat, the spirit of third party differentiation shown in the senate operating in the house to cause Newlands of Nevada, Bell and Pence of Colorado, silver men, Kern and McKeligan of Nebraska, independents, and Harris of Kansas, who takes the hyphenated designation to distinguish himself from straight Populists Baker, Davis and Jerry Simpson of Kansas and Haldor Boen of Minnesota.

Many old faces are in the new house, but an unusually large number of new men will make the body look strange at first to those persons familiar with the appearance of the last house. William S. Holman of Indiana and Charley O'Neill of Pennsylvania, each entering upon his twenty-ninth year of service, will gaze benignantly around on new members hardly as old in years as they are in parliamentary service.

Speaker Crisp will have as his lieutenants much the same force that he had last year, and will this year, as last, sometimes wish he could himself go down and lead the Democratic cohorts marshaled under the banners of a half dozen leaders, none of them willing to recognize the captaincy of the other. McMillin, Wilson of West Virginia, Springer and Turner of Georgia, all leading members of the last ways and means committee, are back, and so is Bourke Cockran, a member who showed more of the dash and vigor of leadership than any of the quartet named, but like most Irish orators does not take to the continuous hard labor, drudgery and incessant attention requisite in a real parliamentary general. Whiting of Michigan also came out all right. When it comes to a question of appropriations, Sayers of Texas, Dockery, Young and hard headed Joe O'Neill of Massachusetts, courtly Barnes Compton of Maryland and the two Breckinridges—better known as radical tariff revisionists, however, than as members of the appropriations committee—are still undisturbed by political changes.

Brynum of Indiana, who played a stiff hand in the Mills-Crisp speaker-ship fight, will be present, hopeful of better luck this time and ready to pull down Republicans by main physical force if necessary. Farmer Hatch of antiochian bill fame was re-elected. Outhwaite of Ohio, a strong northern Democrat, is back, and so is Culberson of Texas, a shaggy eyed old man, slow of motion, but keen of thought and an old fox who does the thinking and sets others forward to do the talking. The best lawyer in the house, members say he is. His partner, Lanham of Texas, voluntarily retires. One armed General Oates of Alabama, with the record of being the most successful filibuster in congress, will represent the strictly southern idea. He will have as associate kickers in any fight he makes "Buck" Kilgore, who wanted to go to Turkey as minister, but couldn't, and young Mr. Bailey, a constitutional objector from Texas.

A more than ever conspicuous figure will be "Silver Dollar" Bland, who will fight the white metal's battle, this time with Bryan of Nebraska, a Lochinvar from out of the west who closely resembles the late Samuel J. Randall, as his lieutenant in place of Pierce of Tennessee, a stubborn, courageous fighter whose free expression of opinions caused the Democratic leaders to shelve him.

Michael Harter, whose devotion to the gold standard made him looked on in the house as almost a "crank," will be on hand, and so will Rayner of Maryland, another gold man, and Tracey of the Troy (N. Y.) district, Bland's opponent on the coinage committee last year. Red bearded John De Witt Warner, Amos Cummings, Fitch, squatty Colonel Fellows and Dan Lockwood are other New Yorkers who will again be talked about.

Governor McCreary of Kentucky can talk silver as an ex-member of the international monetary commission and keep an eye on the senate, to which he aspires. Chicago will send a bright Irishman back in McGann, and "the handsomest man in the house" in Durborow. Representative Blanchard will return to advocate rivers and harbors, and so will three members known specially for denunciation of alleged pension abuses—Messrs. Enloe of Tennessee, Cooper of Indiana and Tarsney of Missouri. Chinese Law Geary likewise fared well. Uncle Josiah Patterson of Memphis will be around, and also George D. Wise of Virginia and one armed Representative

Howley, the only old line Democrat in the South Carolina delegation. Private John Allen, as usual, will tell funny stories.

Hawaiian Commissioner Blount will no longer hitch his cuffs as a preliminary to addressing the house. Other old Democratic absentees will be Herbert of Alabama, now secretary of the navy, and General Forney of the same state. Courtney John Andrew will cease to represent the blue blood Democracy of Massachusetts, and George Fred Williams and Sherman Hoar also were snowed under. Henry Bacon of New York, Chairman Wike of Illinois, Cate of Arkansas and Dickerson of Kentucky of the last banking committee are gone, leaving Sperry of Connecticut the ranking Democrat. Young Ben Cable of Illinois is out.

Goodnight and Caruth of Kentucky will return convalescent from long illnesses, and Fred Talbot has bobbed up once more from Maryland after six years' enforced retirement. Single Tax Tom Johnson will continue to represent Cleveland, and Livingston of Georgia will be another man of extreme ideas. Mitchell of Wisconsin has gone over to the senate, joining Lodge of Massachusetts, Republican.

On the Republican side Big Tom Reed will attract as much attention and have as much fun as ever. Burrows is a able parliamentarian who comes back, and so do the two Hendersons, and likewise Dingley of Maine, the most pronounced specialist in the house; eloquent Dolliver of Iowa, one of the younger set; bluff General Cogswell and white haired Walker of Massachusetts and fiery Bonstelle of Maine. Joe Cannon, who was turned down by an unfortunate speech and a hostile combination of country editors, is back again. Henry W. Blair, an erstwhile senator, with a gift for three day speeches, will be in the house by the side of Governor Gear of Iowa, who keeps his ear close to the western farmers' ground swells and sat up all one night to see that sugar was kept on the free list in the McKinley bill.

John Dailzell is another bright Republican still on deck. Farmer Funston and Broderick were the only Kansas Republicans to swim the Populist tidal wave. Hangen, a Scandinavian Republican, is back from Wisconsin, but John Lind, a fellow countryman from Minnesota and one of the fairest men in the house, voluntarily retired. Hitt and Hopkins of Illinois, Hepburn of Iowa, who was solicitor of the treasury during his retirement from congress, and Bellamy Storer of Cincinnati wind up the list of Republicans calculated to have lots of fun out of the Democratic majority.

Most of the new men are altogether unknown quantities, but doubtless a few of them will soon push to the front. General John C. Black, a gallant Democratic soldier, was returned from Illinois, and from Missouri comes Clark—Champ Clark—a free and easy spirit, and also the son of ex-congressman Burnes. Senator Cockrell's brother will represent one Texas district, and a Gresham, but no near relative of the secretary of state, another district. Conn of Indiana will see that musical instruments get favorable treatment in revising the tariff, and from Hammond, Ind., comes one of the dressed beef firm of that name. Ex-Reporter, ex-Postmaster Joseph Hendrix will be a new representative of the City of Churches, and from Virginia comes "Cyclone Jim" Marshall. Insurance Commissioner McCall, Pedestrian McEtrick and eccentric Dr. Everett, who beat audacious Speaker Barrett as Lodge's successor, are new men from the Bay State. South Carolina will send McLaurin, Talbert and other Ocala platform men likely to prove bulls in the Democratic china shop. From Ohio comes William White, who 10 years or more ago hadn't a dollar and is now a millionaire chewing gum manufacturer. Rochester sends Van Voorhis back after a considerable absence.

Death has already sent two members to their graves—Mutchler of Pennsylvania, whose editor son was promptly elected to the vacancy, and General Enoch, over whose place southern Ohio Republicans are scrapping.

There have of course been fewer changes in the senate, and the new men with a few exceptions had an opportunity during the special senate session following the 4th of March to get familiar with their surroundings. John Sherman will be the biggest figure on the Republican side, having as his political coadjutors such men as Aldrich, Allison, Frye, Manderson, Hale, Carey, Davis, Hoar, Chandler, Quay, Proctor and Platt, leaving out of count the Republican free silver senators Teller and Wolcott of Colorado, Stewart and Jones of Nevada and Mitchell and Dubois from the far northwest. Gorman, Voorhees, Blackburn, Butler, Vest, Cockrell, Brice, Gray, McPherson, Ransom, Palmer, Vilas, Morgan, Hill, Daniel, Pugh, Harris, Vance, Mills and Turpie are all Democrats well known to the country.

Of the new men, Allen is a Populist successor to Pure Food Bill Paddock of Nebraska. Lindsay is a strong man in Carlisle's place, Edward Murphy, Jr., succeeds Frank Hiseock, and John Martin is a Kansas Democrat filling the late Republican Senator Plumb's shoes. California will have two new men in Perkins and Stephen White, who take the places of Stanford and Felton. Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin gives way to Representative Mitchell, a Democrat, and Henry Cabot Lodge came in when Dawes, the Indians' friend, went out. James Smith, Jr., is Jersey's successor to Blodgett, and from North Dakota Rouch has Casey's place, a political swap. Camden is back again in the senate in place of the late John E. Kenna.

C. H. MERILLAT.

A Colored Patriarch.

Moses Williams, a colored Texan, is said to have 45 children, 40 of whom are girls. Moses has been twice married and is but 65 years old.

At a Coming Out Reception.

Beautiful Little Man (who has just come)—Er, good afternoon, Miss Hildegarde. I er—

Debutante (sweetly, but mistakenly)—Oh, must you go? Goodby.

DISGUISED HER SEX

Being unable to give bail, Frank Blunt, the woman who masqueraded for fourteen years in male attire, is now locked up in jail at Fond du Lac awaiting her trial. There is little doubt that sufficient evidence will be produced to prove that this "mysterious man" is guilty of the larceny of \$145 from the woman she calls grandmother. In adopting the dress and life of a man, Miss Annie Morris, for such is her true name, believed in leaving nothing undone which would make the character she had chosen complete, and since becoming of age she has voted, casting her ballot regularly at each election. The registry list shows Miss Morris was registered in due form under her name of Frank Blunt.

Her disguise was a simple solution of the difficulty that vexes woman suffragists, and it is safe to assert that she was the only woman that cast a ballot which counted in the last presidential contest. It is not at all likely that she will ever be seen in women's clothes. She is now twenty-eight years old and has not worn a dress since she was thirteen. Unrestrained by the lacing and the tight fitting garments usually worn by her sex, her figure has developed so that it is much more masculine than feminine in appearance. She would present a sorry figure in women's clothes were she to put them on. Jesse B. Blunt told this story to your correspondent: "Frank is wild, but I have always cared for him. I met him in Maitland, N. S., fourteen years ago, where he was working in a shoe factory, he having previously run away from home. He was dressed in boy's clothes, and when it was discovered that he was a girl the people became down on him. I heard of the story and sought out the person, and recognized the "boy" at once. I talked with him and we left the village. We travelled all the time. Frank and I have driven in a team from Nova Scotia to Boston. While in the east I received an offer to take charge of a lumber camp in Northern Wisconsin. Frank went with me. I put him to work swamping, driving logs and teaming. For a time he also cooked. Later on I had to leave the camp on business. Frank was put in charge of the camp and the men. I could not have conducted the business better than he did. When we then separated he went to Fond Du Lac and became acquainted with Miss Lulu Seitz, daughter of a wheat buyer. I was in a little town called Stephenson. One day he telegraphed me that he had married her. Well, he lived with her six years, until last fall, when he began to run about with other women and his wife secured a divorce." Mr. Blunt stated that Frank had been "very sporty" when he was in the city. "Why, not so very long ago Frank ran away with a saloon-keeper's wife, and they took \$450 of the saloon-keeper's money with them to Chicago, Oshkosh and all over, but Frank was too cute for him. Later on Frank and the saloon-keeper met. They had a foot-race around the block, the saloon man following with a revolver. Frank also married another girl, but he is not living with her now."

Hard Cash.

"Tight money is conducive to good behavior," observed the snake editor.

"How do you figure that out?" asked the horse editor.

"A prize fight which has come off in New Orleans has been postponed on account of the scarcity of cash."

"Well, if that had been in England instead of America, I should not have been surprised."

"What difference would it make as to the country?"

"In England tight money directly affects the prime requisite of fighting."

"What's that?"

"Pounds."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

From Different Standpoints.

The value of an exercise must be determined by its effect. Thus it has been noticed that a boy who can play baseball for two hours on a hot afternoon and then go out rowing cannot saw wood for more than five minutes without evincing symptoms of general debility. This proves that baseball is healthier than sawing wood. The boys admit it themselves.—Boston Transcript.

Fast Time.

"They say they have college boys to push the wheeling chairs at the World's fair."

"Yes, I was wheeled through the Liberal Arts building by a Yale man. I couldn't have got through it if I hadn't."

"Why not?"

"He was the champion sprinter of his class."—Harper's Bazar.

The Financial Phase.

Man (in theater, to woman in front)—Madam, I paid \$1.50 for this seat, and your hat—

Woman (calmly)—That hat cost \$40.—New York Weekly.

An Object In View.

He—She says she likes to have me call on her.

She—What's the name of the fellow she is trying to hurry up?—Brooklyn Life.

Notice.

W. H. Beebe, first name unknown, defendant, will take notice that on the 26th day of July, 1883, Frank M. Miles, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendant, the object and prayer of which is to settle and quiet the title forever in the said Frank M. Miles, as well as the possession thereof, to lot eleven (11), in block twenty-six (26) in Dawson's addition to South Lincoln, in Lancaster county, Nebraska, and to cancel and set aside and hold for naught and decide a certain tax deed to said W. H. Beebe for said lot, recorded October 30th, 1874, in book p. at page 280, of deeds records of said county. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 11th day of September, 1883.

Notice.

Elizabeth Hanna and Charles Hanna will take notice that on the 26th day of July, 1883, Frank M. Miles, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against you as defendants the object and prayer of which is to settle and quiet the title forever in Frank M. Miles, as well as the possession thereof, to lot number nine (9) in block number thirty-seven (37) in Dawson's addition to South Lincoln, in Lancaster county, Nebraska. You are required to answer said petition on or before the eleventh day of September, 1883.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, on Tuesday, the 8th day of August, A. D. 1883, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the east door of the Lancaster county court house, in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, the following collateral security, to-wit: Two hundred (200) shares of the capital stock of the Lincoln Gas company, represented by certificates numbered 41 and 46, each certificate representing one hundred (100) shares.

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Patrolman Julius Zeldler

Of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Police Force, gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. His wife takes it for dizziness and indigestion and it works charmingly. "The children also take it with great benefit. It is without doubt a most excellent thing for That Tired Feeling. I cheerfully recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills to every one who wishes to have health and comfort." Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headaches.

As many of our customers could not attend our Corset sale on account of the storm on Saturday last, we will give them another chance. Next Saturday evening from 7 until 9 o'clock, when we will sell our guaranteed summer corsets at

29c,