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A POSITIVE CURE HENNING'S IMPROVED SOFT ELASTIC SECTION CORSET. It is warranted to wear longer, to give more support, and to be more comfortable than any other corset. JOHN E. V. LEHMANN.

THE DEPARTMENT OF DAKOTA. Bits of History Thereabout. Both Ancient and Modern. The New Posts Built Since Gen. Terry Assumed Command. St. Paul Pioneer Press. It is a trite saying that the military precedes the civil; the soldier is the forerunner of the settler. The remark is especially true in the experience of the people of the Northwest. In fact, it may be said to be an epitome of our history. For, whenever in the effort to satisfy the earth hunger, which is almost insatiate, there has been an extension of the frontier or when a new era dawns, with its ebullient wealth, has tempted advent-urers to advance far into the wilderness, it has ever been the soldier's part to drive back or hold at bay the savage Indian, and to repress the equally savage and lawless white man until the civil organiza-tion has been effected and the life and property rendered secure. The erection of the military posts along the navigable streams or on the arid lines of communi-cation has been the signal for settlement, and the period which has elapsed since the establishment of a fort and its aban-donment can in general be said to be a measure of the rate of progress. But apart from this view of the frontier post as an advance guard on civilization, there is hardly one of them which does not possess in its past history something of an authentic and important to be worthy of mention. Sometimes it is the story of brave and manly endurance of hardship and suffering, of hair-breadth escapes from the savage Indian, or of deeds which for true gallantry would not discredit the knights of old. Not infre-quently it is the history of noble self-sac-rifice and heroic death. Again it is some humorous rolling story or a tale of love so full of romance and of thrilling advent-ure that it will prove a mine of wealth to the future novelist. In giving a sketch of the military post in the Northwest, it will, of course, be impracticable, in the columns of a newspaper, to do more than touch upon these subjects briefly. Already many of these things have become mat-ters of tradition, but they form the life of the local history, and, as the country fills up, will be proper subjects for research and record on the part of various his-torical societies.

THE DEPARTMENT IN SIXTY-SIX. But first a word of the department in general. At present the military posts in the northwest, east of the divide of the Rocky mountains, are included in what is known as the department of Dakota, which embraces within its limits the state of Minnesota and the territories of Dak-ota and Montana. It was created by order of the president Aug. 11, 1866, out of the department of the Missouri and the Platte, and General Alfred H. Terry was assigned to the command. In an order dated from Omaha, Neb., Sep. 1866, Gen. Terry formally assumed charge of the department, and designated Fort Snelling as his headquarters; but in April following he transferred headquarters to St. Paul. There were but ten posts in the department, viz: Forts Snelling, Ripley, Abercrombie, Wadsworth (now Sisseton), Randall, Sully, Rice, Thomp-son and Buford, which were garrisoned by about 4,000 men, consisting of the Tenth, Thirtieth, Twenty-second and Thirty-first regiments of infantry. There was a single fort in Montana. The Indian frontier did not seem very remote from St. Paul; indeed the country be-tween the Red and Missouri rivers was a wilderness inhabited by the Chippewas and Sioux, while beyond the Missouri was almost a terra incognita, where even military trails were infrequent, and the Indian roamed at will. Despite the suc-cess of the recent expeditions of Gen-erals Sibley and Sully, the Indian question was still unsettled. Treaties had been made only to be broken, and the Indians had become so insolent and the demands of the settlers were so urgent that prompt and energetic action was re-quired. The first step taken by Gen. Terry was to increase the number of posts in the department, and orders were given for the erection of several during the season of 1867. A post was established at Cheyenne river and Forts Ransom, Toton, Stevenson, Shaw and Ellis were built. These forts, and others which have since been erected, were located either in the immediate vicinity of the Indian agencies or at strategic points, the idea being to keep the Indians within the limits of the reservations and as far as possible to isolate the various tribes and prevent them from combining together or communicating with each other. Since 1867 the building of these outposts has kept pace with the progress of the coun-try.

OF THE ORIGINAL POSTS, five have been abandoned, but from time to time, as necessity has demanded, others have been added, so that to-day the depart-ment contains, including the station at Camp Poplar River, nineteen garrisoned posts. In the northeast is situated Fort Pembina; Fort Snelling is the most east-erly in the extreme south lies Fort Ran-dall; while the southwestern frontier is guarded by Fort Meade. Near the western line the department has Fort Missoula, and in the extreme northwest and not far from the British boundary, is situated Fort Assiniboine. Since its creation in 1866, no fewer than three regiments of cavalry, and fourteen regi-ments of infantry, have at different periods seen service in the department, and its importance as a military com-mand can readily be estimated from the fact that for a long time fully one third of the available military force of the United States was on duty within its limits--nor has it been holiday soldiering for these troops--until within the past year almost incessant warfare has been carried on with the Indians, either with single bands or, as in 1876, with the combined forces of the Sioux nation. There has been campaigning through the heat and dust of summer, and during the bitter cold and through the drifting snows of winter. Besides this, the scouting, escort duty, the guarding of trains and the usual routine of the garrison, have combined to make the lot of the officers and men alike not altogether an enviable or happy one. A SUDDEN MOVE. As has been remarked, department headquarters were established in St. Paul in April, 1867, after having been located at Fort Snelling four or five months only. Here they remained with-out change until July, 1878, when there was a sudden change to Fort Snelling in consequence of the enactment of a law by congress requiring military head-quarters to be maintained at points where the government owns buildings or barracks, unless the secretary of war shall by an order in writing otherwise direct. The quarters at the fort were, however, so poor and insufficient that permission was granted to return to St. Paul until suit-able buildings could be prepared. Two years were spent in the erection of the officers' quarters and other buildings, when the change was effected and the

permanent headquarters of the depart-ment was announced at Fort Snelling. Since its establishment the department of Dakota has had but two commanders. Gen. A. H. Terry was in charge from April 18, 1866, until May 18, 1869, when he was relieved by Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock, who retained the command for little more than three years. On Dec. 3, 1872, Gen. Terry was a second time ap-pointed as commander of the department, and still retains the position. Letter from Dr. Terre. 18 WEST 30TH STREET, NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1883. I have been a sufferer in the past with Malaria, which finally became Chills and Fever. Treatment by my physician failed to help me. I used BRANTON'S PILLS and was cured. Thirteen months have elapsed since I have had no return of the disease. Other members of my family used them for the same trouble, with the same good result. I cheerfully endorse them for that ill-ness, and also as a pleasant laxative or purgative, according to the number taken. They are now a household remedy with me, and I am never without them. I would gladly give the names of those who go to any who might choose to call upon me for them. J. E. SERRE, Dentist. Stories of the Husbands. The steamers John J. Roe and Thomas E. Tuttle were moored with their prows close together in front of General William T. Sherman's headquarters at Young's burg, during the investment of Vicksburg. The firemen, stowaways, and deck hands congregated at night on the forecastle of the Roe to rehearse their exploits while working upon different steamers on the western rivers. Sitting upon the boiler deck of the Tuttle one night the following colloquy was heard: "Say, Pete, did you ever see de steamah Libberpool?" "No, sah, I nebba seed her," said Pete. "Well, sah, she war jes a little de fassess stern wheel boat dat ebah run de ribbah. One time we war gwine up de Arkansas, an' a mudder steamah got aftah her, an' we poked in de wood, an' de coal an' de tah, an' de rouam, an' a couple ob no count, lazy niggers, like you is, an' ju made her sizzle. De tugboat, madder de frotle wheel, wide open an' madder dat wheel fly roum' so fast dat it jumped out ob de boxes, an' flew clar ober de harricane deck an' lit slap dab on de fo'cassle. Dat war de kind ob a dugout she war." "How did you finish de balance ob de trip?" said Pete. "Well, you see, she was undah such pow'ful heavy dat she made twenty miles to Little Rock, wid a bobtail flush in a roum hour by de watch. An' we had to aing de anchor ober to keep her from sooting' pas de town. What's you darkey's ladin' bout?" "Looky heah, niggah," said Sam; "I spee dat you nebba seed a steamboat on stits, did yer?" "No, sah; I nebba seed one ob dat kind." "Well, sah, when I fished ob de bully Red Rober on de Ho ribbah, she had stits fastened to her sides, an' when we was a cummin' to one ob dem riffles, or shaller places, we put on a full head ob steam, drapped the stits and jump her ober." "What, jump her ober de riffle?" "Yes, sah; an' one time we forgot to drap 'em, an' she stuck her snout into an snabar an' turn a fus-cass summer an' nebba stirred a single ting abode." "Don't you call me a liah. I tole you, its de reglar ole hended troof."

Patti's Sunday in Denver. Denver Tribune. Patti arose late yesterday and breakfasted at 11:30. At 1 o'clock she ordered her carriage, and the afternoon was passed in sight-seeing by her and Signor Nicolini. During the afternoon she visited several friends residing in Denver, returning in time for dinner. The evening was spent in her room. When the Tribune reporter called she was found chatting with her parrot. The conversation was in Italian and was evidently of a pleasant nature, as Dr. Dittman, Signor Nicolini and Monsieur Franchi were laughing heartily at the bird's replies to madame. Patti had visited Cherry creek during the day and confessed that the beautiful dark blue stream made her think of "That starry night in June Upon the Danube river." "When will you leave Denver, madame?" "Tuesday morning. Our car will be at-tached to the regular Union Pacific train for Cheyenne. We will spend the day in that city." "Will you sing there?" "No, I will not sing until we arrive in San Francisco." "Will you sing in Denver on your re-turn?" "If Colonel Mapleson meets with suc-cess in California we may stay three weeks on the slope. In that event we will not stop in this city on our return. If, how-ever, we return as scheduled, I will sing here on April 2." Dr. Dittman at this point drew from his pocket A CABINET PHOTOGRAPH, which he handed to the diva. "Oh, who did you get it?" she exclaimed. "The dear little thing," and she began to rapturously kiss the picture, and then pressed it to her bosom. "Oh, doctor, where did you get it?" The doctor explained that he had re-ceived it by mail from a friend in New York, who had enlarged it from a small card. The rest of the party in the room had been looking at tris scene with surprise and wonderment. Patti handed the card to the reporter. It was that of a young girl, a mere child, with a pretty face, handsome eyes and dark hair, parted down over the forehead and drawn back in the fashion of twenty years since. The garments in which the little girl was clad were also of that date, and below the rather long dress the pantalettes were revealed. There was no mistaking the face: it was that of Patti--Patti as a child. The card was passed to the other gentle-men and returned to the diva. She held it from her and gazed at it for some time. Then calling for pen and ink, sat down at the table and wrote across the face of the picture "To my dear friend, Dr. Dittman, in remembrance of the 'little mite.'" ADELINA PATTI. Beauty, that transient new, can only be held by using Pozzoni's medicated complexion powder.

TOM CRITTENDEN. The grandson of Senator Crittenden Convicted of Murdering a Colored Man, and His Punishment Fixed at Eight Year's Imprisonment--The Scene in the Court-Room. Louisville Courier Journal. The circuit court room was again crowded yesterday, and the now famous trial of Thomas Crittenden, charged with the murder of Rose Mosby, was continued. Mr. Callaway opened by a powerful speech for the defense, and was followed by Mr. Crittenden in a speech of exceeding force and eloquence. He concluded about noon, and the jury retired to the jury-room. Hour after hour passed away and still the jury brought in no verdict, and the crowd lingered on. Bets were freely made that there would be a hung jury or an acquittal; and some even went so far as to name jury-men who were in favor of letting the young man off. The court room was full of Crittenden's friends, all anxious for an acquittal. The dinner hour arrived, and the jury were taken over to the hotel. They returned, and there was still no verdict. Just at 4:30 o'clock the foreman of the jury called for a deputy sheriff, and the jury slowly and solemnly filed into court. "Are you agreed upon a verdict, gentlemen?" "We are," they responded. There was an instant hush in the court room. Not a whisper was heard. At one end of the counsel's table sat young Tom Crittenden, a handsome, stal-wart, finely formed young fellow of 25 or thereabouts, with a wild looking eye and a red mustache which he was incessantly feeling. At his side sat his mother, a well preserved old lady, whose silver hair and gentle face were objects of uni-versal pity. Near by sat the boy's father, an honored and respected gentleman, with a strongly marked face and an eagle eye. Close beside the prisoner sat his two aunts. The lawyers were grouped about the clerk slowly read the finding. We, of the jury, find the defendant guilty of voluntary manslaughter, and his punishment at eight years in the penitentiary. This was the finding after a few errors had been stricken out of it. The effect of the verdict on the crowd was electrical. Without knowing why, nearly every man in the court-room was on his feet. Every one seemed to hold his breath and watch the prisoner. Mrs. Crittenden threw her arms about her son's neck and laid her head on his shoulder, hiding her face from sight. Her quivering form told of her emotions. The other ladies sought to comfort the stricken mother. Young Crittenden nervously pulled his mustache, while his face grew white. He was wholly affected. His father seemed broken-hearted by the verdict. The story was a sad but picturesque one. The court-room was just growing dusky, and the long rows of silent specta-tors who looked more like statues than men, the young man bringing to a felon's cell one of the proudest names in Ken-tucky, and the grief of his mother and father were truly affecting. It was an awe-stricken crowd, for hardly a man present believed the grandson of John J. Crittenden would ever be convicted. Jailer Russell took the young man back to jail after he had an affecting parting with his mother. The lawyer will at once apply for a new trial, and expects to get one without much trouble. The case was managed by Maj. Kinney and that gentleman showed even more than his usual ability. He spared nothing in getting up facts and witnesses and to do this in a great part of the long verdict received. The evidence was terrible in its directness, and the only wonder is that Crittenden did not get a life penalty.

HOW THE JURY STOOD. When the jury went into their room at 12 o'clock the first thing they did was to take a ballot on the guilt or innocence of the accused. They were unanimously of the opinion that he was guilty. Then the next thing was to find out what should be his punishment. Two of the jury were for willful murder--Messrs. Kendall and Leatherman--punishment death, and one for manslaughter. Of these ten one was for two years, one for ten years, and the rest ranged all the way up to fifteen years. Capt. Jack Weatherford moved they ballot on giving him ten years. This was done, and after consider-able argument the two willful murder-ers came down to twenty years and fifteen years. There was much talk and argument, but the jury hung at this. At length, after half a dozen ballots, they all agreed on eight years. A WILD BOY'S CAREER. The story of Tom Crittenden is one to "point a moral." Never did a young man have more brilliant career open before him. He received as his inheri-tance an historic name that had never been dishonored till he bore it. His father is a man of power and influence and the highest social and political circles in the state were open to him. But the boy began badly. After a wild college life he went to his native place, Frankfort, where his career was one long career, from the time he was old enough to drink until he left. He was not a dishonest lad nor a wicked one, but was of a boisterous and unruly temper-ament, delighting in fights and hand-to-hand encounters. His inseparable com-panion was James Arnold, the son of a preacher. Many in this city remember "Jim Arnold." A former, handsome, gallant young fellow, never breathless, tall and straight, with the favor of Apollo and the face of a school-girl. Jim Arnold sober was the joy of his friends, and Jim Arnold drunk was the terror of all whom he met. Many a fierce carousal did these two young men have in the quiet little town of Frankfort. The gossip of the town love to talk to this day of their wild pranks, how one day they both stripped naked and ran around the square, in the broad day light of day, insanely drunk and shouting like Indians, how they entered a barber shop and strung up and obnox-i-ous apprentice over a transom till he was nearly dead; how they met a notori-ous courtizan walking across the Frank-fort bridge, and stripping her naked, flogged her for her crimes and made her promise that she would leave town; how they used to dash through the streets whooping like wild Indians; and num-berless other evidences of their dave-devil recklessness. None were so quick with the use of the pistol as they, and nobody doubted their courage. Poor Jim Arnold! He died out west with his boots on, shot through the heart, facing the man who killed him, and de-fying him to the last. Crittenden had the strength of a young bull, and no excess seemed to hurt him. He came to this city to take a position under his father, who was then United States marshal, and signalized his coming by fighting a sensational prize fight with Policeman Hugh Bell. The fight was

the talk of the town and for weeks the papers were full of it. His history here was one long succession of brawls. Even after he killed Mosby he did not discontinue his drinking. All the ar-rangements had been made to have him paroled by Gov. Blackburn, when Crit-tenden and two others nearly killed a bar-keeper in a saloon fight. After that the governor refused to interfere. After all, it is no unfavorable comment on Kentucky civilization that a jury of Kentuckians sentenced the grandson of John J. Crittenden to a long term in the state prison for killing a negro. A Case Not Beyond Help. Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kenosha, Ill., advises a remarkable cure of consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quack Consumption. As a last re-sort she was persuaded to try DR. Wm. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work. I saw her at her worst and had no idea she could recover." Watson's Neuralgia King. This is one of the best remedies for Neural-gia ever invented. It is not a liniment, but is taken internally, and cures by going right to the root of the disease. A lady who tried many other things, without re-sult, tried Neuralgia King, and was immedi-ately cured. We guarantee it in all cases when used according to directions. DRINKING STATISTICS. Gradual Reduction of Whisky-Drink-ing. Philadelphia Press. The consumption of spirits in the United States is discussed by the Rev. Dr. D. Dorchester in a recent issue of 'The New York Independent' with the con-clusion that the average per capita con-sumption was five gallons a head, sixty years ago and not over two gallons a head now. Temperance advocates, with more sentiment than sense, will probably be amazed at this conclusion, but no intelli-gent student of the progress made in the last sixty years in restricting the evils of whisky-drinking will be surprised at this assertion, agreeing as it does, with all that is known on the subject of Ameri-can dram-drinking. In the last sixty years the production of spirits has not grown as rapidly as our population, the use of alcohol in the arts has increased enormously, and the consumption per adult for drinking purposes is probably much less than half what it was two generations ago. Dr. Dorchester rests his case chiefly on the records of New England towns, whose consumption of rum at the open-ing of the temperance campaign was something frightful, and is probably not to be equaled to-day in the worst slums of our worst cities. Fitchburg, Mass., consumed three and one-half gallons to a person; Dudley, in 1826, six; Shrewsbury five, and Wilbraham four. In Connecticut every family in Salisbury made away with twenty-nine and one-half gallons of rum in a year, and Fair-field in 1813 disposed of six and one-third gallons to a person. These places were small villages of 1,400 to 2,000 in-habitants, but the cities were no better off. Troy, with a population of 10,000, consumed 75,959 gallons in 1829, and Boston and New York, had, relatively, more places where liquor is sold than to-day. Temperance advocates are never very safe authorities as to the total consump-tion of spirits. The census of 1840 puts the production of distilled liquors at about 60,000,000 gallons. At this early period nearly all spirits were drunk. Nearly half is to day used in the arts, and with a population three times that of 1840, the total production in taxable gallons was only 75,266,576, of which 36,947,204 gallons were made up of high-wines and neutral or cologne spirits and 10,718,706 of alcohol. The proportion of spirits for drinking purposes was, it is true, relatively less last year because of the overproduction in this direction for three years before; but the average for the last ten years is nearer the figure of 1883 than of 1881. The simple reason of these facts is that with three times the population, the United States probably drinks no more spirits than in 1840, nor to observe this decrease it is necessary to go back forty years. Our population has advanced 30 per cent since 1870; distilled spirits withdrawn for consumption in 1870, 177,293,308 gallons, was larger than any year since. The average of con-sumption for the three years--1870-1-2, 67,417,000 gallons--be compared with the average for the last three years--71,224,000 gallons--the advance is barely 5 per cent, instead of six times this, as the growth of population demands. The cause of this decrease is probably due in not unequal shares to the influ-ence of the temperance agitation and the progress of beer-drinking, but whatever its cause, incalculable misery has been saved by the change in the habits of the American people--a change whose paral-lel may be sought in vain the world over, and which stands a significant proof of the self-control fostered by free institu-tions. Redding's Russia Salve, best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use. 25cts. Car Conductor Attachments. Chicago News. Brooklyn car conductors are now obli-ged to wear watches set into the fare-re-cording apparatus in rings around their necks. The faces of these are big and plain, covered only with tick glass. By these the passengers can tell the time readily. The conductors complain that sometimes passengers catch hold of and turn them around, like as if they were wooden men, in order to see what time it is. They also begin to think that the public will not consider a man fit to run a car unless he has got a calendar stit-ched on the back of his hat, a thermometer hanging from one buttonhole, and a city directory hooked to a strap around his wrist.

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