

JOS. GARNEAU

CRACKER COMPANY

OMAHA, NEB.

OLDEST CRACKER MANUFACTURERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our Factory, 12th and Jackson Streets, is the most complete establishment of its kind in this country. Our Goods are the best in the Market.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

ALWAYS ASK FOR GARNEAU'S EAGLE BRAND OF CRACKERS AND YOU WILL GET THE BEST.

Our exhibit at the State Fair will be the finest display of Crackers, Biscuits and Cakes ever seen in Nebraska.

VISITORS TO OMAHA

And the public generally desiring to examine the workings of our institution will be welcome

JOS. GARNEAU Cracker Company, - - - Twelfth and Jackson streets.

Advertising Cheats!!!
 "It has become so common to write the beginning of an article, in an elegant, interesting manner."
 "Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such."
 "And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible."
 "To induce people."
 "To give them a trial, which proves their value that they will never use anything else."
 "The REMEDY so favorable noticed in all papers."
 "Religious and secular, is having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines."
 "There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness."
 "And ability."
 "In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."
 Did She?le?
 "No!"
 "She lingered and suffered along, pinning away all the time for years."
 "The doctors doing her no good."
 "And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."
 "Indeed! Indeed!"
 "How thankful we should be for that medicine."
 A Daughter's Misery.
 "Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery."
 "From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility."
 "Under the care of the best physicians."
 "Who gave her disease various names."
 "But no relief."
 "And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had abandoned for years before using it."—THE PATIENTS.
 Father is Getting Well.
 "My daughter says."
 "How much better father is since he used Ho Bitters."
 "He is getting well after his long suffering from disease declared incurable."
 "And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY OF UTAH, N. Y.

BURKEA
I Have Found It!
 Was the foundation of a man when he got a box of Burkea Pine Oilment, which is a simple and sure cure for Piles and all Skin Diseases. Fifty cents by mail, postpaid.
The American Diarrhoea Cure!
 Has stood the test for twenty years. Sure cure for all Fever, Pains, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and Cholera.
Deane's Fever and Ague Tonic & Cordial.
 It is impossible to supply the rapid sale of the same.
 For Fever and Ague, and all Malarial troubles.
 PRICE, 50c.

W.J. WHITEHOUSE
 LABORATORY, 15TH ST., OMAHA, NEB.
 For Sale by all Druggists
 BELLEVUE COLLEGE.
 Under the care of the Presbyterian Synod of Nebraska. Begins September 10th. Classical and Scientific courses with preparatory department; also, Musical and Art Departments, all open to both sexes. Tuition low. Location beautiful and healthful. Only six miles from Omaha on the R. & M. R. R. Address for circulars, PROF. W. J. BOLLEMAN, director, Neb.
ENE & MENDELSSOHN,
ARCHITECTS
 REMOVED TO OMAHA NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

ROBBED IN THE ROCKIES.
 An Exciting Adventure in the Yosemite Valley—An Episode of Stage Travel.
 Louisville Commercial.
 County Clerk George H. Webb tells a thrilling story of how himself and wife and five other passengers were robbed on a California stage-coach on the 13th of August. Mr. Webb has just returned from the far west, whither he had gone on a bridal tour. The stage was on its way from Madera to the Yosemite valley, a two-days' ride over the mountains. The passengers, besides Mr. and Mrs. Webb, were Capt. Murry, of England; a Mr. Ray and his sister, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Capt. Clayton and Johnston, of Fort Smith, Ark.—seven persons in all besides the driver; a man named Bill Stevens, who had made many a trip before without being compelled to "throw up his hands." About 11 o'clock in the morning of the second day out, and when the stage was nearest to Yosemite valley, the horses attached to the vehicle had just succeeded in pulling the lumbering wagon to the top of what was known as the highest point in the road, being an elevation of six thousand feet and overlooking a tremendous abyss. The passengers, little dreaming of what was in store for them, were commenting upon the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, when just as they made a short turn in the road they were confronted by three masked men, armed with shot-guns, pistols, and dirks.
 "Throw up your hands every d— one of you!" ordered the leader of the band of robbers. As if by instinct, Bill Stevens dropped the reins and up went his hands in the air. The ladies screamed, when one of the robbers said: "Scream away, my pretty, nobody'll hear you up here."
 George Webb, raised in Kentucky, and well accustomed to the use of firearms, went back to his hip-pocket, when looking back at the hind end of the coach he found a gun leveled at his head. Back went the pistol into George's pocket and up went his hands. "Now, then, we will just take you one at a time. This way, my little daisy," said one of the villains, as he seized Mr. Webb by the arm and jerked him out of the coach. "Just stand still a few moments and we'll fix you in a hurry." Mr. Webb submitted quietly, for there was no other alternative, unless he desired to have the top of his head blown off and his body thrown over the cliff. With his hands raised high in the air and a gun at his head, he allowed himself to be robbed of all his valuables—a gold watch and \$300 in cash.
 "We'll take the old English gentleman, with the cream-colored parasol under his arm, next," said the leader of the band. "Step this way, please," and Capt. Murry, who had fought in several wars and knew no such thing as fear, stepped out and submitted meekly to the relieving process. Two hundred and fifty dollars and a gold watch was the extent of the captain's loss. Then came Mr. Ray, who was held up for \$225 and a gold watch. The two captains from Arkansas came next. Their valuables consisted principally of drafts and checks. These were taken and shoved down in a big pocket of the leader's coat along with the rest of the plunder.
 Up to this time the ladies had been unmolested, but while the men were being searched Mrs. Webb slipped off a valuable pin unobserved and placed it in her bosom. She was as cool as a refrigerator

and exhibited more real bravery than all of the male passengers put together. Their work completed, the robbers turned their attention to Bill Stevens. "Now, then my hearty," said one of the gang, "set 'em thar hosses loose and let 'em adrift." Bill was slow about complying, for he had an object in view. He knew that the stage coming from Yosemite valley was almost due and, by "killing" time, assistance might arrive, and the robbers overpowered and captured.
 "Cut them horses loose, and be damn quick about it," repeated the leader of the band, or— you, there won't be enough left of you to make a mince-meat pie." Bill saw that they meant business, and commenced unhitching, but so slow that two of the gang drew their dirks and slashed the harness right and left. Bang! bang! went a couple of pistols in the hands of the villains, and away went the four horses at a break-neck speed around the curve and down the road. There is no telling what a terrible collision might have occurred with the up coach had not two of the runaway horses fallen down, thus stopping the other span. After the horses had been cut loose, one of the robbers, whose dialect indicated that he was a Mexican, took a position at the tongue of the wagon. Mrs. Webb and Miss Ray were sitting on the driver's seat. The greaser noticed that Mrs. Webb had a handsome satchel on her arm, and thought that it contained valuables.
 "Ah, senorita," said the Mexican, "hand out the bag."
 "There, take it, you old villain," said Mrs. Webb, as she spitefully threw the satchel at the robbers' head. He picked it up, and the trio of high-waymen bade the passengers adieu, and were off like a flash. When the coach from the opposite direction arrived a search was instituted, but no trace of them could be found. Mrs. Webb's satchel was, however, found in the woods cut and slashed all to pieces. The robbers had been unable to get at the contents in any other way. It contained nothing but some small articles of little value. George Webb says that it will be many a cool day before he takes another trip to California.
 Put Upon His Feet.
 "Set up in bed and coughed till the clothing was wet with perspiration. My wife insisted that I use Thomas' Electric Oil. The first teaspoonful relieved me, and two bottles have cured me. I can honestly recommend it."—H. H. Perkins, Creek Centre, N. Y.
 A Southern Hotel's Fish-Pond.
 Mobile (Ala.) Register, Sept. 2.
 Yesterday afternoon Mr. William Harrington, a workman employed by Mr. William S. Foster, contractor for the repairs and alterations on the Battle House, showed the writer a number of cat-fish that were found on the floor of the hall between the bath-rooms. The largest fish was 10 inches long, another was 9 inches in length. There were three or four of 7 inches, and a number of smaller ones. In appearance these fish were in no respect different from the cat-fish caught in the river, but when taken out of the little pools under the dark floor and put into a bucket of fresh water, they soon died. How those fish came there is a question upon which there are diverse opinions. Some believe that they got through a leaking pipe from the water-works when very small, and that they have grown and flourished in the dark pool from which they were taken. Others account for them by some uncanny transformation. Be the theory what it may, the fact is beyond dispute

that the cat-fish were found as stated above.
 From Syracuse, N. Y.
 "I felt weak and languid; had palpitation of the heart and numbness of the limbs. Burdock Blood Bitters have certainly relieved me. They are most excellent."—Mr. J. M. Wright.
 A Willy Old Bear.
 The other day Dexter Hawkins and a companion were returning from trout-fishing in the Maine woods. All at once they came upon a long-legged, surly looking black bear. The road was straight for half a mile and safe for a wagon. They immediately put their horse, which was a half thoroughbred mare, to the top of her speed. The bear began with a canter, but soon broke into a run, and made the best time on record for a bear. But blood will tell. The horse steadily gained upon bruin, until he had only a few yards' lead. The horse showed grit, laid her ears back, and was getting ready to rear and strike the bear on his back with her fore-feet, and Mr. Hawkins was ready to go in on the side of the horse with his fyrod in one hand and a long hunting-knife in the other, when bruin, evidently thinking the odds were against him, dashed down a trail into Spring River lake and escaped, much to the disappointment of the fishermen and the horse. Before they got out of the woods they met a bear-hunter, who said this bear had for several years been killing sheep in the remote pastures, and was too cunning to be caught in a trap.
 Hosford's Acid Phosphate.
 For Women and Children.
 Dr. Jos. Holt, New Orleans, La., says "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."
 Merino Shoes.
 About 150 persons in the Maryland penitentiary are engaged in the manufacture of merino shoes. The Merino shoe is made of coarse wool from South America. It is put through the usual process of cleaning and carding at the penitentiary, and is then steamed, hardened and made into a tough, pliable cloth about twice the thickness of ordinary shoe leather, and in appearance not unlike the uppers in Arctic overshoes. The soles are made the same way, of the same material, but are harder and heavier. The shoes are not impervious to water, but are intended for use principally in the dry, cold climate of the North. It is stated that, no matter how low the temperature, the feet will never get cold when incased in these shoes. The shoes are shipped principally to the North and Northwest, where they are used in the lumber camps.
 The balsamic healing and soothing properties of *Samaritan Nervine* cured him."—A. W. Curtis, Osakis, Minn. \$1.50 at Druggists.
 A Mother's Disappointment.
 Detroit Free Press.
 A Detroit lawyer who had business in one of the northern counties a short time since put in a night at a farm-house. It was a log structure containing two rooms and such furniture as pioneers get along with. The family consisted of an old man, his wife, and a girl of 20, who was slapping around barefooted and had a fist like a slugger. After supper the old

The Doctor's Mistake.
 One of the old mistakes of the profession was to think that there were no other ways of curing disease except those which had been handed down from former times.
 It is not to be denied that the Doctors have done great things for the world. But when it comes right down to the real curing of disease, it must be admitted that Brown's Iron Bitters has done enough to earn the generous gratitude of this whole present generation, including the medical profession. There are no mysteries or secrets about the compounding of Brown's Iron Bitters. This preparation of iron is the only preparation which will not injure teeth or stomach. In this it is beyond comparison better than the other preparations, which are mischievous and injurious.
 You need not fear a mistake in trying Brown's Iron Bitters. Your druggist has it. It gives vigor to the feeble, and new life to the dyspeptic. Children take it, not only with safety, but with great advantage.
 woman took a seat in front of the lawyer and suddenly asked:
 "Do you wear such fine duds all the time?"
 "All the time, madam."
 "Is that a real diamond in your shirt?"
 "It is."
 "And I heard you tell the old man you had a horse and buggy at home?"
 "Yes, ma'am."
 "And that watch and chain are real gold, I suppose?"
 "Yes, the real stuff."
 "Cost as much as \$200?"
 "Yes, over \$300."
 "My stars! Why, you must get as much as \$40 a month and board!" she gasped.
 "Madam, I sometimes make \$50 per day," he placidly replied.
 "Shoo! Why, you must be worth a thousand dollars!"
 "Yes, ten times that."
 "Stars and stars!"
 There was an interval of silence as she recovered from her amazement. Then she tiptoed to the corner of the house to see if there were any eaves-droppers. Coming back, she walked up to the lawyer dropped her voice to a whisper and said:
 "Say! We've bin saving Sally up these last two years for the boss of a saw-mill four miles up the creek, but if you are struck on her and she is struck on you, I'll run the old man six miles through the brush after a preacher to do the splicing!"
 The lawyer had to decline on the grounds of having a wife in Detroit, and the old woman felt so bad that the husband had to rise at midnight and make her a mustard plaster.
 Another Life Saved.
 Mrs. Harriet Cummings, Cincinnati, Ohio, writes:
 Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold which settled on her lungs. We tried several medicines, none of which seemed to do her any good, but she continued to get worse, and finally called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. We then called in a physician—a most skillful professor in one of our colleges—he said that she could not get well. At this time a friend who had been cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, advised me to give it a trial. We then got a bottle and before she had used it all up she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured.
 Orders from ANY PART OF THE STATE OR THE ENTIRE WEST, Promptly Shipped.
ALL OUR GOODS ARE MADE TO THE STANDARD of our Guarantee.
F. SCHLIEF,
 Sole Agent for Omaha and the West.
 Cor. 9th Street and Capitol Avenue.

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PLANING MILLS!
 MANUFACTURERS OF
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 Sash, Doors, Blinds, Stairs, Stair Railings, Balusters, Window & Door Frames, &c.
 First-class facilities for the manufacture of all kinds of Mouldings, Planing and Matching a specialty. Orders from the country will be promptly executed.
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 MANUFACTURER OF STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS
Carriages, Buggies, Road Wagons
 AND TWO WHEEL CARTS.
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Wholesale Clothiers!
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BREWING ASSOCIATION!
 CELEBRATED
Keg and Bottled Beer
 This Excellent Beer speaks for itself.
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