face was very much flushed, and Tom had enough first class complexion on his shoul-der to go around a female seminary," when one of the scholars from the ladies seminary, also located at Mt. Pleasant. had

to give vent to her feelings and burst out in peal of silvery laughter loud and long. The rest of the audience, while likewise

overcome with emotion, carried out the programme, however, but it was evident they were on the point of exploding, when

one of the invited guests, a tall, fine looking gentleman from Chicago, nimself no mean

humorist, who had preferred a seat among the audience to his proffered place on the platform, attempted to check the risibilities

platform, attempted to check the risibilities of the young lady and prevent a general outburst. He rose in his seat to the full height of his majestic form, deliberately turned around and gave the still laughing young lady such a look of astonishment and scorn as one might imagine in a sedate deacon frowning down upon ill behaved children in church that brought down the house. Not a man or woman in the audience made another effort to resist. Such laughing, yelling, screeching, clapping of hands and stamping of feet had propably never before

stamping of feet had propably never before greeted Burdette at any of his lectures. He had already become uneasy at the inex-

plicable soberness of his audience, his slight form betrayed his ner-vousness visibly and he doubtless remem-bered that the town he was speaking in har-

pored several hundred insone patients who

might prove just such interested listeners as were those before him. Laughter is contag-ious and Burdette himself joined in the gen-eral hilarity, and thereafter could proceed only with difficulty.

'We do not hear so much of Burdette now-

adays as we used to, which is truly a pity. He has done much good to mankind in gen-

eral by his writings, both numerous and pa-thetic, for nearly every ore of his jokes con-

tained some good lesson; in fact, they were largely based upon the smaller failings of

numanity and exposed a good deal of the in nate cusedness of the average mortal. They have been as a mirror to many a man who had considered himself quite a model until

reading some of Burdette's surcasms appli-cable to his particular case. The world

would be better off if there were more Bur-

Children who are troubled with

worms may be quickly relieved by giv-ing them Dr. J. H. McLenn's Liquid

ermifuge. It kills and expels worms.

GRAND ISLAND'S SCHOOLS.

like Everything Else They Are of the

Very Best.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., March 28 - [Special

o The Bee. |-The educational advantages

of Grand Island are of the best. The value

of school property alone is \$175,000. There

are six school buildings, four of which are

fine brick and stone structures, and two

frame. There is a corps of thirty-five teach

ers under the supervision of City Superin

tendent R. J. Barr. The high school course

is an advanced one and includes the higher

mathematics, all of the natural sciences and

three years of Latin and German. Pupils graduating from the high school are ad-

mitted to the state university on diploma. In connection with the schools there is also a

night school for the convenience of those who cannot attend during the day. The Dodge school occupies a block in the

in the first ward, and occupies a block. It is a fifteen-room brick and stone building,

The Warner school in the Second ward

ccupies a half block, is a two room brick

The Platt school is a two-room brick and stone building, occupies a quarter of a block

in the Fourth ward, has two teachers and

The Handy school in the Fourth ward is a

one-room frame, for primary grades, and oc-

Great interest is manifested in the schools no expense is spared in making them

The State Security bank building, a brick with cut-stone front, is an elegant structure,

and would do credit to Farnam street in Omaha. It is now nearly completed and will soon be ready for occupancy.

The Grand Island & Wyoming Central railway condemned a right of way last month

for a belt line around the city, and work on the grade is seen to be commenced. The various alliance organizations in this county are making things hum. The Cairo boys have incorporated and are now shipping

from four to ten carloads of corn per week

There are dozens of strangers on the streets daily, seeking locations for enter-

prises of various descriptions, and the idea is prevalent that Grand Island will have a rapid growth this coming summer.

Entirely new ideas in Eas-

ter Cards, Eggs and Book-

CHASE & EDDY,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

ENGRAVERS AND PRINTERS,

113 South 16th Street.

primary grades.

cupies a quarter of a block.

first-class in every particular.

dettes."

THRIFTAT THE WHITE HOUSE

Something of the Second Class Hashery About It.

CAN'T KEEP VICTUALS WARM

Shortcomings of the Presidential Kitchen-Beautiful But Barnlike-No Room for Lige-A Peep Into the Attic.

National Mansion Misfits. Copyright 1800, by Frank G. Carpenter 1

Washington, March 27 .- [Special to THE "All houses wherein men have lived and

Are haunted houses, Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands With feet that make no sound upon the

"There are more guests at table than the

host's
Invited: the injuminated hall
Is throughd with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall."

Shall we have a new white house? All Washington is talking about it. Mrs Harrison has expressed her sentiments as to the cramped condition of the present struct ure, and a sub-committee of the senate wit Spooner at its head, is considering plans and investigating the condition of the present There is a strong sentiment against changing the present building and the gnosts of the presidents of the past are whispering warning words into our states men's cars as they walk to the man sion. Pat, pussy, bald-headed John Adams in snee breeches and gasters is giving his experience as he he opened the build ing in 1800 and his prim wife Abigail protests against the mutilation of the east room in which she dried her husband's shirts. Red-headed, freckled-faced Thomas Jefferson seems ready to jump out of his frame in Elijah Halford's rooms when the subject is mentioned in his presence, and the ghost of Dolly Madison in high red turban and gorgeous gown changes its features from pleasant to severe at the thought.

The white house is a part of the history of the country Within it John Quincy Adams schemed with Henry Clay against Andrew Jackson, and before the fireplaces that now warm the shins of Harrison, Old Hickory sat in wrapper and slippers and smoked his corn-cob pipe. It was here that the president's grandfather passed his last hours. and here, foxy, dapper, scheming Martin Van Buren laid his plans for a re-election, which he didn't get. Here Frank Pierce told stories and here James Buchanan strutted through his four short years of greatness. It was here that the great Abraham Lincoln lived and upon these walls are photographed the words of Grant and Garfield. It was here that President Cleveland showed himself a man and here today President Harrison is making the history which will fix the fate of his party at the next presidential election.

No! The ghosts of the great statesmen as well as those of presidents and their wives protest against the doing away of the white house. It may be added to or it may be turned into the business offices of the presidents.

IT WILL NEVER BE DESTROYED. There is no doubt but that it is too small. When John Adams occupied it the country had a population of little more than five millions. The United States has now nearly seventy millions and the business of the pres ident's office has so grown that nearly the whole of the executive mansion is occupied by it. When Abigail Adams came into it she had too much room. Mrs. Harrison has barely space to turn around in and she has to receive her friends in one of the halls.

The white house today is like a big hotel and President Harrison is the landiord. Every man and woman who comes to Washhouse without knocking. They tramp over his carpets with their muddy boots, ask all sorts of impudent questions of his servants, and the chances are that they carry away a bit of the furniture. Every now and then a piece as big as your hand is clipped out of one of the lace curtains by a relic-hunter, and during President Lincoln's time a woman was caught in the very net of cutting the costly curtains of the East room. She cried when she was found out and she was taken up weeping to the president's room. Mr. Lincoln looked at her sorrowfully and told her that the best thing she could do was to leave the city. It is the same with the cushsafe to let sightseers move about save under the eye of a guide. These guides are the president's servants and they have all they can do to keep the crowds out of the most private parts of the bouse. Not infrequently visitors want to see the kitchen and all the home life that Mrs. Harrison gets must come from a little space on the second floor.

Let me give you a plain, practical descrip-

tion of the white house as it is. The president's grounds cover many acres. They are surrounded by a high iron fence with great fine old oak trees. On one side of them is the treasury, tomb-like, and on the other side is the biggest grante building of the world, the \$13,000,000 structure known as state, war and navy department. To the south and back of the white house beyond a wide park flows the muddy Potomae and in front rups the busy street of Pennsylvania avenue. The white house covers a third of an acre. It is a long, rectangular, almost squatty two-story structure with a wide porte cochere having a floor as big as that of the average two-story houses. The porte cochere is upheld by lonic columns as big sround as the largest oaks of the forest and its roof supported by these is of the Grecian order. Around the roof of the white house there is a marble fence about as high as a table and made of round marble pillars the size of a base ball club. The building has a basement under it and two rows of big rectangular windows look out of the stories above this. The basement win-dows are square and the most of them look as though they needed washing. Wide walks lead up in the shape of a half-moon from Pennsylvania avenue to the white house and you walk half the length of the house before you get to the front door. As souse before you get to the front door. As you do so you can look right down into the basement and if your eyes are sharp about every other day of the week you will see a number of colored girls here with irons in their hands polishing the president's shirts and putting the fluishing touches on baby McKee's unmentionables. If on leaving the mansion you walk over toward the state, war and navy departments your nostrils war and navy departments your nostrils may be saluted with the hog and hominy which is being cooked in the president's kitchen and you may see the president's colored lady chef producing these exquisite dishes which are making the state dinners are famous. In other words you see directly so famous. In other words you see directly into the kitchen of the white house. It is not half big enough for an establishment of our president, and it has none of the modern conveniences for keeping dinners warm which the best restaurants of the country contain. There is a harmonic attention of contain. There is a big range at one side of the room, and there is another little range in the scullery beyond. The cooking utensils are of copper and the walls are plastered and not tiled.

The entire front of the basement of the white house is taken up with kitchens and laundry. The back has the store room, a furnisce and—whisper it low in the ear of our church brother—a billard room. Bil-liards have been played in the white house ever since the days of John Quincy Adams. President Arthur could handle a cue equal to Sicsson. John Quincy Adams bought the to Siosson. John Quincy Adams bought the
first oilliard table that was ever used in the
white house, and his extravagance in this
respect was made a campaign issue, and he
eventually paid for the table out of his own
pecket I don't know that President Harrison plays, but the table is there in the
basement and he can if he will.

Let us look at the first floor of the white
house. Guards stand at the doors and a

house. Guards stand at the doors and a giant Apollo in the shape of Colonel Dinsmore inspects every man who comes in. The doors are of manogany and the knobs are as big almost as the head of a baby. You turn them and on brass hinges the great doors turn inward and you are in the tiled vesti- I minister, and Colonel Halford fills it well. I such that particular events may well be be-

bule at the back of which there is a wail of mosaic of beautiful stones and colored glass which reminds one of the jeweled palace of Frederick the Great at Petsdam This wall wasmale by Tiffany. It cost many thousands of dollars but one old lady who looked at it last week told the guard she was "glad to see President Harrison had become economic I and that he had saved the country money by making a glass wall of old broken bottles, and it's real purty, too," the old woman said, "and you wouldn't think it home-made." It is here the Marine band plays at the president's receptions but there is nothing homeline about the vestibule. It is so big that you could build an eight-room house inside of it and thirty men could march abrest through it without touching their elbows.

Just next to this at the left is a hall with stairs leading to the president's office, and on the other side of this hall is the mighty east room. You never see Mrs. Harrison or any of the family upon these stairs. They any of the family upon these stairs. They are the property of the public and the

CRASELESS TREAD OF THE COUNTLESS CROWD which besieges the president goes its muffled way up and down them. The east room be-longs to the people. It is always open to visitors, and the only use that President Harrison gets from it is in crowding his callers into it at a big presidential reception. It is one of the most beautiful rooms in the world. Its walls are painted in silver and gold and its ceiling is three times as high as that of an ordinary room. It takes 442 yards of Brussells carpet to cover it and the velvet in which your feet sink is of the color of Etruscan gold. The most wonderful thing to me in this room is the chandellers. Each one of these is made of 6,000 pieces of 130-hemian grass, and they cost \$5,000 apiece. There are eight messive mirrors, each as big as two billiard tables, set into the walls about the room, and when the chandeliers are lighted these pendants are reflected like diamonds in these inirrors and the scene is indescribably brilliant. Still you might as well furnish a barn or a bowling alley and call it a parior as to think of using this big room for the living room, or the home life of a private family, and if President Harrison provided the pr canted it he couldn't get it, for the people have monopolized it by the precedent of gen-It is the same with the green room, the

blue room and the red room. They are full of beauties in furniture and bangings but they are as much shut out from the every day life of the president as the parlor of a New England farmer's wife which is dusted very day but never used except for company. It is in the bue room that President Harrison with his wife standing beside him stankes the hands of the multitude at a big reception. The room is oval in shape, finished in blue satin freeco and its diameter is about that of a country church. Still it is hardly large enough for this purpose and when the crowd is out of it it is too large for common use. There are many dining rooms in Washington larger, than the state dining in Washington larger than the state dining room and I can count on my fingers a cozen which are more beautifully furnished. There are none of the conveniences for serving a great dinner and these thousand dollar feasts which the president gives have to be largely gotten up outside of the house and hired waiters have to be brought in to pass the victuals. The dining room used by the family or the private dining room is at the right of the vestibule. This has to be turned inside out at every big reception for the table must be removed and shelves put around the room to hold the hats and coats of the guests. At such re-ceptions the state dining room necomes a ladies' dressing room and more fuss is made in the executive mansion every time the president receives than you make

n your own home when your daughters are married. Not long ago there was A MANTEL BED IN THE RECEPTION ROOM pposite Elijah Halford's office on the secnd floor. I passed through this room yesterday and noticed that it was there still, but whether it is used or not I do not know. Think of the president of the United States peing compelled to have a wardrobe bed in one of his parlors. It is true no one knows what it is, but it makes one think of the oc-cupant of a second-class boarding house who is trying to keep up appearances and pre-tending to have a suite of rooms whom he gets along with only one. There is a general plan about the white

nouse which when once understood makes the building simplicity itself. If you will take a rectangular covering one-third of an acre and bisect it lengthwise by a ball eighteen feet wide you will have the general plan of the building. On the ground floor at the end nearest the treasury the great east room cuts off a part of this hall and runs the whole length of the building. The vestibule and the private dining room and the dressing room are on the north of this hall and on the south are the green, blue red and state dining rooms. All of the rooms of the building thus go off from this hall and all are of the same length, viz: about twenty-eight feet. At the excreme end of the lower floor is a great shed of glass covering the area of several ordinary houses and making up the onservatories of the white house. This is no part, however, of the original structure and it need hardly be considered as connected with it.

The second floor is on the same plan. All of the rooms are big and three-fourths of them are made up of offices. The living rooms of the president are at the west end of the second floor and Mrs. Harrison has only four good sized bed rooms. It takes about an hundred yards of carpet to cover each one of them and she has turned the lower end of the hall into a sitting room, and the children are using the little private office at the northwest corner of the building where President Arthur used to receive his most intimate friends. In addition to these four bed rooms two of which are in the north and two on the south side of the building, there is a little bed room which was originally intended for a dressing room on the southwest corer, and a servant is lodged in a hall bed feet wide and eighteen feet long. There is an elevator leading to this floor, and there are two or three bath rooms huddled together right over the big entrance hall. The arger bed rooms have no bath rooms con-nected with them, and this is the case with

allers. The business offices of the white house take up the whole of the eastern portion of the second floor. Entering the big front door you turn to the left and march up a pair of stairs about five feet wide. You note that though the carpet is new the

the president's bed room which opens into

TREAD OF THE OFFICE SECKER has worn off its nap, and at any hour of the morning you pass the most noted men of the country on the stairs. They stamp along as though they owned the building, and most of them think they do. When you reach the second floor you find that your surroundings are those of a business establishment rather than those of a private residence. Two colored gentlemen stand at guard at the door and a gray haired German short and squatty sits before a little desk as you enter the hall. He is in the corner made by the partition which has been run across the hall partition which has been run across the hall te give the president's wife a sitting room and as he looks at you his back is turned toward the door of the room in which the cabinet meets. This man is Sorgeant Loeffler, He is the president's messenger and he has been here for almost a score of years. He is in a measure the watch dog of the president and he carries all the cards of noted visitors in to Mr. Harrison. He has some times to deal with cranks in case these pass by the giant form and blue eyes of Colonel Dinamore below. Sergeant Loeffler makes about the sixth guard you have passed since entering the white house. You are motioned by him to the left You are motioned by him to the let-and turning your eyes you see a couple of colored guards one of whom is the watchdog of the private secretary. You go by these into a big reception room which is over the end of the east room and which is filled with very ordinary furniture. It is here that the officeseekers cool their heels until the presi-dent is ready to receive them, and it is here that Colonel Crook the cashier of the presi-dent sits. In a little room beyond this there is a telegraph office and here the president has telephone connections with all of the great departments. Next to this there is an great departments. Next to this there is another office in which clerks work and the lower end of the big hail has been partitioned off and made into an office. In the southeast corner of the building, Mr. Pruden, makes up with his fine Italian hand the commissions that the president gives to officers and next to this office and opening into the hall is the private secretary's room. This is one of the big rooms of the building. It takes 103 yards of carpet to cover it and it has windows which pet to cover it and it has windows which command a beautiful view of the Potomac. A cheery word fire burns on one side of it and in front of the windows and behind a big flat desk sits the little five foot eight anatomy who represents to most of the callers the president of the United States. The private secretary of the president holds an office fully as important as that of a cabinet minister, and Colonel Halfort fills it wall.

He is a dark-faced, black-eyed sober young man of about forty years of age. He does not weigh over 125 pounds and his face is of an intelligent cast. His forebead is broad and full, his nose thin and his cheeks rather hollow than full. He dresses well but has not the rough and ready democratic air of his predecessor, Colonel Lahont. There are no quarters for his accommodation in the white house and he must come here often in the evening and consult with the president upon the business of the hour.

The cabinet room lies between the private secretary's room and the library, in which President Harrison sits. This room is almost entirely filled with a long diving table which runs from one end of it to the other Around this table are nine high-backed chairs, and there are writing materials placed at different stations upon it. There is a big globe in one corner of the room and it is around this that the president, Secretary Blaine and the other ministers stand while the discuss international questions. The cabinet meet here about every other day and they usually spend several hours at a session. The room is of such a nature that it cannot be used for anything else than the meetings of the cabinet, and it is a business office pure and simple. In it have been held all the cabinet meeting for several administrations, though President Lincoln used to hold his exhinet meetings in the room now used by Colonel Halford.

THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE is in the library. This room is a big eval requiring 141 yards of velvet Brussels to cover its floor. It has windows looking out upon the Potomac and it is 59 feet wide and 28 feet long. The president's callers are seated on chairs about the room and he usually stands with head bent over as he talks with them. He receives nearly every one who has business with him and he is besieged by a host of congressmen nearly every day. It is this room which forms his home and his business is always with him. work undone must hover over him as no sleeps. The president of the United States never gets through with his work and there

ought to be some arrangement by which he could get away for a certain time during the day from the care of his office. He ought not to have to eat and to sleep bathed in the personation of office-seeking applications, and there is no other business man in the United States who would endure such surroundings as the environments of our presi-The attic of the white house might be supposed to furnish some room. It does not. The roof is so low in some places that you cannot stand upright under it. All the light comes from the skylights and the place is fit for nothing but a lumber room. In it are stored President Harrison's trunks, Baby McFee's cast-off clothes, and the old

furniture of the executive mansion. RATS AND SPIDERS are about the only inhabitants and the top of the white bouse is more like a country garret than the attic of a two-story house covering a quarter of an acre and situated in one of the greatest cities of the United

States. The truth about the matter is that the executive mansion would do very well for the private residence of the president or for his offices. It will not do for both and the states-men appreciate it. In 1882 Senator Morrill had a bill which passed the senate appropri-ating \$33,000 to build an extension to the white house, and Mrs. Harrison has said that there ought to be two wings added to it. She would remodel the conservatory, add a half of painting and statuary and would leave the present building as it is sandwiched between the ends of these two wings. In this way the historical associations of the building would be preserved and Mrs. Harrison's ideas are much better than that of Senator Ingalls building. The white house has cost already about \$2,000,000. It took \$300,000 to build it learly one hundred years ago, and more than \$1,700,000 have since been spent upon it. It is full of beauties in the way of furniture and pictures, and though it costs us more than \$125,000 a year to pay the president's salary and keep up his establishment we are rich and can afford it.

FRANK G. CARPENTER. EOB BURDETTE.

Some Interesting Reminescences of the Humorist by W. G. Albright. In speaking about advertising and his faith in the daily newspaper as the most legitimate and profitable medium, Mr. W. G. Albright, relapsing into a remmescent mood,

"It may be news to you that I at one time had aspirations to become a great newspap man myself. While clerking in my father's store at Fort Madison, Ix., some sixteen years ago. I cast about for some occupation with which to fill in the leisure hours, and conceived the idea of establishing a news bureau for the proper collection and distribution through the medium of the press of all the important events transpiring in our city and vicinity. The result was gratify-

ing. I became correspondent for quite a number of papers and added many a pretty penny to my then meagre income. "Among other papers for which I acted was the Burlington Hawkeye, then in its ascendency and justly regarded as one of the spiciest and ablest newspapers in the country, and through my connection with it became acquainted with Robert J. Bur-dette, the famous humorist. Burdette had worked on the Peoria Transcript before coming to Burlington and while known as a conscientious and efficient newspaper man, was not considered a particularly shining light among the profession until Frank Hat ton discovered the humorist in him. Hatton at that time controlled the Hawkeye and made his discovery in the following remarkable manner: When calling at Burdette's house one day, he found Mrs. Burdette, who at that time was a confirmed invalid, sitting upright in bed with a scrap book in her hands, laughing uproariously. She laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks and it was sometime before she could stop and ex-plain to the astonished Hatton the cause of this strange bilarity. "I was reading some of Robert's squibs," she explained at last and handed the book to Mr. Hatton, who at once became deeply interested in it. Hur-dette had made a practice of jotting down on scraps of paper, cards or anything within reach in that peculiar style of his which afterward made him so famous, any little thing occurring to him as funny, cramming the 'copy' into his peckets and un-loading them upon his wife's bed on reaching home. They amused her and were written solely with a view to affording her a little amusement during the long and weary hours of sickness. Mrs. Burdette had preserved these little jokes in a scrap book and would trequently pick it up to while away the time. This time she had not picked it up in vain. The future postmaster general's keen perception told him at once that he had struck in this modest book wealth and fame for his paper and his edit

or. Obtaining the loan of the book he took it to his sanctum and in the next issue of the Hawkeye there appeared a whole column of Burdette's "squibs," under the head of "Editorial Dots." Burdette was furious and uppraided his friend for 'trying to make him the laughing stock of the country.' But Hatton insisted on continuing the publication of the articles, which were reproduced by many of the leading papers in the country and in time became yart of the stock in trade of the press all over the land. Trus the Burlington Hawk-eye and Robert J. Burdette soon became as eye and Robert J. Burdette soon became as familiar to every reader in the land as the monday sun. Offers of positions and invitations to lecture thenceforward rained upon Burdette, who, however, remained loyal to the friend who had brought him out.' I had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Burdette on a trip to Put in Bay on an editorial excursion sed had occa-Bay on an editorial excursion and had occasion to note the really touching tenderness and devotion with which the funny' man of the Hawkeye cared for his loving wife. They adored and lived for eachother in the literal sense of the word, their marriage having taken place at what was then con-sidered the death-bed of Mrs. Burdette. The physicians had given her up and she was asked for any dying request she might wish to make, when she gashed out 'Rob-ert.' Burdette was sent for and married her there and then. His wife proved a most angelic helpmeet to him, notwithstanding her constant allings. Her delicate womanly sensibilities, bright intellect and therough knowledge of everything that can interest a well-educated man, made her invaluable to him and they were but seldom separated during life, Mrs. Burdette even accompany ing her husband on all his journeys, when eyer the state of her health would permit. Burdette is now a man of wealth and position; he has mingled with men in all sta-tions of life, has lectured in every principal city of the union, and his career has been lieved to have lost their distinctness in the grand total, bir I' doubt whether he will ever forget the occasion of his lecture on "The Rise and Fatt of the Moustache," de-The Rise and Faft of the Moustache," de-livered in Mount Picasant, Ia. This lecture was given under the auspices of the Bur-lington beating association, which is very high-tened and contains among its members a rare amount of iteliect, talent and wit. There is an insang asylum at Mount Pleas-ant, and it had been quietly arranged among the members of the association that every-body in the audience should choke down any rising mirth, and simply stare at Burdetto rising mirth, and simply stare at Burdette like an assemblage of narmless lunatics. This programme tens carried out, much to the chagrin and wonderment of the lecturer, until, in describing the rise and fall of the moustache, he came to the passage ther

Beauty-How Acquired There is nothing that adds more attraction or beauty to the hum in face than a nice complex ion. The question is often asked, How is it possible to regain a beautiful skin? This is quickly answered—there is but one method of acquir-ing it and that is by renewing the skin. But how can the skin berenewed? Only by a gradua ocess of removing the outer cuticie and drawing from underneath all impurities leaving the under sain free from discolorations and blemishes. The nature of the skin is such that im-mediately under the outer layer there is a fine and beautiful under skin like that of the young and after the old skin has been removed this up er skin takes its place. Is there a remedy that will do this without injury to the under skin? There is but one and that is the World Renowned Face Bleach, manufactured by Mme. A. Ruppert, the leading complexion specialist, of New York. This article, besides removing pine oles, blackheads, moth, freckles, brown spotallowness, wrinkles of the outer skin, etbrings back a natural healthy and youtofu color, and is a decided benefit to all complex ions, as it firms the skin, thus preventing tan. ining and wrinkles. Mme Ruppert has given evident and convincing proofs of the efficiency of Face Bleach by clearing one-half of the faces of patients and inviting the public to call be fore, during and after treatment, and the most skeptical could not but remark the wonderful powers of her tonic. Again she offers to cure or remove by the use of Face Bleach any case of pimples, moth, freekles, etc., free to any one willing to have half their faces cleared at a time and allow the public to call and see there at her office in New York City. Face Bleach does not show on the face and is entirely harmless to the most delicte complexion. The use of one bottle

MADAM A. RUPPERT,

AT THE

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PARIS, 1889,

The Highest Possible Premium, THE . ONLY . GRAND . PRIZE FOR SLIVING MACHINES,

*ICROSS OF THEM

WAS CONFERRED UPON

The Dodge school occupies a block in the Second ward. It is a twenty room brick and stone building, including five recitation rooms and a large physical and chemical labratory. It is heated by steam, has seventeen teachers, and all grades, including the primaries and the high school. The Howard school in which all branches up to the high school are taught is signated. up to the high school are taught, is situated The President of the Company. including three recitation rooms. It has SOLD BY and stone building, and has two teachers and

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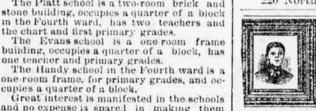
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