

THE DAILY BEE.

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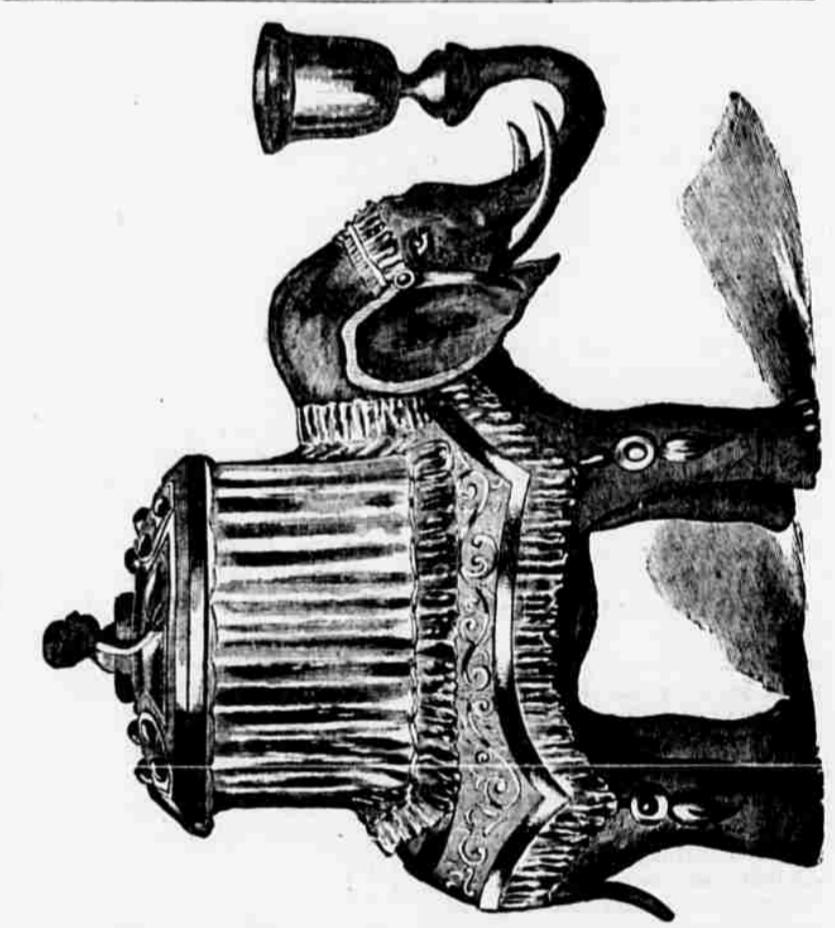
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A RATTLESLAKE'S SPRING. Going to Bed With a Rattler in a Mountaineer's Cabin. Front Royal, Va., Cor. Philadelphia Times. "You may talk about your Catakill," said a man on the hotel piazza last evening, "but did you ever in your life see anything more beautiful than that?" and he pointed to the billowy range of Blue Ridge mountains, whose tops were losing themselves in the soft, misty hue of the twilight. "I tell you," he continued, "there are no more beautiful mountains in this country than these Virginia peaks. There is only one thing I got against them—they are just jam full of snakes." "So I heard, but it has not been my fortune to meet with any face to face." "You can thank your lucky stars then," said the man, who was a drummer for a Baltimore firm, "I met one face to face in the most unpleasant manner a few nights ago. I had occasion to take quite a trip on horseback—you know everybody rides on horseback in these parts—and, after trotting along for two or three hours, I struck up into the mountain. The sun was slowly sinking, casting its beautiful lights and shades, over all their delicate witchery, over the surrounding landscape. It was beautiful and I gazed, enchanted, upon a scene which I cannot describe. Arousing myself from my reverie, I was warned by the deepening shadows to hastened on. I had chosen a path which was more than a bridle-path, and at each step the way was becoming more rough and rugged. Over broken rocks and fallen trees I pursued my way with great difficulty. As the shadows deepened and objects became less discernible my horse began to manifest unmistakable signs of fear and uneasiness, shying at times so violently as to almost throw me from the saddle. "At last, to my great satisfaction, I distinguished the sounds of human voices. Pushing on in the direction from which they proceeded, I came upon a group of men standing in front of a rustic log-cabin. They were rough mountaineers, and made a living by distilling whiskey. Riding up, I inquired the distance to my place of destination. It was several miles further on. I was not acquainted with the way. It would have been dangerous for me to have kept on, and I asked if I could be accommodated for the night. "Get down stranger, get down," was the ready response. "We haven't much in this wild country, but what we have is at your service." "I was pretty stiff after my long ride, and gladly dismounted. As I jumped from my horse I saw upon the ground at their feet what, upon examination, proved to be a large snake. It was a moccasin, six feet long, and an ugly-looking creature. My exclamation of alarm drew from one of the men the remark that the snake had been dispatched but a few moments before my arrival. "We had a pretty hard job of it," he said, "but we fixed him at last. We don't care much for them, but the fact is when we do spot a big snake close by we don't choose to have him looting about the place too familiarly you know, for he might snip up some one of us when we were not thinking of it, so we settle him at once." "How do you do it?" I asked. "Well, when he is a fine old rattler we try to secure him without breaking his hide. We draw his attention by putting something on the end of a pole on which he also is mounted, and when the old fellow pops up his head from behind the log we just drop the pole over him, and one of us runs up catches him by the neck, and puts a spike through his head. That is, when we catch them to stuff for your museums. Oh, there are lots of them about here, lots of them. We have several of the old fellows on hand now." "I listened in silence. Not a very inviting prospect for a night's lodging, I thought, as I stood debating in my mind the advisability of moving on in spite of the darkness and rough roads. A summons from the cabin to supper decided me, however. The cool mountain air had proved a keen appetizer, and I thoroughly enjoyed the plain but substantial meal of corn bread and bacon. Supper over, we repaired again to the front of the cabin. A feeling of exhilaration came over me—a feeling which a man can only experience by going into the very heart of the mountain. The moon had risen and around and above me the trees nodded in a flood of silver light. Picturesque and beautiful beyond description was the scene, banishing from my mind all disagreeable or unpleasant thoughts. Each rock, crag, and bank seemed under the mystic light to become transformed into something lovely and airy like the clouds above." "But even the loveliness of the night could not dispel the weariness which was gradually stealing over me, nor tempt me longer to remain; so, accompanied by my host, I was shown my quarters. It was a little, low room, seeming to be off from the main building. Through the chinks in the logs came the moonlight in little patches. The window, a small port-hole, was built right up against the mountain, and beneath it huge clumps of rock and underbrush, scattered in the disjunct, uncomfortable room. I confess to a feeling of great nervousness. I did not like the looks of things at all. Back to my mind flashed the stories of the evening. I was conscious for the first time in my life of being actually afraid. I set about my preparations for the night with good a stock of courage as I could summon to my aid, making a careful survey of the room, and finding up the chinks as best I could. Having finished my candle thicker, and snuffed it carefully, and went out. I sought my straw bed, placed my revolver under my coat, and settled myself to try and sleep. "After passing what seemed hours of watchfulness, extreme weariness and the low wind sighing through the pine trees in at last into a restful, uneasy slumber, in which my dreams were filled with frightful visions. From one more horrible than all the rest. I awoke with a start. From the foot of the bed came a sharp, grating sound. What could it be? I tried to assure myself that the sound held no significance for me, but instinctively I felt a horrible sensation of something near—dangerously near. I raised myself up, only to sink back with a low cry of horror. The moonlight, streaming into my window, re-

vealed to me my situation. There, at the side of the bed, slowly coiling its self for a spring, was a huge snake. I quickly left for my revolver. It was gone. The agony of the moment was beyond all words. I tried to jump to my feet. At that moment the snake sprang toward me, just grazing my shoulder and falling with a heavy thud on the other side of me. With one bound I reached the door, and with a wild cry of alarm aroused the inmates. Almost instantly all hands were on the spot. They found his snout just retiring through one of the holes between the logs. He was soon disposed of, and I proved to be a rattler, seven feet long, with thirteen rattles. A search was made for my revolver. It was found to have slipped from beneath my coat to the floor, probably while I was asleep. Sleep came to my eyes no more that night. No sooner had the gray dawn appeared, than I mounted my horse and left the cabin with a feeling of great relief. FARM AND GARDEN. Flax and Hemp. A new demand has been made on the flax and hemp growers of the west within the past two years. It is for binding grain, and it has been created by the invention of the self-binding harvesting machines, which already in seasons past have consumed such amazing quantities during the few weeks of harvest as to almost stagger the flax and hemp growers. One of the general agents for a leading machine inventor, who has over \$100,000 worth of cord will be used in this state alone this year on the machines he represents. This the wire binders are gradually giving place to the safer cord, and it would seem as if it were about time that we were waking up to the fact that a market is open at our doors for fibre for making it. Our soil and climate are perfectly adapted to its growth, and it appears strange that hardly any one here has made a move toward raising it yet. Had in 1870, in the last statistical report at hand we find that in addition to what was grown in this country there was imported about 80,000,000 from abroad; either in its raw or manufactured state. To get it we had to draw on almost all the foreign countries of the world, and to pay in some instances as high as \$5.50 per ton for the dressed article. In our own land, the state of Kentucky seems to be the only section where any particular attention is paid to its cultivation, and even she has failed to hold her own within the past few years as against the imports of fast horses and blooded cattle. The great hindrance in this country to this industry, and the principal reasons why it is not more extensively grown, are thus summed up by a manufacturer: "Low duties on the imported article, the extension of flax in Canada, the haphazard and wasteful manner of its cultivation and handling here, and the difficulty of competing with foreigners in cheapness of labor, as well as in the quality and value of the article." For coarse uses, such as making string and bagging, it is claimed that American flax is superior to any that is imported. It is said to possess greater flexibility than that from Russia, and shall settle himself as to whether he shall raise the more for the swartly Russian to do it for him. An item from a Kentucky paper will show the status of the market there: "The produce of 300 acres was bought at 86 per 112 pound address, we suppose, with a premium of \$30 additional for the crop." A gentleman who is posted and sees the magnitude of the demand for cord flax, binding, says of this region: "I believe there is a great future for the hemp industry in Kentucky and the demand will increase until it is as great or greater than in the past years. It will be used for making into twine for binding grain, for crash toweling and fabrics of various kinds. In 1850 in this state there were 159 manufacturing establishments, turning out \$2,311,000 worth of bagging and cordage, but in 1870 the number had decreased to twenty." This will show how the industry has gone down, from the causes stated. The cultivation of hemp is somewhat similar to that of flax. Any good, rich, loamy land is adapted to its growth. The land is better to be plowed in the fall and again stirred in the spring, after which it is usually left for a few days that the soil may be acted on by the sun's influence, after which it is ready for the seed. A bushel of seed is generally sown to the acre. There will be but little trouble with the weeds, as the hemp usually occupies the ground, and for this reason is regarded by some agriculturists as an excellent clearing crop when introduced in rotation to precede flax. It is now usually harvested by cutting the plants off near the ground with a heavy knife or implement made especially for the purpose. The stalks and heads are now cut at the butts and are allowed to dry for a few days to dry. They are then bound in bundles and stacked to become thoroughly dry before stacking. In Kentucky the best time to spread it for retting is November or December, and when sufficiently retted is again put in stocks. The slat hand brake is the kind generally used to avoid the removal of the hemp straw. The Pioneer Press has been promised a series of articles on its cultivation by a Kentucky gentleman, but he fails to respond as agreed upon. If this catches his eye, we trust he will recall his promise and post our many readers on the subject. How to Keep Butter the Year Round. Country Gentlemen. Select the best perfectly glazed stoneware crocks. On the bottom place a small quantity of salt. Over the salt place a thin, well-bleached, muslin cloth that has been saturated with brine. Upon this cloth place the butter, carefully pressed so as to have no hollow places. Fill within half an inch of top. Over the butter place a cloth, tightly fitting around the edge of the crock. On this, when sold, pour a pint or more of a strong brine, as can be made by the use of hot water and dairy salt. Cover with heavy paper on a board. Have ready a common box, large enough to receive the crock, with space on all sides of about two inches. At the bottom put an inch or two of salt. Put the crock in and fill all around with salt,

sufficient to cover the crock about two inches. Over all place a board. The box may be only large enough for one crock, or for a dozen or more. The object of burying in salt is to keep the butter from all impure atmosphere, but also from sudden changes of the weather, and in an even, cool temperature. When thus treated, provided the butter is perfect when placed in the crock, it will remain so for many months, as there is nothing to disturb it. Butter treated this way retains all its original purity, and goes through a natural ripening, increasing that agreeable aroma so much desired—a rich, nutty taste. I adopted this way of treating my butter some five years ago. My butter of June of one year thus handled remains perfectly good until the next June, or later. During the two years past I have received many letters making inquiries as to my mode of making butter—heavy dealers of Chicago among the number. I am asked by some if the strong brine does not make the butter too salt. My answer is that it does not. If packed in wood it brings needs ripening, as much of it passes through the pores of the wood. When this occurs, so that butter is not surrounded on all sides by the brine, the butter becomes dry and soon rancid. Dry butter with the dampness all drawn out in wooden packages, soon becomes rancid and strong in the hands of shippers and dealers. For convenience in handling and keeping the brine from wasting, hickies are better than tubs. I do not say that butter can be made good by this method, as butter once injured in any way cannot be restored. The life of pure butter is prolonged by keeping it cool and safe from all atmospheric influences even from electricity. AFTER A CONSULATE. How a Patient West Virginian Was Received at the State Department. The following amusing incident is related by a prominent young republican from West Virginia, who has a keen sense of the ridiculous, a rich vein of humor and fine intelligence. This young man had been strongly indorsed by the leading republicans of his state for a position in the consular service. With his grip sack stuffed with papers and letters, setting forth his claims to consideration, such as good character, talent, oratorical ability, campaign services rendered, etc., he came to the city in the early days of the present administration. Immediately upon arrival he hid himself to the state department to remind Mr. Blaine that West Virginia had been solid for him in his presidential contest, and now she wanted to be remembered for it. The secretary promised the young man, after waiting at a future date. Days and weeks passed, but the date-day promise seemed to have been forgotten. Strong in patience, but poor in pocket, the gallant young republican went to his home. A few days ago he returned, and to use his own language, he proceeded to the department to see what prospect there was for getting his grist ground. He was ushered into the presence of the private secretary, Walter Blaine, Esq., and the following interview took place: "You folks are nicely fixed here. Is your father at home?" "Yes, sir; but he is engaged with the British minister." "Indeed! Is your father fond of ministers?" "P. Sec.—"I don't exactly comprehend you." "Well, sir, becoming impatient—" "You may tell your father that I am here and will advise him as to the proper distribution of good consular appointments." "P. Sec.—"My dear sir, permit me to say to you in all kindness that the time of the secretary is so absorbed that he is unable to see many of his intimate, personal, and political friends." "You don't think he'll be disappointed at not getting to see me?" "P. Sec.—"I hope not, sir." "Well, I hope not, too." Then the young man was politely bowed to the door, but he hesitated, and returned and said: "Just one more request, Mr. Private secretary. I would like to take my papers from the pigeon-hole, dust them off, and return them. They are nice clean papers, well written, on good paper, and want good care taken of them. Don't handle them very often nor more than once a year. Read them at very rare intervals, as you would a lot of old letters, just to remind you that I want to be a foreign relation, or something of that kind. If the walking is good I will come again next fall and dust them up again. You are a nice young man, and I will bring you a jug of cider and a bag of apples. Good-bye." Mr. Geo. F. Helderle, of Peru, Ind., says that he had suffered very much with Rheumatism and used many remedies without benefit. He found the desired relief in St. Jacobs Oil. To Persons About to Marry. "To persons about to marry," Dr. J. S. Wright's advice was "don't," was supplemented by saying, without laying in a supply of Spring Blossom, which cures albuminuria and other kidney and bladder complaints. Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents. WOMAN'S TRUE FRIEND. A friend in need is a friend indeed. This none can deny, especially when assistance is rendered when one is sorely afflicted with disease, more particularly those complaints and weaknesses so common to our female population. Every woman should know that Electric Bitters are woman's true friend, even when all other remedies fail. A single trial will always prove our assertion. The are powerful to the taste and only cost 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Ish & McMahon. (1)

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