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HYDRAULIC ELEVATORS. One exclusively for the use of passengers. These immense warerooms, three stories, are 60 feet wide, are filled with the grandest display of all kinds of Household and Office Furniture ever shown.

CHAS. SHIVERICK, 1206, 1208 and 1210 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO Growers of Live Stock and Others. WE CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO

Our Ground Oil Cake.

It is the best and cheapest food for stock of any kind. One pound is equal to three pounds of corn, Stock fed with Ground Oil Cake in the Fall and Winter, instead of running down, will increase in weight, and be in good marketable condition in the spring.

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MAX MEYER & BRO. JEWELERS AND MUSIC DEALERS. OMAHA, NEB.

THE OLDEST WHOLESALE & RETAIL JEWELRY HOUSE IN OMAHA.

Visitors can here find all the novelties in SILVERWARE, CLOCKS, RICH AND STYLISH JEWELRY, The Latest, Most Artistic, and Choicest Selections in Precious Stones AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF FINE WATCHES, AT AN LOW PRICES.

As is compatible with honorable dealers. Call and see our elegant new store, Tower Building, CORNER 11TH AND FARNAM STS.

MAX MEYER & BRO., MANUFACTURERS OF SHOW CASES! A large stock always on hand.

THE J. M. BRUNSWICK & BALKE Company. JUNE 26, 1883. In order to protect the public against the imposition of Mountebanks in our line, we have concluded to offer

BILLIARD MATERIALS AT COST.

PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING PRICES: \$22.00 Best Zanibar Ivory Billiard Balls, per set. \$25.00 BILLIARD CLOTH. Especially and solely manufactured for Ivan Simons & Fils at Versailles, Belgium. No. 1, 74 inches wide, per yard, \$6.50. No. 2, 74 inches wide, per yard, \$6.00. No. 3, 74 inches wide, per yard, \$5.50.

J. M. BRUNSWICK & BALKE Company.

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, NEW YORK, ST. LOUIS, ILL.

T. SINHOLD, MANUFACTURER OF Galvanized Iron Cornices, Window Caps, Finials.

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DUFRENE & MENDELSSOHN, ARCHITECTS

REMOVED TO OMAHA NATIONAL BANK BUILDING. 3614 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE J. M. BRUNSWICK & BALKE CO., CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, NEW YORK, ST. LOUIS, ILL.

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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Sarah Bernhardt is to appear as Pierrot in London. Blind Tom has been giving concerts in Cincinnati. Janussek is acting in San Francisco for the first time in eight years.

Lotto is at Dieppe, in France. The inevitable Craibree is with her. Zelds Seguin-Wallace is engaged for the Emma Abbott company next season.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg is in Paris, where she will spend the early Summer. The season at the New York Star Theatre will be opened by Lawrence Barrett on August 1.

McKee Rankin, Frank Curtis, George Knight and wife appear in "Baron Rudolph" next season.

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My Mash and Her Ma. Who got me with a winning smile, Down by a vine-clad, rustic stile, And let me hold her hand a while? My mash!

Who looked down in her hazel eyes, And smiled away the naughty flies, What telling lore so many - flies - Yours truly.

Who failed to answer her mamma's yell? For how could she, the magic spell When, getting along so well? Tillie Jane.

Who said she didn't "care a dot!" And that she wouldn't "have the spot?" - The same Tillie.

Who was it rushed to where we sat, Knowing our love some other flat, Ditto over my eye and hat? James Ma.

What was it that persistently Cleaved my coat tails and mangled me, And kept me all night up a tree? Bowser! LISA C. DOYLE.

STORY OF A FREIGHT CAR.

Good day sir. Yes, it is a pleasant day. Won't you sit down and rest a bit in the shade of yonder old live-oak? Does the noise of the mill disturb you? No. Some people complain of it, but I like it, for it tells of honest labor, of a thriving community, and then, you see, sir, I once was a part of it, that is, I was connected with the business. Haven't I traveled about a good deal? Well, yes, I have. I was built in a large shop, thousands of miles from here, and for many years I carried lumber over a large part of the country. It wasn't a very exciting life, like that of an express or mail car, but I was young and strong then, just freshly painted, and life looked very fair to me.

Business was brisk, and I was in great demand. "No. 350" I was called then but I passed through various changes, till finally I came clear across the continent and looked upon the western sea.

I had been looking rusty for some time, and now felt very proud of my new appearance in a fresh coat of brown, with large white letters "S. C. R. R." on my sides, and the number "68" given to me. The iron road over which I traveled for several years went through the prettiest country I have ever seen in all my wanderings. From San Francisco it follows the edge of the bay, then crossing the fertile Santa Clara valley it winds in and out, up and down, over and among the Santa Cruz mountains that you see rising there, so grandly, on the south. The terminus of the road was a quaint, old Spanish city, thickly settled now by Americans, but beautiful as it was, often and often I noticed with greater pleasure this pleasant little mountain town, but never dreamed that my life was to be cast here. Sometimes I used to be sent down here on this branch track which cuts through yonder hill from the main track, leads down to the mill to load cars with barrels of flour, then out alongside the rushing stream some three miles, crosses it and then joins the main track again.

But after that accident, two years ago, became partially disabled, my general health was poor, and then, too, there are so many younger fellows on the road that it seldom I am called upon for service. So here I have been set aside upon this switch track.

It must be lonely for me? So it is, sir, but the brightest event of my life has come to me during my days of enforced idleness. Tell you all about it? Why, yes, if you care to listen, for I never grow tired reading to memory every day of that happy month last summer.

Here I stood one day and that, under the shadow, as you see, of this tall stone mill that stands upon the bank of a little stream that flows along this mountain valley. All day long, year out and year in, while the level sun smiles upon the green hills, and the drowsy summer warmth fills the valley; and when the skies are gray and stormy, the mill runs and chatters and hums with noisy life; and all night, silent and grim as a ghost, its many windows, like shining eyes, stare into the darkness.

Sometimes I feel inclined to murmur that my days of steady usefulness are past, but unexpectedly opportunities come to me. One afternoon last summer I noticed a sweet-faced lady with three boys, ranging in age from ten to fifteen years, crossing the bridge that spans the stream just above yonder clump of fringing willows. They looked over the railing into the ravine below, and spoke of its beauty; then one of the ruddiest little boys called out "I say, mamma, look at that little road down there by the brook, and that old freight car. What is it doing there, I wonder?"

Mamma laughingly suggested that perhaps it led to the "Enchanted Cave," and the group passed on. I never knew what "Enchanted Cave" was, but the next day I could not complain of loneliness. Children clamored up into me, swarmed over my sides and roof; half a dozen of them tried to push me along the track, and the opinion "she'll do," seemed unanimous. It was not all boys this time; there were several girls in the party, and it was through their talk that I learned what the lady had meant by speaking of the "Enchanted Cave." Perhaps you remember, sir, reading about a wonderful cave that was discovered somewhere in these mountains. Its walls were set with precious stones, its roof was covered with stalactites of solid gold, so the fabulous reports ran, and great excitement was produced. People flocked to its supposed site, but nobody ever heard what they brought back, for the papers wouldn't be apt to say much about disappointed hopes, and the like.

Well, for a week my daily visits from the children went on, and I was treated to a succession of surprises. One day the whole company appeared as a "broom brigade," and before I was over I had been thoroughly scrubbed inside and out. Then mysterious packages began to arrive; strips of muslin were laid upon my floor; the boys tinkered away in corners and overhead; the girls covered my rough walls with quaint Japanese fans, artistically arranged, the boys hung fishing rods and tackle, guns and knives on the walls, and draped flags, dishes, boxes, jars, rolls of bedding, oat-beds that could be folded up and stowed away in a small space were accumulated gradually.

With I could tell you the merry conversations that I heard during these days of preparation, for you must have guessed by this time, as I did, that this company of San Francisco boys and girls whose parents had come to this cool, mountain summer resort for a few weeks, had conceived the brilliant idea of going on a camping expedition in a freight car.

"Uncle Jack," who was "just the bestest uncle in the world," according to little Ted, was to go along and see to everything. He it was who had made arrangements with the owner of the mill to let

the children have the use of me, and to furnish an engine to back me up about three miles along the branch track, and leave us there for a month. Everyday I would hear some one say "Uncle Jack says we ought to do so and so, and very sensible suggestions they were too. One evening he arrived on the five o'clock train from the city, and accompanied by all the children came down to inspect their arrangements. He seemed satisfied and appointed nine o'clock the next morning as the starting time.

When they appeared, each girl was equipped in a gray flannel suit with smart trimmings, stout shoes, broad-brimmed hats, and thick gloves; each boy wore a hunting suit of blue flannel, from Uncle Jack down to little Ted, who insisted upon taking along his velocipede till Uncle Jack settled the matter with a pleasant "quilt be done my boy," and Ted was found to have stowed away in a basket, (which was supposed to be her inseparable companion, "Lady Aubrey" and the wardrobe of her dollship), a maltese kitten belonging to the family where they were boarding. Again Uncle Jack was called upon; but suddenly everything was changed and all the girls and some of the boys ran up the bank crying, "Oh, Cousin Virginia, where did you come from? Are you going with us? How did you know? And who is that with you?" "Mercy on me, children, one question at a time, please. I came from the city. I am going with you." Uncle Jack said so. And this little girl is Rosa McNerny, a little friend of mine who has never been out of the city all her life of fourteen years. Think of it, never been in the sweet country; but give her a warm welcome, for she is going with us, and we want her to carry back rosy cheeks and bright eyes to her daily toil in a cigar factory, after her brief outing is over."

And so they all scrambled down the bank "Cousin Virginia" still explaining that Uncle Jack had kept her and Rosa apprised of every move the children had been making during the past week. "We have dresses just like yours in our show-street, haven't we, Rosa?" she called pleasantly to the shy little girl. "A strangely pitiful figure the child was, too; but you should have seen her a month later. Well, the engine was ready, goods were said to mamma and friends, and off we went. Three miles took us into the "Alma Valley," a beautiful spot right among the mountains. The valley was fertile and numerous, and also it was the wooded mountains rose, cutting into the blue sky, and at evening hiding themselves in the silvery mists that were forever rising from the distant sea, and sweeping through crystal space, but the fog never descended upon our camping spot, or on the little town we left behind us.

When a happy month that was. How the children tramped, and fished; hunted and roiled; swinging in the hammock; three of the boys who had cherished the belief that the enchanted cave might be found, made long, fruitless search for it; Rosa became like other girls, and lived a year of happiness every day; queer specimens of work farm moose or flowers were carried home and strewn away in my corners; some of the boys insisted upon being allowed to stretch a tent and sleep under it one night, but wasn't it fun when they became frightened at something and crawled into the car about midnight; Cousin Virginia told them stories as they sat around the campfire in the cool evening, always, just as twilight was falling and the mountain passes grew dark with shadows they all gathered around Uncle Jack and sang their evening hymn, then separated with the benediction of the Psalmist's words, "I will lay me down in peace, and shall repose, for it is thou, Lord, only, that makest us dwell in safety." One evening they sat up quite late, that is the older ones, waiting for Uncle Jack, who had walked in to town a long track; they had no camp fire, and could see the stars wheel and circle in majestic beauty over the mountain tops, and the valley lights glimmered among the haunts of men. Cousin Virginia said, "People in the valley there have their loves, their sorrows, and are tempted and sin, though it seems that their lives should be freer than others if they would lift their eyes to the mountain heights and feel and understand their grandeur and their beauty. For ears delicate there are voices delicate in nature, but these voices are not interpreted alike. Some listeners hear voices in the clouds, some in the grass and trees, some in the waves. The air is full of sounds, the earth of tokens and speech everywhere; the intelligence that the voice of the waves tells of battles, the mountains of peace, but the most penetrating is that of the stars. Do you understand me, children? Do these "voices" speak to you? The children can never lose the influence of this summer I am sure, nor can I forget. Must you be going, Sir? Call me again, I like to talk to you. Good day, Sir, good day.

PEPPERMINT DROPS. Nebraska is astonishing New York air—one case of fatal sunstroke. The sound of the mower sharpening his scythe is heard in the land. Also his "Yum! yum! yum!" as he replaces the jug under the haystack.

To wash a muddy saucer, do it with a garden hose, and stand on the other side of a fence while you do it.—Puck.

"Can you change a \$20 gold-piece?" he asked, as he gathered up the intelligence. Some folks may believe it, but you can't talk that nonsense to a chap who has been sitting in a melon-patch by a bob-tailed dog forty rods away.

There appears to be no reason for this immense haste in sending back the younger immigrants who have reached these shores from Ireland. At the next New York election most of them may get food, office and, instead of remaining passengers, become citizens of great influence.

A collector once wrote to Gen. Sherman for his autograph and a lock of his hair, and received the following reply: "The man who has been writing my autographs has been discharged, and as my order is bald I cannot comply with either of your requests."

A young coupleer wanted to know "what is a juggle-piece?" Webster says, a juggle-piece "is a true poet whose shoulders and sockets receive the lower end of the statue." Good juggle-piece, we thought everybody knew what a juggle-piece is.

The New York custom officials have discovered a gang smuggling in cigars in the hollow legs of a writing-desk. Let some custom-house officials for holding cigars when there are any around. They will even take them right out of your hand and be looking the other way all the time.

"Jeddy," said his wife sharply, "that man you hired last week is down with the lock-jaw. Now I want to know if that's anything ketchin'?" And James looked at her with tears in his eyes and said, in mournful tones, "Oh, no. No. No. Alas! 'tain't ketchin'." And he says, although she won't believe it, that he

doesn't know what made her so outrageously mad about it.

"What is the matter, Moses?" asked Jim Silverton of Mr. Schaumburg, the Austin merchant prince. "I've had at dot Schweindel-money. He has had me in the eye with a vich lakos black Monday." "But I don't see why you should grudge over such a trifle." "Swindle is a trifle," Miss Gott! he said, "but vich lakos is not. It is a matter of life and death, and now when he gets himself married he gives me no chance to get even with him."

A St. Louis doctor asserts that an old fellow living on the Missouri State Road who claims to be a "root doctor," has three medicines in his dispensary which he names, respectively: "His holiness," "his holiness," "his holiness." One is a cathartic, another an emetic, and the last a "rank pion," which will look his patients. He makes the first by peeling it upward, and the last by peeling it around.

Ninety-nine in the Shade. O for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers! O for an isberg or two at control! O for a vale that at midday dew cucumbers! O for a pleasure trip up to the pole! O for a little oneness with the cucumbers! With nothing but cucumbers ranged in a row! O for a double-barreled hystrometer, To measure the moisture that rolls from my brow!

O that this world were twenty times colder, (That's a frisky red-hot it seemeth to me), O that a comforter again would be! O for a grove frost lined and rill river, Seeped in the rock under catarract vast! O for a winter of discontent daily blind, O for a wet blanket judiciously cast! O for a sofa fount spouting up boldly From every hot-lamp-post against the hot sky!

O for a proud maiden to look on me coldly, Freezing my soul with a glance of her eye! Then O for a draught from a cup of cold piety! And O for a thorough ticket, via Coldgrave, To the baths of the Styx where a thick river of sulphur and brimstone daily flows! And deepens the chill on its dark running wave!

SINGULARITIES. A mother, only thirteen years old, living in Iowa, Waverly county, N. Y., related the birth to a female child weighing seven pounds. At last reports mother and child are doing well.

A butcher in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., killed an ox a few days ago, and on opening its paunch, found a 850 certificate of stock in the Poughkeepsie bridge.

A branch of asparagus measuring nearly seven inches in circumference has been grown by a farmer in Green Bay. It seems to be several stalks connected to be grown together by the root.

The wife of Amosel Vance, of the Oakford precinct, Owensboro, Ky., has given birth to three children, all of whom are living, in nine months and twelve days—one on the first occasion and two on the second.

G. K. Wood, of Pittsford, N. Y., is playing seventeen different games of chess with as many persons in different parts of the country, and communicates with them by telegraph and postal card. Mr. Wood is totally blind.

A citizen of Camden, Me., recently found a sparrow's nest in a hay field, and carrying one of the eggs home put it in the clock. Some time afterward it was noticed that the clock, usually a very tick of air, had stopped entirely. Investigation showed that the egg had hatched inside the clock-case and the pendulum had collided with the minute hand.

Fisher's landing, on the St. Lawrence has a sea serpent. It was seen near that place by a fisherman, who, seeing what he supposed to be a log, took his boat and went out to get it for firewood. When some little distance from the supposed log, what was his surprise to see it coming toward him with open mouth and displaying a row of teeth about three inches long.

Sitting Bull's battle club was recently bought by a sergeant of the Seventh cavalry, stationed at Fort Yates. The weapon in shape resembles an ax, and is about two feet long and thickly studded with brass nails. From its upper edge project two keen knife blades seven inches long, and set into the two flat sides are small, sharp-edged blades of the same size. Sitting Bull was paid \$10 for it.

The Lee County (Va.) Sentinel says: "Mr. Linton Staley, of the place, killed a snake last Sunday in the brushy north of town, which is a new one in this climate and to us unheard of before. It was a small striped snake about two feet long, with a long, hard, spike-shaped horn on the end of its tail resembling the spur of a rooster. The horn was nearly white, and was perfectly straight, and was square on top. Another Mr. Steward could have taken it alive if he had known of its existence, but he did not discover the horn until he had killed it."

Last week lightning struck an immense rock weighing ninety tons standing on the top of the Loon Mountain, Pennsylvania, shivering it to atoms and making a terrible report. The shock was felt about twenty miles. Another 100 yards from the rock was demolished and another a few yards from it was wrecked. An hour afterward a bolt of lightning struck this second dwelling and destroyed it. Another dwelling near was also struck by the same bolt. The roof was lifted from the building, the man was killed, two men injured and another made insane.

On Margin. Only one in a margin. Big profits looming in view. While in boom and swell of the market. A cool million. Then he'd be through. Only the market still rising. And profits grow greater and swell. And the fundy in but grasping who holds on. And stolidly refused to sell.

Only a pocket dog. Dejected, "hustle," and sore. And the bird that is plucked well before He'll get his tail before.

Philadelphian Press. The only known specific for EPILEPTIC FITS. Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Nervous Debility, Headache, and leading Diseases. Cleanses and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutralizes germs of disease and saves sickness. Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates Bile, Catarrhes and Scalds. Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and powerful remedy for Epilepsy, St. Vitus's and King's Evil, brain broilers. Changes bad breath to good, removes

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SAMARITAN NERVE

the cause. Rout bilious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalled by none in the delirium of fever, or in the most distressing cholera and cholera-like. It drives Sick Headache like a whirlwind. Contains no drastic cathartic or opiate. Relieves

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheumatism by restoring. Restores the proper ties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. Reliable when all opties fail. Restores mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.

NEVER FAILS

Disease of the blood over it a conqueror. Endorsed in writing by over 475 leading leading clinicians, chemists and physicians in U. S. and Europe. For sale by all leading druggists. \$1.50. (By Post-Orders and circulars sent stamp.) The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co. St. Joseph, Mo.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, vs. S. E. COR. FARNAM AND TENTH STS. At the county court, held at the county court room in and for the county of Douglas, Nebraska, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1883. Present, A. M. Chadwick, County Judge. In the matter of estate of Patrick McGavock deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Alexander McGavock heir of deceased, praying that administration of said estate may be granted Josiah Kent (heir) Order for hearing not having been entered.

Ordered, That July 24th A. D. 1883 at 10 o'clock A. M. be assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said estate may appear at a county court to be held, in and for said county, and be granted and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said estate by the publication of this order in the Omaha Daily Bee a newspaper printed in said county, for three consecutive weeks, prior to the day of hearing, to-wit: Monday, July 23rd, 24th and 25th, 1883. A. M. CHADWICK, County Judge.

J. HARRIS. S. E. Cor. Farnam and Tenth Sts. BUYER'S CASE-OFF CLOTHING. HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID. Call or send Postal Card. Matter of Application of Max Lutz for Liquor license.

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that Max Lutz, did upon the 28th day of June, A. D. 1883, file his application to the Mayor and City Council of Omaha, for license to sell and keep on hand, for the purpose of liquor, at the corner of 9th and Jackson street, 1st ward, Omaha, Neb., from the 15th day of July 1883, to the 15th day of August 1883. MAX LUTZ, Applicant.

The Omaha free newspaper will publish notice once each week for two weeks at the expense of the applicant. The City of Omaha is not to be charged therefor. J. L. C. JEWETT, City Clerk.

SUFFER no longer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of Strength, lack of Energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1881. BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Gentlemen—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief having tried everything which was recommended until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefited by BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, I tried a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am, practically another person. Mrs. J. J. FAYE, 30 Maverick St., E. Boston.

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