

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 so 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 Die?
"No!"
"She lingered and suffered along, pining 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 simply a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."--THE PARENTS.

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 Utica, N. Y.

I Have Found It!
Was the exclamation of a man when he got a box of Borelia's Kidney Pills, which is a simple and sure cure for all the ailments of the kidneys. Fifty cents per box, postpaid.

The American Diarrhoea Cure!
Has stood the test for twenty years. Sure cure for all cases of Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and Cholera.

Deane's Fever and Ague Tonic & Cordial.
It is impossible to supply the rapid sale of the same.

W. J. WHITEHOUSE
LABORATORY, 15TH ST., OMAHA, NEB.
For Sale by all Druggists
DUFRENE & MENDELSSOHN,
ARCHITECTS

JOHN C. JACOBS,
Formerly Gish & Jacobs
UNDERTAKER.

When I am Dead.
I would not have the rude and gaping crowd Around me gather, and 'mid lamentation loud,
Tell of my virtues, and with vain regret Remorse my loss, and, leaving me, forget;
But would have the few of kindly heart, Who, when misfortune came, so nobly did their part,
And oft by thoughtful deeds their love express--
These would I have, no more, no less,
When I am dead!
When I am dead,
I would not have the high and storied stone Placed o'er my grave, and then be left alone;
But I would have some things I once did love, Ere I did leave the joyous world above,
Placed o'er me. And each succeeding year I'd have my friends renew them, and oft linger near,
With loving thoughts upon the dear one laid below,
And talk of times departed long ago,
When I am dead!
When I am dead,
Forgive--On this I pray far more than all--
The anguish I have caused, the deed beyond recall.
Think kindly on me as I lie so still,
So poor a subject for an angel's will.
Think of some generous deed, some good word spoken,
Of hearts bound up I found all sad and broken;
Think gently, when this last long rest is mine,
And gaze upon my form with looks benign,
When I am dead!
--Franklin P. Daly, in the Guardian.

SINGULARITIES.
The camphor-tree is to be cultivated in Florida.
A green turtle caught at Cedar Key, Fla., weighed 600 pounds.
A. N. Meals, of Moberly, Mo., recently sold a circus man a cow weighing over 3,800 pounds.
A man of Virginia City has an electric stove, from which the articles have to be lifted during a storm with silk handkerchiefs.
Some camels were turned loose in Arizona sixteen years ago. They have so multiplied as to be troublesome, and are to be hunted down.
Daniel Burkett, of Big Creek Gap, East Tennessee, who is said to be 19 years old, weighs only 30 pounds and is only 18 inches high.
Several cat-fish measuring from nine to eleven inches in length were found recently by workmen in repairing an old hotel in Dallas, Tex., under the floor of the hall between the bath-tubs.
A wild pepper bush measuring fourteen feet across the top and forty-two feet around is growing on an island in Charles Apopka lake in Florida. The bush is only 2 years old, and bears an immense quantity of fruit.
Old Fancy, the war horse rode by Stonewall Jackson, is tenderly cared for at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. He is a handsome sorrel of good form, but his joints are stiff. He is 30 years old.
On McDonough street, Atlanta, there is a cat with six legs. The scoundrel is the property of a Mr. Johnston. The additional two legs are just behind the cat's front legs, and are joined to them by a thin skin. The cat moves with ease, and is not at all awkward.
The longest bridge in the world is in China. Its roadway is seventy feet wide and seventy feet high. There are 360 arches, and each of the pillars, which are seventy-five feet apart, bears a pedestal on which is the figure of a lion twenty-one feet long, and made out of one block of marble.
The people of Brooklyn, Conn., deem their old oak the most beautiful tree in New England. A hundred years ago its top was cut off to use in "blushing in" hayseed, and the young tree then put out many branches near the ground. Some of these have grown to a length of sixty feet and are very large.
Dr. E. Eastman, who lives near Raleigh, N. C., and is a well-known farmer, has a pair of curiosities in the shape of two setter dogs. These are perfect in form, but instead of the allowance of four feet, Dame Nature has only given them two each. So they are compelled

to walk erect, "stand up like a man," so to speak. These queer dogs can be seen any time at Eastman's mill, three miles east of Raleigh.
Two colored men began digging a well about two weeks ago in the yard of an electric light company in Philadelphia. The ground became warmer as they descended, and at a depth of twenty-four feet boiling water poured in and drove them out. About thirty feet distant is an well into which the water from large boilers has been blown, and it is believed that this hot water has so heated the surrounding gravel and sand that all the water filtering through it is heated to the boiling point.
A rose farm is a new Georgia industry. Two gardeners in the vicinity of Savannah planted three acres in rose trees. This year they sold 22,000 trees to parties in the north, and had orders for 50,000, which they could not fill. The trees meet with a ready sale at from \$10 to \$20 per 100. Over half a million trees are annually imported into this country from France, England and Holland, and the Savannah News says it has been demonstrated that Georgia has a better climate for the cultivation of rose trees than that in the south of France.
Henry Harris, of Morrivether, Ga., claimed to have some swallows on his place which made a business of swallowing chickens and ducks, but nobody believed him. Last week, hearing a furious commotion among his ducks at the pond, he ran down in time to capture an immense frog that had nearly finished swallowing a young duck. Mr. Harris placed the frog, which was one of the largest ever seen in that vicinity, in a box and carried it to town, where he exhibited it to the awe-stricken natives. The legs of the duck were just visible in the throat of the croaker. He intended to make a tour of the newspaper offices in that portion of the state to exhibit the monster, but it died before he got out of town.

Keep the City Clean.
From Egypt's sunny fountains
To Java's coral strands,
Where the volcano mountains
Roll down their red-hot sands,
The cholera brings commotion
And putrid death are seen;
It soon will cross the ocean--
So keep the city clean.

CONNUBIALITIES.
An Ohio woman, thirty-two years old, has sued a boy of eighteen for breach of promise.
After a German wedding at Leavenworth, a charivari party appeared and was invited into the house, when its members were attacked with knives, three men and one woman being badly cut.
The Rev. Owen O'Brien, of St. Stephen's Church, Brooklyn, had the pleasure of marrying his father, Mr. Thomas O'Brien, to Miss M. Hurley. Wonder if he had the courage to kiss his stepmother after the ceremony was performed.
An advertisement in a Lyons, France, paper, says a young lady, 21 years of age, and a member of an honorable family offers her love in marriage to the man who will come to the aid of her parents. Age or looks are of no account, but he must have a good establishment.
Young Andrew Hall, of Brooklyn, whose mother is wealthy, has married a negro, and the family are endeavoring to have the marriage set aside on the ground that he is a lunatic. But Andrew swears he is not a lunatic, and that he would rather lose \$200,000 than his black Mary.
Miss Henderson went to Pierre, Dakota, to be married to J. D. Scott, but Scott died before the time set. At the funeral Miss Henderson told her sympathizing friends that Scott was the fourth man to whom she had been engaged, and that all had died before the time fixed for the nuptials.
At a recent wedding of a Troy lawyer, besides numerous and costly gifts to the bride, there was one to the groom, consisting of a polioy of accidental insurances, dating from noon of the wedding day and expiring at noon of the day following. Upon its face, in due form, was enclosed a "paranoid" marry not exceeding one time during the life of this policy.
The marriage of Canuto Pecci, nephew of the Pope, with Miss Basso, will take place in Paris this month. Mgr. de Bonle will bless it, and Mgr. Cattaldi, the perfect of the pontifical ceremonies, will represent the Pope. It is Mgr. Cattaldi, who, for a great many years

has been the Pope's agent for all his family affairs, and a sort of intermediary between the Pecci and the Holy Father.
Here and Yonder.
I walk in the crowded city,
And the pavement pains my feet,
And nothing but piles of buildings
Shut in the stones of the street;
But I only see the meadow
And the wood so cool and sweet.
I walk in the crowded city,
And mix with the noisy throng,
And the din is like the beating
Of a great, incessant gong;
But I only see the brook flow
And the brown wood thrush's song.
I walk in the crowded city,
And fill up the street like a mill race
As his car and thither they pour;
But I only see a cottage
And a maiden at the door.
I walk in the crowded city,
And buy and sell in the mart,
But still in my crush and clamor
I feel that I have no part.
For the sweet, fresh life of the country
Forever abides in my heart.
I walk in the crowded city,
But see the green meadow still,
And look through the piles of buildings
To the wood that crowns the hill,
And alone with the cottage maiden
I wander afar at will.
--Edward Willett.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.
The only bleached hair now fashionable is that which Father Time has operated on.
A young lady calls her beau "Honey-suckle" because he is always hanging over the front railings.
Hindoo veiling is light, soft, and lovely for summer dresses, and for evening toilets in a narrow tournure.
Bonnets are now worn on the corsage, not at the head. They should be large, loosely put together and of only one kind of flowers.
A brilliant shade of plum color and another of rich dark blue have quite taken the place of strawberry and terra cotta in popularity.
Any dress for the autumn, so very elastic are the modes will be fashionable if it fits well, has light sleeves and well draped to a narrow tournure.
In the far west a man advertises for a woman "to wash, iron, and milk one or two cows." What does he want his cows washed and ironed for?--Oil City Derrick.
Woolen muslins are to be had in all possible shades of color--old copper, terra cotta, crushed strawberry, and all the new colors as well as all the classical ones.
A man makes an awful row if his wife takes his razor to trim a little maize on her little toe or sharpen a lead pencil, but he thinks it is all right, and scoffs at her, if she shrieks her feeble protests when he takes her little embroidered scissors to cut a couple telephone wires.
"Don't hurt the scissors at all," he says.
It is almost impossible to distinguish the new velvet from real velvet, so silky is its surface, and so soft and even its face. The dark colors of this material are very handsome and they make both stylish and wear-defying walking skirts; the new spot, it is claimed, being proof against rain brands, and warranted never to fade.
Very long gauntleted gloves of Suede and wash leather will be worn this autumn for driving, shopping, and with walking costumes. The handsomest are not of the lately fashionable pale yellow or tan shades, but come in dark green, bronze, brown, olive, and other quiet colors, brightly stitched with pale gold silk, and having the gauntlets lined with the same delicate tint.
One of the features of dress trimmings this autumn is the cutting of the edges of skirts, tunics and palanquins into turretes, Vandykes and scallops--a fashion so popular last season in lighter fabrics. Tweed dresses are made in this manner with good success, the blocks or points being lined with silk, and turned back sometimes to show a bright knitting underneath. Some of the blocks are quite broad, and not only trim the foot of the skirt and tunic, but are set in full double rows around

the edge of the long pointed bodice in regular Elizabethan style.
Shopping at Saratoga is unusually brisk on the closing days of the season, and it is said that many ladies of fashion linger late to get bargains in lace, parasols, rugs, and fancy articles at the shops that are about to close. Most of the summer stores are branches of New York houses, but one enterprising New Orleans firm follows the customers to the Springs with a choice stock. Rather than re-pack and reship their wares the merchants mark down their prices to figures that tempt visitors from the inland towns to buy.
Fruits are the favorite devices for ornamenting both brocade and printed dresses, and bonnets and hats. Now that those luscious productions of the orchard are to be admired in all their perfection, they are more than ever closely copied from nature. It seems as though ladies had been arranging their dessert upon their headgear. Apricots and peaches are tastefully combined with walnuts and grapes, and apples and pears appear nesting in moss and foliage, surrounded with green almonds, plums and nectarines.
The Indian and the Trout.
The morning sun in splendor shone
On the meadow park of the Yellowstone.
The president at the break of day
Had packed his duds and moved away.
A brave Shoshone chief came out
With his willow pole to fish for trout.
It was half-past 6 when he cast his line,
And he kept on fishing till half-past 9;
And then he laid his hook away
And patiently fished until half-past 2--
The meanwhile swearing a powerful sight
For fishing all day with nary a bite.
And he swore and fished, and fished and swore
Till his Elgin watch tolled half-past 4.
When a big, fat trout came swimming by
And winked at the chief with his cold, sad eye;
"And do you reckon, you pagan soul,
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The president taught us manners while
He heeded for us in the latest style,
You've no idea how proud we feel
To be jerked ashore with a Frankfort reel!"
The red man gathered his dinner-pail
And started home by the shortest trail,
And he told his faithful squaw he guessed
They'd better move still farther west.
Where presidents didn't come fooling about,
Turning the heads of the giddy trout.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.
The melancholy days have come, the sweetest of the year.
FEMALE SUFFRAGE and the Keely motor are still matters of the future.
The postal notes look as if they had been printed by a "blacksmith" on a cider press and soft soap used in place of ink.
There was a touch of frost in Virginia on Monday morning, but the political thermometer down there keeps steady at about 200° Fahrenheit.
It is said that when Jay Gould has the jimmies he sees nothing but water snakes, water rats, goggle-eyed fish and other marine monsters. That is what comes of "watering" so much stock. Water pity it is for poor Jay.
It was a happy thought on the part of our Government to purchase the Yellowstone country and convert it into a National park. It belongs to all the people of the United States, the poor as well as the rich, and all it costs for a man living inside of civilization to go there and return is a thousand dollars or two, and perhaps his scalp.--Norrington Herald.
A Massachusetts man has invented an arrangement for hotels which not only calls a man at any given hour, but which keeps him called until he gets up. It may be a useful invention, but what the traveling public wants is an arrangement that will not only call a man, but also shove him out of bed, shave him and pay his hotel bill. The inventor of such a contrivance could sell 'em for \$6 apiece.
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A Massachusetts man has invented an arrangement for hotels which not only calls a man at any given hour, but which keeps him called until he gets up. It may be a useful invention, but what the traveling public wants is an arrangement that will not only call a man, but also shove him out of bed, shave him and pay his hotel bill. The inventor of such a contrivance could sell 'em for \$6 apiece.
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