

"All your own fault. If you remain sick where you can get hop bitters that never fail. The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good. Old men getting around from rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters. My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommended them to my people. Methodist Clergyman.

Ask your good doctor if hop bitters are not the best family medicine on earth. Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"My mother drove the paralysis and paralysis all out of her system with hop bitters."—Ed. Oswego Sun. —Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness. —Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

"The vigor of youth for the aged and nirm in hop bitters." —At the change of life nothing equals Hop bitters to ally all troubles incident thereto. —The best periodical for ladies to take monthly and from which they will receive the greatest benefit is hop bitters.

Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily. —Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitters.

Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist when hop bitters are used. A timely use of hop bitters will keep a whole family in robust health a year at a little cost.

—To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop bitters on retiring. —That indigestion or stomach gas at night, preventing rest and sleep, will disappear by using hop bitters. —Paralytic, nervous, tremulous old ladies are made perfectly quiet and sprightly by using hop bitters.

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Have established themselves in Omaha to transact a general hardware and business. We will buy all kinds of goods at wholesale or retail, and guarantee perfect satisfaction in prices, as we can buy cheaper than ourselves. You can see the advantage of buying your goods bought by one who will work for our interest and not trust to a merchant who has something he is anxious to be rid of. We will also give prompt attention to selling anything entrusted to us, and goods consigned to us will be carefully sold to. Correspondence solicited.
References—Omaha National Bank, McCague & Co's Bank. Address 111 S. 15th St.

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WE CHALLENGE
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FOR ANY AMOUNT, OF
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Sioux Falls, Dakota

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IMPROVED
SOFT ELASTIC SECTION CORSET

It is warranted to wear longer, fit better, and give better support than any other corset. It is made of the finest quality of cloth, and is perfectly adapted to the requirements of the most delicate and sensitive constitutions. It is made in all sizes, and is sold by all the leading druggists and corset makers in the United States.
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Stove Repair Works,
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Weak Nervous Men

Who debility, exhaustion and premature decay are caused by nervousness, and who are perfectly restored to robust health, and vigor by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This medicine is made of the most valuable and purest ingredients, and is sold by all the leading druggists and chemists in the United States.
DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Williams, Lowell, Mass.

STARVING INDIANS.

Their sufferings at the Fort Peck Agency from Drought and Lack of Food.

The Dramatic Appeal of Chief Medicine Bear for Government Aid.

Scanty Rations Issued.

Miles City, Montana, Correspondence Chicago Times.

Within a short distance of this military post (or town) there are nearly 6,000 Indians who are slowly but surely starving to death. I refer to the Fort Peck Indian agency, which is located due north of here on the Missouri river, under charge of the regularly appointed agent Mr. Snider. He has the following Indian tribes to look after and care for: Assiniboin, 1,375; Yanktonian Sioux, 3,650; Santee Sioux, 450; Ogallala and Teton Sioux, 200; total, 5,675. From all that can be gathered in regard to his administration of government affairs at Fort Peck, he seems to be not in the least to be blamed for the present unhappy condition of the nation's wards under his charge. In fact Mr. Snider evidently foresaw the very turn events have since taken, for in a communication to the commissioner of Indian affairs, written last fall, he warned that official that unless something was done by the department to avert the disaster, there would be great suffering at his agency the then coming fiscal year. "Neither the department nor the Indians anticipated such a sudden disappearance of the game," he wrote: "wherefore, no adequate provision has been made for their subsistence during the present fiscal year. There were about 1,000 acres of land planted by the Indians this last spring, notwithstanding the almost entire failure of crops last year. They took hold of the work with the greatest vigor and zeal, and with the expectation of realizing much from their labor; but the drought came on and everything was dried up, and a total failure of crops is the result. When my predecessors and the inevitable, he urged them to go and hunt, which the majority of them did; but not finding enough game to subsist upon, they came back.

DISCOURAGED AND HEARTSICK. With no crop, no game, and as yet no supplies, the wolf of hunger is in every lodge. The situation at present is anything but pleasant."

From the above it can be seen that Mr. Snider has done his duty in the matter, and the responsibility for the present lamentable condition rests elsewhere. An officer of the regular army, recently on the ground, says the seriousness of the case cannot be exaggerated. Some four or five wretched savages have dropped dead from lack of food, and unless aid comes soon in some shape or other the Indians must of necessity seek sustenance wherever they can be found, and perhaps raid the surrounding country, where many fat herds and numerous flocks of sheep are browsing.

THE FORT PECK AGENCY is situated in the eastern part of Montana, on the north side of the Missouri river, and consists of the two sub-agencies of Wolf Point and Poplar Creek. There are twenty-five native Indians who are employed as police, besides two companies of the Eleventh infantry under command of Capt. O. B. Leonard. Sixty-five miles southeast of Poplar river is the large military post of Fort Buford, garrisoned by two troops of the Seventh cavalry, two companies of the Eleventh infantry, two companies of the Fifteenth infantry, and a few Indian scouts in the service of the government, all under command of N. C. Wheeler, a veteran of Mexican war fame. Fort Buford is on the Missouri river, exactly on the dividing line that marks the boundary between Montana and Dakota.

South of Fort Peck, on the banks of the Yellowstone, about 165 miles from its mouth, stands Fort Keogh, one of the largest and most important military stations in the department of Dakota. It has eight companies of the Fifth infantry and one troop of the Second cavalry, commanded by Col. J. D. Wilkins. High up in the northwest on Milk river, an important tributary of the Missouri, rests Fort Assiniboin, close to the British border line. There are eight companies of the Eighteenth infantry, two troops of the Second cavalry, and a large body of Indian scouts located at this fort, and the commanding officer is Lieut. Col. J. J. Coppinger, son-in-law of Hon. James G. Blaine. From all of which you will see that the Fort Peck Indians are plentifully supplied on all sides, and could not escape if they wanted to. The cavalry military force is deemed sufficiently powerful to hold the native red men in check and compel them peaceably to STARVE TO DEATH.

The Indian village, however, is a large one, and stretches for twenty-five miles up and down the banks of Redwater creek, where most of the agency Indians are located. The young bucks are particularly savage and discontented, and appear ready to start on a raid at the very first opportunity. Once started, they could do a deal of mischief in running off stock—more than the government would feel inclined to pay for, at any rate. This great village contained a few weeks ago between five and six thousand cur and a large number of native cayuse ponies. All of the dogs have been sacrificed to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and a few days ago, Medicine Bear, head chief of the Yanktonian,

A REAL GOOD INDIAN, and one who I believe has the welfare of his people at heart, requested a council of the agent and the military officers at Poplar River in order to lay his grievances before them. A day was appointed and the council met. The agent, Capt. Reed, and a few of his officers assembled in one of the warehouse buildings, while Medicine Bear and a number of his subordinate chiefs came in a few minutes later, gravely squatted in a semicircle on the floor, and passed the pipe in token of peace. When the pipe had completed the circuit and returned to Medicine Bear, from whence it started, the infirm old chief slowly rose to a standing position, and thus addressed his hearers: "I am old—my people are suffering. The buffalo that once the Great Spirit scattered over the hills and valleys of our country have all been killed or driven away by the white hunters. See! Here the aged man whipped a keen knife from his girdle and drew it quickly across his clothing just above the knee, exposing the limb. Then gathering a morsel of flesh between his left thumb and forefinger, he twisted it in an tight a manner as possible, and, like a flash, cut the piece with his knife, severing it from his body, leaving a hole about as large as a silver

half dollar. Then, holding it up before his audience, he exclaimed in a tone of bitter irony, coupled with a scornful glance: "See! I am hungry. The great father at Washington gives us four ounces of meat. It is not enough. Will any white man eat this with me!"

THE COUNCIL BROKE UP in a hurry, the poor, old, half-crazed chief scowling at the best medical attendance the place afforded. Luckily the only damage was a mere flesh-wound, no serious consequences having resulted.

I merely cite the above as an instance of the bitter feeling which prevails among the agency Indians at Fort Peck, and in the hope that it may arouse the authorities at Washington to do something in the way of relief for these poor, untended, suffering savages. The instance narrated was told me by an army officer, who was present at the council and an eye-witness of the occurrence. He is of the opinion that a number of deaths will certainly be the consequence unless relief come soon. A few years ago, when the buffalo and other game was to be had in abundance, allowance of beef was three times as much as it is at present. Now, when the Indians need assistance most, the ration is cut down to starvation rates, until I believe it is but four ounces of beef per head, with other issues in proportion. I am told that the beef for the year foots up about 150,000 pounds, and that the quantity in the neighborhood of 500,000 pounds. Divide this among 5,675 Indians for 365 days, and see for yourself how the matter stands.

J. M. T.

A MARRIAGE ROMANCE.

The Future Marquis and Her Adorers—Mrs. Leslie's Love Story.

N. Y. Cor. Pittsburg Commercial.

"Really you mustn't ask me when I'm going to be married, for I can't tell myself yet," laughed Mrs. Frank Leslie to a reporter recently, as he stood in the little blue-dyed her cheeks and she glanced coyly at a distinguished-looking gentleman seated at her side. "Marquis de Leuville has only been in America this time a few weeks and we have not had time yet to fix a date for our marriage, much less to determine what kind of a manager of all beautiful the beautiful wedding we'll have." The beautiful manager of the great publishing-house of Frank Leslie cast down her eyes and gazed at her dainty little white fingers as modestly as an inexperienced school girl.

Mrs. Leslie was seated in her handsome apartments in the Victoria hotel, and the manly-looking foreigner at her side was the Marquis de Leuville, the gentleman who had had the good fortune to win her heart and the promise of her hand.

It was nearly three years ago that Mrs. Leslie and the marquis first met, and the manner of their meeting and subsequent betrothal is as interesting as it is romantic. This Marquis de Leuville had come to this country to enlarge the scope of his literary and scientific studies. One day while in the city he started out to call upon a friend. As he was about to ascend the stoop at his friend's house a carriage dashed up to the same house.

"The door flew open and the prettiest little girl I had ever seen in my life looked daintily on the carriage-step, and the next instant the most charming little being eyes ever rested on sprang out all before me in a craze," said the marquis in describing the meeting to a friend. "We both stood on the steps a moment before the door was opened," he continued. "And I caught a glimpse of two beautiful eyes almost hidden by a blue crepe veil. We went into the parlor, and I was infatuated at the first sight that I walked up and down the room with the utmost impatience until our mutual friend came down and introduced us. I really don't know whether it was that dainty little foot or the large dreamy eyes that first captivated me."

After their introduction the marquis paid the most devoted attention to Mrs. Leslie, but she was so deeply immersed in the cares of business at that time, and so earnestly engaged in extricating the enormous business that had been left to her charge from an almost hopeless tangle, that she had little time to think of matrimony.

One evening a theater party was enjoying a play at an up-town theater, and among them were Mrs. Leslie and the Marquis de Leuville. Mrs. Leslie, being in the deepest mourning, preferred to sit in the back part of the box, and the marquis, as usual, occupied a seat close to her side. When they got up to go Mrs. Leslie drew off her gloves and in doing so drew her wedding-ring off with it and it fell to the floor. A hunt was immediately begun for it, but the marquis, slipping gallantly up to the anxious little lady, while the others were busily hunting, slipped his family crest ring from his finger and gently put it on in the place of the missing one, and, leaning over, softly whispered to her to wear that as a wedding-ring in the place of the one she had lost.

Mrs. Leslie, however, was not at that time entertain the idea of matrimony until she had vindicated her late husband's honor by placing his enormous business upon a permanent footing. A year ago she achieved this victory, and her success has placed her to-day among the wealthiest as well as the best known business ladies of the world.

About a year ago Mrs. Leslie was lying almost at the point of death, and the chivalrous marquis, on hearing of it, hastened to her bedside, and by every little attention conceivable endeavored to soothe her bed of sickness.

Still, the little lady's heart was not altogether won, and it was only when the Marquis de Leuville came to this country for a third time two weeks ago and pressed anew his suit that she finally consented to become his wife.

Mrs. Frank Leslie is one of the most remarkable women living. She possesses far more business acuity and astuteness than most men, and at the same time she combines with it the delicate refinement which the highest culture alone can give. Her literary attainments alone would have won her the admiration and respect of the world. Her husband had the business ability. In personal appearance she is a most charming little lady. Beautiful blue-gray eyes peep out from between long, dark lashes and sparkle as quickly in the appreciation of pleasantries as they soften at the touch of a tender sentiment. Her long, dark, wavy hair is parted and tied up in a bedstead, a bureau and a washstand. Then he cut his investment in two, and one-half represents the thousands that a wealthy woman paid to be able to say a room in her house contains the costliest furniture ever manufactured in the United States.

THE ALAMO CITY.

Jostling of the Past and the Present in San Antonio.

Crockett's Corner—A Centennial Reminiscence—River Front Privileges—Southwest Texas.

Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., March 18.—First the Alamo, next the \$7,000 set of furniture, is the order in which the San Antonioian classifies the sights to be shown the visitor. The garden wall, which formed the outer fortifications where Davy Crockett and his 140 companions held at bay a Mexican army of 10,000, is gone, and the Alamo plaza extends to the doors of the old buildings. The nursery portion has been transformed into a wholesale grocery, and the firm sign is spread across the front of the old walls. An imitation of a manard has been added to the two stories of the convent, and above the rock at each end rises a turret pierced with wooden guns, the modern tribute to the structure's famous history. One can hardly go amiss on a guide for the battle cry of the second Mexican war. "Remember the Alamo" echoes in the San Antonioian's memory, and the details of the massacre are as fresh in his mind as are those of the killing of Ben Thompson and King Fisher in the Vaudeville theatre last week. A little back, but joining on the end of the convent, stands the massive building in which Crockett and his reduced band retired and made their last fight. The door stands wide open and the floor is covered with fragments of evergreen wreaths and trimmings. A church festival was the last use to which the Alamo was put and the lumber for the tables had been recently removed. Your guide will take you into the dungeon just to the left of the main entrance and show you the coil surrounded by solid stone walls six feet thick. This was the crematory in which the Mexicans found sweet revenge in roasting the bodies of the men who had fought them off so long.

WHERE CROCKETT DIED.

Then you go up to the second story and into a little room twelve feet square with one door and one window, the same thick walls. It was through this window that the Texans pointed their field piece and with their few remaining charges moved swaths through the Mexican ranks. Then when the last grain of powder was burned they took their positions where they could work with their long knives to the best advantage, and as the besiegers pressed in the foremost dropped in their tracks before the thrusts of the defenders. "Here in this corner," said Mr. J. D. Jones, a former St. Louisian, who took the Globe-Democrat correspondent under his guidance, "when the last shots were fired from the window, Crockett took up his position with his knife. You see he was sheltered from the window and faced the door. He killed seventeen Mexicans and their bodies lay piled up in this room in front of him." The door opened into a room with a long spear and he had hacked that half through with his knife before they gave him his death wounds."

In the rear of this old chapel is shown the courtyard where the single male survivor of the Alamo garrison mingled with the attacking forces and escaped to tell the story that day. A garden, the room is shown where, under a green hide, a woman concealed herself and her babe, when the Mexican soldiers made their first wild search intent on slaughtering every human being regardless of age and sex. Her hiding place was not discovered until the third for blood was somewhat abated, and then the interference of an officer saved her.

A RECIPROCAL VANDALISM.

Everywhere the evidences of the usual weakness of the American tourist abound—on walls and ceiling, within ordinary reach and at elevations which could have been attained only by jostling and climbing. It is a matter for congratulation for the few who come here and go away without an inclination to wield their pencils on the historic walls to know that at regular intervals the authorities of San Antonio apply a heavy coat of whitewash, obliterate the autographs of the late crop of John Smiths, and prepare a fresh surface for the next run of visitors.

Years after Texas had attained her independence, and had annexed herself to the United States, the slogan was raised in her legislature one winter, only slightly changed, so "Remember the child of the Alamo." It was proposed to take the little one, who had been saved by her mother's shrewdness, make her the ward of the state, send her to Europe, and give her the best education the continent could afford. The idea was enthusiastically supported; nothing was needed to carry out the scheme but to find the child, almost woman grown, and to formally adopt her as the daughter of Texas. Alas, for the romance! "The child of the Alamo" was never discovered—but where? Since then a devoted hunt for a beautiful woman, but with what a record! At eight she was an incorrigible waif on the streets. At eleven she had become vicious in all that it implies with the feminine character. At fourteen she had gone thoroughly to the bad, and had taken up her abode in an ill-famed palace of sin. The amendment to the charter of the child of the Alamo was tabled and forgotten. The "child" benefited by the notoriety, but led only a short, wild life. A few months ago the mother died also.

THAT RED ROOM SET.

For that set of furniture which carried off the honors at the Centennial exposition, and which, with its magnificent moldings, its niches for bronzes and its great slabs of marble, will be remembered by people everywhere who admired it at Philadelphia, one must needs go where the history of the child of the Alamo leads. The exhibitor at the Centennial found an elephant on his hands when the show was over. He divided the animal cost by two and transferred the four tons of bedroom magnificence to a San Antonio, the consideration being one of the halves. The buyer brought his trophy down here and made the common stare until he tired of having so much attention tied up in a bedstead, a bureau and a washstand. Then he cut his investment in two, and one-half represents the thousands that a wealthy woman paid to be able to say a room in her house contains the costliest furniture ever manufactured in the United States.

The progress and demands of to-day crowd hard on the historical associations of San Antonio. "Furnished rooms to rent" is nailed up on the tree at the dock for headquarters, while a commission merchant has established himself on the adjoining corner. Governor Veramendi's palace is devoted to the uses of "imported wines and liquors." A portion of the

Alamo in which the defenders died is a police station.

AN ACCOMMODATING RIVER.

The San Antonio river, which so accommodated itself in its meanderings as to carry its swiftly flowing greenish stream past every back yard in old San Antonio, no longer suffices for the city's sanitary purposes, and an elaborate sewer system is about to be submitted to voters for their consideration. From the curving character of the streets and the division of the blocks it seems possible to draw but one conclusion in regard to the plan on which the city was originally laid out, and that is that the pioneers intended every resident should have a bit of river at his back gate. To this day many San Antonioians maintain and use their canvas bath houses on platforms over the river just behind their houses. Thither repair the domestics on Monday, and in the open air at the bank of the stream the washing of hundreds of families is in progress. An accommodating river is the San Antonio, with its steadily flowing volume of water keeping its place, leaving its banks as they have been for fifty years, and seldom rising to a height to cause any trouble. Indeed, the change from day to day and month is inappreciable. Two miles from the city the whole river come in full volume and in pristine purity from the earth. It reaches San Antonio before it has received any surface drainage to speak of.

Southwestern Texas is health-giving. Here is lease of life and enjoyment with it awaiting the hollow-chested and thin-blooded upon whom the curse of a more rigorous climate has not gained to strong a hold. But those who come to make their homes in this part of the state, whether it be to farm or raise stock, must expect to buy out some one who has preceded them. It is not a country waiting for pioneers, and nothing could be further from the truth than the impression which many northern people have that there is plenty of undeveloped and unoccupied land here.

Letter from General John E. Mulford.

23 DEY STREET, NEW YORK.

October 8, 1883. For years past I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER on my person and in my family, and have found them perfect as an external remedy, quick in their action, giving immediate relief, without blistering the skin, and far superior to all others. No family should be without ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER; their healing powers are wonderful, and their efficacy far-reaching and lasting. When in Washington last winter I was induced to try another much advertised plaster for severe pain in the back. No relief from the pain, but a sore and blistered back for a week was the result. So soon as the blisters healed I applied two of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER, and they gave me immediate and permanent relief. They gave me additional strength and vitality to the spinal column, and they are a never failing remedy in my family for Coughs, Colds, Sprains, and all Pains and Weakness. Their use has repeatedly saved me from Pneumonia. I constantly use them, and would not be without them for any consideration.

JOHN E. MULFORD.

Beware of imitations. "Allcock" is the only genuine Porous Plaster.

South Carolina's Volcano.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 21.—A remarkable discovery has been made in Chester county. For a length of time a rumbling sound has proceeded from the plantation of Nicholas Calvin, and two days ago the location from which the noise emanated was found. From an opening in the ground smoke was seen issuing in considerable volume, and for quite a surrounding distance the heat is great. The negroes of the neighborhood are in a state of wild excitement, and firmly believe the day of judgment is near at hand. The white inhabitants are also unable to account for the phenomenon. A party of miners worked with pick and spade to ascertain the cause of the incident, volcano, but were forced to desist in consequence of the intensity of the heat and the volume of smoke. Many residents believe it to be an actual volcano, and others assert it to be a geyser judging from the vapors and the surrounding moisture. This singular freak of the earth has caused great excitement and considerable alarm.

The Secret of Living.

SCOVILLE'S SERRAVALLO'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will cure Scrophulous Taint, Rheumatism, White Swelling, Gout, Gravel, Consumption, Bronchitis, Nervous Debility, Malaria, and all diseases arising from an impure condition of the Blood.

The secrets of this valuable preparation are well known to the medical profession, but necessary to remind the readers of this journal of the necessity of always having a bottle of Scoville's Serravallo's Blood and Liver Syrup among their stock of family necessities.

Certificates can be presented from many leading Physicians, Ministers, and heads of churches throughout the land, endorsing it as the highest terms. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we do not hesitate to recommend it as the best known remedy for the cure of the above diseases.

Horseshoe Cultivation.

Most farmers have a few horseshoe roots growing in the grass, one of which they dig and grate when they want a condiment to use on meat in the spring. They are not aware how the roots are improved by cultivation. A correspondent of The Country Gentleman writes about its culture as follows: "This crop is one of the most important raised by the market-gardeners living near the large cities and villages, and with them it is generally grown as a second crop, succeeding early cabbages, cauliflower, or beets. There is hardly anything raised that pays better when successfully cultivated. The soil should be heavily manured, deeply plowed, and made fine by repeated harrowings. The land is then marked in rows two feet apart, if early cabbage is to be the first crop. The cabbage should all be planted before commencing to put in the horseshoe, which is done by taking a light crowbar, and making holes six or eight inches deep in the middle of the rows between the cabbages, 18 or 20 inches apart. Into these holes the sets are dropped so as to have the tops two or three inches under the surface; the earth is then pressed against the set so as to fill the hole. The reason why the sets are put so far under the surface, is to delay the coming up of the roots until the crop of cabbages has been taken off, or the cultivation of them has ceased. If the sets should start to grow and interfere with the cabbages, the tops may be cut off twice with the hoe. This does not injure it at all, as it starts up again freely. After the cabbages have been harvested, one good hoeing will generally suffice. Early in the spring the roots may be dug (or left in the ground until spring) by first plowing deeply as near to rows as possible, then using a spading-fork to free them from the soil. It is prepared for sale by cutting off the green tops and small rootlets and washing the roots clean, when it can be marked, or put into pits and kept over the winter like other roots.

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DRAPERIES AND MIRRORS,
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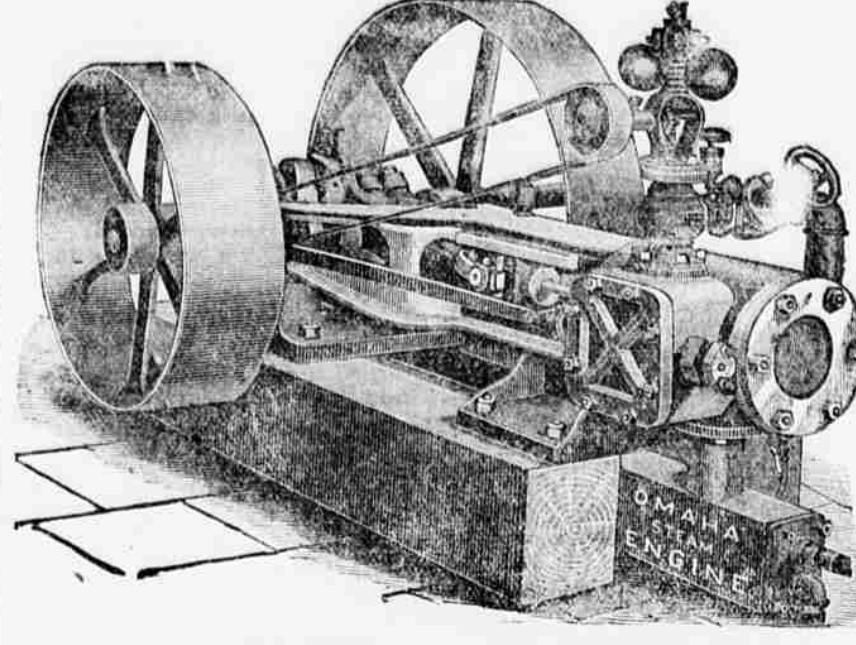
Just received an assortment far surpassing anything in this market, comprising the latest and most tasty designs manufactured for this spring's trade and covering a range of prices from the Cheapest to the most Expensive.

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Now ready for the inspection of customers, the newest rovelts in Suits and Old Pieces. | Complete stock of all the latest styles in Tarcoman, Madras and Lace Curtains, Etc., Etc.

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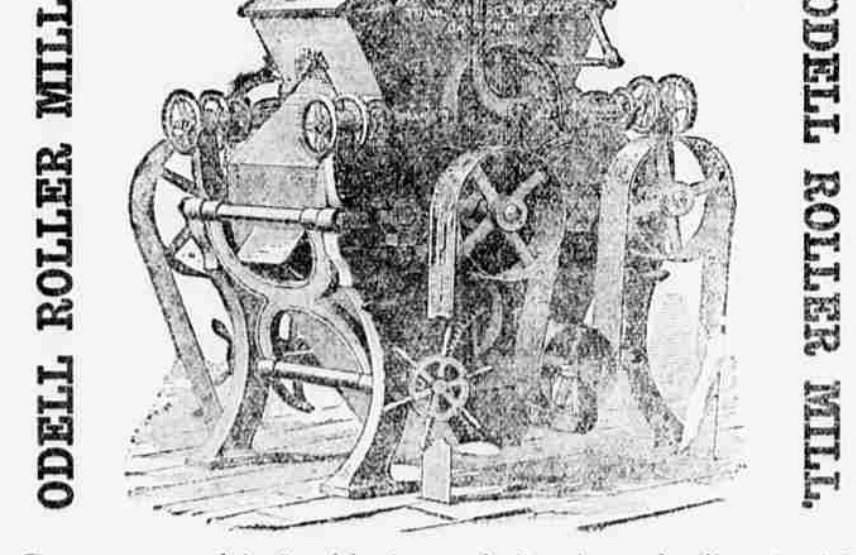
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We are prepared to furnish plans and estimates, and will contract for the erection of Flouring Mills and Grain Elevators, or for changing Flouring Mills from Stone to the Roller System. Special attention given to furnishing Power Plants for any purpose, and estimates made for same. General machinery repairs attended to promptly. Address: **RICHARDS & CLARKE, Omaha, Neb.**

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