

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

Those languid, tireless sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to do your feet; that constant drain that is sapping your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters.

A Postal Card Story.

I was afflicted with kidney and urinary trouble. After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop Bitters. After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop Bitters.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them.

A tour to Europe that cost me \$3,000, done "me less good" than one bottle of Hop Bitters; "they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."

We are so thankful to say that our nursing lady was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.

None genuine without a bunch of green grapes on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Bee" in their names.

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CHURCHLY CANONS.

How the Good People of a Boston Church Enjoy the Delights of the Variety Stage.

Boston Correspondence Pioneer Press. Boston society is about as frisky in its ideas of propriety as a mule is in regard to obedience.

One would hardly expect that blue-blooded mammas, members of high standing in the church, would condescend to their daughters doing the high-kicking act in sword-dances and flesh-colored tights before admiring friends of both sexes.

Neither would one expect the church to countenance such Black-Crook-edness. Yet such is the fact. It was only the other day that I saw one of the finest canon acts ever seen on the stage or out of a domed-music hall room.

A dancing entertainment held under the auspices of a well-known Boston church—the Appleton street chapel—the congregation of which is made up of some of the toniest society people in the city.

This time-elevating performance wasn't called the canon, but was dignified, for modesty's sake, under the title of "Spanish dances, by La Petite Gaiterude."

This rising young ballet girl was a ten-year-old miss, rather pretty, but with hair-plait legs, painful to look upon. She had not arrived at the dignity and deception of pads.

Nearly five hundred fair-fat-and-forty mammas, bespectacled grandmas, substantial pas and "just-blooming-into-womanhoods" sat or stood around a large hall awaiting the debut of a youthful danceuse.

Bang went the piano, a squeaking of the fiddle and a blast on the cornet, all together, and "La Petite Gertrude" slid down the waxed floor on alternate big toes, and proceeded to wave her "sooty-woolies" at the audience in time with the music.

She kicked one leg, then the other, hopped, stood on her toes, twirled, and in fact, did just about the same as the ballet girls do on the stage.

During her performance I lived in mortal fear that she would lose her footing and dissolve into fragments on the floor like a vase, so fragile did she seem.

But she got through all right, was loudly applauded and received a bouquet. My name came "pas de quatre" for four misses, somewhat older and more maternal than "La Petite."

Two more dances to the knees, and the other two looked bashful and awkward in pants and cavalry boots with jingles on them.

They curvied and cavorted in true stage style and received their share of applause from the appreciative audience.

Then thirty-two misses, ranging from six to twelve years old, indulged in "Les Varietes Parisiennes," other dances of like nature following. It was rather a novel and interesting affair, taken all together, but it strikes me that it cannot have other than a bad effect on the young girls and boys.

It is bringing the church in rather close connection with the worst part of the stage. I don't know but what this would be a good chance for the society for the prevention of cruelty to children to slip in and interpose, although that is not likely, however.

held aloof from him, and for the rest of his life Pelig Kenyon lived alone, a sored and rapidly-aging man, with no enjoyment, saving the piling up and glowing over his ill-gotten wealth.

How She Dashed Down Hill on a Sled. Clara Belle took the last ride of the season on a bob sled at Albany and she thus describes in the Cincinnati Enquirer some of her experiences.

"I was a young gentleman on the bob in front of me, and to my consternation, he began fumbling at my feet. Before I knew what he was about he had me by the toe of each foot.

I looked around and saw that some one of the men was holding up each girl's feet in apparently in the same way, and just then some of the men produced fish-hooks and began to blow them, and this sled commenced to slide down hill like lightning.

The young gentleman who held my toes allowed me to dig into the snow, and from each of them there played a fountain of ground-up ice and snow that shot right into my clothes and began to pack up most unpleasantly under my knees.

On the long and tireless journey up the hill I told my friend Nellie, and she became indignant. "Hold your toes, did he?" she almost shouted; "well, he's a perfect Miss Nancy. I'd give you my partner next time."

"When I reached the top of the hill I was all aglow with the exercise, and the slight of scars of long, elastic, flying hobs made me eager for another ride.

Again I put the big beard between my knees with the sled, and it was necessary, as I held my toes up for Nellie's partner, who now sat in front of me, to clutch them. But he did nothing of the sort.

His hands grasped my ankles firmly and away he went, with a rush and roar, over the bumps, through the lines of spectators, and so on to the end. My face was not half thinking of a grasshopper on a warm stove when I looked at her maneuvers, although I will admit that she was far more graceful.

She wore a pretty dress which might have been large enough for her when much younger, a lace shawl and fan. I can't undertake to describe the "steps" she went through. She kicked one leg, then the other, hopped, stood on her toes, twirled, and in fact, did just about the same as the ballet girls do on the stage.

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FRESH WATER BEASTS.

An Oregon Stage Attacked by an Army of Salmon.

New York Times. The recent frightful accident which happened to a stage in Southern Oregon cannot fail to call the attention of the state authorities to the necessity of protecting settlers against the attacks of salmon.

The stage in question was crossing Applegate creek when it was suddenly attacked by a drove of salmon. The stage was instantly overturned, and the hungry fish swarmed over it, while the stage driver, with great presence of mind, cut the traces of his horses, and throwing himself across the top of the property of Dr. Goodrich, of Olympia.

The Oregon salmon has long been regarded by experienced western hunters as the most dangerous animal infesting this continent. It is much larger than the salmon of the Atlantic coast, and unlike the latter, which is a timid and inoffensive fish, it is fearless, aggressive and cruel.

There is scarcely a river in Oregon which is free from salmon, and many of the streams are rendered practically impassable by the numbers and ferocity of the fish.

To hunt the Oregon salmon requires iron nerves and great skill in the use of the rifle. The usual practice of the hunter is to hide himself on the bank of a stream and to send in his dogs to rouse the salmon from their lair.

When the fish come within gunshot the hunter fires, and unless he kills or disables the game at the first shot his chances for life are small. The infuriated fish will, in most cases, turn upon the hunter whose shot has been ineffective.

One blow of the salmon's tail almost invariably proves fatal, and if he can once get his terrible teeth in the flesh of the hunter he cannot be shaken off. The only chance of escape for the hunter is to drive his knife into the fish's heart, but such a blow to be effective must be delivered immediately behind the pectoral fin, and it requires the utmost coolness for a man to face the infuriated salmon and wait until he can stab him in the only vulnerable part.

Secures of hunters who have successfully fought the only bear have fallen victims to the Oregon salmon, and scores of others, crippled and mangled, survive to tell the story of their blood-curdling experience while in the very jaws of a monster fish.

Were the salmon to confine themselves wholly to the water they would be of little danger to the human race, but in the habit of leaving the water and wandering through the forest in search of prey, men, women, and children have often been chased for long distances by the infuriated fish.

Two years ago the forest in the neighborhood of East Melville, in Southern Oregon, was infested by a pair of salmon of unusual size and ferocity. Hardly a night passed that a stand where he will find sensible people supporting him. Equally will he be supported in his advocacy of the soft Indian names to towns in the land from which the Indians have been driven.

Even Oahkoh may pass-it is American. But ought not something to be done with Bismarck, Dak., out of regard to the American home, to Babylon, L. I., on general principles?

A Successful Imitation. The consciousness of newly married couples has provided so much mischief for the heartless writer of the lonely Oregon roads, and an enormous number of sheep and cattle have been killed and devoured.

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month he gives rather the idea of the mild Eltwood. But when he speaks in his loud and imperious way all idea of mildness disappears. The loud tone, however, is more the effect of constant breathing his misery in a low tone, that is observed on all occasions, probably tends to make it the more noticeable by contrast.

Although the king of Persia has a larger collection of jewels than any other monarch, save on state occasions, such as the public saloons of the new year, he very seldom displays any of them. He is strikingly plain in his dress. The full-skirted frock coat of black cloth, or at times of finest cashmere shawl, which in winter time is lined and trimmed with priceless fur, is his usual wear; but the colors are generally dark.

In the capital the shah may be frequently seen on horseback, and like all the royal family, he rides well, his horses, with long and uncut tails, dyed crimson for some six inches at their tips (the jealously guarded privilege of the king and his sons), are distinguished by their value and beauty. Here, too, the shah's quiet taste is apparent in the shabby materials of his saddle, though of course each epaulet charger has its pure gold or jeweled necklet and trappings, and these barbaric ornaments certainly do not detract from its appearance.

Riding alone, his eyes generally on the ground, his majesty still maintains a staff of some dozen royal running footmen, who, clad in his state livery of scarlet and gold, and wearing the greater part of other days, with their jingling ornaments, and each armed with his silver staff of office, hover about the shah, while one remains at the stirrup to indicate the royal pleasure. Behind come one or two of the ministers then pell-mell the throng of mounted officers, secretaries, officials, and their hangers-on, while the royal body-guard of irregulars, each with his gun slung in a scarlet cloth case across his back, mix promiscuously among the miscellaneous crowd of one or two hundred horsemen, without whom the shah is hardly ever seen.

The royal carriage most in vogue with his majesty bears a suspicious likeness to one of our sheriff's vehicles; eight horses are harnessed to it, the pair being ridden by four postillions in scarlet. As a rule the king is alone, the only exception being when accompanied by one of his sons or the prime minister, or perhaps some religious magnate. Erratic as he is in his movements, passing from one substantial palace to another, the royal route may generally be ascertained by observing the water carriers, who carefully sprinkle the road the king will use. Nor is this a needless fear, as the ordinary state of the roads, if they may be dignified with that title, round Teheran is similar to the dustiest of Darbur.

The king of Persia is very careful of his health, and his physician, Dr. Theolon, is ever within call, so that the unfortunate doctor is as great a gadabout as his master, the asylum of the universe. His majesty enjoys very far been his slight paralysis having as yet been his only ailment. His habits of life are simple, his diet plain roasts and boiled. If he ever indulges in the bottle, the potentations of his predecessor on the Persian throne it can only be in the recesses of his afternoon or evening.

There is no outward sign of any such indiscretion. The king is an early riser, at 4 or 5 a. m. he begins his usual time in the summer. This gives him a long day, but he breaks it by a siesta. If in the royal hall when tired to be abandoned by his attendants, and it is thought no indignity for a high official to be told to assist in the knapsack process. Of the delights of shampooing, Europeans, as a rule, have no idea. It is a real art, and is carried out to scientific perfection by some of his majesty's more confidential servants.

SAVED BY WHISKEY. Why a Delighted Darkey Painted the Town a Luminous Color.

Detroit Free Press. Yes, sah, you might not believe it, but shus as I'm latherin' your chln, whiskey saved my life.

The speaker was a handsome colored barber in a neat barber shop near the Brush street depot. He was preparing the face of an equally handsome reporter for a shave.

"I sh'ld a'wished to say so. It happened in dis way: I was cook on the steamer Asia, and was a runnin' 'tween Glasgow Bay an' the Soo. One day at Collinwood I went ashore an' got a little trifle of sunthin' to drink, and then thinks I a little of dis stuff wouldn't go amies to me w' me'n when we're out on dat air solo boy. So I gets a bottle.

"Well, when I was startin' to navigate up de gangway Captain Savage he looks down from the promenade deck and he says, 'Cook, you can't fetch no whiskey on board dis hea craft, just leave dat bottle on the dock.' Well I just slawed enough to be sassy, an' so says I, 'Well, Cayto, if my whiskey can't go aboard, I can't. 'All right,' says de ole man, 'jus' you up to de office and get what's comin' to you for I can't low no man to take whiskey on my boat.'

"There was \$7 22 comin' to me, so I steps up an' gets it. I s'posed he'd ask me to stay, but he meant business, so I got my apron an' cap an' left. I come right down to Sarnel and got a job first thing in the Belchamber House. Next day when I was cookin' suppa a fren' of mine came in an' says he, 'I thought you was on the Asia?' 'Well, I qualified w' de ole man,' says I, 'an' lef' her.' 'You done a good job by that,' says he, 'for she's done sunk an' all hands cep'tin' you got down.' Afis suppa us an' my fren' went to Port Huron, an' dere shus 'nough we found the Asia had gon' down with nearly two hundred people. Says I, 'Whiskey said such a bad thing after all.' 'Whiskey said it was' said he. 'Well, lef' her, you've heard talk of palatin' a towed red. Why, red was no name for it. We fairly tore up the ground.'

The Lick Telescope. San Francisco Call. It is conceded, we believe, that the Lick telescope, when completed and mounted in the observatory prepared for it at Mount Hamilton, will be the largest instrument of the kind in the world. The whole country feels an interest in having this splendid telescope put in place. It is understood that the lenses have been successfully cast and only need polishing to be ready for use.

In looking through this telescope it is reckoned that the moon will be brought within thirty miles of the earth, and that discoveries will be made on that planet to solve problems that have heretofore boded to be unsolvable.

On one of the Azore islands, St. Michael's, the people invariably drop the family name, each being known by an entirely unlike title. The same names are also applied to either sex indiscriminately.

CHAS. SHIVERICK. FURNITURE. UPHOLSTERY AND DRAPERIES. Passenger Elevator to all floors. -1206, 1208 and 1210 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

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DR. DUFFY'S PURE Malt Whiskey. TO CONSUMPTIVES. WE WILL GUARANTEE TO CURE YOU. THE DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO., BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

SOUTH OMAHA! Lots Again on Sale. And Large Ones at That. 60x150 feet, with 20 foot alleys, and streets 80 and 100 ft wide.

Those that buy lots while they are cheap will get the benefit of the sure rise in value. South Omaha is going to be a large place. The live stock market, the slaughter, packing and dressed beef houses, and other establishments, the railroad facilities, together with the pure spring water from the company's works, and the healthy location, is bound to make it so.

GERMAN D. WYATT. Lumber Merchant. - Cummings and 20th Sts., Omaha, Neb.

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