

**DYSPEPSIA**  
Is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. If neglected, it results in indigestion, constipation, and derangement of the system, to prepare the way for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**  
THE BEST TONIC

Quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia in all its forms. Heartburn, Belching, Flatulence, the Food, Ac. It restores the appetite, and aids the assimilation of food. It is a powerful purgative, and cleanses the system. It is the best medicine for the Female Sex, and for all cases of Indigestion, and for all cases of weakness, and for all cases of nervousness, and for all cases of general debility, and for all cases of loss of strength, and for all cases of loss of appetite, and for all cases of loss of sleep, and for all cases of loss of vitality, and for all cases of loss of energy, and for all cases of loss of power, and for all cases of loss of health, and for all cases of loss of life.

W. S. SAWYER & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

**WATERBURY'S**  
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**THE BEST OF ALL**  
As Prepared in the Broad Claim  
THE BEST OPERATING  
QUICKEST SELLING AND  
MOST PERFECT COOKING STOVE

Never offered to the public.

**PRIVATE**  
Chronic, Nervous, Debility, etc.  
Send for circulars and testimonials.

**ORIGINAL LITTLE HAVANA**  
GOLD & CO'S  
Royal Havana Lottery  
Drawn at Havana Cuba  
Every 10 to 14 Days  
Tickets in Fifths, Wholes \$5  
Tickets pro rata.

**THE BABY**  
The most perfect food for infants.

**James Medical Institute**  
Chartered by the State of Illinois  
For the treatment of all diseases.

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MORSE, ROSE & CO.  
OF CHICAGO.

**LINCOLN FLORAL CONSERVATORY**  
Greenhouse, Bedding Plants,  
Roses, Flowering Shrubs, etc.

**CONSUMPTION**  
I have a positive remedy for the above disease.

**SOCIAL AND POLITICAL.**  
Side Scenes and Incidents of Life in Washington.

The Growth of Disappointed Politicians—Missouri Colonels Still Skirmishing for Commissions.

Correspondence of THE BEE.  
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 20.—"It is awfully mean to kick a fellow when he's down," said a friend the other day, speaking of the abuse being heaped upon the late postmaster general. "It's bad enough to be an ex-cabinet officer, and have to go to the wall while somebody else is in the ring, without making so much fuss and feathers about a little matter like a badly-written newspaper letter." For my part, I have much real heart-felt sympathy for Frank Hatton. I am inclined to think all the blunders of that letter to the Tribune, in defense of himself—I have not seen it—only the newspaper allusions to it, selecting the bad points; the good ones, of course, were not mentioned—never are—were the fault of the printers and proof-readers. We all know what a jolly, off-hand fellow Frank Hatton is, a self-made man coming up from the printers' stick, and much credit he deserves for being ambitious to mount the highest round of the ladder. I have no doubt that Frank Hatton as postmaster-general

GAVE SOME SOUND ADVICE to President Arthur. If President Arthur took that advice is another thing. I presume he did, for Postmaster-General Vilas says he found the postoffice department in perfect order, and gives Mr. Hatton high commendation for his executive ability. It is all a man's life is worth to get into print correctly. I am reminded of what the anxious wife of one of our distinguished men said about her husband when he was busily engaged in writing a speech, which, of course, would be printed. "I have to watch that speech as a hawk does a chicken to see that all the words are dotted and all the words crossed, and that the words are spelled right, and he makes fun of me and says the printers and proof readers will do all that, yes; and I tell him that all the newspapers in the country will be saying how that senator murders the kings English fearfully, he can't write a sentence correctly or spell half a dozen words right to save his life, and this kind of ridicule would kill his next chances for re-election." The good wife was correct.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT WON'T DO. I overheard a Missouri colonel, one of the 500 that now make their daily visits to the white house, say to a friend at the depot, who was about leaving Washington in disgust: "I have just left a lot of Missourians painting Willard's hotel red because the president flatly refused to make a clean sweep of all the republicans holding office in Missouri. He said he would not do it. When the term of office expired he would consider the appointments, so I don't see any use in my staying here any longer; of course I don't want an office, but come down to help the boys," and off he rolled with the cars. "Who is that man?" I asked of the person he had been talking to. "Oh, one of St. Louis' richest commercial men who came here to back a lot of colonels for high office, but President Cleveland will stick to his promised policy and civil service reform, and the red hot democrats can howl themselves speechless."

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE SECRETARY. Col. Lamont is a most remarkable man and one whose political qualifications I admire more than any one else I have come in contact with in the new administration. He is always polite, courteous, and considerate of the press reporters, feeling no doubt that they have right as well as politicians, and is willing to give information when he tells no tales out of school, not he. He listens attentively to advice and information, but gives little about the inner-workings of the political machine. My first sight of that delicate fragile looking fellow fairly took away my breath. I really believe I looked at him with mouth wide open, so awestruck was I. From all I had heard and read, a man who had filled the important positions of member of the New York legislature, confidential friend and adviser of Samuel Tilden, and private secretary and friend confidential to Governor Cleveland, and now his chief man, I expected to see a very different looking man from what I did see, and told him so. He laughed and asked me if I expected to see a six footer. I replied, "No, for I had heard you were not a large man, but I did expect to see a most formidable looking fellow." Indeed I expected him to be a very tall man that would chill you at a glance and you wouldn't have the courage to ask for anything, while on the contrary his manner is so pleasant and considerate you are tempted to make him your confidential friend too. He is very slight; his face pale and delicate as a young girl's, his eyes blue and having a wonderful depth and in them his head is a long one, I assure you, and perfect in shape, covered with well-arranged light-brown hair; the blue veins on his temples are as distinct as an infant's, showing that he has no "bad habit," his clear, pale complexion shows this. I am told that he uses tobacco in no form and does not tolerate it in working hours about the white house, at least about his office. He is in physique what suggests to me in size, movement and complexion a perfect poem—all things in harmony from the tip of his boots to the crown of his head, and all the details of his office run with the smoothness and blending of music. He looks very young; were it not for his well-grown light-brown moustache, would not seem to be over twenty-one; hardly that. I have seen many a strapping young fellow that would look a good deal older than does he. He cannot be very old at the best, though old in experience, and I hear the great mental strain of the past six months is telling upon his health, for it is he who gets the first blow of all the political blows dealt at the White House; "he who must see all the letters 'personal' and 'confidential' that he who must see all the special visitors first, or their cards; in short, 'he who keeps guard over the president. He is not only a man to admire officially and politically, but were I a young girl I think I could have no difficulty in falling in love with him at first sight, as I did with

MRS. LAMONT and his two beautiful children, the most beautiful creatures I have ever seen. I shall never forget them as they appeared to me when paying my respects to Mrs.

Lamont a short time since. The room was full of callers at the time. By some unknown force I turned around and beheld standing in a curtained door, which divided the nursery from the parlor, two little beings that had a gifted artist's brush painted or skillful hand posed, could not have been more beautiful and picturesque. In their tiny little arms they held waxen dolls, not half so waxen and pure as their own little faces, keenly alive to what was going on; that dainty curiosity which is tenderly blended with delicate modesty. Such a sight might bring Raphael to life again. And such a vision of heaven was worth all the pleasures of fashionable society, and softens our hearts into a tenderness that nothing else can do. The soft clasp of those tiny arms around my neck sent a thrill of happiness through my soul that I could not possibly awaken, and I felt that something "better than mortals know" had been given me. It is not often that one gets such a glimpse of a purer and higher life in going the rounds of Washington society. Mrs. Lamont, the mother of the lovely cherubs and the happy wife of the president's private secretary, is a charming and interesting lady of fascinating conversational powers, and has already become very popular in society, though she does not have the appearance of one who is over-flowed of society doings, but loving domestic life and the companionship of her husband and children, and a few choice friends. She is a bright brunette in complexion, her hair and eyes dark, a decidedly good looking lady of medium height and girlish figure. Her address is most pleasing and frank, well calculated to make good friends. She dresses in perfect taste, and seems in perfect accord with all the things around her. I will not have her head turned by all the good things said of her. The ladies of the new administration have prominent places to fill, and I know all of my readers will be glad to hear good tidings from them, and as far as lies in my power you shall hear from them as they are, for I wish to give pictures true to life.

THE OPPORTUNITY. "Booth, you see, as an actor and friend of the house, had the full run of the place. He could go anywhere he wanted to. It was the easiest thing in the world for him to find his way without hindrance and without difficulty to the president's box. I told him that we expected President Lincoln and Gen. Grant to be playing that night. Also told him that we were going to have those two distinguished men on one side and Gen. Lee on the other. Booth broke into a denunciation of Lee for having given up the sword of Virginia, which he had promised never to surrender. He, however, showed no unusual excitement. "When did you see him last?" he came to the theatre in the evening?" "Yes; he came in about 8 o'clock. He stopped at the box office and chatted a few minutes. He laid a cigar stumped on the ledge in front of him, saying, with a laugh, as he did so: 'He who would this stumpy displace must meet J. Booth face face to face.'"

A GREAT CROW ROOST. A Million Corn-Stealers Capture the Woods and Astound the Natives. Bushkill (Pa.) letter to the New York Sun. As Simon Trauel, a farmer living near High Knob, in the southwestern part of this county, was chopping in the woods about half way up the mountain Thursday last, he was attracted by a flock of crows which appeared suddenly from a southern direction and alighted in a high tree a hundred yards away. A great deal of loud crowing the flock rose and flew away in the direction from which they came. Trauel then went on with his work.

About the middle of the afternoon, an hour after the crows had taken their departure, he happened to look southward and saw the sky was black with some approaching object. In a few minutes he discovered that it was an immense flock of crows, which soon swept into the Knob woods, and with a thunder of wing and deafening clamor of throats settled down into the trees whose leafless branches became intertwined with the birds from top to bottom. For two hours flock after flock of crows poured in to the woods, until the side of the hill for a space of more than forty acres was covered so thickly with them that big branches were split from the trees beneath their weight. It was nearly dark when the flock took a resting-place in the woods, and midnight quietness had been restored in the vast congregation.

The crows remained in the woods until last Monday. Early every morning flock would start out from the colony, taking different directions, and after being absent for an hour or two would return after another return. Their arrival was greeted with the widest commotion all through the woods, vociferous cawing and clapping of wings being kept up for days. Then other flocks would go out, to be met with the same hubbub on their return. The news of this great crow-roost spread around the Knob, and people came from far and near to hear the crows.

Saturday a number of the natives agreed that it would be a good thing, now that they had apparently all the crows there were in the country within reach, to make nightly raids on them, and thus save a good deal of future loss to cornfields. Accordingly a party of seven, armed with guns and long poles, and some of them carrying torches, began the work of destruction. They reached the woods where the crows were sleeping about 9 o'clock. The torches were lit, and the raiders entered the woods. They did not proceed far when they were greeted with a yell of defiance from 100,000 crows. The yell was followed by hundreds of the birds boldly attacking the invading party, using both beak and claw with such effect that the surprised backwoodsmen were forced to flee to save themselves. They were driven to the edge of the woods by flocks of infuriated crows, and not a shot was fired for a crow killed.

Monday morning for the first time a flock left the woods, but all was bustle, commotion and noise among the crows. The entire colony seemed to be in motion among the trees. Crows were flying in all directions uttering peculiar cries, and evidently anxious to be everywhere at once. Just before noon matters became comparatively quiet, and then small flocks began to emerge from the woods going in all directions. This exodus continued until late in the afternoon, when every crow had disappeared from the woods. The scene in the place of woods, they had occupied is described as remarkable. Every tree had one or more branches torn from it, and they lay piled about on the ground as if the trees had been swept by a whirlwind. Every foot of ground was torn up plainly by the crows as they searched for insects for food. "Every spring," says an old citizen of this village, "the crows, like wild pigeons, gather somewhere about the country to do their courting and mate. This spring they happened to select the High Knob, because the acorns they sent out to get a place for their little ones had not yet rested to the spot. As the love-making progresses flocks of crows go out to select good nesting and foraging places. They come back to the roost and report, and a grand discussion is had on that. After these matters are all settled, and every crow has selected his foraging place of twenty or so rods, after they bid each other good-bye, leave for the respective nesting places selected for them. Last Monday forenoon, when there was such a commotion among the crows on the Knob, they were taking leave of one another. There will probably never be another crow-roost like this again in Kentucky. Next year it may be in Kentucky.

**ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.**  
Story of a Man Who was in the Box-Office.

Grounds for the Belief That Booth Intended to Kill Grant.

A Reminiscence of the Great Tragedy That is Full of Interest.

The Washington Evening Critic publishes the following interesting interview relative to the assassination of President Lincoln. Mr. Harry Ford, who is managing the opera house in Washington, is a brother of Mr. John Ford who was the old Ford street theater. Mr. John T. Ford on the night of the assassination was in Richmond visiting some friends. With him were J. S. Sess Ford, who is also connected with the present Ford, and the husband of Laura Keane. Miss Keane was then playing an engagement at Tenth street, the place for that night being "Our American Cousin." Mr. Ford had invited the president and Gen. Grant to attend the performance. The National theater had also extended to them a similar invitation. Mr. Lincoln accepted Mr. Ford's invitation. Gen. Grant could not do so, because he had been told by some one why he should not live in New Jersey. Said Mr. Ford to-day:

"Booth, you see, as an actor and friend of the house, had the full run of the place. He could go anywhere he wanted to. It was the easiest thing in the world for him to find his way without hindrance and without difficulty to the president's box. I told him that we expected President Lincoln and Gen. Grant to be playing that night. Also told him that we were going to have those two distinguished men on one side and Gen. Lee on the other. Booth broke into a denunciation of Lee for having given up the sword of Virginia, which he had promised never to surrender. He, however, showed no unusual excitement. "When did you see him last?" he came to the theatre in the evening?" "Yes; he came in about 8 o'clock. He stopped at the box office and chatted a few minutes. He laid a cigar stumped on the ledge in front of him, saying, with a laugh, as he did so: 'He who would this stumpy displace must meet J. Booth face face to face.'"

BEARD THE SHOT. "After the shooting, I heard the shot in the box-office, but paid no attention to it at first. If you recollect, there is a scene in 'Our American Cousin' in which Sir Edward Trenchard puts a pistol to his head with suicidal intent. We in the box thought the pistol had gone off accidentally, but the noise and confusion which followed, and the fact that the attempted suicide did not take place until the third act, made us change our minds. I threw open the wicket looking from the box-office upon the stage. Booth was crouched on the stage with a knife in his hand. He was crouched upon his side, from the rear of which he made his escape. No, I did not hear the words, sic semper tyrannus. They were used by Booth in the box. I do not think that there is any doubt that Booth injured himself when he jumped from the box. I had, in the absence of the president and Gen. Grant, to such matter, arranged the box during the day. I had procured the loan of flags from the treasury department, and had hung in front of the box a picture of Washington. Booth's spur caught in that picture. It was ripped down several inches. "When you saw Booth crouched on the stage did you see what had happened?"

"THE KNIFE FOR GRANT. "No; we thought that there had been a fight and that Booth was in it. We thought that someone had shot at him and that he had drawn his knife in self-defense. As soon as we learned the facts, and we were but a short time doing so, I came to the conclusion that I had never seen him. Booth intended that the knife for General Grant. "In rushing from the building did not Booth injure someone else?" "Yes, he struck at Withers, the leader of the orchestra, who had gone under the stage at the close of the act and who on crouched Booth. The latter had the knife in his hand when he struck Withers, but he did not intend to stab him. He held the blade of the knife laterally, not perpendicularly. Withers' clothes were cut through and an incision was also made in the skin. "When Booth got to his horse, he, with the butt end of his pistol, knocked the man who brought the horse to the appointed place, and Spangler, our stage carpenter, Spangler was a great admirer of Booth, and would do anything for him. That he knew nothing of Booth's intention was evident from the fact that he gave the horse to another man. Spangler, however, had to spend three years in the Dry Tortugas. "About ten minutes. He was taken to 516 Tenth street. The house was the home of the Peterson family. It is now occupied by the Washington Sentinel. "Were you suspected of complicity in the crime?" "Yes. There was some talk of it at first, but the examination showed that it was unfounded. We were held only as witnesses."

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS. THE VOLTAIC CO. OF WASH., D. C., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELL and other ELECTRO-APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, and vigor guaranteed. No return is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Mr. Sweeney's Cat in Fly-Time. Bill Nye. But I was going to speak more in particular about Mr. Sweeney. Mr. Sweeney had a large cat named Dr. Mary Walker, of which he was very fond. Dr. Mary Walker remained at the drug store all the time, and was known all over St. Paul as a quiet and reserved cat. If Dr. Mary Walker took in the town after office hours, nobody seemed to know anything about her. She would be around bright and cheerful the next morning and attend to the duties at the store just as though nothing whatever had ever happened. One day last summer Mr. Sweeney left a large plate of fly-paper with water on it in the window, hoping to gather a few quarts of flies in a deceased state.

Dr. Mary Walker used to go to this window during the afternoon and look out on the busy street while she called up pleasant memories of her past life. That afternoon she thought she would call up some more memories, so she went over on the counter, and from there jumped down on the window sill, landing with all four feet in the plate of fly-paper. At first she regarded it as a joke and treated the matter very lightly, but later on she observed that the fly-paper stuck to her feet with great tenacity of purpose. She controlled herself and acted in the coolest manner, though you could have seen that mentally she suffered intensely. She sat down a moment to more fully outline a plan for the future. In doing so she made a great mistake. The general result of giving the fly-paper to her person in such a way that the edge turned up behind in the most abrupt manner and caused her great inconvenience. Some one at that time laughed in a coarse heartless way, and I wish you could have seen the look of pain that Dr. Mary Walker gave him. Then she went away. She did not go around the prescription case as the rest of us did, but strolled through the middle of it and so on through the glass door at the rear of the store. We did not see her go through the glass door, but we found pieces of fly-paper and fur fragments of fly-paper and bristle hair in the glass, and we kind of jumped at the conclusion that Dr. Mary Walker had taken that direction in retiring from the room. Dr. Mary Walker never returned to St. Paul her exact whereabouts are not known though every effort was made to find her. Fragments of fly-paper and bristle hair were found as far west as the Yellowstone National Park and as far north as the British line, but the doctor herself was not found. My own theory is that if she turned her bow to the west so as to catch the strong easterly gale on her quarter, with the sail she had set and her tail pointing towards the zenith, the chances for Dr. Mary Walker's immediate return are extremely slim.

**SKIN DISEASES CURED.** By Dr. Frazer's Magic Ointment. Cures Itchy and Pimples, Black Heads or Grub Blisters and Eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Scald Rheum, Sore Throat, Sore Lips and old, Obstinate Ulcers. Sold by druggists, or mailed on receipt price, 50 cents. Sold by Kuhn & Co., P. O. Goodman.

Only an Ex-Senator. In a Washington street car. Applicant sits beside short, stout, elderly man, and enters into conversation. "Cold weather," says the applicant. "Very," says the elderly man. "Has to get an office under Cleveland, ain't it?" "Yes, I believe it is." "Ex-Members and ex-Senators kinder gitton' left?" "Kinder." "Got any influence with the administration?" "No." "I thought you might help me, maybe." "No, I'm an ex-Senator." "Are you? What might your name be?" "Thomas A. Hendricks." "Sense me. Of course I didn't know you when I asked if you could help me."

The Editor Was Out. Philadelphia Call. Irate Subscriber—"I want to see the fellow that wrote this article." Western Office Boy—"Must be the editor, I guess." "So I suppose. Where is he? Where is he, I say?" "Oh, he ain't in, ain't he? Ain't in, eh? Well, where is he?" "He's attendin' the funeral of a man what called to see him on Monday." Editor Called and Experienced. Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass., who have a thorough knowledge of pharmacy, and many years practical experience in the business. It is prepared with the greatest skill and care, under the direction of the men who originated it. Hence Hood's Sarsaparilla may be depended upon as a thoroughly pure, honest, and reliable medicine.

They Belonged to Different Churches. Arkansas Traveler. "By do you desire a divorce?" asked the Chancery Judge. "Well," replied the man from the mountains, "because me an' the ole woman can't get along together. She belongs to one church an' I belong to another." "A religious incompatibility, I suppose." "Yes, I reckon that's it." "You don't agree in your religious ideas?" "No, sah." "Give me an example." "Well, tuther day I shot Ham Bates. I shot him with a rifle. Wife she loved that if I had belonged to her church I would have shot him with a pistol. I know that I am right, for I don't want to take no chances." The case has been taken under advisement.

STOP THAT COUGH. By using Dr. Frazer's Throat and Lung Balsam—the only pure cure for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Sore Throat, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Do not neglect a cough. It may prove fatal. Scores and hundreds of people owe their lives to Dr. Frazer's Throat and Lung Balsam, and no family will ever be without it after once using it, and discovering its marvelous power. It is put up in large family bottles and sold at the small price of 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Kuhn & Co., and C. F. Goodman.

The United States consul at Madrid says that he is informed by the director general of health that there is no cholera in Spain, and that cases reported in the province of Valencia are not cholera.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

**SWACOB'S OIL**  
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, and ALL OTHER HOPEFUL PAINS AND AFFECTIONS. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fully Guaranteed. THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

**S.S.S.**

I am an old man. For 35 years I suffered with ulcers on my right leg as the result of typhoid fever. Amputation was suggested as the only means of preserving life. The doctors could do nothing for me and thought I must die. For three years I never had a sleep. Switt's Specific has made a permanent cure and added ten years to my life.

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**DOCTOR WHITTIER**  
617 St. Charles St., St. Louis, Mo.  
A Positive Written Guarantee

**MARRIAGE GUIDE!**  
Seeking perfect restoration to health, full manhood and sexual vigor without Stomach Drugging, should send for Treatise on the Marital Relation, containing all the latest and best information on the subject of marriage, and how to secure a perfect union. A book of great interest to all who are contemplating marriage. Sent free on receipt of name and address to Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

**Weak Nervous Men**  
Seeking perfect restoration to health, full manhood and sexual vigor without Stomach Drugging, should send for Treatise on the Marital Relation, containing all the latest and best information on the subject of marriage, and how to secure a perfect union. A book of great interest to all who are contemplating marriage. Sent free on receipt of name and address to Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

**\$50 REWARD \$50**  
IF YOU FIND THE EQUAL OF  
**FLOWSHARE** CIGARETTES

**DELICIOUS FLAVOR**  
It just meets the taste of a large number of smokers. Orders for "Flowshare" are coming in rapidly from all parts of the country, demonstrating how quickly the great army of smokers strike a good combination of tobacco, both as to quality and quantity. Messrs. Lowill & Co. have decided to do little time and labor in endeavoring to reach the home of the Flowshare Cigarette, and to do so, they have decided to send it to Europe and America. Besides the Ten Cent Cigarettes, Flowshare are also sold in 25 cent and 50 cent packages.

**Almost Double in Size**  
Which is a point not to be overlooked by dealers who will find it in the interest to order some and give their customers an opportunity to try it.

**H. K. BURKET, FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER.**  
111 N. 10th Street, OMAHA

**OMAHA!**  
A GROWING CITY

The remarkable growth of Omaha during the last few years is a matter of great astonishment to those who pay an occasional visit to this growing city. The development of the Belt Line Road—the finely paved streets—the hundreds of new residences and costly business blocks, with the population of our city more than doubled in the last five years. All this is a great surprise to visitors and is the admiration of our citizens. This rapid growth, the business activity, and the many substantial improvements made a lively demand for Omaha real estate, and every investor has made a handsome profit.

Since the Wall Street panic May, with the subsequent cry of hard times, there has been less demand from speculators, but a fair demand from investors taking advantage of low prices in building material and securing their homes at much less cost than will be possible a year hence. Speculators, too, can buy real estate's cheaper now and ought to take advantage of present prices for future profit.

The next few years promise greater developments in Omaha than the past five years, which have been as good as we could reasonably desire. New manufacturing establishments and large jobbing houses are added almost weekly, and all add to the prosperity of Omaha. There are many in Omaha and throughout the State, who have their money in the banks drawing a nominal rate of interest, which, if judiciously invested in Omaha real estate, would bring them much greater returns. We have many bargains which we are confident will bring the purchaser large profits in the near future.

We have for sale the finest residence property in the north and western parts of the city. North we have fine lots at reasonable prices on Sherman avenue, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th streets. West on Farnam, Davenport, Cuming, and all the ending streets in that direction.

The grading of Farnam, California and Davenport streets has made accessible some of the finest and cheapest residence property in the city, and with the building of the street car line out Farnam, the property in the western part of the city will increase in value.

We also have the agency for the Syndicate and Stock Yards property in the south part of the city. The developments made in this section by the Stock Yards Company and the railroads will certainly double the price in a short time.

We also have some fine business lots and some elegant inside residences for sale.

Parties wishing to invest will find some good bargains by calling

**Bedford, Conner & Davis, REAL ESTATE BROKERS.**

213 South 14th St. Bet reer Farnham and Douglas.

P. S.—We ask those who have property for sale at a bargain to give us a call. We want only bargains. We will positively not handle property at more than its real value.