

DYSPEPSIA
Is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. It is not cured, it results in indigestion, and in the long run, it leads to the formation of the stomach, and the preparation of the food.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC.
Quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia in all its forms. Heartburn, Belching, Flatulence, Acidity, Indigestion, and all the ailments of the stomach. It is a powerful purgative, and it is the only medicine that is both a tonic and a purgative. It is the only medicine that is both a tonic and a purgative. It is the only medicine that is both a tonic and a purgative.

WATERBURY'S OAK
THE BEST OF ALL
As distinguished in the broad claim.
THE BEST OPERATING.
QUICKEST SELLING AND
MOST PERFECT COOKING STOVE

PRIVATE
Chronic, Nervous, Debility, etc.
Send for our free literature.

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

THE BABY
James Medical Institute
Charters by the State of Illinois for the express purpose of giving immediate relief to all chronic, urinary and private diseases. Gonorrhoea, Gleet and Syphilis in all its complicated forms, also all diseases of the Skin and Blood purified and permanently cured.

W. P. PECK & CO.
MORSE, ROSE & CO.
OF CHICAGO.
Having secured a private wire direct to the Chicago Board of Trade, we are prepared to execute orders promptly.

LINCOLN FLORAL CONSERVATORY
Greenhouse, Bedding Plants, Roses, Flowering Shrubs, Evergreens, Small Fruits, Etc.

CONSUMPTION
I have a positive remedy for the above disease. It is a simple, natural, and safe remedy, and it is the only one that is both a tonic and a purgative.

W. S. SAWYER & CO.
Chicago, Nebraska.
Floral Designs, Bouquets, Backs, Etc. for Parties, Weddings and Funerals a specialty.

CONSUMPTION
I have a positive remedy for the above disease. It is a simple, natural, and safe remedy, and it is the only one that is both a tonic and a purgative.

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 can do so without harm to the public. 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 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 not look 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.

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 not living in New Jersey. Said Mr. Ford to-day:

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 play 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. He told you see, when he came to the theatre in the evening?"

A GREAT CROW ROOST.
A Million Corn-Stealers Capture the Woods and Arouse 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.

When did you next see him?
"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 hands, from the rear of which he made his escape. No, I did not hear the words, sic semper tyranni. 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 crowd, 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."

THE ESCAPE.
"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 he sprang out, stage captain 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."

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.
The Voltaic Belt Co. of St. Louis, Mo., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRO-APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all kinds of troubles. Also, for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all kinds of troubles. Also, for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all kinds of troubles. Also, for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all kinds of troubles.

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.

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 not living in New Jersey. Said Mr. Ford to-day:

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 play 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. He told you see, when he came to the theatre in the evening?"

A GREAT CROW ROOST.
A Million Corn-Stealers Capture the Woods and Arouse 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.

When did you next see him?
"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 hands, from the rear of which he made his escape. No, I did not hear the words, sic semper tyranni. 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 crowd, 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."

THE ESCAPE.
"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 he sprang out, stage captain 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."

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.
The Voltaic Belt Co. of St. Louis, Mo., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRO-APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all kinds of troubles. Also, for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all kinds of troubles. Also, for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all kinds of troubles. Also, for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all kinds of troubles.

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.

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 not living in New Jersey. Said Mr. Ford to-day:

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 play 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. He told you see, when he came to the theatre in the evening?"

A GREAT CROW ROOST.
A Million Corn-Stealers Capture the Woods and Arouse 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.

When did you next see him?
"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 hands, from the rear of which he made his escape. No, I did not hear the words, sic semper tyranni. 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 crowd, 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."

THE ESCAPE.
"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 he sprang out, stage captain 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."

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.
The Voltaic Belt Co. of St. Louis, Mo., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRO-APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all kinds of troubles. Also, for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all kinds of troubles. Also, for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all kinds of troubles.

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.

SWACOBS 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.

DOCTOR WHITTIER
617 St. Charles St., St. Louis, Mo.
A Positive Written Guarantee
MARRIAGE GUIDE!
Weak Nervous Men

Weak Nervous Men
Seeking perfect restoration to health, full manhood and sexual vigor without Stomach Drugging, should send for Treatise on the "Weak Nervous Men" and other papers which will explain the cause of the disease and how to cure it. Address: MARSTON REMEDY CO., 40 West 14th St., New York.

\$50 REWARD
IF YOU FIND THE EQUAL OF
"FLOWSHARE" CIGARETTES
DELICIOUS FLAVOR
It just meets the taste of a large number of smokers.

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

Ask Your Dealer for Flowshare
Dealers supplied by:
Gronoweg & Seton, Council Bluffs.
Perogy & Moore, " "
L. Kirsch & Co., " "
Stewart Bros., " "
Paxton & Gallagher, Omaha.
McCord, Bradley & Co., Omaha.

Ask Your Dealer for Flowshare
Dealers supplied by:
H. Yippling, 518 S. 13th Street.
H. Yippling, 518 S. 13th Street.
H. Yippling, 518 S. 13th Street.

Flowshare
THE ONLY TRUE
HARRIS' IRON TONIC
LADIES

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

Manhood Restored
Having tried in vain every other remedy, I was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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 at a cheaper price 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 our reasonably desired. 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.