

THE DAILY BEE.

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A ST. LOUIS SCANDAL. The Variety Singer's Story of Making Love to the Belle. The St. Louis people have lately had many a dinner of discussion. First in rank, but not first in order, came the train robbery on the Chicago & Alton railway. It happened just in time to overshadow a very ugly social sensation, the particulars of which were in everybody's mouth. I refer to the Amweg-Hazeltine affair. The facts in the case, briefly stated are these: A fourth-class variety singer named John Amweg—a tall, lank young man of about twenty-four years of age—who had been playing at a well-known beer garden in this city, boasted in a saloon not long since to a party of his companions that a certain society belle was paying him a great deal of attention; that she had seen him on the stage, where she had attracted his notice by means of a bouquet which she took from her bosom and placed under a seat when she was about to leave; that after she left and the crowd were dispersing he came down, got the bouquet and found it to contain a note. This note stated, in substance, that she would like his acquaintance under certain conditions, according to his statement, and invited a correspondence, which finally resulted in his calling at the Hazeltine mansion, a fine stone building in that vicinity. He claimed that he had called under an assumed name, presenting a card she had sent him, and that she called herself Ellen Mangan. So much for the way in which they got acquainted. Then followed the courtship and engagement, as his story went, and he finally learned that she was really making love to one of the belles of St. Louis and that he seemed to think that she was in love with him. This piece of conduct was thoroughly characteristic of the man. Whether or not the young lady did repose confidence in him it is hard to say, but if she did she most certainly made a mistake. The fact that a poor minstrel, getting \$20 a week could marry a girl who was accustomed to live in luxurious style sounded preposterous, and Amweg was told so, but he said that the young lady had a rich uncle, who lived in New York, and who had bank stock enough to get him a position, and that the whole thing was settled. The fact that he had used such language in public was not long in finding its way to the Hazeltine family. Fred W. Paramore, the son of a railroad president, also heard of it. Mr. Paramore was then engaged to Miss Hazeltine. A great noise was made about the affair and Mr. Paramore and Mr. William Hazeltine, brother of the young lady, put their heads together to concoct a scheme to punish Amweg. In the meantime everything became known at a certain newspaper office, and the young lady came down in person and requested the suppression of the facts which was done, and so the thing was hushed up for the time being. The young lady then left for the White Sulphur springs, in Virginia, and while she was gone her brother and betrothed carried into effect their plan to chastise Amweg. They did not know him personally, but they called to service a third party who did. They met him with their mutual friend, took a drink with him, then invited him into Paramore's office, on the fourth floor of a downtown building. Having got him there they demanded why he had made those statements. Amweg showed no inclination to recede from his position. On the contrary, he declared that all he had said was not only true, but that he had more to tell. He had a photograph of the lady in his possession, upon the back of which was written in her own hand: YOURS TILL DEATH, NELLIE. and a number of notes in the same handwriting, some bearing her own signature and some her own name. He also told the gentlemen where they could find them and gave them permission to go to his room and get them. One of the three was sent to get them, while the other two waited. Everything was found just as he had told them, but they swore the writing was a forgery, and that the picture had been stolen. They tried to make Amweg admit that he had been imposed upon by a servant girl named Ellen Mangan, who works in the Hazeltine household, but he was positive that he had not seen the servant girl at all. They finally began to beat him and knocked and cuffed him about for several minutes without gaining a word of retraction. They then took him to the house, showed him the servant girl and asked if that were not the one who he had flirted with. Of course he said "No," and so did the girl. Amweg then filed a suit against the two young men, Hazeltine and Paramore for damages, and the papers published what had happened. This suit was compromised last week for \$1,500. Amberg paid his attorneys \$500 apiece and left the town. After the compromise Miss Hazeltine stated, in an interview, that the whole thing was a falsehood concocted by Amweg and that he had allowed himself to be imposed upon by the servant girl. Whether this is true or not is doubted by many people who believe that the adventurer must have received some encouragement. At all events, everybody pities Miss Hazeltine, and all are sorry for the awkward position in which she is placed. This whole story only goes to show that the female "making" craze has found its way west. Miss Hazeltine is the young lady who was reported to be engaged to a prominent citizen who was recently a candidate for the presidency of the United States.

A Matter of Business. From the Brooklyn Eagle. "You were out last night, dear," said Mrs. Breezy, taking her seat at the breakfast table and fumbling nervously with her fork. "Oh, no," said Mr. Breezy, "it wasn't late. You see, darling, you were asleep when I came in any day or two without sending you even a line. Women are so nervous, are they not, dear? What silly creatures we are to be sure. If we would only go to bed, and go to sleep, it would save us a world of trouble, wouldn't it? We might know that our strong men can take care of ourselves. If you are obliged to sit up until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning talking business with your customers, it is really ungrateful in you to complain. For, of course, you have the worst of it don't you, darling? How it must have bothered you and how tired you must get, and think that it is all for our sakes. When you come tottering home so tired that you can hardly get up stairs, and throw yourself on the bed without even the strength to remove your boots, we should appreciate your devotion in thus laboring to support us. Now, last night, dear, when you stumbled over the rocking chair and found yourself obliged to cling to the headboard to support your weary form, you presented a really sad example of the overworked husband and father. When your shattered nerves caused you to upset my fresh bottle of cologne, and scatter the contents of my work-basket over the floor, you really looked the typical martyr of married life. Of course you do not remember it, dear. You were too tired and worn out with that horrid customer to remember anything. What a dry stupid time you must have talking business up to 3 o'clock in the morning, and you look so sleepy and used up this morning. I would really imagine you had experienced a severe illness if I didn't know it was those terrible racking business cares which pull you down so. I see you have quite lost your appetite, dear. You haven't even touched your breakfast. Now, dear, this will not do. You must not apply yourself so closely to business. It is killing you," and Mrs. Breezy's mouth curled into a decided sneer as she dug a tablespoon into the fried potatoes. "But, my dear," said Mr. Breezy, making a heroic effort to swallow a little of the steak. "It was a most important engagement—"

General Butler as a Lawyer. New York Sun. General Butler's income from fees alone is between \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year. Some time ago he received a retainer of \$100,000 in one case. His liberality is great, and his brother lawyers in Boston say that he does a larger gratuitous practice than any other man in America. He never charges a cent for obtaining a pension and pays all the incidental fees. His subordinates know that they would be instantly discharged if he discovered that they have ever charged a pensioner a fee. He often makes a trip to Washington purposely to hurry up some poor widow's pension. Any story of outrage, especially any story of legal wrong, quickly moves General Butler, and he has been known to put aside a millionaire's business to start the machinery of his office to work upon a poor widow's case. The more intricate and difficult the case, the better he seems to relish it. His intellectual disposition runs toward the most ingenious legal methods. His mind, fully equipped with all legal weapons, leads over every commonplace road leading to probable victory, and then finds enjoyment in seeking out the most extraordinary path, and if the same result can be reached by that course, General Butler will take it with the greatest delight. Has Everything Failed You? Then try Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. 18-1w.

LIVE SNAKES. The Snake Dance as Practiced by the Moqui Indians. First Lieut. John G. Bourke, Third Cavalry, U. S. Army, and aide-de-camp to Gen. Crook, was one of the officers selected by Lieut. Gen. Sheridan some months since to make investigations into the habits, etc., of the Indians living within or contiguous to the military division of Missouri. The district assigned Lieut. Bourke was the southern half of the division, the northern portion being allotted to Capt. W. P. Clarke, Second Cavalry. Bourke has penetrated into a country never before traversed by a white man, and has written to Gen. Sheridan a long letter which contains a graphic account of a curious and horrible religious ceremony among the remote and almost unknown Indian tribe, the Moquia of northeastern Arizona. They have an apostle whose identity has been preserved since they were first seen and partially described by Spanish Catholic missionaries in 1636. THE RITE referred to is the snake-dance. Lieut. Bourke says the Moquia had the procession divided into two parts, one of the choristers and gourd rattlers, the other of forty-eight men and children, twenty-four of whom carried snakes and the other twenty-four acted as attendants, fanning the snakes with eagle feathers. The horrible reptiles were carried both in hands and in the mouth. It was a loathsome sight to see the long file of naked men carrying these monsters between their teeth and tramping around a long circle to the accompaniment of a funeral dirge of rattles and monotonous chanting; after a snake had been thus carried around the circle, it was deposited in a sacred log of cottonwood sapling, covered with buffalo robes, and its place taken by another. Thus it was not long to calculate the number used, which was not far from one hundred—rather more than under; and half the number were RATTLEMAKERS. The procession entered through an arcade, marching in a line of arrowheads four times around the great circle, embracing both the sacred rock, and then formed in two single ranks, the choristers facing toward the sacred lodge. The "high priest," as I call him, took station in front of the sacred lodge and, between it was the sacred rock, which latter is a grim looking pile of weather-worn sandstone 20 or 30 feet high, having a slight resemblance to a human head. At the foot of it is a niche, in which is a piece of black stone, bearing a very vague appearance of the human trunk; at the base of this idol are many VOWEE OFFERINGS to propitiate the Deity to send plentiful rains, and as the procession filed around the little plaza, the "high priest" sprinkles the ground with water, using an earthen bowl and an eagle's feather as a sprinkler. A second medicine man twirls a peculiar sling and makes a noise like the falling of copious showers. When the two lines are halted facing each other, the dancers, who are first provided with eagle feathers, wave them gently downward to the right and left, while the choristers shake their rattles, making a noise like rattlesnakes, and at the same time sing a low and musical chant. When this is finished the "high priest" holds the bowl towards the sacred lodge, utters a low but audible prayer and sprinkles the ground again with water. The singing and feather-waving are repeated and the first scene is over. Nothing at all horrible has occurred yet. But no time is lost before the SECOND PART OF THE CEREMONY commences. The choristers remain in their places with the "high priest," while the dancers, two by two and arm in arm, tramp with measured tread in a long circle, embracing the sacred points already mentioned. Your blood chills as you see held by the men on the left snakes of all kinds wriggling and writhing, while the right-hand man keeps the reptile distracted by fanning its head with eagle feathers. There is no discount on this part of the business. Snakes are carried in the hand and mouth, and as I have already said some of the rattlesnakes were so large, over 5 feet, that the dancer could not grasp the whole diameter in his mouth. As the procession filed past the aqua at E. the latter threw corn meal before them on the ground. These snakes when thrown to the earth showed themselves in the most cases to be extremely vicious and struck at anyone coming near. In such an event a little corn meal was thrown upon them, and the assistant running up fanned them with the eagle feathers until they cooled up, and then he quickly seized them back of the head. After the snakes had been put under the buffalo robe covering the sacred lodge, there was another prayer and the second scene ended. THE THIRD SCENE commenced almost immediately and was as follows: The snakes were seized by ones, twos and half dozens and thrown into the circle at E. where they were covered over with corn meal. The signal was given and a number of fleet young men grabbed the snakes in handfuls, ran at full speed down the almost vertical paths in the face of the mesa, and upon reaching its foot let them go free to the north, the south, the east and west. The young men then came back at full run, dashed through the crowd and on to one of the estafas, where we were told that they had to swallow a portion to induce copious vomiting and to undergo other treatment to neutralize any bites they may have received. Of one thing I am assured; the Moquia medicine men know more about snakes than any people on earth, the Asiatic snake charmers not excepted. Nearly a Miracle. E. Asantly Hall, Binghamton, N. Y., writes: "I suffered for several months with a dull pain through the left lung and shoulders. I lost my appetite and color, and could with difficulty keep up all day. My mother procured some BEEBEEK BLOOD BITTERS; I took them as directed, and have felt no pain since first week after using them, and am now quite well." Price \$1.00, trial size 50 cents.

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