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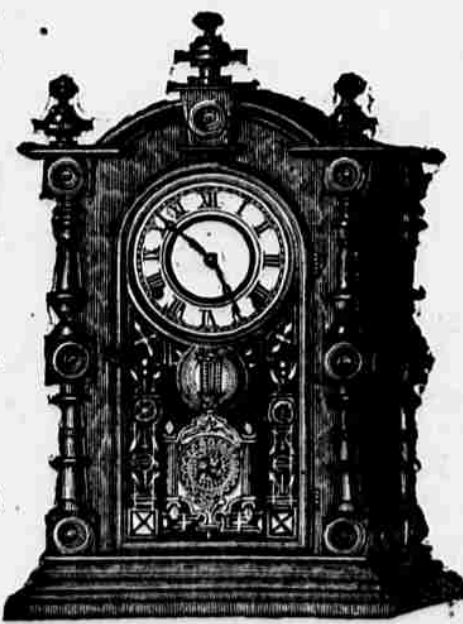
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A WILD HORSE-RACE. The Time When Rocky Mountain Chief Beat the Famous Border Ruffian. Deaver News. The wildest horse-race ever known in this country took place on the Denver track on Sept. 10, 1860. The horses were Border Ruffian and Rocky Mountain Chief; the purse \$25,000 in gold. Ruffian was backed by Tom Hunt, his owner, and Jim Harrison, notorious gamblers. Shortly before Hunt had murdered a prominent Mormon, and after a brief trial he was condemned to hang for his crime. The scaffold was erected on the outskirts of Salt Lake, near the overland road, and the murderer was to swing amidst all the pomp of legal execution. In the excitement attending the preparations on the morning of the expected hanging Harrison entered Ruffian's stable unobserved and spirited the racer away. Mounted on another horse and leading Ruffian, Harrison rode to the gallows unsuspected, slipped two six-shooters into his hands, and before the officials or multitude had recovered from their surprise the outlaw was charging down the Webber canyon trail at a speed which defied capture. One of a number of parting rifle shots killed Harrison's horse, and it became necessary for Ruffian to carry both men. The Mormons pursued the desperadoes night and day, but were powerless to overtake them, so wonderful was the speed and endurance of the stolen bay. Not until 100 miles had been covered did men or beast rest or eat, and on the morning of the tenth day they arrived at Denver, 600 miles from the Mormon capital. These facts once circulated, Ruffian became the hero of the hour.

In the Denver race the Greer boys, who owned Chief, backed him. Thousands of men flocked to the track. There was long delay, but at last amidst frenzied cheers the horses got a start, Ruffian forging ahead from the start. Chief flew the track, went over a steep embankment, and before he could recover the first heat was practically decided in Ruffian's favor. A yell of disappointment went up from the multitude, and a rush was made to lynch the man who started Chief. He succeeded in escaping the mob unharmed however. More than \$100,000 changed hands on the heat.

An even start was obtained in the second heat, the two horses passing into the quarter stretch neck and neck. At the half pole Ruffian, in response to hard whipping, slowly took the lead. All this time Chief had been given a free rein, but had been spared the lash. Charles Hamilton, a desperado, who had all his earthly possessions staked on Chief, stood at the back-stretch pole as the horses approached, a navy revolver in either hand. "Lay the whip to that horse or I'll drop you from the saddle," he shouted to Eugene Teats, Chief's rider, sighting both of his weapons. Teats knew that Hamilton would keep his word unless the order was obeyed, and although he was confident that Chief would win the second heat without urging, he lost no time in applying the whip. He drew blood at every stroke, and Chief went under the wire a winner of the heat by 100 feet in 1:42.

Then commenced a riot and turmoil the like of which was never before or since witnessed on a race course. Men pulled their six-shooters and fired madly, indiscriminately, and gold-dust in the quarrel for stakes, was scattered recklessly in the sand. Ruffian was completely broken down after this heat, and the gamblers, appreciating that they were beaten, became frantic with rage. Con Oram and Charles Switz, who afterwards became noted prize-fighters, stood at the door to the stand and held the mob at bay until the judges had given their decision. Chief was ordered on the track, and after making the half mile wire was declared winner of the race. The judges had to be escorted from the track to town by an armed escort composed of volunteers from the winning side.

Mounted on broncho ponies, with pistols and bowieknives drawn, the Greer brothers and a party of friends made their way through the mob, and cut it to the ground. It was loaded into a wagon and taken to town, a guard accompanying the precious freight. There was a large number of people stabbed and shot in the melee, but fortunately none died of their wounds. That night Denver was one blazing revelry, one gorgeous orgie. The immense nugget was cut into smaller and more commercial commodities. Teats was presented with \$5,000 worth of these. The balance of the winnings were equally divided among the brothers, and in less than forty-five hours they had squandered all.

Sneezing. "God bless you!" is the common expression of Europeans when you sneeze in their presence; sneezing having been considered in ancient times the result of a demonic possession, to avert the evil influence they invoke a blessing. But the true philosophy of a sneeze is set forth in The Popular Science Monthly for April under the heading "What is a cold?" The whole of it is worth reading, but we have only room to transcribe what relates to sneezing: "Sneezing is a method nature adopts to stimulate the prostrate nervous centre, and thus enable it to reassert its control over the blood supply to that part; indeed, it will be found that the effects of being exposed to drafts of cold air are often completely destroyed by a succession of sneezes. Of course nature does not always immediately succeed in these efforts; but, when she does not, the shock from which the nervous center suffers gradually passes away, and the blood vessels again come under the control of the little nerves which regulate their caliber, and so the catarrh disappears in a few hours, or at most in a few days. It sometimes happens that the shock from the cold air acting upon the nervous center is of such severity that the consequent inflammation is intense enough to check the secretion of mucous altogether, and in consequence the mucous membrane is dried as well as inflamed, and the suffering very much intensified."

"The Commodore." Joseph L. Wood, of Colorado, Elgin, Ill., says THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL cured him of sciatica with one application, thoroughly applied. It also cured him of a severe cold and cough. He thinks it a very valuable remedy, and will never be without it. 14-1w

ART STUDIOS. Interview with the Janitor of the New York Art League. Correspondence of Washington Capital. Strolling down Fifth avenue the other day I stopped at the corner of Sixteenth street, remembering how in times past I had spent many pleasant hours in the rooms of the Art League. It was a little late and the place empty, all save the janitor, whom I had nodded to many a time in passing. Together we walked through the room filled with easels, on which rested half-finished sketches in charcoal of the plaster casts scattered about. Then up stairs into the sketch class room; but in the evening light it had a ghostly look, with rough outlines here and there on the walls of some nude studies, the skeleton and flayed figure side by side on the model's platform.

The last time I had been there the room was full of busy human beings drawing, stopping now and then to critically sight the relative length of nose or line of the unfortunate model. The surroundings in effect were little changed. I might have left but yesterday, only my guide had a streak or two more of gray in his hair, and it was beginning to look suspiciously thin about the temple. He was in a talkative mood, and glad to get hold of a listener. "Yes, yes," and the old fellow reflectively stroked his chin; "we do have a lot of models, and no mistake. The queer part of it is there don't seem to be any two alike; you see our artists are mostly young and like variety. Many I guess if I had a dollar for every one I've seen pass through these doors my fortune would have been made long ago, and no mean one, either. In our profession"—here the old janitor straightened himself up, and brushing his hand across his forehead, gazed at the ceiling. "We take all kinds. We must, or the public would soon tire of our work and go elsewhere. That, you know, would never do; the approval of that same public means bread and butter. So, although now and then it goes against the grain to follow their tastes in place of our own, yet we must grin and bear it, and no one is the wiser."

"Some days it is only a little strolling violin player with his baby sister; but I tell you these street children, young as they are, know a sight more of wickedness and ways of the world than you or I. They look innocent enough, with their big black eyes staring at you; but just try to send them off with a quarter, and you will find quick enough they know the value of their time, and will not leave until they get it."

"It is a sight sometimes to see them posing quietly to a room full of ladies and gentlemen. Oh yes, so long as they are inside they behave quietly enough, but once let them get out and they fight like young tigers. Order them off, and they turn on you with such a tide of Billingsgate as shocks even my old ears. That is saying a great deal, for I have come across some hard characters. Then again there is a funny side. One day the class in portrait painting wanted an old woman's face. I concluded my Irish washerwoman might as well have the job."

"Yes, indeed; she came quick enough—a dollar an hour was not to be earned every day in the week. Well, the poor old thing thought it quite fine at first to be paid simply for sitting in a comfortable chair and having her picture took by all them people in dirty aprons. In a little while the novelty wore off, and she grew restless, beginning to turn about, looking at the pictures and half-finished sketches on the wall. When they told her she must keep quiet or there would be no money, it didn't seem quite so much fun. Then she became drowsy and nodded, so it was impossible for the artists to go on with their work."

"Rouse her? I should think they did, but it was no use; until finally one of them had to stand by poking her up every time she showed signs of sleeping, she growling the while about their being so hard on a poor woman, aggravating her in that way, when it was hard enough being stared at and not allowed to wink in return. Finally they were through with her for that day, and she left, saying to me as she passed out it was the hardest day's work she had ever had, and avowing never to step foot in again where all them queer artist folk were."

"Did she keep her promise? Bless your heart, no; she was there three times that same week. The money kept up her spirits."

"We have, as I said, every kind here, from children all the way up to old men and women. And rough ones most of the men are, but they know enough to keep pretty straight while they are acting as models. A laugh or a look on their part would pretty soon be punished by one of the gentlemen; and they do not try it, either, for some of the artists are rather too muscular for one to pick a fight with. Sometimes when the gentlemen have a sweatheart you will see their face over and over again in their drawings. Now, there's Walter Shirley; you remember two years or so ago his illustrations for the story of 'Roxy' that came out in Scribner's? His face for Roxy was taken from real life, a Miss Mansfield, to whom he was engaged. The same face you will see in every one of his pictures; it just seems to come out the moment his pencil touches the paper. He used to come to all the league receptions with the pretty little soul hanging on his arm, and it would warm your heart to see the way he looked down at her. Where is she now? Oh, the romance has had its proper ending. She has been his wife now for a year!"

"We are progressing, but the schools abroad are still ahead of us in many things. "Dear, dear; racy stories do sometimes come from across the water!"—and here my friend smiled as at some pleasant recollection. "One I can vouch for is told by a member of this League who was there at the time. It was at one of those large conservatories in Paris, and the class in nude studies had waited long past the usual hour, still no model appeared, till finally the professor, growing impatient, went into the dressing-room to inquire into the delay. Still they waited, and neither professor nor model put in an appearance. Just as they were giving up in despair the pair entered. The model, cool and collected, walked to the stand and assumed her pose, but it was some moments before the old fellow could get over his embarrassment sufficiently to direct his pupils. It afterward leaked out that the unlucky cause of delay was owing to a pot of green paint which the model, in sitting down to take off her shoes and stockings, had inadvertently knocked over. And even with the professor's help it took some little time to get her looking ship-shape again." Here the old fellow broke into a series of chuckles; then wiping his eyes, went on: "A ridiculous thing happened over here at Cooper Union not long ago. You know old Peter Cooper is horrified at the very idea of the human form divine being copied in its undraped simplicity. One of the teachers told a poor girl from the neighborhood she was to come on a certain day and pose for the young damsel ladies. At the appointed time the young damsel came, but being overlong of relieving herself of cloak and hat, the teacher went out to remonstrate for the loss of time, and was met with confused blushes by the guileless young creature, who explained: 'I am most ready now; just wait until I take this off'—proceeding to divest herself of her sole remaining garment. It took some little time to explain the situation and make the girl understand that there were models and models. "I've seen some of our swell-looking young fellows start out in search of a new subject for the sketch class, and come back triumphantly leading a miserable, filthy old rag-picker, with his great long iron hook poking around in the corners of the landings and stairs as he came up. I keep a pretty sharp lookout on all such when they pass out, or those nimble fingers would be put to other uses than poking after rags. Occasionally things have been stolen, but not very often; there are too many of us about."

There is one model who is a favorite here—a pretty little slim thing about 12 years old. You see, she has been a long time in the business, and is deft and quick in her ways. The beauty of these young models is you can change them around, altering their pose often as you like, which more than you can with some of the professional get so sometimes when they are with any of our big artists that they think they can dictate terms to them. Especially if a picture for which they have been sitting as a queen or some great dame becomes popular, they will say, when asked to pose as a peasant or servant girl, that it will be impossible; their manners are too lady-like or their hands and feet would betray them. They are vain creatures, and do not scruple to say that without their aid success could not have been attained. But these artists are generally an easy-going set, and indulge them in their little vanities, content if by so doing they are kept in good humor.

There is a story that comes to us from the other side, of a jolly young peasant girl who has run away from home in Brittany and came up to Paris to do whatever fell in her way. It fell in her way to sit as a model for a celebrated painter, and during her sittings she would amuse herself singing all the quaint old songs of her country-folk, occasionally varying this by picking up a chair by its back with her teeth and carrying it about the room. She was too great a beauty to remain in quietness, and finally a rich Italian count married her, and her life was no longer after she returned, at the request of her husband, and sat as a countess for her portrait in the same room where formerly she had danced and sung as a model."

Household Words. James Pearson, 28 Sixth street, Buffalo, says: "I have used your Spring Blossom for myself and family, and think it, invaluable as a household remedy, for regulating the bowels, liver and kidneys. I shall never be without it." Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents. 14-1w

UNDER THE SUNFLOWER. What Boston Followers of Wilde Call an Aesthetic Costume Party. Boston Post.

An aesthetic costume party was given at Parker Fraternity Hall on Friday evening and proved a grand success. The reception committee were decorated with badges of blue and gold, while the floor managers were radiant in gold and scarlet. Most of the guests were in costumes suited to the utterly utter occasion, and the sunflower reigned supreme, casting its golden radiance over the modest lily, which appeared in its own quite fashion. Among the stunning costumes were the twenty rapturous maidens arrayed in draperies of dainty colorings, which caught the light most charmingly in the classic folds that were allowed to fall gracefully from the shoulders; the sunflower was their badge of honor and tower of strength, while folly in all her prettiness basked beneath the shade of aesthetic sunflowers. Gypsies were full of bewitching grace, while Pomona scattered her fruits with lavish hand, crowning all with lilies. Night was glorious with the added splendor of the sunflower, and the picturesqueness of the scene was also aesthetically crowned. Sir Walter Raleigh, with Romeo, wandered about caressing beautiful fairies, and German students were numerous with colored gowns and square-top hats. Oxford was represented by black-robed students, who wore square hats also. Aesthetic shams were scattered about the hall, serving an admirable back-ground to the gay moving figures who had responded so fully to the requests of the invitations. Not in the pupils' repertoire was a German with bonnet scarf, pass in the corner and challenge figures. The party was delightful and thoroughly enjoyable, and will probably be repeated by request.

A Cross Baby. Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—Traveler. feb14-w2t

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