

THE ONLY BIG SHOW COMING. SELLS BROS' ENORMOUS RAILROAD SHOWS. NOW UNITED. WILL MOST POSITIVELY EXHIBIT AT OMAHA, MONDAY, MAY 15th. Council Bluffs, Tuesday, May 16th.



Requiring in their Monstrous Union Many Thousand Yards the Largest Spread of Canvas Ever Erected.

No Less than Six Big Tents and Three Rings. Will suffice to present their Manifold First-time Features within the hours devoted to Exhibition. WEALTH OF STELLING NOVELTIES entirely unprecedented in the amusement world; recent additions, specially constructed Palace, Stock and Platform Cars and the Longest Railway Trains ever used for the Transportation of Amusement Organizations.

A PARADE WITHOUT A PRECEDENT. In Grand Spectacular Effect and Scenic Splendor, introducing among its many episodes, the beautiful national Tableau, entitled COLUMBIA AND HER COURT OF BEAUTY, in which, appropriately grouped, will appear the FOUR HANDSOMEST WOMEN IN AMERICA. The Consolidated Marvels of

Six Great Menageries, constituting the Largest Zoological Collection. Travelling. Among the many special features in this department are a pair of FULL GROWN HIPPOPOTAMUSES, a monster WHITE RHINOCEROS, a brace of Siberian Albino Bears, a MAMMOTH ELEPHANT, a HERD of MAMMOTH MAMMALS.

The Equestrian department will be graced with the absolutely imitable riding of Mr. CHARLES FISH, the Phenomenal Four-Horse Rider, SIGNORITA ADELAIDE CORDONA.

The Renowned Caron and Washington Troupe. The Illustrious FRENCH FAMILY DAVENE. TWENTY FUNNY CLOWNS, Led by the Prince of Laugh-makers.

MR. CHARLES SEELY. Ably Seconded by his Aid-de-Camp in Motley, Mr. ED. NEARY.

ONE TICKET ADMITS TO ALL THE ADVERTISED SEOWS. Children under 9 Years Half Price.

1,000 Reserved Seat Opera Chairs, 25 Cents Extra. TWO EXHIBITIONS A DAY, AFTERNOON AND EVENING

LEE, FRIED & CO., The Only Exclusive Wholesale Hardware House IN THE WEST.

1108 AND 1110 HARNEY STREET. OMAHA - - - - - NEB.

J. J. BROWN & CO., WHOLESALE DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, Boots and Shoes.

OMAHA - - - - - NEB.

PILLSBURY'S BEST! Buy the PATENT PROCESS. MINNESOTA FLOUR.

always gives satisfaction, because it makes superior article of Bread, and is the Cheapest Flour in the market. Every sack warranted to run alike or money refunded.

W. M. YATES, Cash Grocer

SGNS, House Painting, INTERIOR DECORATING. HENRY LEHMANN,

1118 Farnam Street, ESTIMATES FURNISHED, I EMPLOY NONE BUT FIRST-CLASS MECHANICS, and give personal attention to all work.

S. W. WYATT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN LUMBER, Lath, Shingles, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS.

15th and Cuming Sts. OMAHA, NEB

POETRY OF THE TIMES.

The Dying Buddha's Hymn. I go to Him, in whom all is, The self-existent perfection; Who knows not of finality, The only Being that can be, Who, without motion can create, Or, motionless, annihilate A world whose cup is brimming high With will and self, and blasphemy.

Upon the All be honor given - I shall not see Him, even in heaven; The outline of Infinity. The substance of Divinity, Created spirit may not grasp; Only by faith His knees I clasp, My little ill draws near the sea, Source of my soul, I come to Thee.

At length I got a letter from my father, telling me of her serious illness, and then another from him saying that he was to be allowed to go to the little river which ran through my farm, and after the deeds were signed, the man I bought it of sold the right to a farmer to whom he sold a property higher up. I went to law, and lost my case and a great deal of money. Then I tried transport riding, and lost heavily again, owing to various diseases in my oxen.

I don't mean to blame my luck, as many men do. To a great extent a man makes his own luck, so that each misfortune which struck me disappointed me more and more with myself.

Then came the finishing blow. I came across an old English newspaper and in it I saw the advertisement of Lucy's marriage, or, at least, the announcement of her impending marriage. It was to be a grand affair and there were a great many details. After that I went down steadily. I am speaking too openly to deny that I often helped myself on the downward journey, when I ought to have known better. Yet I never parted with her letter, nor with the little bag which contained the seedling fish which she had given to me, and which she had said she would give to me alone forever, as she wrote.

Having finished these words, Frank Heathcote stood up wearily. I took his hand and pressed it, and soon after he lay down to sleep. I lay down too, and watched the flickering of the fire for long, thinking over the story I had heard. I could not sleep, and presently I stood up and went softly over to where my strange acquaintance lay.

He was lying with his rug flung partially off, and with one hand under his head. The other lay on his breast, and his shirt being open, I could see a ribbon round his neck attached to a small bag which was partially concealed by his hand, and from which a portion of an old letter protruded. I could see its worn and discolored edges by the light of the moon which had lately risen, and the rays of which fell on his haggard yet refined face, and, as I watched the expression of it change, according to the dream which was passing before him, I thought of the moon of the same moon that shed its rays on him might be playing on the luxurious couch of the woman he had fallen in even through faithfulness.

The next morning I induced him to leave his companion and come with me. I was writing a book, and assured him, and truly, that his artistic talent, which I convinced myself was being engaged in a way which would be invaluable to me in illustrating it, my own artistic productions being rather unsatisfactory.

He proved a very agreeable companion, and I enjoyed my wanderings much more after he became my guest. About two months after my meeting with Frank Heathcote, we two were riding in advance of the wagon over the brow of a wooded hill, whence we looked down a gorge and over a wide expanse of forest which stretched below us. "Stop a moment," said Heathcote. "What is it that this scene reminds me of? It seems so familiar to me."

Then suddenly he exclaimed: "By Jove! I dreamed of this place years ago, when I was a boy, only that now there were a number of elephants ranging about among the brushwood and trampling it down."

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of her own wishes as to corresponding with me, for that if her father knew that she had been permitted to meet me constantly his anger would be excessive. She said that I might write to her once, and give the letter to the wife of the porter of the hotel where she was staying.

I did so. I poured out my soul in that letter, and she sent me an answer, which I got after she had left Florence. I have got it still; in all my wanderings it has never left me. Yet it told me there was no hope, only that she would be forever faithful to me, and called on me to trust her through absence and silence.

My energy flagged, but I whipped myself up. I determined to be worthy of her, and hope that perhaps I might win her; but six months after this my father died suddenly, and I reeled under the blow. I lost not only him, but the last chance of hearing anything of Lucy, for, since our meeting at Florence, Mrs. Clark had ceased altogether to write to me.

My student days were passed, and the sum of money Mr. Clark had generously given me was expended; but I had a small fortune left to me by my father, quite enough for me to feel independent.

It was hard to work at art in all successfully when one's brain is in constant need of urging to do its best. In the excitement which follows any great shock which, while shattering an actual happiness, yet appeals strongly to the imagination, a mind deeply imbued with artistic feeling is likely to feel its power abnormally increased, but a reaction is only too likely to set in when the imagination is to be excited by the will, and in most artistic temperaments the will is not particularly strong, except when it acts spasmodically.

I found all originality of design passing from me; no picture worth reproducing came before my mental vision, and my very power of execution seemed failing. My health, too, began to give way, just when I read a glowing account of the Kimberley diamond-fields. In a fit of mingled hopefulness, restlessness, and despondency, I resolved to try my fortune there. I pictured to myself returning to England a millionaire or dying in some strange manner.

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