

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Virginia has 172 tobacco factories, which consume 43,000,000 pounds of the weed annually.

TRUE Temperance

Is not signing a pledge or taking a solemn oath that cannot be kept, because of the non-removal of the cause—liquor.

This fact! BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, a true non-alcoholic tonic, made in Baltimore, Md., by the Brown Chemical Company, who are old druggists and in every particular reliable, will, by removing the craving appetite of the drunkard, and by curing the nervousness, weakness, and general ill health resulting from intemperance, do more to promote temperance, in the strictest sense than any other means now known.

It is a well authenticated fact that many medicines, especially bitters, are nothing but cheap whiskey vilely concocted for use in local option countries.

BALL'S Elastic Section Coiled Springs CORSETS

Every Corset is warranted satisfactory to the wearer in every respect, or the money will be refunded by the person from whom it was bought.



100,000 TIMKEN-SPRING VEHICLES NOW IN USE.

Henry Timken (Patentee and Builder of Fine Carriages, ST. LOUIS, MO.)

IMPERISHABLE PERFUME Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER.

Pest for TOILET, BATH and HANDKERCHIEF.

\$500 REWARD. The above reward will be paid to any person who will produce a Patent that will equal the Pennsylvania Patent Rubber Paint.

for preserving Shingles, Tin and Gravel Roofs. Warranted to be Fire and Water Proof.

GOLD ROPE. The intrinsic merit and superior quality of our Gold Rope Tobacco has induced other manufacturers to put upon the market goods similar to our brand in name and style which are offered and sold for less money than the genuine Gold Rope.

THE WILSON & McNALLY TOBACCO COMPANY.

The Ashland, Ky., iron works use a great deal of Alabama iron brought to the Ohio river by the Cincinnati and thence by barges to Ashland.

Utica, La Salle county, Ill., has this year shipped 100,000 barrels of cement and five hundred car loads of sand, sewer pipe, fire-clay and brick.

A tile factory is being built at Clinton, Ill., with a capacity of six kilns, capable of producing 12 miles of tile per day. The capital invested is \$15,000.

The Peoria plow works has bought a site for a mammoth factory in the upper end of the city, which is coming to the front as a place for manufacturing industries.

Reports from twenty-six States show that the production of sugar from sorghum during this year was 425,755 pounds of sugar and 8,225,397 gallons of syrup.

A company organized at Atlanta will import and slaughter cattle, run stock and make oleomargarine and buttering. The capital of the company will be \$500,000.

It is said that Messrs. J and P. Coats, the well known thread makers, have purchased sites at Madison, Florida, where they intend to erect a factory and a cotton seed oil mill.

The Lawrence, Kan., Canning company has become a large institution. It employs between 250 and 300 men, and has put up as high as 15,000 cans of corn and tomatoes in one day.

The cut of logs at the Minneapolis mills during the past logging season was 295,000,000 feet of lumber, 129,000,000 shingles, 56,000,000 laths, against 234,000,000 feet of lumber, 87,000,000 shingles and 49,000,000 laths last year.

The glass blowers of South Jersey, Penn., are indignant that the proprietors of the Malaga Glass company have filled their places with twenty imported East German strikers tried to reduce the new employes away, but were unsuccessful.

According to a recent report of the board of trade of Reading, Pa., there are in the city 435 manufacturing establishments; capital invested, including real estate, \$10,712,403; hands employed, 11,795; value of products during 1881, \$1,183,321; the value of products during 1881, \$17,000,313.

THE SOUTHERN NEGRO.

Pen-Pictures from Alabama—Uncle Harrison's Yellow-Legged Pullet—Araminta and Her Baby.

Sains (A's.) Correspondence New York Times.

I sit on the broad "gallery" of an old southern farm house and watch the negroes, who are constantly passing the gate. Early in the morning they come jogging along, some on half-starved mules, some on good-looking horses, some in road-wagons, and some in Jersey cars.

Here comes one now, with a chicken in his hand. He is a man of about 50 years of age, with low forehead, flat nose, and big ears; his grizzled wool is arranged in little ropes, for he has been trying to straighten it, and in order to do so has separated it into little pieces, around each of which he has carefully wrapped a white cord.

"Good morning, Uncle Harrison," I hear her say; "what have you got to sell this morning?"

"I ain't nothing to sell this morning, Miss Conely. I juch fetch in this here chicken. I declare fe' de Lord de varmint is a eatin' up all my chickens. Me and de ole 'oman is havin' a mighty bad time dis year."

"I am sorry for that, but what do you ask for your chicken? I have been paying a bit for that sias."

"Well, tell de trufe, Miss Conely, I jest brung dis chicken to you. De ole 'oman didn't want to sell hit, 'case it's a pet chicken. She told me to gin hit to you wid her compliments, and to ax you to send her a bundle of quilt-pieces, and a little sugar and sof-tee, and a piece of tobacco, and one of your old dresses, and a pair of Mass Alford's old pants for Silly's little boy, and one of your old aprons for de little gal, and some karsosen to rub her back, 'case she's got a mighty misery in it. No, Miss Conely, she don't want to sell dis chicken; she jest call me up and sed: 'Now, Harrison, I done catch dis yellow-legged pullet, and I gwine to gin hit to 'Miss Conely'; and so I jest fetch her along for you."

"I'm gwine down-tow now, but I'll stop in on my way back arter de things for de ole 'oman. She took a heap of satisfaction in ginning you dis chicken. Here she is, m'am," handing the "yellow-legged pullet" through the open window.

"Miss Conely" took it with a pleasant smile, saying: "Tell Aunt Chloe I'm much obliged to her. I'll get some things ready for you by the time you come back. I'm sorry to hear she has rheumatism, but hope the karsosen will cure her."

so soon dis mornin' dat Chloe didn't hab time to do anything but ketch your pullet for you. She couldn't forget you, Miss Conely. I hear her say yesterday: 'No, I ain't never gwine to turn my back on my white folks.'"

Miss Conely called to the dusky woman who was sweeping the yard, and said: "Goto the safe, Serena, and get some cold bicreut for Uncle Harrison; and I believe there's some cold meat there too, and bring him some of that fresh buttermilk."

Serena, a handsome, well-dressed mulatto, laid down her broom, and as she passed the porch I heard her mutter: "I don't want to be a waitin' on dat lazy nigger; he no 'count no way. Just fetch M'as Conely dat chicken sias he could git Miss Conely's blue dress for Aunt Chloe. Miss Conely would a gin dat dress to me if I had a or bin for Uncle Harrison. I ain't got no use for dat nigger no way."

When Serena returned with the plate of cold food, Uncle Harrison seated himself on the lowest step of the porch, deposited his hat on the ground, and discussed the cold victuals with a most appreciative appetite.

"Well, Uncle Harrison, I'll have to put some biscuits in the bundle for her."

"Haw, haw, haw! Miss Conely. I want nowise hinton arter biscuits; but de ole 'oman will be mighty proud of 'em, and dey'll help to keep up her spirits, for she's gwine to miss dat yellow-legged pullet mighty, 'case she petted her all de time. Lor! Miss Conely, Chloe wouldn't a gin dat pullet to anybody but you. But I must be a gwine. I'll stop in arter de things."

"All right, Uncle Harrison."

I watched the negro until I saw him dismount at the grove, go in for a drink, and come out for a game of marbles.

A long-eared white mule, with a burden on its back, came down the road. On nearer approach we see, seated on a mule, a ginger-bread-colored woman with a baby on her lap. The woman wears a red calico dress, over the lower part of which is fastened a rusty black riding skirt; her head is adorned with a plaid cotton handkerchief, tied on in the peculiar turban-fashion which prevails now only among the plantation negroes.

The baby in her lap wears a little slip which seems to have borrowed its hue from the sunflower. Its neck, arms and feet are bare. A limp sunbonnet of dingy white protects its head and face, and its body is encircled by the protecting arm of its mother. Altogether, the white mule, with its gayly-dressed riders, forms a striking picture.

"O, Miss Conely, does you want to buy two dozen niggers?"

Miss Conely nods assent from her station at the window among her flowers, and then says: "How is your baby, Araminta? I heard it was sick."

Glancing tenderly at the child, Araminta replies: "Yes'm, she's been bad, but she's better now. She's mighty what do's all de child. She ain't no more sicker for some time. She was took mighty curious like, and I'ze come all I can for her, and she don't get no better. Poor little thing! I do hope the Lord she'll die; for, when my children get sick, I'm mighty poor little thing! But I'm gwine to carry her to de doctor now, s'ine I he can do anything for her."

Miss Conely sent Serena with money and basket for Araminta's "niggers," and then, in a deprecating tone, said: "Don't talk so, Araminta; it's all wrong. I hope de doctor can cure your baby, but we must be more careful about her diet. Give up that foolish notion of making her eat some of everything you eat; it is enough to make her sick all the time, and to kill her at last."

"My ole man told me yesterday not to gin her pot-liquor and greens; but I didn't think he thinks hisself so smart," said Araminta.

"You ought not to expose the baby to the sun, either, Araminta. It will give her a fever. I will lend you an umbrella, and Matthew can bring it back when he passes here on his way to the mill."

Agreeing Serena mutters as she goes on her mission. This time I hear her say: "Dat good-for-nothing nigger gwine to spill Miss Conely's umbrellas. But when she hands it up to the mother, I notice that she takes a handkerchief from the pocket of her white apron, and wipes the moist face of the baby, as she says: 'Jest keep de handkerchief, Araminta, to wipe 'ane's face, and you stop at my house as you goes home and let her have a good nap, and I'll gin her some black-berry cordial; it's first rate physic. Lor! how de child does mind me of my poor little baby what died out to de Missistep! bottoms wid de yellow-fever. I've got de money now eat day put on her eyes arter she died, and when I dies I wants 'em to put it on mine.'"

When you feel out of sorts, have the blues, melancholy, etc., it must be indignation that ails you. Brown's Iron Bitters cures it.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., Jan. 14, '80. I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lights and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I never should die in peace until I had tried Hop Bitters. I have taken two bottles. They have helped me very much indeed. I am now well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they helped me, and they used them and are cured, and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made.

MRS. JULIA G. CUSHING.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S SIGN

Now Used by a New Haven Dealer in Drugs and Groceries.

St. Louis Republic.

Dr. J. J. Crass, an eminent physician of New York, now of New Haven, Conn., and Mr. E. E. Hall of the latter city have been spending a few days in St. Louis—the guests of the Southern Hotel—and they leave this morning for home. Both gentlemen express themselves as much pleased with the city, it being their first visit here.

Mr. Hall has been in business for over forty years in New Haven and his reminiscences of well-known people are interesting. He mentions that the house occupied by Benedict Arnold before the revolutionary war was torn down six or seven years ago, the ground on which it was located being needed for railroad purposes.

The spikes and various relics from the old historic building were saved by collectors as mementos, and the old sign, bearing B. Arnold's name, with that of "Drugs, groceries, etc.," has been appropriated by another dealer in the business. The venerable Truman Smith, who was United States senator in the days of Webster, Wright and Clay, and who was chairman of the national whig committee, when Winfield Scott ran for president, is still alive and active at the age of 91. He visits the legislature at Hartford, each session. In the interest of some favorite measure.

Mr. Hall was born in Guilford, the native town of Fitz Greene Halleck, the poet, where the latter spent the closing years of his life, only occasionally visiting New York city. John Jacob Astor, whom he served faithfully for many years, bestowed on him a small pension which was wholly inadequate for his support.

It is a curious fact, that when Louis Napoleon was an exile in New York, he and Halleck were on one occasion both placed in the lock-up for some convivial transgression, where they remained until released by friends.

The Reckless Bee.

Washington Post.

An experimenter in southern agriculture told me the following histories of northern bees in the south. He took a colony of the little gratuitous honey-makers down to Florida. The first year they revelled, thrived, and stored honey nearly all the unvaried summer time. But the second year a few of the more reflective bees evidently turned the thing over in their minds thus: "This country has no winter to provide against; what is the use of laying up honey, when the flowers blossom all the year round?"

These bees exercised enough influence among their friends to keep a good many bees from laying by any sweet merchandise the second year of their exile.

But the prurient instinct so strong in the little insect prevailed with the majority. They evidently said to themselves: "Perhaps this has been an exceptional year. Next season may bring cold and snow and death of flowers." So there was quite a stock of honey laid by on the second year in spite of a few strikers.

But by the third year the conviction had evidently thoroughly penetrated the bee mind that it was foolish to lay up in a land of eternal blossom. They made just enough to last from day to day, abandoned themselves to living from hand to mouth as respectable people do, and they were really happy.

Grins.

Pleasant, healthy grins are seen only on the faces of healthy persons. The dyspeptic and debilitated can smile only in a half-hearted way. Purify the blood, tone the stomach, and strengthen the tissues with *Harpur's Blood-Bitters*, if you wish to laugh well and often.

KIDNEY-WORT FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION. No other disease is so prevalent in the country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated KIDNEY-WORT in its efficacy. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy cures.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with Constipation, and no remedy will strengthen the weakened parts and cure the disease so well as KIDNEY-WORT. Piles and medicines have before failed. If you have either of these troubles, PRICE USE DRUGGISTS SELL KIDNEY-WORT.

A DELICIOUS DRINK In Hot Weather Mix with Fine Ice. In Cold Weather Mix with Hot Water. Add Lemonade (when convenient) to the Taste.



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The "HUB PUNCH" is of superior quality and meets with universal favor as a healthful and palatable drink. It is prepared with great care from the best materials, and will furnish an agreeable addition to the choice things of the table which undeniably induce the pleasure of an amicable and good fellowship and good nature if rightly enjoyed.

Families, Clubs, Hotels, Excursions, Picnics and Yachting Parties Pronounce Hub Punch Unrivalled. Trade supplied at Manufacturer's prices by M. A. McNamee, Omaha. Families supplied by A. H. Gladstone, Omaha, Neb.

Genius Rewarded, OR, The Story of the Sewing Machine. A handsome little pamphlet, blue and gold cover with numerous engravings, will be given away to any person calling for it, at any branch or sub-office of the Singer Manufacturing Company, or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any person writing at once from our office.

The Singer Manufacturing Co., Principal Office, 34 Union Square, NEW YORK.

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NOTIONS, Boots and Shoes.

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Lath, Shingles, Pickets, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOLDINGS, LIME, CEMENT, PLASTER, ETC.

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Anyone contemplating building store, bank, or any other the usage to erect and with us before purchasing their Plate Glass. will find it to their ad.

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