SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN' IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters; I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the *king of medicines*.

JOHN K. ALLENDER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

DUFRENE & MENDELSSHON,

ARCHITECTS!

REMOVED TO

Omaha National Bank Building.

ALL TIME,

Six years old, sired by Almont, he by Alexander Abdallah. Dam, On Time, by War Dance. Also the Standard-bred Stallion

ORIENTAL,

Three years old, sired by Almont Lightning, by Almont dam.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL

Four years old, 2:31, by Belmorial, Belmorial was by Alexander's Abdallah.

Will make the season at my place on 20th St., two blocks west of Green Street cars, at $35.00 each. Mares not proving in foal can be returned next season free of charge. The money must be paid invariably in advance. For further particulars see or address

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Omaha, Neb.

May 4 m&o 1m

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

An excellent Tonic and Appetizer of exquisite flavor, used the whole world over. Cures Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Headache, Debility, Fever and Ague, Diarrhea and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. It imparts a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, lemonade, soda, and all drinks. Try it. The genuine Angostura Bitters is made by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Liquor Dealers

J. W. WUPPERMAN, Sole Agent
51 Broadway, N. Y.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

CHOCOLATES

Baker's Premium Chocolate, the best preparation of plain chocolate for family use.—*Baker's Breakfast Cocoa*, from which the excess of oil has been removed, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids.—*Baker's Vanilla Chocolate*, as a drink or eaten as confectionery is a delicious article; highly recommended by tourists.—*Baker's Broma*, invaluable as a diet for children.—*German Sweet Chocolate*, a most excellent article for families.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.

COX'S STOMACH BITTERS

CLARK'S BRAZILIAN BITTERS

THE BEST KNOWN

THE GREAT LIVER & KIDNEY REMEDY AND BLOOD PURIFIER

TONIC & APPETIZER

CLARK'S BRAZILIAN BITTERS — A PURLEY VEGETABLE REMEDY — COMPOUND ELIXIR OF POKE ROOT, PRICKLY ASH, DANDELION, ROSE &c. A PERFECT SYSTEM RENOVATOR — IT AIDS DIGESTION, STIMULATES THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS, OPENS THE PORES & RESTORES THE CIRCULATION — H. G. CLARK & CO. PROPRIETORS, OMAHA, NEB.

COX'S STOMACH BITTERS — AN AROMATIC TONIC & ALL-SKILLFUL APPETIZER & WONDERFUL STIMULANT — IT ENRICHES THE BLOOD AND STRENGTHENS THE DIGESTIVE FORCES — THE BEST KNOWN REMEDY FOR ORDINARY FAMILY PURPOSES — H. G. CLARK & CO. PROPRIETORS, OMAHA, NEB.

[*Continued from Eighth Page.*]

disabled by disease, and the total subtraction from the productive force of our country because of the rebellion reaches the stupendous aggregate of one million men.

A gleam of light is thrown on this sombre picture of Mr. Greeley's by the record of what pitying hearts and generous hands did for the soldiers of the union. Again I make a brief quotation from the same source: 'The soldiers in the field, still more in the hospital, surely need comforts and delicacies which no government does or can provide, and these were

SUPPLIED TO OUR ARMIES,

but especially to their sick and wounded in a profusion and with a regularity wholly unprecedented. A single fair held in New York City in aid of the sanitary commission realized no less than $1,351,375. Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and many other cities held similar fairs with corresponding results. The aggregate of contributions received and distributed through this channel amounted to about five million dollars in cash and nine million dollars in supplies. And to this the public subscriptions for the equipment and subsistence of volunteers en route, Vanderbilt's present of a noble steamer valued at $1,000,000, the Union refreshment saloons in various cities for the supply of free meals, baths, etc., to each passing regiment and soldier, the State Relief associations, the rivers of benificence flowing in a constant stream from a thousand rural neighborhoods, and it will be quite within the truth to estimate the aggregate value of free-will offerings in aid of the national cause at $500,000,000, equal to $100 for each family inhabiting the loyal states of the Union.

It is well for us from time to time to revive the recollections of those eventful days. Nationsas well as individuals, yes, even more than individuals, are prone to forget the teachings of the past. Past favors, past trials are alike consigned to oblivion, crowded out of mind by the pressing events of the present hour. Before the attack on Delhi, during

THE GREAT MUTINY

in British India, the soldiers of the English army were promised all contained therein in the way of booty. After the assault and capture this was denied them. One of the soldiers cut with the point of his bayonet on a stone at one of the gates of the city the following verse:

"When war is rife and danger nigh,
'God, and the soldiers' all the cry;
When war is o'er and danger righted,
God is forgot, the soldier slighted."

It was a wise thought, the establishment of this Memorial day, else it is to be feared the hardships and privations of the march, the camp and the bivouac, the costly sacrifice of life on the battle fields, the mental and the physical anguish of the prison pen and the hospital,—all that was done, endured and suffered to save our glorious land from disruption, would in time have faded from the minds of men, or would have lived but in the pages of history. The war of the rebellion would not have been to our children the living fact the annual recurrence of this day tends to make it. Better than bronze or marble is this memorial to those who from our ranks have gone before, for while we recount their deeds we cannot fail to recall the object for which they died and be renewedly impressed by the lesson of patriotism to our country, fidelity to the right, and valor in its defence they silently teach. Treason is a crime, and the sophistry of men cannot make it a virtue. Let us remember that while we are enjoined by holy writ to forgive the sinner we are nowhere told to condone the sin. Let us honor the bravery, the magnificent fighting qualities of the soldiers of the confederacy, but let us remember to profit thereby, all there was involved in the mighty issue they forced upon us.

Through suffering and finally through blood the Almighty brought Israel out of Egypt, and that the lesson of

THAT AWFUL NIGHT

when Pharaoh's rebellion against the Lord received its final punishment in the death of the first-born of every Egyptian household, should not be forgotten, the annual feast of the passover was established in its commemoration, and to perpetuate the lesson of punishment and delivery. The Lord said unto Moses, "And it shall be when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying 'What is this?, thou shalt say unto Him," and the story of the delivery was to be retold. By this memorial service we expect to keep alive, and through our sons to hand down to remote generations the memory of our honored dead.

Napoleon proclaimed to his veterans as they stood on the sands of Egypt, "From the top of those pyramids, forty centuries look down upon you, soldiers of France." To all who claim a heritage in this broad land comes a proclamation from the mighty host of patriot dead, whose names are written on the pyramid of liberty built of their bones and cemented with their blood, "stand fast in the liberty wherewith we have made you free." The fame of those who died in the war of the rebellion was not won in any common strife; the cause in which they gave up their lives was the grandest that ever ennobled war. What was it but to save from destruction the life of the nation; to preserve the constitution as founded by the fathers of the republic; to secure the advancement of Christian civilization; the progress of mankind towards the attainment of the highest personal liberty consistent with the well being of general society? The soldiers of the republic, whose memories we honor to-day, fought to suppress a rebellion born of the barbarism of slavery and consumated in violence and fraud.

THE MEN WHO FELL

in the swamps of the peninsula, in the forests that cover the bluffs of the Cumberland and the Tennessee, and that sickened to death in the inhospitable region that lines the Mississippi, were defending the constitution of the United States. The martial valor of our soldier was displayed at Vicksburg and Gettysburg that the starry banner that symbolizes a united nation should not be trailed in the dust. Their courage and devotion was shown at Antietam and Jonesboro as well as on the slopes of Chickamaugas ridge and a thousand other fields that the free institutions which are the strength and ornament of our land should not die amid the billows of a rebellion that was sapping their foundations.

It is not given to all men who bear arms to fight in so righteous a cause as led these dead heroes to the field. The mass of our soldiers volunteered from pure patriotism. They felt themselves to be but instruments in the Lord's hand to do a righteous work. They died that they might build around the temple of liberty an impregnable defense, and their graves scattered as they are from the Potomac to the gulf were made to form a breastwork against the onset of those who would destroy the Union and the Constitution on which it is based. The soldiers of the Union were so permeated by the sense of loyalty to the government of our common country that they were willing to pay the greatest price man can pay in order—in the words of Mr. Lincoln—"that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth."

The scenes that occurred on that April day in the year 1861, when the roar of Sumpter's cannon aroused the north from its dream of peace, and called from Mr. Lincoln a proclamation asking the states for 75,000 men and appealing to

ALL LOYAL CITIZENS

to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, integrity and existence of our national union, are indelibly impressed upon the memories of those who witnessed them. From the pulpit and the judge's bench, from the workshop and the farm, from the college and the marts of trade, men came in answer to the president's call. Questions long pending were at last to be submitted to the stern arbitrament of war. Half a score of states had proclaimed their determination to leave the Union to establish the creed of secession. It was a vast power with a military organization directed by educated soldiers of no mean name or note. Like thunder from a clear sky came the news that war was upon us; that the false doctrine of secession was to be supported by the sword. With a unanimity worthy of the cause the gage of battle was take up by the northern states, and men left their peaceful homes, their wives and children, their mothers and sisters to fight—and if need be to die that the nation might live. How far the active sympathy of those mothers, wives and sisters aided in the accomplishment of this noble work for the records of the Christian and sanitary commissions bear upright testimony. There was not a town or hamlet in the north where work for the soldier was not going on; not a regiment left for the field that did not carry with it numberless tokens of affectionate remembrance. Every knapsack contained something that might cheer or comfort on the march or in the camp. Into every hospital, not only those that were permanent in fixed camps or in towns, but the temporary ones located by the roadside or under the shelter of a hill when

THE BATTLE WAS NIGH

at hand, poured a continual stream of comforts the government could not supply. So actively was this work carried on that there was not a place our armies went the agents of these noble women did not follow; no detachment of soldiers so small as to be overlooked in their ministration. The self-denial, the patience, the unwavering faith, the courage and perseverance of our northern women shone conspicuously through disaster and through victory. Through good report and through evil report, before friends and in the face of enemies they displayed a Spartan virtue. When strong men grew discouraged and gave utterance through the press to their forebodings it was the women who stood steadfast in the faith that the right would ultimately triumph. Upon them came bereavement and in a multitude of cases poverty and want, when the "bread winner" of the family fell in battle. All honor to the noble women of the north for the part they took in the mighty conflict which shook the land.

To show you, my friends, how they did their duty—these soldiers of the Union—did it under circumstances to test their manhood, for the exhilaration that comes from the thunder of battle was wanting, let me attempt to sketch for you an episode in the unwritten history of the army of the Potomac.

During the winter of 1863-4, the army of the Potomac lay in cantonment south of the Rappahannock river and on the line of the Orange and Alexandria railway, with Brandy Station near the center of the line. The forces of the enemy known as the army of Northern Virginia under the command of General Robert E. Lee, occupied the wooded heights south of the Rapidan In the latter part of the month of November, General Meade commanding the Union forces, inaugurated a movement having for its object the turning of Lee's right flank and a lodgement at Orange Court House and Cordensville, if not a movement on Richmond. This operation is

KNOWN IN HISTORY

as the Mine Run campaign. The army succeeded in crossing the Rapidan and began its march through the narrow tracks misnamed roads that threaded the dense forests called the Wilderness. The advance of Meade's army was soon engaged with the enemy and a hot fight known as the battle of Locust Grove only closed with nightfall, when the enemy retired. It was evident the rebel army was not to be surprised. During the next day continual skirmishing showed a determination to contest every foot of ground. About the middle of the afternoon the sixth corps came upon the enemy in force on the hills covoring the valley and stream known as Mine Run. An officer of my acquaintance holding a command in the second division of that corps commanded the advance during that day as well as the previous one, Following the enemy's retiring skirmishers, his force had debouched from the woods, and as night fell he saw the rebel line fall back upon the strong works, fringing and crowning the hills upon the opposite side of a narrow valley. There was just time before dark to make disposition of the pickets and to closely reconnoitre the formidable position in front. The winter night closed in with a clear sky, a bright moon and a keen, frosty air. About 11 o'clock that night the officer referred to was summoned to report at the headquarters of the corps. A brisk ride of a mile through the pine forests brought him to a spot where a number of the regiment and brigade commanders were assembled, standing in groups about a bright fire. A general officer was walking back and forth before the fire with folded arms and thoughtful countenance. The scene was most picturesque and striking. The bright firelight, the crowd of uniformed figures, the dark shade of the surrounding evergreens, through which came the noise of restless horses and the occasional gleam of the accoutrements of the mounted orderlies and escorts of the officers assembled, while above in the clear sky sailed the full moon, tipping with silvery light the frosty tree tops.

A HUSH OF EXPECTATION

hung over the assembly, a few words of greeting to some late-comer was the only conversation heard. What did the meeting mean? What movement was in contemplation? No one ventured a surmise or cared to ask, At last an officer spoke to the general, probably telling him that all the officers summoned were present. Suddenly pausing in his walk and by a gesture of his hand calling the groups together he said, "Gentlemen, General Meade has resolved to attack the enemy to-morrow upon both flanks at the same time, and to attempt the capture of his works upon this his left flank, by assault to be made by part of the sixth corps, to be formed in mass. Those of you who know the enemy's position know this will be an arduous undertaking; it is absolutely necessary for success that the batteries in the front line of the enemy's works be captured and the line be held at least until the massed corps has descended the hill on this side crossed the meadow at its foot and passed over the marshy brook with its abrupt and broken banks. To carry this line will require an impetuous attack; it must be taken if it costs every man in the assault. As this is in the nature of a forlorn hope I ask for a volunteer to command the troops to do this work." A number of officers immediately stepped to the front. My friend, who already held the advance, justly claimed the duty and was assigned to it. A few words of general instruction and the assembly scattered. The next three hours were busy ones. Two regiments of well established reputation, both Yankee of the bluest blood, tried New England men from Maine and Vermont, men hardened and keen-edged as the trusty blade of tempered steel wrought into shape by the fire and hammer of war, were selected. These regiments are to be placed in position so close to

THE ENEMY'S PICKETS

that in a moment after the advance is sounded they will be on them and capture or surprise them at a blow. There must be no halt or hesitation, no stop or check to the on-rush, The intelligence that characterized the mass of our soldiery was specially marked in three well-tried men. The brief instructions are understood and the details of a military movement rarely practiced on the drill ground, but owing to the provident care of the officers of that command known to those who had to use it, is so carefully executed that the line is deployed and placed in position within one hundred yards of the creek upon whose further bank the enemy's pickets were posted—all this under the bright rays of a full moon and in the open ground on the edge of the timber that at this point on the union side comes to the brow of the slope. The woods to the right and left are here and there broken by either meadow or cultivated fields. From the edge of the woods the hill slopes abruptly, with a descent of about fifty feet to the valley below; from the foot of the slope the ground is level to the creek—Mine Run, a small stream winding with abrupt turns through the valley. The banks are high and broken; the stream has cut through the soft meadow land until its bed is from six to eight feet in many places below the general surface. It is known that the banks are overhanging, only held in place by the thick sod on the surface, ready to crumble and fall with a touch. Beyond the stream a hundred yards of level meadow lay, then the hill rites sharply for full five hundred feet, sloping back for three hundred more, less steeply. Three lines of breastworks can be plainly traced by the light of flickering camp-fires. The first line is at the foot of the hill, skilfully placed to sweep the level ground in front with

ARTILLERY AND INFANTRY FIRE.

The hum of voices can be heard in the still frosty air, and the occasional rumble of artillery wheels on the frozen ground tells that movements are afoot. Half way up the hill sparkles of light glancing through the trees mark a second position, while the flash of bivouac fires beyond and higher shows the hill is covered with armed men to its very crown. Following the summit of the ridge the eye can trace the rebel line to their left and rear until it is lost in the distance. The military problem to be solved in the morning is to get down the hill into the creek, up its muddy, slippery banks on the other side, disperse the rebel picket line, cross the open ground under, it may be, a heavy fire of artillery at short range, and make a lodgment within the enemy's first line. All this must be done or the massed troops in the main attack, following close behind, cannot hope to cross the open ground, the broken banks of the miry stream, gain the foot of the foot of the hill and deploy for further work on the lines beyond, without serious loss and possible derangement of the plans. So close was my friend to the enemy's position and so bright the moonlight that a half dozen or more batteries could be counted—forty or fifty guns at least covered the little meadow. Will enough men live to get through and engage the enemy at close quarters, masking the movement in rear? A few hundred yards back of the crest of the hill on the Union side, and under the friendly shelter of the dense pine woods 15,000 men were massed in close column of attack; brigade behind brigade, division behind division, one could have walked from front to rear of the mighty mass upon the heads of the men. The whole force was consolidated into a body a few hundred yards square. The

ATTACK WAS TO BE MADE

in the early morning, the signal to be given from the headquarters of the army, some three miles away, one gun, then after an interval in which one could count five in quick time, two shots in quick succession. The hours pass on, the cold increased as the night grew old; none but those like you, my comrades, who have passed the ordeal know of the tension of nerve that comes at such a time; each man of that line lying without a blanket or cover in the frost covered-grass, is alone with his thoughts, for not a word can be spoken to comrades close at hand, for it may betray his position to the wakeful foe. The grey light comes in the east; it grows broader and brighter and the time is at hand—the time has come, why is not the signal given? Precious moments are being wasted; the ear is strained to catch the expected boom of the signal gun; the enemy is stirring in his camps; in the increasing light the lines can be seen swarming with men; every moment increases the danger of discovery, An hour beyond the appointed time the silence is at last broken by the boom of a heavy siege piece; it is the expected signal; one—two—three—four—five, then comes boom!—boom! Swinging himself into the saddle, my friend, the commanding officer, said to the expectant bugler at his side, "Sound the advance!" With the first notes the brave fellows, who for many hours have laid on the cold earth with the mercury below the freezing point, spring to their feet, and without a word or inspiring shout, rush forward over the slope, over the few yards that measures the meadow's width, into the creek and over the startled pickets lining the farther bank. The line deployed, but with close intervals, rushes on; the advance is irresistable; the prospect of success gladdens every heart; in a moment more the troops will have reached the first breastworks, and so far

SCARCE A SHOT

has been fired, when from the woods in the rear rushes a mounted officer, shouting as he swings his hat, 'Come back! Come back!" The attack is abandoned; it is an aid of the commanding general, and the order must be obeyed. The bugle sounding the retreat seemed to call the started enemy to his senses, and springing to his guns he sent destruction into the gallant ranks falling back. It is not for me to tell at this time why the signal was delayed—was at last given—and then so speedily followed by the recall. My purpose is accomplished in bringing to the minds of the veterans before me a picture from the panorama of the war. Success or failure should not influence too greatly our estimate of the enlisted men who bore a part in events such as these; the purpose was ever the same—to follow the call of duty whatever the end might be. Untoward events might cause the shipwreck of many a fair scheme of skillful generals; defeat might come as it sometimes did in place of cheering victory, but fidelity to duty, courage in the hour of trial and patience with hopefulness ever marked the mass of our army.

Another sketch is the great battle of Antietam, fought September 17th, 1862, I trust will be of interest. The gray light of the coming day begins to dawn; during the darkness the contending armies have drawn together until with the increasing light the men can see the opposing line, within short musket range. The dropping fire of the infantry begins to play reveille along the line; a battery of light guns is pushed to the front beyond the central wood, over a plowed field near the top of the slope where the corn-field begins. On this open field in the corn, and in the woods beyond, is to be enacted the deadly scenes of the day. The scattered fire of an infantry skirmish swells into

A CONTINUOUS ROAR,

accented by the thundering bass of the field artillery as battery after battery comes into play. Within half an hour the steady discipline of our men began to tell; the enemy's line begins to sway back and forth like the pulsations of some huge animal. The movement is noted and "forward men, forward!" comes the command, and with ringing cheers on go our lines, the colors of the regiments well advanced and gleaming fitfully through the battle smoke. The retreating enemy leaves the ground thickly covered with dead and wounded men as back the broken masses go across the cornfield, over the fences and stone walls, past the sunken road, through the stream and into the dark woods which closes about them. The Union troops follow with increasing speed until they fling themselves against the woods into which the beaten enemy has disappeared. But suddenly one of the incidents common to war and that marks the uncertainty of battle changes the aspect of affairs; from out those groves come terrific volleys of musketry and the crash of artillery—volleys that smote and broke the compact front, tearing huge gaps through the advancing lines and checking the onward rush. The Union officers close up their shattered lines, brigades dwindle to scarce a regiment's strength, the division cannot count the total of its weakest brigade, but steadfast where they stand the survivors hold the ground against these fresh rebel troops. The enemy is now advancing, pouring his long lines of reserves over the fields from which he has so lately retired. It is a magnificent sight, to see them come on, debouching from the cover with well dressed lines, the flanks of which are hidden by the broken ground as the lines stretch far away to the right and left from this, the key of the position.

LINE BEHIND LINE,

a corps at least, a mighty mass moving swiftly to the attack. It would seem as though they must sweep all before them, so impetuous is their gait. Coolly as on parade comes a long blue line to meet them. This line moved obliquely from a position on the right through a strip of timber in their route, out into the open field beyond, a storm of shot and bursting shells meet them as they move through the timber under a shower of broken tree tops and splintered branches, while in "the open" the ground is torn into dust by the missiles of death. "Close up, men, close up!" are the only commands heard, while without halt the line goes forward. The ground is thickly covered with the dead and wounded of both sides, as the tide of battle has twice before on that morning ebbed and flowed over those fields. A slight dip in the ground hides for a few moments the enemy from view, and gives temporary shelter from his fire, but without halt steadily and swiftly the lines mount the ascent, and in a moment more they crown the crest. The smoke of the battle alone yalls our men from the enemy swiftly marching to gain the same point. But the troops who hold that crest know that upon its possession may depend the issues of the day. They came to stay and they did stay. Firing first in well-directed vollies, then by file, they checked the enemy's onset. For half an hour with fast thinning ranks they held the ground. In vain the enemy delivered attack after attack. His line melts before that terrific fire as melts the snow before the summer's sun. As the ammunition of our men begins to fail they gather themselves for our last effort, and moving on the enemy, drive the broken fragments from the field.

OTHER TROOPS COME UP,

the line goes forward at a run, and soon the woods are clear of the lurking foe. What a ghastly sight does that field present! Truly a harvest of death, so thickly do they lie. In one place full seven hundred dead could be counted on less than five acres of ground.

My friends these incidents must suffice; the time will not permit to tell of the heroic fortitude displayed in the months of watching and fighting in the trenching; the weary march in hunger, rain and cold; the hope deferred that makes the heart sick to those in the prisons of the south and in the hospitals that dotted our northern land; the numberless exhibitions of patient endurance, of suffering, as heroic as the bravest deed in the battlefield. Yes, these men were faithful unto death and it is fitting we should, from year to year, recall their deeds and their sacrifices, wreathe their monuments wish flowers, weave for them the laurel crown, remember their words of truth and patriotism, and, dwelling with pride and affection on the work they accomplish, educate our children to emulate the devotion to our common country that characterized their lives.

Then followed special services by the G. A. R., the hymn "My country 'tis of thee," by the Glee club, and the benediction, after which the graves were strewn with flowers, and the concourse broke up and returned to the city.

REMEMBER THIS.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimple or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all diseases of the stomch, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they wil not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

The very best iron preparation, and the one having the largest sale, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Young man or woman, if you want big money for a small amount, take a certificate in the Marriage Fund Mutual Trust Association, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

STORM NOTES.

Special Dispatch to THE BEE.

CINCINNATI, May 30.—Reports are still coming of the storm of Monday night. Up the Little Miami valley something like a cloud-burst occurred, driving the people off the first floors. The Freeport bridge across the Miami was torn from its piers and a flouring mill wrecked. In Shelby, Decatur and Bartholomew counties, Indiana, the destruction of barns, fences, timber and growing crops is almost immeasurable, yet not a single person was hurt. In Butler county, Ohio, a family living near West Chester was badly injured by falling walls. A great number of barns were unroofed and two or three dwellings demolished. At Lancaster, Owen county, Indiana, W. R. Williams, wife and children, and the four Craft brothers were killed by timber falling on them. Several other points in Ohio and Indiana report high wind, extraordinary rain, hail and lightning.

SAMARITAN NERVINE — NEVER FAILS — IS UNFAILING AND INFALLIBLE IN CURING *Epileptic Fit Spasms*, Fallitic Sickness, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Syphilis, Scrofula, and all Nervous and Blood Diseases.

To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Prostration, Irregularities of the Blood, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys, or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, *Samaritan Nervine* is invaluable.

Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained a sinking system. $1.50 at Druggists. For testimonials and circulars send stamp.

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

The DR. S. A. RICHMOND MED. CO., Sole Propr's, St. Joseph, Mo. (43)

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

There has never been an instance in which this sterling invigorant anti-febrile medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken duly as a protection against malaria. Hundreds of physicians have abandoned all the official specifics, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic for chills and fever, as well as dyspepsia and and nervous affections. Hostetter's Bitters is the specific you need.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. my 16 m&e eod-&w

HAS THE BEST STOCK IN OMAHA AND MAKES THE LOWEST PRICES

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

Have now been finished in our store, making it the largest and most complete

FURNITURE HOUSE

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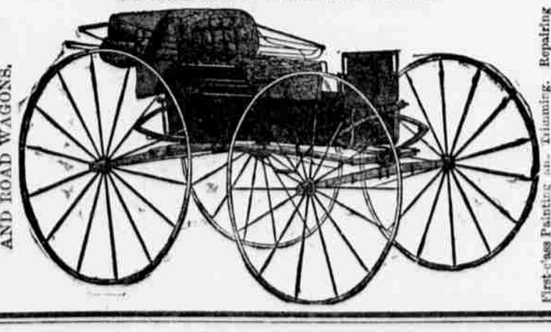

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