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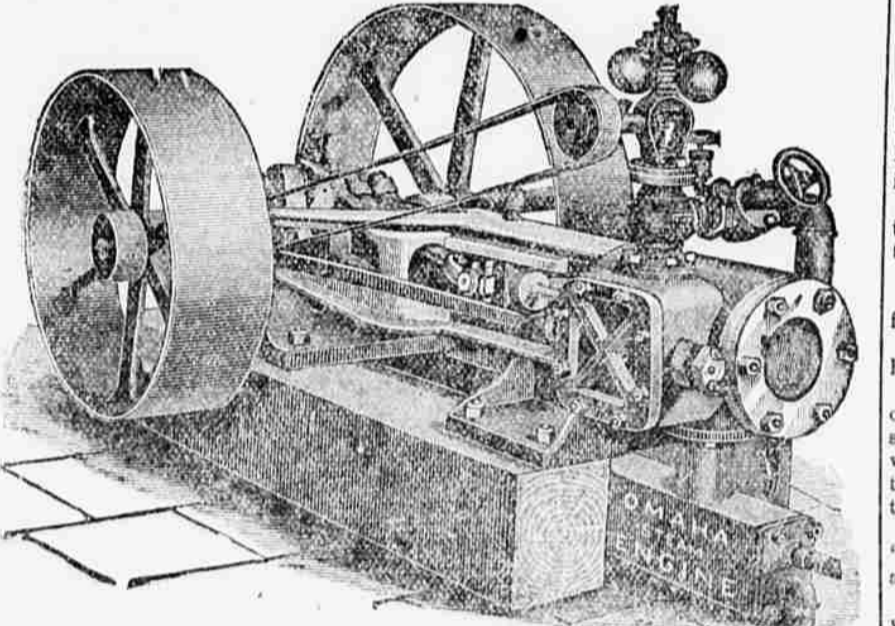
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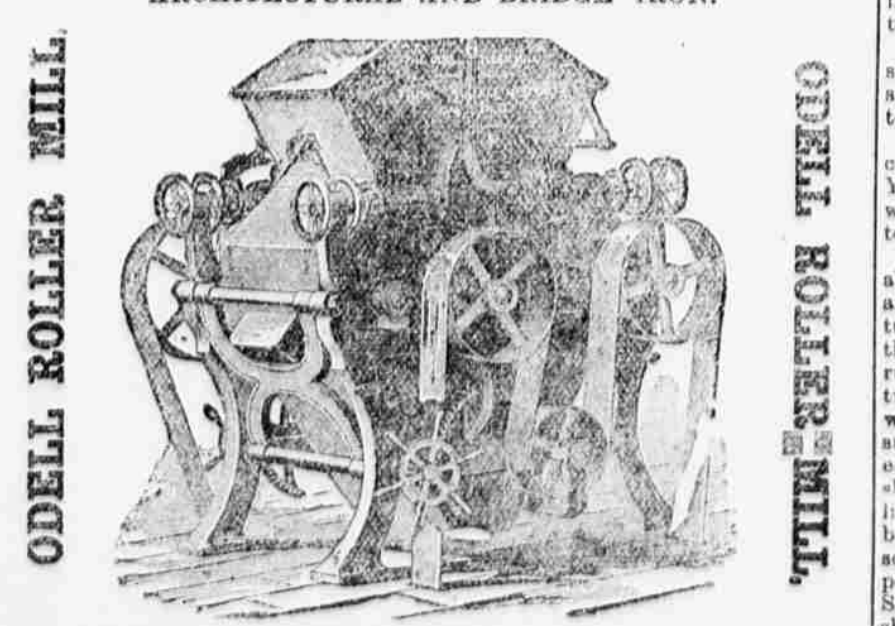
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Not Wisely, But Too Well. The boy lay on his little back, From him all joys had fled, And suddenly he gave a leap And stood upon his head; Then tied his legs about his neck And beat the blimping air, Then fiercely clasped his little paunch-- Six inches distant there.

AN ARKANSAS KING.

BY OPIE F. READ.

CHAPTER I. Old Mat Graves swore that his daughter should never marry, unless by so doing she could win honor for herself and father--particularly for her father was the popular construction. Before the war Graves owned quite a number of slaves, and to surround his home with every possible feature of Oriental suggestiveness seemed to be the chief study. He took up the idea--though whether or not it were based on even a tradition no one ever knew--that he was descended from a royal family of some country, he did not know which. This made no difference, for, for him, all royal blood was alike, that the entire country rather than one particular country, was royalty's privileged home. In matters of business the old fellow was pretty sound, as those who had dealings with him well knew. As he grew older, the belief that he was of royal blood became a firm conviction, and at one end of a long hallway he had a throne constructed. His overcoat discharged the duties of a minister. His wife was buried with great ceremony, and instead of the conventional lamb, a large crown was chieftain in her tombstone. The war disturbed the old man's reign, but after peace was declared he re-established his court. His daughter Elsie was reared in the belief that she was a princess. She was taught at home and instead of receiving a practical education, her mind was fed on wild romances. She sometimes went into society, but with condescension so painful that the young gentlemen of the community avoided rather than sought her company. One poor fellow, conquered by her beauty, ventured to tell her of his love. She was amused rather than being angered, and told him to seek an audience with the king, her father, and to present his petition in regular court fashion. The young man was admitted into the presence of the king, who, after listening to the pleading said: "Young man, the boldness of your conduct leads me to infer that you are of good blood."

"Bet your life, old man," the lover replied. "I've got good blood and a heap of it--as good blood as there is in Arkansas." The king was startled. "You do not understand me," he exclaimed. "The blood of Arkansas is not royal. The people of this state are plebeians. My daughter shall marry a prince."

"Not Bill Prince, who runs the ferry, I hope." "The only prince who runs a ferry is the prince of darkness. My daughter shall marry a prince of light." "I don't know anything about that, old man, but I do know that I am mightily in love with the gal."

"You are not in love with the gal, vulgarian, for the gal does not love you. To be in love with her would, to my mind, imply that you loved each other, which is not the case. Your brazen conduct merits punishment, but the oppressive laws to which I am bound to submit will not allow me to take the proper course in this matter."

"That's where you're off," the young man replied. "The law will allow you to take the proper course in this matter--to say, 'take the gal,' would be according to law. Here she is now."

The princess entered, saluted her father, and seated herself on the steps of the throne. "Princess Elsie." "I await your pleasure, my royal father."

"This man has come to see for your hand." "Oh, no," said the young man, "ah! come to bring suit. Got into one law suit and lost a yoke of steers. Don't want any more suits. If you'll give me the gal I'll take her, but I ain't going to take the affair into court."

"Avaunt!" exclaimed the king. "Guards, show him out. His ignorance alone saves him."

One day the princess, while out riding, was seen by a Chicago drummer. The airy grace of the girl, the loveliness of her face and the richness of her hair, at once charmed the drummer's soul. He at once made inquiries concerning her, and at length, after learning her family history, arrayed himself in Mardi-gras costume and visited the large stone house to which old heaven had given the name of palace. When the king was informed that a prince desired to see him, he convoked his court and ordered the young man to be presented. The drummer, approaching the throne, bowed with courtesy and grace, and cast a quick glance at the princess, who, in flowing robes, stood near the throne.

"I am a foreign prince," said Mr. Hayfoot, the commercial tourist, "and having heard much in compliment of your majesty, I came hither to pay my respects, and, by your gracious consent, spend a few days under your honored roof."

"Your royal highness is welcome," replied the old man. "With people of excellent birth, there is little ceremony, so please make yourself at home. This is my daughter, Elsie, pay your respects to the distinguished gentleman."

The young lady, at last having met some one of equal rank with her own, smiled sweetly, and extending her hand to Mr. Hayfoot, said: "I repeat my father's words of welcome. Please make yourself at home. You have traveled far and are doubtless weary. Here, acquire, show the prince to a room building his station."

The drummer found himself comfortably situated. His trunk was sent up, and after exchanging his Mardi-gras costume for a neat suit of black, he sat near the window, gazed out on a landscape of rugged beauty and proceeded to smoke a two for twenty-five cigar which he had won at poker dice. Elsie met him at the supper table, where she waited hand and foot, and he ate and drank, and as she was arrayed in a simple dress, with a hy and rose instead of jewelry, her beauty was greatly enhanced. Hayfoot soon discovered that, considering her opportunities, she was a girl of intelligence. She possessed great kindness of heart and she spoke pathetically of the injustice imposed upon her father by an unscrupulous country. After supper the drummer and the princess strolled in the garden among roses that caught the glistening tear drops of the night.

"It is sad to think," said the princess, "that I am doomed to spend my life in exile, when if my rights were recognized, I might walk to the swelling music of grand balls and brilliant assemblies, and suppose that your life is a round of pleasure."

"Yes, I stumble upon considerable fun," the drummer replied. "Sometime, trade is dull--I mean that sometimes I am not so hilarious as at other times, but upon the whole I cannot complain." "How long do you expect to remain in this country?" "I am expecting a letter from the boss--the king, I mean. I shall remain until he bids me return."

"I hope you will honor us with a long visit, for I am very lonely, with no associations except that of my father, and of late, I am so concerned with affairs of state that he has but little time to give me." Hayfoot's love grew with each succeeding day. Each morning developed in the girl a new feature to admire, and each evening confirmed the impression of morning. The old king was pleased with the prince, and lost no opportunity of showing him that he was a welcome guest. Hayfoot having secured several practical books, began reading them to the girl, always selecting a time when the king was not present. Elsie at first did not enjoy these seasons of "mental drought," as she termed them, but after awhile new ideas dawned, and with that attention which a person exhibits when a change of conviction is about to take place, she listened to the drummer, wondering what the writer of the book could have meant by such commonplace yet strong utterances. The drummer was determined to win her love, and he felt that he would conduct the campaign fairly. There was none of the Claude Melnotte about him. After he had assisted the girl to build a practical foundation, he would then superintend the building of real life's superstructure.

CHAPTER II. One day, while the prince and princess were strolling along the banks of a little stream, Hayfoot said: "Let us sit down on this mossy rock." "Yes, let us sit in the shade, for from out the shadow the sunlight glows brighter."

They seated themselves, and after commenting on the beauty of the surroundings, the drummer remarked: "Much of this world's unappiness arises from a false idea of life. The moose of life are ever changing. In the days of knightly grandeur the execution of a sentimental idea was regarded as an achievement worthy of emulation, but now, when the majority of people are compelled to work for their daily bread, the furnishing of a house and the stocking of it with the necessaries of life are the only sentimental conquests that find favor with the public. Girls, particularly young girls, are some times deceived from infancy to womanhood. I know of an instance once of a beautiful girl who was brought up in the belief that she was a queen, her father, a duke, and an investigation of his business proved him to be hopelessly in debt, the poor girl received such a shock that she never fully recovered from it. Some one who suspected the true condition of affairs should have told the girl that she was not an heiress, but good natured people have a benevolence in imparting the information of disappointment. "The girl's father should have told her," said Elsie. "But he really thought he was rich. His mind was not sound, and when the girl grew old enough to think, he began to tell of the large sum of money she would inherit. Elsie--" "The princess was startled. No one but her parents had ever dared to call her by that name. "Do not be offended. For your own good let me tell you something. Your father's mind is unsound." She was not offended, but sat abstractedly musing the knob of her parasol. "I have sometimes thought this," she said. "His mind, I understand," continued the drummer, "has for years been growing weaker. Elsie, he is not a king." She looked at him in alarm. "No, he is simply an American citizen and has no more power than any other voter of Arkansas. The royal blood idea is an illusion."

"Then I am not a princess?" "You are a charming girl, but are not a princess." "Am I charming?" looking at him with eyes that were melting. "Yes, you are the most charming girl I have ever seen." "Then I am content, for to be considered charming by one whom we know is charming is quite as consoling as the thought of being a princess. All charming women are princesses." "My royal highness is coming lately of remarkable sense, and it pleases me to see that you are placing a correct estimate on life. A handsome woman is indeed a princess and her realm is the broad field of mankind." "But you are a prince, are you not?" "No, I am a plain business man. I saw you and loved you. Having heard of your father's peculiarities, I assumed the title of prince, and came hither to be near you, to win you." "I dream of you--" She did not finish the sentence. He had caught her in his arms and covered her head with kisses. "I have loved you since I was a child, and which in later years had not been neglected. She would marry him. To be a bride was sweeter than to be a princess. The common idea which had descended from Eve had taken a pretty strong hold on her. "We must deceive your father," said he. "I will continue to be a prince. We will marry and leave him with the impression that we have sailed for Europe. We will go to Chicago where the ice cream plates rattles the whole day through, and where the fat faced boy with a red bordered napkin keeps the flies off the fruit cake." CHAPTER III. The king, arrayed in a morning gown, was walking in the garden. Hayfoot approached him and said: "My royal highness would speak to you upon a question of great moment." "I will listen with the attentive ear of one who is interested," replied the king. "I will not trash Satan around the cypress tree, but will at once come to the point. I love the princess Elsie. She is a fine girl. I ask her hand in marriage." "The princess shall be your wife. It is time that she were choosing a husband. This is the first offer that she has ever had from a man of royal blood. When do you desire the ceremony to take place?" "As soon as possible." "The somewhat depressed condition of my state, foreign wars and intestine disturbances will render a brilliant wedding impossible. One of my largest ships was blown up last week, and recent adverse state that my army has suffered in London. The refusal on my part to bestow the title of Augustus on young Crispus, has offended the people of

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COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Additional Local News. Real Estate Transfers. The following transfers were filed in the county clerk's office yesterday and reported for THE BEE by P. J. McMahon, September 3, 1884: W. Bradshaw to C. R. Kondig, a w q r 21, 77, 42. \$1,600.00. Thomas Kirk to Jennie Byrnes, a h f w q r 20, 27, 38. \$2,800.00. Sheriff to James Hofferker, trustee, lots 19, 20, and part 18, block 8, Jefferson sub. \$7,000. James T. Smith to George A. Smith, lot 3 block 6 and lot 12 block 2 and lot 3 block 23, Mullin's sub. \$650. Total sales, \$12,050.

PERSONAL. G. G. Williams, Corning, is at the Bechtel. Geo. W. Hamilton, of New York, is in the city. J. J. O'Connell, of Chicago, is at the Bechtel. H. W. Penneck, Madison, Wisconsin, is in the city. L. Liggett, of Sidney, died at the Pacific yesterday. John C. Hurst, of Chicago, was in the city yesterday. K. H. Roby, Decatur, Ill., was yesterday at the Ogden. Miss I. Tosterin has returned from her summer tour. Hon. John T. Baldwin returned yesterday from the east. F. C. Hall and wife, of Chicago, are registered at the Ogden. J. C. Dietz, of Cedar Rapids, was a guest at the Bechtel yesterday. Miss Mattie Potter is now an employe at the telephone central office. Will J. Noffce, a prominent attorney of Avoca, was courting yesterday. L. E. Martin, of the Orleans (Neb.) Sentinel, was among the callers at the Bee office yesterday. Ed Hunter, a lively young democrat from Corning, and agent of the "Q." was in the city yesterday. Hon. Mike Miller, of Carroll, member of the state legislature, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Griffin. Chief of Police Tom Skinner left last evening on a short visit to his son-in-law, J. O'Connell, at Neola, and will probably return with Mrs. Skinner. Miss Sadie Medherel, of Hancock, Iowa, and Mrs. Emma Rickabaugh, of North, Borough, were in the city yesterday on a shopping tour, and dined at the Pacific. H. W. Tilton, the Council Bluffs editor of THE BEE, started last evening for the east over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, intending to make a flying visit to friends in Wisconsin, where his wife has been visiting for a few weeks.

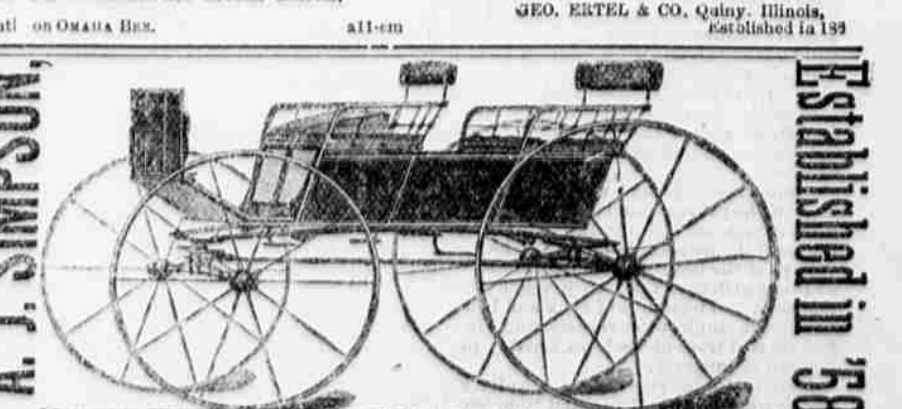
COMMERCIAL. COUNCIL BLUFFS MARKET. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, Sept. 5, 1884. Wheat--No. 1 milling, 79c; No. 3, 65c; 70; rejected 50. Corn--Local purposes, 40c; 45. Oats--For local purposes, 35c; 40. Hay--\$10 00/12 00 per ton; baled, 50c; 60. Rye--40c; 45c. Corn Meal--1 30 per 100 pounds. Wood--Good supply; prices at yards, 6 00/7 00. Coal--Delivered, hard, 11 50 per ton; soft, 9 00 per ton. Lard--Fairbank's, wholesaling at 9 1/2. Flour--City flour, 1 00/1 20. Brooms--2 95/3 00 per doz. LIVE STOCK. Cattle--Butcher cows 3 00/3 25. Butcher steers, 4 00/4 25. Sheep--3 50, 3 75. Hogs--4 25/4 65. PRODUCE AND FEEDS. Quotations by J. M. St. John & Co., commission merchants, 538 Broadway. Potatoes--\$1 10/1 20 per bushel; 7c; spring chickens, 2 00/2 50 per doz. Peaches--4 bus. box, 1 00. Lemons--\$1 50/1 75 per box. Butter--Creamery, 15c; 20c; country, 6c; 10c. Eggs--14 per dozen. Vegetables--Potatoes, 30c; 35c per bushel; onions, 40c; 50c per bushel; apples, choice cooking or eating, 2 00/3 00; beans, 1 75/2 50 per bushel; sweet potatoes, 4 00 per bushel.

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