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A PRINCE AS A CATTLE TENDER.

A Descendant of a Polish King Working as a Farm Hand Near Baltimore.

From the Baltimore American.

For over two years Thaddeus Louis Poniatowski, a grandson of King Stanislaus Augustus of Poland, has worked on Dr. Patterson's farm, opposite Mount Hope asylum, as a cattle-tender. When he applied for work, Poniatowski, a tall, bronzed, distinguished-looking individual represented himself as being in a destitute circumstance and willing to work at anything. His frank and open manner once excited the sympathy of Dr. Patterson, who determined to give him a trial. Accordingly he was placed in charge of some valuable cattle, and before long, through industry and sobriety, he made himself almost invaluable. Not long ago Dr. Patterson, suspecting his cattle-tender who was no ordinary being, began to make some inquiries concerning his antecedents. For a while Poniatowski insisted that he was nothing more than plain Poniatowski, without any ancestry worth speaking of; but at last he acknowledged himself a direct descendant of the Polish line of kings, and a Prince of Poland by birth. In making the declaration his deep black eyes sparkled brilliantly, and his friends say, he looked every inch a king. He also produced a number of papers and records in proof of his identity, which, upon examination, it is said, proved clearly and unmistakably his real rank and position. Soon after this he became tired of his work among the cows, and he informed his employer, who tried to dissuade him from throwing up the work, but without any success. About three weeks ago he informed Dr. Patterson that he was going to Athens, Ga., where, he said, he had secured a better position. The next day he left for the south.

A young friend of the prince, in conversation with an American reporter yesterday, said: "Poniatowski is a fit example of the ill-treated and enslaved Poles. He is one of the brightest fellows I ever met; speaking six languages, he is fit to grace any court. He has often told me his story, which is not only romantic, but even thrilling. After the war between Russia and Poland, his father was banished to Siberia for some alleged Polish conspiracy. His mother, with the prince, then an infant in arms, heroine that she was, refused to be separated from her husband, and accompanied him into that bleak country. An might have been expected, her delicate constitution soon gave way, and she died an exile from home and friends. The father, although subjected to the most cruel treatment, kept his health and worked like a common laborer with the other prisoners. I have often heard him recount his father's experiences, and his awful misdeeds; how he arose before day-break and worked in the damp and cold from 6 until 6, with three excruciating meals, unaltered meals. Nor was this all; for if he made the slightest complaint, he was either flogged or required to fast, sometimes for an entire day. He traveled in the snow passing, during which time Thaddeus, who remained voluntarily with his father, grew to be quite a handsome young man. One day father and son arranged their escape. They disguised themselves as peasants, and after some difficulty succeeded in getting away from the settlement. For days they traveled in the snow passing here and there for a morsel of food that barely kept them from starving. The only serious obstacles they met with were the fierce wolves prowling about the woods. They were obliged to use the most extreme caution, lest they be torn to pieces by the savage animals. Accordingly, they kept as much to the main road as possible, and concealed themselves at the slightest indication of a growler or bark. Footsore and weary, they at last arrived at a Russian port, where they shipped as sailors and sailed for Germany. Soon after their arrival there the father died, leaving young Thaddeus alone in the world. After roaming around the continent for a year or two, the young prince came to America, landing in New York about six years ago. From that city he came to Baltimore, where he tried to obtain work, and failing in that, went to the Patterson farm, where he remained until his departure for Athens a few weeks ago. While in Baltimore county he met quite a number of young ladies, many of whom fell deeply in love with him. I have not heard from him since his departure, but I expect to in a few days."

Cure for Hog Cholera. The Massachusetts Ploughman. As this disease is making much trouble and loss in this state at this time, I thought perhaps it would not be out of place for me to state through your valuable paper the result of an experiment made the last year, and continuing to the present time.

In 1883 we had on our farm about seventy hogs, weighing from eighty pounds to 200 pounds, live weight. In the month of September they commenced to show unmistakable signs of the disease, and as a result about fifty per cent. died, and this after prescribing all the known remedies that could be heard of.

With this experience I was the better prepared for the return of the disease the next year. We commenced the season of 1884 with twenty-seven about weighing about 100 pounds each, divided into five different pens. In the month of August the disease appeared again in its most violent form; in a pen of seven, one was found dead, and two more were unable to walk and eat. The symptoms were all of the cholera character. I immediately gave twenty drops of carbolic acid to each hog and continued this twice daily for two days. The sick ones recovered and no more was seen of the trouble until October, when in another pen one was taken sick, followed immediately by three more. The same remedy was again resorted to and all recovered, but one. From that time until all were butchered no more was seen of the disease, but an occasional use of the carbolic acid was had as a preventive.

This winter, with a lot of seventeen, using no preventive, the disease again made its appearance, but was immediately stopped by the same remedy.

For a well-grown hog, I would give twenty drops; for one of less size I would give less, using it also occasionally as a deodorizer about the trough and pen.

A Telephone at Kairwan.

Paris dispatch to the London Times. In the environs of Kairwan, the holy city, there is a keeper of a kouba, or shrine, who has introduced the telephone, or is about to do so. Into the exercise of his functions in a singular and unexpected manner. To understand the story it must be explained that this keeper is of French origin—belonging to a good Norman family of Bouen, I believe—and the son of a minister of state under the monarchy. He is 50 years of age, and has passed through the most curious experiences. He was once a priest of the Premonstratens, whose principal monastery is near Avignon, and known as the Convent de Frigolet. It is remembered that, on the execution of the anti-clerical decrees, Gen. Billot was obliged to lay siege to this monastery, and the clerical reformed themselves on him by nicknaming him, "Due de Frigolet."

Our keeper of the kouba, after leaving the Frigolet monastery, became a trapezist at the Abbey of St. Onoullin, in Algeria. After a time he left the abbey and proceeded to Tunis, where he turned Mussulman, and settled at Kairwan, where he lived until the entry of the French into Tunis. He rendered at the time some service to his native country, and was invested with the charge of a kouba, slightly owing, I believe, to French influence. He speaks Arabic admirably, preaches on the Koran with great success, and enjoys renown for his great wisdom among the Arabs. The very intelligent French minister resident, M. Cambon, has probably not neglected to cultivate him and take advantage of his influence in the interests of his country. However, for the present, the keeper of the kouba lives on the offerings of the believers who visit the shrine.

The revenues from such a source are necessarily small, and it has occurred to the ingenious Frenchman that a telephone might render him real service. As the Arab pilgrims come to consult the saint, the keeper is about to install a telephone in the kouba, which will convey to him in his chamber the questions put to the saint and return his own replies. Besides the material advantages which this mode of performing his ministry might bring him, he knows that he would produce a deep and salutary impression on the minds of the faithful, for whom the means of prayer would long remain a dread mystery. This is an

instance of how invention often produces results and are adapted to purposes which the inventors of the little device of how easily might one find an explanation of many events at the dawn of history which were held to be supernatural or marvelous!

Applied locally on the pain place St. Jacobs Oil cures at once. Price fifty cents.

How to Make Money.

Oskaloosa Globe. P. G. Henderson, of Central City, Ia., who is president of the Iowa State Dairy association, and a practical creameryman, in a letter to the Globe recently, gives some interesting facts concerning the number of milk bought at his creamery, and the number of pounds of butter made from the milk from January 1, 1884, to August 1, 1884—seven months: Milk, 1,690,062; butter, 43,185. This shows 1 pound of butter to 24 1/2 pounds of milk, or about 4.11 pounds of butter to 100 pounds of milk.

And for so long a time, and that through the early spring months, is a remarkable yield. It was only done by a very careful management at every step. If a cow be worth keeping at all she will give at least 5,000 pounds annually. She then would yield about 200 pounds of butter per year, which at 20 cents per pound would be about \$40 besides a calf six months old worth \$15, \$5 worth of sweet milk for young pigs. Here is a total of \$60, for a cow that can't cost \$35 to keep—interest, labor and feed all included.

Do cows pay? The Globe can prove that good cows are always profitable either in cream selling or butter making, and the farmer who lives in reach of this, the best market in Iowa, and does not keep good cows, simply lets a golden opportunity go by.

Any cow that is worth the name, ought to yield as here figured. But suppose she be a good Jersey, and should give, as they generally do, a pound of butter to twenty pounds of milk, the income is still increased. We are in need of more cattle to-day. Good crops of hay and corn and cattle scarce. Increase the herds; improve the stock. Deal in stock and make money easy.

The First Keen Twinge. As the season advances, the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known, are experienced after every exposure. It is not claimed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a specific for rheumatism—we doubt if there is, or can be, such a remedy. But the thousands benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla, warrant us in urging others who suffer from rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

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A Profane Cadaver.

The colored people of Lowndes county, Georgia, are somewhat mystified over the recent funeral of a corpse, which they refused the decent burial with which they were complementing it. Crow Duncan had been for years a leader in colored politics, but he never took to religion. A few days ago he became violently ill, and going to bed, he was duly bled, by weeping sisters and zealous preachers, until he died. When the time came he died, and a large concourse of friends and acquaintances gathered to pay the last tribute to his memory. As is the custom among colored people, they sang over his body all night. The weird music that floated over the adjacent forest that night struck a responsive chord in the bosoms of the ovals of banner note, and they joined in the refrain. About midnight a little bird flitted in one door and out of the other. This caused the assemblage to go on its knees, when the leader declared that "spirits could not harm 'ligious folks," and the singing was resumed.

When daylight came the weary watchers detailed one squad to build a coffin and another to dig the grave. The rude casket was first completed and conducted to the proper place. It was put on two chairs, facing each other, beside the corpse. Friends drew around to take a last look; pall-bearers put themselves in position to bear the burden to the grave; the coffin was held over the open grave. In an instant the lid went flying off the coffin, and the dead man arose and cured with all the exuberance of a man who had worked on a canal. The mourners scattered in every direction; but the funny part of it is they insist that he is really dead, and will have nothing to do with him.

The Sacramento river puzzles the old inhabitants by its eccentric actions. When it is high at a certain point it is quite low at all points lower down, and floods near its head are proof that there will not be a scarcity of water at its mouth. Harrison Hahn, of Wind Gap, Northampton county, Pa., is the father of a two-year-old girl whose ears are bent forward and grown to the face. Both ears are without the orifice, but deafness is prevented by the girl hearing every sound, no matter how slight, through her nose and mouth.

THE SEAT OF KEITH.

A Boquet of News Items From Ogallala.

Correspondence of the Bee. OGALLALA, Neb., February 3, 1885.—The weather in this part of Nebraska is very pleasant for this time of the year. The snow is all gone and all indications are that spring is at hand.

The immense herds of cattle in this vicinity have wintered well. The great rush of settlers to Keith county the past year and the tests made in agriculture has demonstrated the fact that this will soon be one of the foremost agricultural centers in the state in the near future.

Homesteaders have already commenced to arrive and also large numbers of settlers who selected claims last year. Our county is being settled by parties from the best portion of Illinois, Iowa and eastern Nebraska.

The cityman's bugbear of no rain in this portion of Nebraska has been exploded as it should have been years ago. Ogallala is the county seat of Keith county, and is destined to become one of the best towns in the west. Its growth last year, although very large, will be nothing compared to that of 1885 if present projects are even partially carried out.

At present we have three general stores, one clothing store, three hotels, two lumber yards, one bank, one drug store, one wagon and blacksmith shop, one newspaper, several land offices, and numerous other branches of industry.

The Platte bridge at this place has opened up a large scope of the finest farming land in the west. The town has just been incorporated and will once again metropolitan airs.

At the present time several business houses are being constructed. LEX.

Too Much Politeness in a Waiter. New York Sun.

Four men walked solemnly into the restaurant, bowed to the waiter gravely, and sat down at one of his tables. He rubbed his napkin over it rapidly, smiled all round, leaned back with his hand on his hip, and said cheerfully: "Well, gents, what is it? Something good?" "Yes," said the most solemn-looking man in the party; "I have some—"

"Yes; certainly, sir; right away, sir."

"And see here," interrupted another man, "if at all mine well done, do you understand? And bring me some anxiety sauce with it, and make that two bottles instead of one."

"Yes; certainly, sir. What—"

"Be sure and have the tails on mine," remarked the third man confidentially to the waiter, "and have the heads stewed in butter for me to bring them."

"Well," growled the fourth man in a deep voice, "why don't you bring the things and not stand looking at us? Hurry up; get away!"

"Ye—ye—ye—yesir." He looked a bit pathetically at the four solemn men and then hurried down to the other end of the room. Here he thought very hard for a long while, and glanced back apprehensively at the men, who stared at him with all the visible signs of anger. The head waiter asked him what he was standing around about, and the cooks laughed at him. Then he came back very obsequiously and said:

"You'll excuse me, but I didn't quite get that order."

Upon this the solemn man exhibited the most intense annoyance. "I told you eight distinct times," he said, speaking very rapidly, while the others chorused in at intervals, "to bring me some anxiety sauce, and I have brought half shells with mushrooms, and \$2 worth of soap, along with some buck-wheat cakes frapee, mulligatawny soup with brass nails, half of a porterhouse chicken—"

"Ye—ye—yesir."

"And paper collars with beveled edges?"

"But," yelled the waiter, "we haven't got 'em."

"Haven't got oysters," and the man jumped to his feet, "nor chickens, nor toast! Well, what sort of a restaurant is this, anyhow?"

With which the four men overwhelmed the waiter with reproaches and quit the house.

Itching for the North Pole. Philadelphia Call.

Engineer Melville longs to lead an expedition to the north pole. He appeals for aid and maps out his plans. He will go to Franz Joseph Land, establish there four on the mainland near depots with four years of supplies. He will then traverse Franz Joseph Land north, till he reaches its farthest limit, which he hopes will be eighty-five degrees north latitude. Then on the ice or in boats he will traverse the remaining distance till he reaches the pole. For this he wants about \$200,000, if a vessel is purchased. In return for this money he will inscribe the names of his patrons on the newly discovered point in the farthest north. There is something of romance in the thought of having one's name associated with the north pole. It may catch some rich gudgeon.

Doomed to Silence.

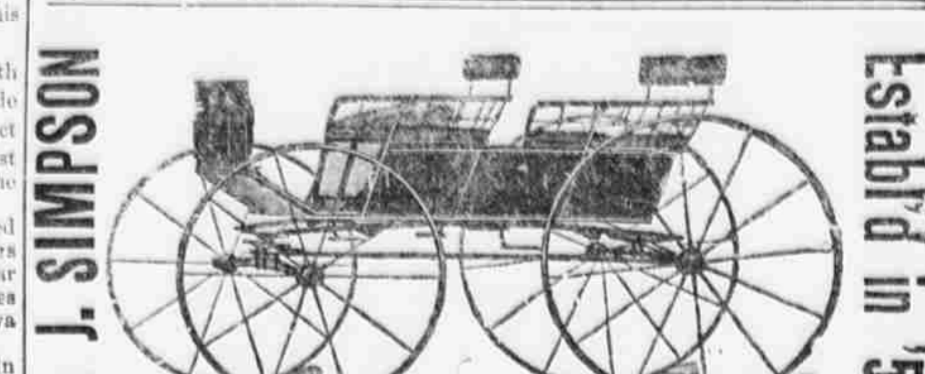
The germ of a novel is contained in events that occurred in a Russian town. Twenty years ago, a church organist stole the priest's apostol, shot and robbed a farmer, replaced the weapon in the sacristy, confessed the crime to the priest, whose lips were thus sealed upon the subject, and then denounced him as the robber and assassin. The unfortunate ecclesiastic, vainly protesting his innocence, was sentenced to hard labor for life. The organist on his death-bed confessed this crime, but when steps were taken to secure the liberation of the innocent sufferer it was found that he had been dead for several months. This real-life tragedy fairly tames the real-life comedy of the fine young English gentleman who, having been arrested for robbing a postoffice, married the postmistress, the sole witness against him, who was thus precluded from testifying against her husband.

No Water on His Grave. New York Graphic.

He had been run over in crossing the street, and his family surrounded his bedside. "Poor John!" sobbed his heartbroken wife. "Have you any wish to make?" The man shook his head. "My poor husband!" repeated his wife. "I'll see that your grave is kept watered."

"No you don't," exclaimed the dying man; "no water on (his) my grave."

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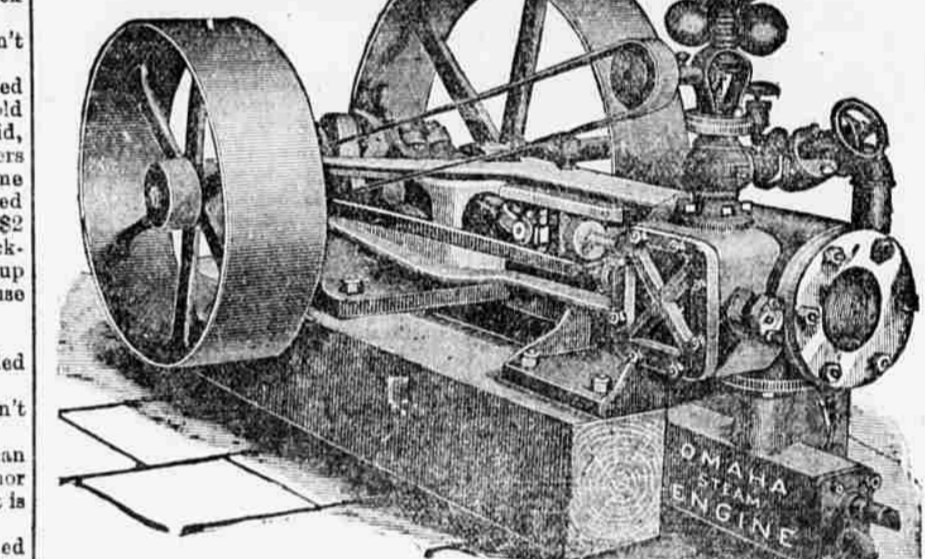
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The best opportunity ever offered to try your luck in these hard times. In order to give the public in general the advantage with a small sum of money, to participate in a real German Money Lottery, guaranteed and sanctioned by the German government, we offer five whole original tickets which we have made into 10 different numbers of the 287 Hamburg Lottery, in club plays and sell some for the small sum of \$5 as long as we have some on hand. These tickets are good for the last three principal drawings which commence March 11, 1885, and terminate on May 13, 1885. This Lottery has been for over 143 years in existence; has one hundred thousand tickets and fifty thousand 500 winning numbers which is over one half the actual amount of tickets. Each holder of tickets receives, after the drawings, the Original Lists, also the amount of the prize if won. We hope, as we give 10 different numbers, that every ticket holder, on receipt of the winning lists, will be satisfied with the result. The capital prizes are mark 500,000, 300,000, 200,000, 100,000, 50,000, 20,000, 10,000, 5,000, etc., the smallest being 145 mark. It is of interest to each and everyone to invest as soon as possible before the tickets are all sold. Remit either by Post-office order or draft and tickets will go forward at once. Original tickets of the Hamburg & Brunsvick and Saxon, constantly on hand. C. F. SCHMIDT & CO., 62 Congress Street, Detroit, Mich.

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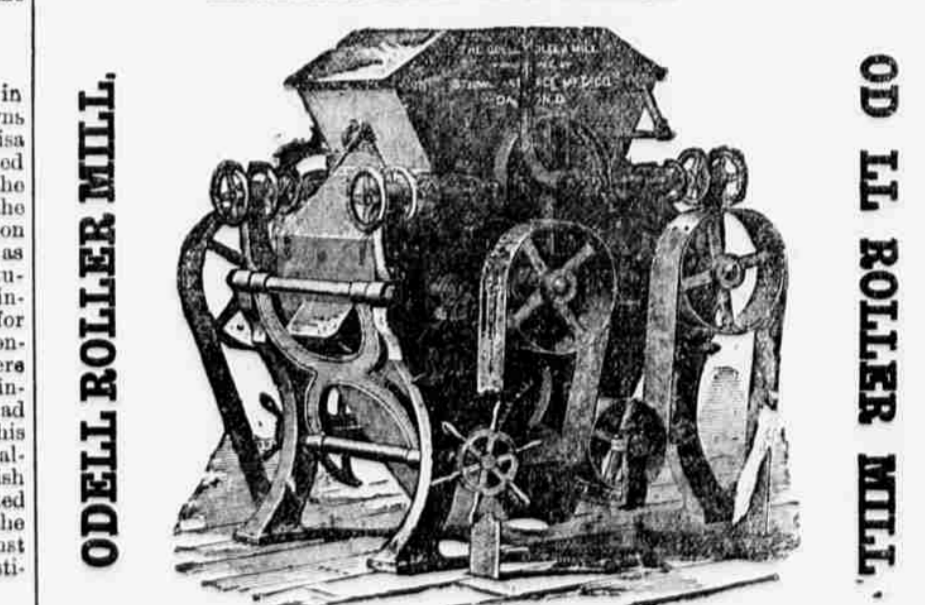


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