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It has received in cash from all sources, from February, 1843, to January, 1885, $270,292,584.00.
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YOUNG MEN !

Who have trifled away their youthful vigor and power, who are suffering from terrible DRAINS and LOSSES, who are weak, IMPOTENT and unfit for marriage.

MEN of all ages, who find their POWER and vitality, nerve and SEXUAL STRENGTH weakened, by early habits or EXCESSES, can receive a positive and lasting CURE, NO matter of how long standing the case may be, or who has failed to cure, by a few weeks or months use of the celebrated

MYRTLEAIN TREATMENT

At home without exposure, in LESS time, and for LESS money than any other method in the world. Weak back, headache, EMISSIONS, lassitude, loss of spirits and ambition, gloomy thoughts, dreadful dreams, defective memory, IMPOTENCE, fits, impediments to marriage, and many other symptoms leading to CONSUMPTION or INSANITY, are promptly removed by this treatment, and vigorous manhood restored.

Married Men, or those who intend to marry, REMEMBER, perfect sexual strength means, health, vigorous offspring, long life and the love and respect of a faithful wife. Weak men should be restored to vigor & manhood before marriage. Proofs, testimonials and valuable treatise 2 stamps. (Estab, 1877.) Address **The Climax Medical Co, 504, St. Louis, Mo.**

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Ladies', without Shoulder Brace,	$1.50
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Highly recommended by the leading Modistes, the Fashionable Dressmakers and the most eminent Physicians in the United States and Europe. Circulars free.

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NEW ENGLAND

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Boston, Mass., OLDEST in America; Largest and Best Equipped in the WORLD—100 Instructors, 1971 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German, and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, $5 to $20; board and room, $45 to $75 per term. Fall Term begins September 10, 1885. For Illustrated Calendar, giving full information, address, E. TOURJEE, Dir., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

FOLLOWED A BAREBACK QUEEN.

An Old Man Elopes with a Circus Rider.

Indignation of His Relatives and Hot Pursuit of the Flying Lovers by the Deserted Wife.

Albionville, Ohio, was thrown into a furore of excitement over an elopement with some peculiar and saddening features which occurred at a late hour last Saturday.

Three days ago Mitchell Brothers Great Western circus arrived in town and announced that they would remain the balance of the week. Although a small concern it has been playing to good business through this part of the state, stopping for several days at each plac. It boasted among its attractions a real white elephant, transformed from its original color by the application of liberal quantities of paint, and a menagerie, the principal features of which consisted of a toothless lion, from the Public Gardens of Cincinnati, and several performing cinnamon bears.

The greatest attraction which the circus possessed, however, was a female bareback rider, who was proclaimed upon the bills as Mlle. Zola.

She was a young and undeniably handsome girl of not more than eighteen, with sparkling black eyes and white teeth, and the dashing manner in which she leaped through the hoops of fire and jumped over the American flag captured the hearts of half the impressionable young men in town.

David J. Withers, the richest merchant in town, attended the performance upon the first evening and became infatuated with the dashing circus rider. Mr. Withers is the owner of the largest tannery in the country and is reputed to be worth at least half a million dollars. He is seventy-one years of age, but is still spry and hearty, although the hair and beard long since became a patriarchal gray. Mr. Withers has been married for almost half a century and has three sons and two married daughters who reside in this town.

He is a deacon in the church and is well known throughout this vicinity. Mr. Withers showered presents of jewelry and money upon Mlle. Zola, who appeared to have no scruples in accepting the attentions of her aged admirer. He was constantly around the circus ground, and when the object of his admiration appeared in scanty skirts upon a handsome black horse his open admiration attracted the attention of the spectators.

The notice of his sons was called to their father's action and they reasoned with him upon his conduct. Mr. Withers flew into a rage and had a bitter quarrel with them. The matter was kept from the attention of Mrs. Withers. Mr. Withers was at the performance last night and he accompanied Mlle Zola to her hotel at a late hour.

Sometime after midnight the couple appeared at the circus grounds and unnoticed by the watchman saddled two of the trained ring horses. Then they rode off in the direction of Elyria. The loss was soon discovered and the family of Mr. Withers was notified. Mrs. Withers at first refused to believe in her husband's perfidy but soon become convinced.

Accompanied by her sons she started off in a wagon to overtake the runaways. None of the parties have yet returned and the community is boiling over with excitement.

Withers is said to have taken a large amount of money with him. Mitchell Brothers say that Mlle. Zola joined the show in Indianapolis and they believe that she has a husband living in that city.

Where Fire-Crackers Come From

Nine-tenths of them come from Canton, where they are made by convicts hired by Fatshing & Chow Hing from the government at three cents a day. All of the work is done inside of the prisons, which consist of a reservation four hundred feet square, staked off and surrounded by high bamboo palings. The paper employed in the manufacture of fire-crackers is made of bamboo film, and is without doubt the strongest paper made. Each cracker is filled, rolled and pasted by hand, and the nimble fingers of the convicts finish them with astonishing rapidity. The powder is different from any other made, and, despite the fineness of it, is nevertheless equally as powerful as our best blasting powder. When ready for market they are sent to Hong Kong, from whence they are distributed all over the world. In the year 1884 half a million boxes of fire-crackers were entered in this country. Each box contained forty packages, and each package from sixty-four to eighty crackers. From this some idea of the number of fire-crackers exploded on Independence day may be gained.

For washing clothing, and all laundry and cleansing purposes, JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE is a favorite compound. It does not injure the fabrics, and saves a great deal of labor. Sold by grocers.

Railroading Fifty Years Ago.

The London Railway News suggests that modern travelers who fret and fume if the train is five minutes late, or any other irregularity occurs, would do well to lay to heart the following paragraph, which suggests the command of temper which must have been required in railway travel about half a century since: "Passengers expecting to join the trains at any of the stopping-places, are desired to be in good time, as the train will leave each station as soon as ready, without reference to the time stated on the table, the main object being to perform the whole journey as expeditiously as possible. Passengers will be booked only conditionally upon their being room on the arrival of the trains, and they will have the preference of seats in the order in which uney are booked. No passengers are booked after the arrival of the train. All persons are requested to get into and alight from the coaches invariably on the left side as the only certain means of preventing accidents from trains passing in an opposite direction. Each passenger's luggage will, as far as possible, be placed on the roof of the coach in which he has taken his place; carpet bags and small luggage may be placed underneath the seat opposite to hat which the owner occupies."

Levi J. North.

NEW YORK, July 7.—[Special.]—Levi J. North, the oldest and best-known circus-rider in the world, died at his Brooklyn home yesterday of hemorrhage of the lungs, the result of a cold. Mr. North came to this city last Thursday to attend the funeral of Frank Pastor, the brother of Tony Pastor, and an old circus performer. He rode to the church in an open car, and as the day was raw he contracted the cold which caused his death.

[North first joined a circus when he was 12 years old—in 1826. Fifteen months afterward he was a rider. The circus went south to Havana, to Florida, and from there through the Red River country. On his return to New York he performed on the old Bowery stage under Tom Hamblin's management. His favorite act at that time was "Cupid," in which he rode on a bare-backed steed holding a child aloft. In 1842, he went to Europe in the packet ship Oxford with June & Titus' menagerie and circus From Liverpool they traveled all over Europe, appearing before the crowned heads. North built the first theatre in Chicago. It was divided into two parts, having a stage for dramatic performances, and a ring for a circus. Abner Pell was his partner in this enterprise. North had a farm outside of Chicago at that time at Desplaines. The theatre at first was a success, but it was burned down in the first big fire. North had acquired a competency in his business, but lost every dollar by the burning of the Chicago theatre. He was insured, but the insurance companies became bankrupt, and he did not get his insurance. After this loss he went back to the ring, and for his performances he received $50 a night. He traveled through the country and repeated the successes of his earlier life. His last appearance was at a benefit tendered to him by P. T. Barnum at a circus opposite the Academy of Music in this city about fifteen years ago.]

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

A Rude Awakening at Castle Garden for Two Sweethearts.

New York Journal.

Among the passengers who came over in the steamship P. Caland from Rotterdam yesterday was a tall, thin young man with very black eyes, and a very sprightly blonde girl, who hung to her companion's arm and looked wistfully up at his face.

Their names were Albe-t and Martha Murchen and they were sweethearts.

"Can we be married here?" asked Albert of Mr. John Niglutsch, who had charge of the new arrivals.

On being told that they could both appeared pleased and smiled as the way was led to Father Riordan's little office.

They were cousins, and the good father was obliged to refuse their petition until they could procure the permission of a higher authority.

When the willing bride was told of this dilemma she burst into tears and hung on the neck of her cousin, weeping bitterly. Albert said that they had come to this country with the sole object of becoming man and wife, since they were refused permission by their parents at home.

His Hair Was Too Long.

New York Journal.

Before the transport barge Warren had touched the Castle Garden dock with the steamship Fulda's passengers on board yesterday morning a wildlooking young man, with long hair and a widebrimmed felt hat, jumped ashore and started to run into the rotunda.

"Hold that man!" yelled one of the barges crew to a policeman. The policeman grabbed the man by the collar and dragged him struggling back to the pier.

When all the other passengers had landed he was asked what made him in such a hurry.

"I made a bet I'd land first," he replied, smiling blandly.

"No, you didn't," said a voice back of him, and a little woman with a fat, red face poped into view.

"He's my husband," she screamed, "and he wants to run away from me."

"Well," replied the husband, innocently shrugging his shoulders and elevating his eyebrows, "how am I to blame? She pulled my hair and called me names from the begining to the end of the voyage."

The couple finally agreed to make up, and giving their names as Mr. and Mrs. Martin, got ready to start for the West. Martin was advised to get his hair clipped short.

Couldn't Eat Corn From a Cob.

San Francisco Chronicle.

There was a little dinner party the other night, and the fresh cobs of smiling corn were very tempting. They were handed round. One young gentleman started vigorously in to eat it from the cob. There was a kind of a lull all around the table. There was a little hesitancy about touching that corn. The young gentleman kept enjoying it immensely. This went on for a long time, and finally one old lady took a cob and began cutting it off.

"I like to cut it off first with a knife," she said.

"So do I," said nearly everybody else, and good humor immediately reigned.

"I think corn tastes much better," said a man on one side of the table, "when you cut it. I never could eat corn from the cob."

"Nor I," was a little chorus.

"Besides, it doesn't look nice."

"No."

The young gentleman who had been eating it straight grew slightly uneasy. But a quiet fellow who was away at the other end said in a kind of diving-bell voice: "I can't eat corn from the cob, either, because I've got two false teeth, and I can never tell the corn from the teeth."

And everybody got red in the face and laughed "Ha, ha."

Every lady uses Pozzoni's Medicated Complexion Powder. It is a household treasure. The madame finds it impossible to go down town without first rubing it on. If the baby cries she goes for the puff-box. If the old man comes home ruffled or chafed, because business is dull, etc, Pozzoni's Powder cools and allays his troubles. Then all is gladsome joy. No family should be without it.

Biliousness

Is very prevalent at this season, the symptoms being bitter taste, offensive breath, coated tongue, sick headache, drowsiness, dizziness, loss of appetite. If this condition is allowed to continue, serious consequences may follow. By promptly taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, a fever may be avoided or premature death prevented. It is a positive cure for billiousness. Sold by all druggists.

Ernest Schreiber, a lad 18 years old, was drowned in Brown's lake while bathing on Sunday. He had gone from Sloan with some companions to the lake, and remained in the water swimming about a skiff after the others had gone on shore. The wind drifted the boat away, and while trying to reach it he became exhausted and went down in fifteen feet of water.

PILES!! PILES!! PILES!

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams, (an Indian remedy), called Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of private parts, and for nothing else.

SKIN DISEASES CURED

by Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment. Cures as if by magic. Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs—Blotches and Eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt Rhume, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, and old, Obstinate Ulcers.

Sold by druggists, or mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents.

At retail by Kuhn & Co, and Schroeter & Becht. At wholesale by C. F. Goodman.

QUITE TOO REALISTIC.

An Amateur Performance Broken Up by a Jealous Husband.

San Francisco News-Letter.

There is a mansion on California street where there will be no more amateur theatricals. The Dramatic Muse has been fired out the back window, never more to return. Here is the scene five minutes before the climax:

Augustina is on the stage to be loved. Augustus, the husband, is in the dress circle among the guests, and Guheino, the dude, plays the lover. Slow music by the piano as the portiere of the back drawing-room rises. Augustina advances timidly. The audience expresses its admiration by a low murmur. Augustus, the husband, mutters: "She does look pretty." Augustina murmurs: "It is the hour of our tryst. Will he meet me? Alas? I fear he will be too late." This is Guheino's cue. At "too late," he rushes on, and clasps Augustina in his arms. "Whew," growls Augustus, "he needn't be so violent about it."

Guheino—How I adore you! Another kiss, sweet one. (One, two, three and a teaser.)

Augustina—Ah, what is thy love compared to mine, darling? For thee I have braved the wrath of an angry father. (Kiss.)

Augustus (in the audience)—I don like this. There was none of that kissing at rehearsal. Had there been I would never have thought of permitting Augustina to make such an ass of herself.

Guheino—I appreciate the sacrifice, darling. Sit upon this primrose bank and we will talk of our love. (Kiss.)

Augustus (in the audience)—Deuce take it, but I think the villain has got her on his lap. 'Pon my soul, 'Tina is conducting herself shamelessly.

Augustina—I am so alarmed, darling; my father will have discovered my flight.

Guheino—Fear not, beloved. (Kiss.) I am near thee. (Kiss, hug, kiss.)

Augustus (in the audience)—Here, I say, stop this! Drop that curtain? Darn it, you scoundrel, do you think I've got nothing to do but sit here all night and see you hug my wife?

Audience—Shame, shame! Augustus is surely drunk.

Drunk or sober, the play broke up in a row, and the last tableau beheld was the worthy host choking the wind out of the gifted but too ardent Guheino.

The Bottom Drops Out of Buckwheat

Weekly Maverick.

"What's the matter, Uncle Zeke?"

"Matter enough, Jim. One o' them board o' trade fellows hez bin a tryin' ter git me into a speckelation."

"What kind of a speculation?"

"Waal, ye see he's got a corner on buckwheat that's about to break flat, and he wants a lot of us old farmers to go in with him and git up a corner on tin."

"How can you get anything out of that kind of a speculation?"

"Waal, he says that as soon as the bottom drops out of buckwheat everybody will go to eatin' it."

"Well?"

"And they'll want their britches lined with tin nutmeg graters to scratch themselves."

"Yes, go on."

"Waal, I told him that the farmers would line their britches with barb wire fust, or some feller that's interested in keepin' prices down will throw a curry-comb in with every sack o' buckwheat. I've had a few board of trade deals myself, Jim."

The Ishmael of Coins.

Detroit Free Press.

The 20-cent piece ought to be bonnced. It is a fraud, a delusion and a snare. It humiliates a man twice—first when he finds he has received it as a quarter, and second when he planks it down on the counter expecting that it is a quarter. You never notice when you take it that it is only two dimes' worth, while the other fellow when you go to pay it out is sure to detect it, and you are then looked on as a small kind of a cheat, an impression that no amount of explanation can quite efface.

The 20-cent piece is a useless, unnecessary coin. It should never have existed and there is no reason why it should exist now. It is a venal coin, going about getting 5 cents extra on false pretenses It is a jackdaw in borrowed plumes. Like Mark Twain's fly, that is never so happy as when it can pass itself off as a currant in a fruit cake, the 20-cent piece always feels good when it masquerades around as a quarter. It is the Ishmael of coins, and the hand of every man should be against it. Don't take it in and it won't take you in.

How Long She Expected Eternal to Last.

Texas Siftings.

A Dallas bride was heard weeping convulsively and exclaiming in piteous accents:

"You swore to love and cherish me until time should be no more. You said your love was eternal and now we have been married only three months, and you are cold and bitter."

A deep, manly voice responded:

"You needn't make such a fuss. In the name of heaven how long do you expect eternal affection to last? Forever, eh?"

The Dividing Line.

"Do you ever think, George, dear," she said, and her voice was soft and low, as befitted the perfect beauty of the night, "how closely true happiness is allied with tears?"

"I don't believe I ever do," replied George.

"Yes," she went on, looking into his face. "when one is truly and wholly happy, there is but little to divide a smile and a tear."

"That's a fact," said George, "but I never thought of it before. There's nothing but the nose."

"Can't Be Beat."

This comes from one whose case is one among thousands. Mr. A. R Jennings, of Barhamsville, Va., had suffered from dyspepsia, but cheerfully writes, "Brown's Iron Bitters can't be beat in coming up to all that is claimed for it." Ask any respectable druggist for Brown's Iron Bitters, at a dollar a bottle.

What He Should Do.

A wild-eyed man entered a Chatham street pawn shop and asked to see some pistols.

"I sells you dot pistol for two dollar," said the clerk.

"I'll take it. Load it up and before another sunrise I'll put an end to my miserable existence."

"Vat! You shoot yourself mit dot pistol?"

"Yes," said the wild eyed man desperately.

"Mr. Isaacstein," called the clerk to the proprietor, in the back room, "de sheetlemans vonts a two dollar pistol to shoot himself mit. Vat shall I do?"

"Charge him five dollars."

RealEstate

Bedford & Souer

213 South 14th Street,

Have a large list of inside business and residence property, and some of the finest suburban property in and around the city.

We have business property on Capitol Avenue, Dodge, Douglas, Farnam, Harney, Howard, 9th, 10th, 13th and 16th sreets.

We have fine residence property on Farnam, Douglas, Dodge, Davenport, Chicago, Cass, California streets, Sherman, St. Marys and Park Avenues, in fact on all the best residence streets. We have property in the following additions.

Hawthorne-
Millard & Caldwell's
Lakes,
Elizabeth Place
E. V. Smith's,
Horbach's,
Patrick's,
Parker's,
Shinn's,
Gise's,
Nelson's,
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Godfrey's,
Lowe's,
Kirkwood,
College Place,
Park Place,
Walnut Hill,
West End,
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Capitol,
Reed's First,

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Kountz & Ruth's,
Impr'nt Association
Wilcox,
Burr Oak,
Isaac & Seldon's,
Hanscom's
West Omaha,
Grand View,
Credit Foncier,
Kountz' First
Kountz' Second,
Kountz' Third,
Kountz' Fourth,
Syndicate Hill,
Plainview,
Hill Side,
Tukey & Keysors,
Thornburg,
Clark Place,
Myers & Richards
Boyds,

And al the other Additions to the City.

South Omaha.

We have the agency fo tne syndicate lands in South Omaha. These lots sell from **$225** upwards, and are very desirable property. The development of the packing house and other interests there, are rapidly building up that portion of the city.

Kirkwood.

We have a few lots left in Kirkwood addition, which we offer at low prices, terms **$25** down balance **$10** per month. These lots are on high level ground and are desirable.

Hawthorne.

This addition is more centrally located than any other new addition near the best Schools in the city. All the streets are being put to grade the grades have been established by the city council, and is very desirable residence property, only **15** blocks from Post office, prices lower than adjoining additions for a home or investment. These lots cannot be beaten.

FOR SALE—House and lot on 21st St. Easy terms.

FOR SALE—22 feet on Farnam St., near 11th St., $8,000.

FOR SALE—Lot in Walnut hill, $200.

FOR SALE—Lots on 20th, $550 each.

FOR SALE—22 acres with elegant residence, good barn, fine trees, shrubery, fruit, hot and cold water and all conveniences; first class property in every respect.

FOR SALE—66 feet on Farnam street, near 18th. Good business property cheap.

FOR RENT—Room 44x75, 3d floor, on 14th treet.

FOR SALE—House and lot, 25th and Chicago street; splendid corner, $3,500.

FOR SALE—First class business block, $45,000.

FOR SALE—½ lot on Wheaton St.; good house, $1,500.

FOR SALE—Fine corner lot in Shinn's addition, $750.

FOR SALE—Lot in Millard Place, special bargain.

FOR LEASE—Fine business property on 16th St., and St. Mary's Avenue.

FOR SALE—½ lot on Chicago St., between 13th and 14, with good house, $3,000.

We will furnish conveyance free to any part of the city to show property to our friends and customers, and cheerfully give information regarding Omaha Property.

Those who have bargains to offer or wish property at a bargain, are invited to see us.

BEDFORD & SOUER

Real Estate Agents

213 S. 14th St., bet. Farnam & Douglas