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This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

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SSS
Indigestion Cured.

DR. RICE
Suffered for more than five years with indigestion, scarcely able to retain the simplest food on my stomach. The most violent nausea was almost intolerable, and my whole system was deranged. I was weak and could not sleep, and consequently more or less nervous all the time. I decline in food and suffered all the usual depression attendant upon this terrible disease. In a word, I was miserable. At last, falling to find relief in anything else, I commenced the use of Dr. Rice's SSS. I began to improve at once. The medicine acted upon the stomach, strengthened the digestive organs, and soon all that burning nausea and indigestion were all gone. Now my health is good, and I can eat anything in the shape of food, and digest it without the slightest difficulty. I most gratefully bear this testimony because there are hundreds suffering as I was, and I am sure can be as well healed. Take the prescribed dose after eating instead of before.

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CROWNED CRANK.
King Louis of Bavaria and His Passion For Building Splendid and Costly Palaces.

Plenty of Enormous Debts and Nothing But Promises to Pay Them With.
Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.
The other day King Louis II. of Bavaria had a very celebrated German actress play "Theodora" in his presence and not another person was in front, not even a member of his own staff. Now I hold that that is no way for a man who is so heavily in debt as his royal kinsman undoubtedly is to act; but then, you know, he has a passion for the stage and that excuses him in the eyes of a good many. Another person that he has long indulged in is that of building. His father and grandfather had also a taste for building, but they satisfied it by erecting museums, picture galleries, schools and colleges. Louis II. builds nothing but palaces and chateaux. Everywhere that an eligible site can be found in the Bavarian Tyrol he erects a Gothic structure with a donjon tower and ornate gables. He finds a site in the midst of almost inaccessible rocks there he plans a royal pleasure house surrounded with magnificent gardens. Wherever he discovers an uninhabited island in the bosom of some lake that reflects the snowy peaks of the eastern Alps there he builds a villa copied after some of those that Marco and Polo have described in their poetic accounts of Italian chivalry.

SIX NEW CHATEAUX.
At the present time the architects of his majesty are at work at six different building operations, in as many parts of the kingdom. On an island of Lake Chiemsee they are erecting the chateau of Herren-Chiemsee and if it is ever completed according to their plans and specifications, it will eclipse all that Louis XIV. and Louis XV. achieved. Versailles. No description will convey an adequate idea of the refined luxury and splendor of the interior of this chateau. No one is allowed to visit it, but if one-half of what the workmen say is true, the gliding, rare marble, rich hangings and gorgeous furniture surpass all the wonders of the Arabian Nights. The king's bedstead alone cost \$500,000—mind you, I am only repeating what is said by others and won't vouch for the accuracy of their statements, but what I will vouch for is that though the works at Herren-Chiemsee have been in progress for twelve years and have cost \$8,000,000, as yet they are only one-third completed. The building is on an enlarged scale of the enormous palace of Versailles and like its model is surrounded by a park, in which there is a system of fountains, cascades and lakes, which require more water for a display of a single hour than the city of Munich consumes in a day.

THE COST.
Of course, the cost of constructing these buildings is simply enormous. I am informed that some \$36,000,000 have already been expended on them and still the works are far from completed. The king calls loudly for more money and meanwhile his creditors—there are an army of them—becoming more and more impatient. Last year they made so many threats of exposure that Louis was forced to negotiate a loan with three bankers of Munich, who consented to advance him \$2,000,000, to be repaid in ten years by instalments on the civil list, but on certain conditions. One was that the minister of finances should be forced to hand back the money, and another provided for all the princes of the king's family signing a document in which they bound themselves to pay back the money, if the royal borrower died not. When Louis II. was informed of these conditions he kicked up a row that startled all the neighbors. He was not the kind of a king who needed indorsements to his notes and he was so angry that he not only dismissed the attendant who had negotiated the loan, but he did his best to take off the official head of his minister of finances for having approved of such conditions. He, however, took the money and the more clamorous creditors were paid off, but it was a mere drop in the bucket and the king's privy purse remained as empty as ever. The other creditors are now making such a fuss that a second loan seems inevitable. Bankers refuse to advance a single additional penny unless the Bavarian parliament authorizes a loan and pledges the public revenues and the credit of the kingdom for its payment, and this the ministers have flatly refused to even propose to the legislative body. I do not see how Louis II. is going to get out of the scrape, unless parliament comes to his assistance, and yet it would be very unjust on the taxpayers of Bavaria to add to their burdens in order to meet the debt contracted by a monarch who, if he is not a downright madman, is certainly a crowned crank. In the matter of a civil list the constitution of Bavaria contains a generous and ample provision for the sovereign. It allows him two per cent of the gross revenues of the state, and this produces a trifle over \$1,500,000 a year. The king of a small country like Bavaria ought certainly to manage to get along on such a liberal allowance for pocket money. Maximilian the predecessor of Louis and whose civil list was smaller, not only kept up a brilliant court and traveled about Europe in fine style, but made his exiled father an annual allowance of \$125,000, besides which he managed to salt away a few thousands every year, so that when he died after a reign of sixteen years he left several million dollars to be divided among his heirs.

debt and he goes on spending just as if he was as rich as Jay Gould or the Earl of Rothschild. The people of Munich are wondering what it will lead to and some of them predict that we shall soon be reading of no less a scandal than a bankrupt king falling so miserably flat that he won't be able to pay ten cents on the dollar. Failure means his deposition—then what? Perhaps a regency, who knows! I do not and I am sure I don't care very much, except, of course, on the ground of common suffering; for like Louis II, I, too, am trying to negotiate a loan to meet pressing requirements.

THE KING PERSONALLY.
Very few strangers ever have a chance of seeing this crowned crank of Bavaria, but I saw him last year, and again last spring under very favorable circumstances. He is not a married king and he is not likely ever to be. Is it the souvenir of some early love long lost, some secretly indulged passion, or the recollection of the way that Lola Montez used to drive his grandfather around with a horse whip that has given him such a hatred for womankind? That he has never even indulged in the royal penchant for keeping a mistress is certain, and, with the exception of actresses on the stage, he never looks at a woman with a handsome fellow of nineteen; he is old and wrinkled now, with a fat round belly, and dresses like a third-rate tragedian, and his ministers soon arranged a match for him with an Austrian Archduchess. He allowed her to object to the negotiations and she made the arrangements without raising any objections, only stipulating that a hundred young couple, all his subjects, should be married on the same day and at the same place as himself. But when it came to fixing a day for the ceremonies he kept the archduchess from getting angry, sent him back his love letters and asked her papa's ministers to find her another husband. The Bavarian ministers wanted to look around for another woman as wife for their sovereign, but Louis positively refused. When it was represented to him that the hundred couples who had been designated to set his nuptial arrangements were impatiently waiting to be notified he said: "Well, let them wed if they are such fools. As for me, I will remain a bachelor, and I never want to hear any one talk again about my getting married."

A CRAZY FAMILY.
It is, indeed, a strange destiny, that of this royal family of Wittelsbach, the ancestors of which won the crown of Bavaria by their wisdom in council as well as by courage in the field. The two brothers who now represent the elder line, one plays with his crown and scepter as though they were mere baubles; he conceals himself from his people and hides himself through indulgence in extravagant fancies that border on the verge of a mania. The other is undoubtedly a madman and as such is confined in the vast apartments of the Chateau of Nymphenburg. He was weak-minded from the start and lost what little wit he had on the battlefield of Langensalz. The smell of gunpowder, the thunder of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the groans of the wounded and the spectacle of his unfeeling intellect. He suddenly stood up in his straitjacket and tried to catch the cannon balls which an Austrian battery was firing over the heads of himself and staff. At present the madness of Prince Otto has assumed the form of fancying himself to have been turned by the madman and as such is confined in the vast apartments of the Chateau of Nymphenburg. He was weak-minded from the start and lost what little wit he had on the battlefield of Langensalz. The smell of gunpowder, the thunder of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the groans of the wounded and the spectacle of his unfeeling intellect. He suddenly stood up in his straitjacket and tried to catch the cannon balls which an Austrian battery was firing over the heads of himself and staff. At present the madness of Prince Otto has assumed the form of fancying himself to have been turned by the madman and as such is confined in the vast apartments of the Chateau of Nymphenburg.

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Came to Life Again.
Mr. Derrick A. Rauphaer, a wealthy farmer of Orange county, Ind., was taken ill several days ago of pneumonia. At 6 o'clock Saturday night the two physicians who were in attendance pronounced him dead, and arrangements were being made to prepare the remains for the coffin, when all at once the corpse started up in bed and asked for a literary tale or a short story after drinking the water Mr. Pauphaer breathed freely, and is now declared out of danger.

She has the complexion of a peach. Porzoni's Medicated Complexion powder did it. Sold by all druggists.

He Respected Her Wishes.
They had come in from way back, says the Pittsburg Chronicle, in a wagon. He was tall and agricultural, she was short and rural. He had been buying some clothes at retail, and at the depot made remarks which his meek wife prevented the children from getting mixed up with the emigrants. "I ain't afeared of the biggest man that walks," he remarked. This sentence seemed to please him, and he repeated it. At last his wife arose and said: "Pete! 'Em! 'You know me? 'You bet." "Squat and shut up!" And he did.

Summer colds are always worse than those of winter, but Red Star Cough Cure will remove them. It is prompt, safe, sure.

When a couple are engaged in Russia a betrothal feast is held, and the bridegroom's lock of hair cut off in the presence of witnesses and given to the bride-groom, who, in return, presents a silver ring set with turquoise, and a small cake made of bread and sugar. Among poor people who cannot afford silver a tin and a bit of bluish soap are substituted.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW."
Talk With the Man Who Wrote the Famous Verses.

His Experience With Numerous Other "Authors" of the Poem.
New York World.
Mr. John W. Watson lives in a neat brick house on Twenty-second street. The reporter caught the gentleman by the lapel of his coat and exclaimed: "Are you really the author of 'Beautiful Snow'?" Mr. Watson neither flinched nor exhibited any desire to run away, but bracing himself against the attack in the hall, with the air of a man who had just bidden their enemies to do his worst: "I am." He then invited the reporter into a cozy little parlor and made the following statement: "I am not only the author of 'Snow' (Mr. Watson invariably speaks of the poem by that abbreviated pet name), but am also the author of 'The Dying Soldier,' 'Ring Down the Drop,' 'Farmer Brown,' and several other equally well-known poems."

Mr. Watson said, more seriously: "I too often been asked to write about my story of the poem, but have always declined. The truth is the dispute, if I may call it so, has always been an annoyance to me, and I have thought that the best way to settle it was to let it alone; but it seems that the ghost will not be laid. I do not regard it as a matter of much consequence anyway, and feel that I have written several as good or better poems, some of which have attained great popularity. I think I can say without egotism, that my poems of twenty-five years ago originated a new taste, or school, if you will, of which Trowbridge, Carleton and a few others are worthy successors. I am sure only the author of which you speak in November, 1858, at the house of Mr. Sam Colt in Hartford, and mailed it next morning to the Harpers, to whose weekly and monthly I sent all my writings at that time. It was published in No. 100 of the weekly, and I received \$15 for it."

That was liberal pay for the time. The Harpers are always liberal, and showed it to my face by presenting me with the copyright of all my poems. In 1869 I sold it again to Bruner Brothers & Co. of Philadelphia for \$500, who published it in a volume with twenty-five of my other poems, a volume that sold, the publishers told me, 32,000 copies in ten months at \$1.25 each. The success was so encouraged by this, their first venture, that they rushed into book speculations that swamped them, and "Snow" passed into the hands of T. B. Peterson & Co. of Philadelphia, who showed their appreciation of the author by giving me a mouthful of his poems to make a second volume, altering the title of the leading poem, and publishing them without even complimenting him with a copy, he knowing nothing of the book until he picked it up in a Broadway store. To this day I have never received a cent from Peterson, nor a copy too much for me, though I received offers from them for a third book, but have rejected them.

"There have been," continued Mr. Watson, with a mournful cadence in his musical voice, "so many authors of 'Snow' that I only admit myself to myself as the author of one of them, and to suppose that he is shut up in an iron cage like a wild beast. He roars, he springs about his room, bites and scratches his keepers. When King Louis feels need of a little excitement to stir him up from his torpor and ennui he locks himself up with his brother and hours, until they are both ready to drop from sheer physical exhaustion, they tramp around on all fours, jumping over the table, upsetting and smashing the furniture and filling the chateau with cries that resemble the roaring and howling of wild beasts than sounds uttered by human throats. You might perhaps fancy there were a pair of kings of beasts behind the doors of the room, but you would never guess that such sounds were born made by a royal pair who were born to be kings of men."

ALL THE AUTHORS OF "SNOW."
except myself, and somehow found an indorsement in the Galaxy magazine. On the length of this, Sigourney travelled through the country, making addresses at country fairs, repeating 'Snow,' and awinding the country people out of anything he could. The Harpers, I never could understand exactly how, or why, suffered to the extent of \$60 by his imposing on them two poems, one of which he published, entitled 'Beautiful Eve,' and both copied from the English 'Good Words.' This man ran his career for several years, and every little while my eyes were gratified by a newspaper paragraph announcing that the author of 'Beautiful Snow' had been arrested somewhere for obtaining goods under false pretences, or for stealing type, or picking pockets.

"There wasn't much indorsement for me at that time to acknowledge myself as the author, and worse was to come, for one morning while in Philadelphia I picked up the Ledger and read an announcement that the author of 'Beautiful Snow' had shot himself and died on the Bloomingdale road the day before. I was really glad, however, to get rid of the fellow, but on returning to New York was disappointed to find that the report had originated with the Evening Post,

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW."
Talk With the Man Who Wrote the Famous Verses.

and that the paragraph had been written by a fellow who claimed to be the author of the poem, and who, having been threatened with arrest for some rascality, took this brilliant mode of avoiding it. "Was that the end of him?" asked the reporter. "Not a bit of it. A few months after the paper announced that the author of 'Beautiful Snow' had been arrested for robbing Mr. Page, of the Era, of \$300. I had the curiosity to go with a reporter to the Tombs to see him. There he told me his real name and history, but denied that he had claimed the verses. How he got out of this scrape, or what has become of him, I do not know. It is a number of years since I have heard of him."

"I have in my lifetime seen about a dozen authors of 'Beautiful Snow,' in addition to the one I saw when I look in the glass, and expect, if I live a little longer, to see a dozen more, consequently I do not claim exclusive authorship but simply say that I am one of them."

In speaking of the astonishing popularity of 'Beautiful Snow,' Mr. Watson said: "The last edition of 'Snow' has a note by the publisher which, I believe to be true, and which says that 'Snow' and 'The Dying Soldier' (the second poem in the book) had the singular fortune to be recited before audiences ranging from 2,000 to 4,000 on the same night in five of the largest cities in the country."

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In store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this great wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you? Schowler & Beach, druggists, No. 211 14th st., have secured the agency for it. Price 50c and \$1. Trial size free.

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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 streets.
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- College Place,
- Park Place,
- Walnut Hill,
- West End,
- Boogs & Hill
- Capitol,
- Reed's First.
- McCormick's,
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- Impr't Association
- Wilcox,
- Burr Oak,
- Isaac & Seldon's,
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- West Omaha,
- Grand View,
- Credit Foncier,
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We have the agency for the 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.

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