PRICE 25 CENTS, 50 CENTS, AND \$1 PER BOTTLE 25 CEN I BOTTLEs are put up for the a commodation of all who desire a goo

Cough, Cold and GroupRemedy CONSUMPTION LUNG DISEASE.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

EPITHELIOMA!

OR SKIN CANCER.

For seven years I suffered with a canser on my face. Eight months ago a friend recommended the use of Swift's Specific and I determined to make an effort to secure it. In this I was successful, and began its use. The influence of the medicine at first was to somewhat argravate the sore; but soon the influence of the medicine at first was to somewhat argravate the sore; but soon the influencion was allayed and I began to improve after the first few bottles. My zeneral health has greatly improved. I am stronger, and able to do any kind of work. The cancer on my face began to decrease and the ulcer to heel, until there is not a vestige of itleft—only a little sear marks the place.

Mrs. Joicus A McDonald.

Atlanta, Ga., August II, 1835.

I have had a cancer on my face for some

I have bud a cancer on my face for some years, extending from one cheek bone across the nose to the other. It has given me a great deal of pain, at times burning and itching to such an extent that it was almost unbearable. I commenced using Switt's Specific in May, 1885, and have used eight bottles. It has given the greatest relief by removing the inflamation and restoring my general health. W. Barnes.

Knoxville, lowa, Sept 8, 1885 Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free.
The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3 Atlanta, Ga N. Y., 157 W. 33d street.

HAMBURG - AMERICAN

Packet Company. A DIRECT LINE FOR

England, France & Germany. The steamships of this well known line are all pf iron, in water tight compartments, and refurnished with everything to make the passage both safe and agreeable. They carry the United States and European mails, and leave New York Thursdays and Saturdays for Plymouth, (LONDON), Cherboug, (PARIS and HAMBURG).

Rates—First cabin, \$60-\$100. Steerage to New York, \$10.

DOCTOR

A regular graduate of the serial treatment of Genomic, Nauvous, Sain engaged in the sperial treatment of Genomic, Nauvous, Sain and Bloop Brancess 'Thin any other Physician in St. Louis, as sity papers show and all old residents know.

Nervous Prostration, Debility, Mental and Physical Weakness; Mercurial and other Affections of Throat, Skin or Bones, Blood Poisoning, old Sores and Ulcers, are treated with unparalleled success, on latest scientific principles, Bafaly, Privately, success, on latest scientific principles, Bafaly, Privately, old Sores and vicers, are weather with unparameter suncers, on latest scientific principles, Safety, Privately,
Diseases Arising from indiscretion, Excess,
Exposure or indulgence, which produce some of the following effects: nerrousness, debility, dinness of sight and defective memory, primples on the face, physical decay, aversion to be society of formles, confusion of ideas, etc., rendoring Marriage improper or unhappy, are permanently sured. Pamphiet do pages) on the above, sent in sealed corcelope, free to any address. Committation at of-A Positive Written Guarantee given in every en-

MARRIAGE GUIDE.

Manhood RESTORED, Remedy Press A toling by youth full imprudence causing Premature Decay, New Your Debuilty, Lost Mag-

A FINE LINE OF

Pianos and Urgans WOODBRIDGE BROS' MUSIC HOUSE

Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the specific, it becomes an uiter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist.

FOR SALE BY FOLLOWING DRUGGISTS: EUHN & CO., Cor. 15th and Dauglas, and 18th & Cuming Sts., Omnha, Neb.; A. D. FOSTER & BRO., Conneil Bluffs, Iowa-

Call or write for pamphlet containing hundreds of tastimonials from the best women and men from nit parts of the country.

IS CONDUCTED BY Royal Havana Lottery

Drawn at Havana, Cuba, February 13-27, 1886 Tickets in Fifths; Wholes \$6; Fractions pro

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Subject to no manipulation, not controlled by the parties in interest. It is the fairest thing in the nature of chance in existence.

For thekets apply to SHIPSY & CO., 1222 Breadway, N. Y. Chy: M. O'TENS & CO., 612 Main street, Kunsas City, Mo., or 1265 Farmson street, Omaha.

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

ADDITIONAL CITY NEWS

The Old Lady's Dotago. The Omaha Bre is the only paper in this section of the country that refused to publish the Associated press report concerning the corporation of the Council Bluffs improvement company or give any notice of the enterprise.—Nonpareil.

The above from dear old grandmother's scrap book is another instance of how far the old lady can get from the truth. There have been several such instances lately. Only a week ago, in one of her stolen editorials, the old lady forgot to make what changes were necessary to make sense, and declared that "Mrs. Whitney owns an elegant residence on Fifth avenue in this city It is furnished regally, and is said to be worth \$700,000." A short time ago the old lady in one of the pages of her scrap-book, filled with old steoretyped plates, reproduced from the BEE a full description of the new county jail here, which had been passing the rounds of the country press for sev eral months. The Nonpareil, in introducing the description, declared that the new jail was located in Omaha, instead of Council Bluffs.

The above paragraph is a like showing of the old lady's failing memory. The files of the BEE show that this paper was the first to urge the formation of such a company, months before the project began to take any shape. It has kept urging the formation of the company, and since the organization has been giving the facts in detail, and giving publicity to them over a wide expanse of territory where the old lady has not an acquaint-ance and her scrap-book not a reader. Of all the papers here the Bee can justly lay claim to being the father of this pro-ject, and lest some credit should be given the BEE, the snivelling old dame shows her dotage in this way. If the old lady would spend half as much time in getting fresh news for her little family of readers as she does using the shears and peddling lying gossip about her neighbors, she not have so much occasion to complain of the great falling off of her friends and patrons.

After the Battle.

DENISON, Jan. 30 .- The struggle for the postoffice here has been attended by some hard feelings, some bitterness and much eargerness, but with the appointment of A. B. Keith as postmaster the struggle is declared virtually ended, although he has not been confirmed as yet. The sore spots are being healed, and passions have so cooled off that men are able to talk over the contest, and even smile. Despite the disappointments of other candidates and their friends, there seems general satisfaction at the outcome. Mr. Keith is a young man, who has shown much ability in his editorial management of the Crawford County Bulletin, whose columns so sparkle that he has gained the reputation of being one of the sharpest, wittiest writers in the state. By his pen he not only has done much for his party, but for Denison, and hence there is much satisfaction at his getting the plum, he

having earned it.

As an indication that the cruel war is over, the ludierous side begins to show up, and to-day there was hung upon the wails of one of the prominent business places here a big poster, which attracted general attention and made much merriment. It consisted of the broad, smiling face of one of the comedians of "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," and beneath he smiling countenance was printed the following:

OUR NEW POSTMASTER!
"Well I should smile!"—A. B. Keith. I am looking for a warmer climate-Bullock.

ie war is over. I'm stabbed-Col. I'm ruined. I'm paralyzed. I'll die, I'll die, I know I'll die, Look at the shape of my head-Shawvan.

Let us try it again-Cassaday I've shot my wad. I'm done for-Does Mulcahey know anything about it?-McGraw.

Mr. Keet is a great man. I'm a dam fool—Pat Lally.

Arrah musha faith, me cousin Pat Welch, an alderman in Divinport, has more polytical inflooence than eny man in Dinesen—Jack Welch.
Ish dot so? I dond care a dam. I vas
'Squire now—J. Fred. Moral-Never fool with an editor when

Now that mirth has succeeded to gore, the cruel war may be declared to be at an end, and Postmaster Keith will doubtless sail into the postoffice as into a calm harbor.

Encouraging Manufactories.

This city takes the lead in Iowa in being the first to encourage the location of new manufactories here by exempting them from city taxes. At a recent meeting of citizens the action of the council was not only indorsed, but it was urged that the state legislature should take similar action to relieve them from state taxes. It was expected that Senator Carson would present a bill to this effect. Such a bill has been introduced, however, by Senator McDonough, and it, or some similar one, will doubtless receive the hearty support of the senators and representatives from of the senators and representatives from this county. It provides as follows:
Section 1. That any company, firm or individual erecting a manufacturing establishment, including the grounds actually owned and used therefor, and the capital actually employed therein, shall be exempt from taxation for a term of five years on the fulfillment of the following conditions:
Sec. 2. The manufacturing establishment Sec. 2. The manufacturing establishment so erceted, the ground so used, and the capital so employed, shall be continuously operated, used and employed for a term of five

years.

Sec. 3. To entitle any such company, firm or individual to the exemption stated in this

or individual to the exemption stated in this act, the proprietor or proprietors thereof shall first furnish eatisfactory proof to the board of supervisors in the county where located, that said manufacturing establishment, grounds and capital have been continuously operated, used and employed for a term of five years for the purpose lirst used.

Sec. 4. When the board of supervisors shall have received the proof contemplated in section 5 of this act, they shall within nlucty days after receiving such proof, remit all taxes paid by said company, firm or individual during said five years, and that they shall order the county auditor to draw warrants therefor. warrants therefor. See, 5. The provisions of this act shall not apply to callroad shops built by railroad com-panies for their own use.

Personal Paragraphs. J. T. Hart is in Denver, Col.

Miss Julia Officer has gone on a visit Mr. Flammant of Mineola was in the

Sam Newton is the father of a new bounding baby boy. J. B. Kelley of Neola will soon become

sident of this city. D. J. Hamilton and wife of Crete. Neb., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Fuller. Mrs. W. C. James, who has been in the east for some mouths past, has returned

N. W. Miller, who is connected with Z. T. Lindsey & Co., is in off the road, and quite ill with neuralgia of the stomach. Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Stubbs of Peorla, who have been visiting friends here the past week or two, have returned

Judge Nissen of St. Helena, Neb., is in

the city visiting his daughter, who is one of the students of St. Francis academy. He is the guest of Mr. Henry Paschel.

CARSON, Iowa, Jan. 30. -A. R. Hooker has been appointed deputy sheriff for this vicinity. to be called upon to take something-in a legal way. Sheriff Reel, in making Mr. Hooker his deputy, has not only pleased his democratic friends but the entire

The cold snap seems to have had the effect of cooling the zeal of the Silver Creekers who were so ardently working for a branch of the Chicago, Minneapolis & St. Paul railroad down that shining stream. At least the proposed building of the Silver Creek railroad has been temporarily suspended. It was not, however, on account of the Silverites being deficient in grains—of sand.

AN IOWA WIGGINS

Who Predicts Terrifle Storms in the

Near Future. ALBIA, Iowa, Jan. 28, 1886 .- [To the Editor: |-One of the greatest storm periods of the year 1886 will commence its ravages on February 24th or 25th and continue fully four weeks. The heaviest storms for that period will occur about February 25th and March 3d, 9th and 15th, with periods of comparative quiet between those dates. These storms will visit nearly every part of the United States and are likely to be heaviest where the January storms were lightest. All shipping interests, by railroad, sea and lake, should guard against these storms. On the dates I give above, these storms will pass a meridian drawn north and south through Omaha.

W. T. FOSTER, Meteorologist.

Statistics on Rainfall. ULYSSES, Neb., Jan. 29 .- [To the Edi tor. |-A few weeks ago I gave you official statistics showing that the rainfall in western Nebraska, notably in Keith and Lincoln counties, was sufficient for agriculture. I now give the average yearly rainfall for different European nations where most of the rain falls in winter:

Average for all England, Berlin, Prussia, Leinsig, Saxony, Vienna, Austria. Parts, France, Madrid, Spain,

The rainfall in Keith county, Nebraska, for the last eleven years is 19.21 inches and as 72 per cent of this falls between April 1 and September 1, the rainfall is not only absolutely but relatively much greater than in Keith county than in central and northern Europe.

Yours truly, H. EMERSON, Keith county.

He Practiced the Iowa Tactics. Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution: An Iowan arrived in the city yesterday, and after registering at the Kimball, buttonholed 'Phonse Young and gave him a knowing wink, remarking at the same time. "You know what I want; give me the tip." But 'Phonse didn't know, and queried: What is it, sir, a room?"

Yes, a room of course, but that is not I want something else now, put me on to it, I'm all right Still the genial clerk didn't know, and as he pulled down his white yest and winked at Detective Foute, believing the stranger to be crazy, he said:

"It must be a bath you want, sir."
"Yes, I do want a bath after awhile, but that is not what I have reference to. Now, old fellow, you know what I want -mum's the word, I'll be quiet." The smile vanished from the countenance of the astonished clerk, with an

expression of melancholy serenity, and in a voice tinged with sympathetic melody, he replied: "I am sorry for you, sir, but I don't know what you want. "Why," replied the stranger, as he whispered in his ear-"a drink, of

"O! just step around the counter to the bar and you can get as much you want,' and the white yest again received anoth-

er vigorous jerk.

"The bar—the bar—ha! ha! I knew!
it! I knew it! Just like my town.
Prohibition's just the same everywhere!" and the stranger gave vent to a sardonic smile as he added: "My friend, I knew it. I told them that it would be just this

way."
"But we haven't got prohibition now, and won't have until July, my dear sir, and in the meantime you can get what want.

"O, well, excuse me, excuse me, for thought it had gone into effect the first of the year. I addressed you as I do in my own state, where they all understand the wink. Pardon me, sir, for 1 thought I had struck a prohibition town."

Catarrh

Is a very prevalent and exceedingly dis agreeable disease, liable, if neglected, to develop into serious consumption. Beng a constitutional disease, it requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, effecting a radical and permanent cure of catarrh in even its most severe forms Made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Gold and Diamonds in the Carolinas. St. Louis Republican: In old times both North Carolina and Georgia were gold-producing states. Their yield of the yellow metal was not what would be called large at this day, but it was considered respectable enough before the discovery of California to warrant a mint at Dahlonega in the latter state, at which the stray nuggets were coined into good United States money. And it appears that both North Carolina and Georgia are diamond-bearing states also. Gems have eccasionally been picked up in certain districts for generations, and now it is announced that the sandstone region extending from a point near Atlanta through four counties to the Savannah river is a genuine diamond field, which will repay a careful investigation. It is underlaid with the flexible sandstone that of itself is such a curiosity, and in this the stones are found imbedded. About forty diamonds, all of the first water, have been picked up in this val-ley from time to time, but no systematic search for them has ever been made.

A Family Blessing.

Nothing adds more to the security of life, happiness and health, than a safe, and reliable family medicine. Simmons' Liver Regulator has won for itself the appellation of "the favor fre home remedy." It is adapted to a large proportion of the emergencies which occur in domestic life. If the child has the colic, it is a sure, safe and pleasant remedy. If the father is exhausted, overworked, debilitated, it will restore his failing strength. If the wife suffers from dyspepsia, low spirits, headache it wili give lief. If any memb or of thefamily has eaten anything hard of digestion, a small dose of the Regulator will soon establish a good digestion. It gives refreshing sleep even in cases where narcotic have failed. It is the BEST PREVENTIVE MUDICINE, and safe to begin with, no matter what the attack; and in almost every case will afford relief and effect a speedy cure, without the aid of other medicine. No error to be feared in administering; no injury from exposure after taking; no change of diet required; no change of hubits; no neglect of duties or loss of tim Simmons' Liver Regulator is entirely vegetable and is the purest and best family medicine compounded. Prepared by J. H. ZEHAN & CO. Philadelphia, Pa., sole proprietors

RUBINSTEIN.

His Marvelous Playing of the Pianoforte.

A Great Descriptive Scene in Music That Ended in a Grand Crash-Nothing Like It in the History of Plano Playing.

Jud Brownin's famous account of Robinstein's playing originally appeared in the Weekly Chronicle some years ago. "Jud, they say you have heard Rubinstein play when you was in New York."

"I did, in the cool."

"Well, tell us all about it." "What, me? I might as well tell you about the creation of the world." "Come, now, no mock modesty. Go

ahead." "Well, sir, he had the biggest, cattycor nerdest pianner you ever laid your eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiardtable on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't he'd a tore the intire sides clean out, and scattered them to the four winds of

Played well, did he?" "You bet he did; but don't interrupt me When he first sat down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin' and wish't he hadn't come. He tweedle-eedled on the trible a little, and twoodleoodled some on the bass-just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for being in his way. And I says to the man settin' next to me, s' I, 'What sort of fool-playin' is that?' 'And he says 'Hush!' But presently his hands began chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar-squirrel

turning the wheel of a candy-cage.
"'Now,' I says to my neighbor, 'he's a showing off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of IF HE'D PLAY A TUNE

of some kind or other, I'd-"But my neighbor says, 'Heigh,' very

impatient.

'I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking away off in the woods, and calling, sleepy-like, to his mate, and I looked up, and I see that Rubin was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I set down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the reses on the bushes, and the next thing it was the broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they'd split their threat; all the leaves were movin' and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a pking. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin' "And I says to my neighbor: 'That's

music, that is. "But he glanced at me like he'd cut my

throat.) ;;

"Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken un and a kind of thick gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings and the rest folled away like rubies. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces and then long strands and necklaces and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill and made a brook that flowed silent, except that

YOU COULD KINDER SEE especially when the bushes on the bank moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, and led it on and on, away out of world, where no man ever was—I never was, certain. I could see the boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone the graveyards, over the wall and be tween the black sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em but never got near 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could a-cried, because ! wanted to love somebody, I didn't know who, better than the men with guitars did. Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind mouned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a-got up and there and then preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a single thing, and yet I did not want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief and blowed my nose to keep from crying. blowed my nose to keep from crying.

My eyes are weak anyway, I uidn't want anybody to be gazing at me a sniveling, and it's none of nobody's business what I do with my nose. But several glared at me as mad as Tucker. Then, all of a sudden, oid Rubin changed his tune. He riped and he roared, he tip' and he tar'd and he charged like the grand entry at the circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once. gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I held up my head ready to look at any man in the face, and not afcard of nothin'. It was a circus and a brass band, and a ball, all going on the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of bricks, he gave 'em no rest, day or night. gave 'em no rest, day or night.

HE SET EVERY LIVIN' JOINT IN ME A GOIN', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt, sprang into my seat, and just hol-"Go it, Rube!", "Every man, woman and child in the

house riz on me, and shouted 'Put him out! put him out!

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month, I says. 'Tech me if you dare! I pild 'my money, and you jest come a nigh ne!"

"With the referent policemen ran me

"With that several policemen ran up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Rube out or die.

"He had changed his tune again. He

hopt like ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key, board. He played soft and low and solomn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The canoles in heaven were lit one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end; and the angels went to prayer. Then the music changed to wa-ter, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop-drip, drop, drip, drop-clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetn'd with white sugar, mixed with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin, he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'u rather you wouldn't interrapt me.

He stopped a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He runs his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened up his coat-tails a little farther. He dragged up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he

boxed his ears, and he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears and he scratched her cheek till she fairly yelled. He knock't her down, and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she shricked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean in the bowels of the carth, and you heard

THUNDER GALLOPING AFTER THUNDER thro' the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the points of cambrie needles, and you couldn't hear but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for ard and two'd, he cross't over first gentleman, he cross't over first lady, he balanced two pards, he chassed right and left, back to your places, he all hands aroun' ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out here the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double and twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-'leven thousand double bow knots.

"It was a mystery. And then he

"It was a mystery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He frecht up his right wing, he frecht up his left wing, he frecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoon, by company, by regi-ments, by brigades. He opened his can-non—siege gun down thar, Napoleons here, 12-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-size guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortars, mine and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, and the walls shuk, the floor came up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt—heaven and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, tenpenny nails, my Mary Ann Hallelujah, Sampson in a simmon tree Jerusalem, Tump Thompson in a timb ler cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-ruddle uddle-uddle-uddle-raddle-addle-addle addle-riddle-iddle-iddle-reetle-ettle ettle-ettle-p-r-r-r-lang! per lang! per lang! p-r-r-r-lang! Bang! "With that bang he lifted himself bod-

ily into the air, and he came down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows and his nose, striking every single solitary key on that planner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thous and five hundred and lifty-two hemi-demi semi-quavers, and I knowed no mo.'

LIGHTHALL'S STRANGE CAREER.

The "Diamond King" and Medicine Fakir.

A special dispatch from Elmira, N. Y., to the St. Louis Globe Democrat, of the 20th inst., says: The death of J.I. Light-hall, the "Diamond King" and medicine fakir, at San Antonio, Tex., and who left \$50,000, closes a very remarkable career. Six years ago, Lighthall, then only 24 years old, took the role of a "cure all" and sold what he called "Indian Oil" on the street corners. He made money and soon employed a brass band of eight pieces to attract a crowd. He added to his stock a cure for consumption, tooth powder and blood purifier. He had a slight knowledge of dentistry, and ex-tracted teeth free, the work being done very rapidly, on one occasion, it is said, fourteen in nineteen seconds. said, tourteen in nineteen seconds. In-dian oil' having been previously rubbed on the gums. The band played during the operation, to drown the yells of the patient. Two years ago the party worked Nashville, Tenn., there being eight men and two women in the band, among whom was George Roberts, of Elmira, a great favorite with the doctor. From Nashville the party drifted southward, when Lighthall discovered that another band of fakirs were selling Indian oil. He then charged the name to Spenish He then changed the name to Spanish oil and increased his company to sixtyone persons, by taking in several Spaniards, Indians, and Mexicans, and thereafter showed in a 100 foot round tent. Concerts were given while Lighthall was kept busy passing out medicine and his assistant fakirs sold it among the audience. Big crowds were attracted everywhere, and money rolled in very fast. The company occu-pied tents, did their own cooking and "lived on the fat of the land," as Roberts expresses it. The medicine, except the consumption cure, was manufactured at Peoria, Ill., by Lighthall's mother and her third husband, Isaac Wright, former-

ly a resident of Millport, this county From Peoria the stuff was shipped in bar-

rels to camp, where it was put up in bot tles and labeled. Lighthall's father was

a chief of the Tonawanda Indians, quar-

ter blood, and several years ago he left his wife. She in a short time married a

man named Johnson.

left home suddenly, but afterwards turned up, when he found Wright inhis p lace as husband. Johnson afterwards traveled as a detective for Lighthall and kept order in the camp. ROBBED OF HIS WIFE. Dr. Charles Lockwood, a member of the Lighthail party, the title being picked up, became enamored of Lighthall's wife, and his love having been reciprocated the pair fled from the camp, taking a splendid pair of horses and medicine wagon, and made good their escape, finally taking up their abode at Bingham-ton, N. Y. Johnson worked up the case, and two years ago Lighthall, Wright, Roberts and Johnson came to Elmira, and after maturing plans Binghamton was reached in disguise, and by a clever ruse Lockwood was taken out of town. Lighthall then went to the Lockwood residence, surprised his wife, "Kit," and, ascertaining where the horses and wagon were, took possession of them and speedily drove across the Pennsylvania line, continuing until he joined the camp at Richmond, Ind. When Lockwood cloped he left a wife and one child in Illinois, and Lighthall, taking compassion on the woman, made her superintendent of cooking in the camp at 'a good salary. When the whereabouts of Lockwood and his illegal wife became known they left suddenly for Canada, and their whereabouts at present is unknown.

DISPENSING CHARITY. Dr. Lighthail was known as the "Dia-mond King," on account of his great love for diamonds. He wore a ring in which were 173 stones and a pin that was simply enormous. He had a watch made for himself similar to that worn by Atvin Joslin, twenty-two stones encircling the case. Lighthall was a great favorite with his assistants, and nothing was wanted by any of them that was not supplied by him. He was charitable and on many occasions when poor people applied for medicine the bottle was wrapped in a \$20 or \$100 bill. Mr. Roberts showed the writer an envelope bearing a picture of Lighthall, together with the following in-

J. I. Lighthall, Proprietor Indian Medicine Lodge, 24 Main Street, Peoria, III. Also photographs of Lockwood's abau-doned wife and child. Roberts believes that Lighthall took in over \$100,000 a year he was with him, and must be worth a great deal more than reported at the time of his death

From the Sisters of Charity. PROVIDENCE HOSPITAL,

Washington, D. C., April 21, 1884. We take pleasure in attesting the merits and soothing qualities of Alleock's Porous Plasters, having used them on various occasions with much benefit to many of the patients under our charge during many years.

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THE MAKING OF SWEET SONGS.

Old Songs That Never Grow Old-How They Were Composed.

Aunt Becky's" Little Back Parlor in Pittsburg From Which Came Forth Many Beautiful Melodies.

Who has not been awakened from his sleep in the early morning hours by some party of home-going revelers singing 'Way down upon the Suwanee river?" The melodious music invades the halfroused senses like a dream, and the dreamer does not resist it. He closes his eyes again to listen—motionless. He has heard the old song many times before; he can anticipate every word and note; there is no novelty in it for him, but he is not provoked at being awakened. He listens dreamily and lets the music bring thoughts of home—not the home of his manhood, made happy by wife and chil-dren, but the dream of the home of his childhood, where mother was,

The old song never grows old. Everybody sings it and everybody loves to hear it sung. No matter at what time or place its music rises, there will be found a respectful audience. Not even the street gamin will cry "chestnuts!" He nstinctively respects the song of home without knowing why.

There stood in the city of Pittsburg.

forty years ago, a cottage at 31 Pearl street. It was a cozy home, with vine-covered windows and a broad hearth-stone. It was the home of Charles B. Shiras and his mother, familiarly known to her friends as "Aunt Becky" Shiras. Charles Shiras had two particular friends of his own age, Stephen Foster and John Hull. These men had been companions from their boyhood, and death alone broke off their frieneship.

Shiras was a literary genius. He was well-educated, brilliant, and possessed of a fertile, active mind. He was ambitious and animated by the noblest purposes. For some years, and at the time of his death, he was connected with the Pitts-burg Commercial Journal. All his literary work was full of merit and many of his productions gained wide attention. He published two small poems, the best known of which are "Dollars and Dimes,"
"Redemption of Labor," and "The Iron
City." These he considered his best work, but he strangely refused to public-ly acknowledge the authorship of the beautiful songs which would have given his name, with that of Foster, world-wide He erred in his judgment of the effect they would produce, and, in his ambition for higher flights, considered them childish and foolish.

Foster was a musician and composer. His soul was full of the poetry of sound He had a fine, effeminate face, and his nature was as soft and yielding as a maiden's. He was a dreamer, often sad and melancholy, and every bar of his beauti-ful, simple music is marked with the characteristics of his nature. He found close sympathy in the fine, poetic mind of Shiras, and both found sympathy and aggressive nature of their mutual friend, encouragement in the more rugged and

Hull was a mechanic, working for his daily bread from his earliest boyhood. Unlike his friends, he had no education, but the circumstances of his life gave him strong good sense and clear judgment. He was a lover of the beautiful, and he found much to admire in his friends Shi-ras and Foster. He had a musical voice, and Foster, who could not sing, taught him music. He had a retentive memory, and from Shiras he learned much of literature. He became the critic of the pro-ductions of both his friends, and his judg ment of a poem or a song was to them allsufficient

And so a beautiful friendship existed between these three in boyhood, in youth, and until their early manhood, when Shiras died. They were together during all their leisure time, and "many happy hours they squandered" in "Aunt Becky" Shiras's little back parlor. It was here that Shiras, in his resting moments, wrote those beautiful songs to please friend Foster, it was here that Foster composed music for them to please himself and his friend Hull, and it was here that Hull sang them for the pleasure of

all.

The first song they published was "Old Uncle Ned." Foster sold it to a Pittsburg house for \$100. With this money he burchased a small piano and placed it in "Aunt Becky" Shiras' little parlor And on this little piano was afterward played music which has gone around the world. "Old Uncle Ned" made its appearance about the year 1850, and immediately became popular. Within three years later Shiras and Foster together produced "Old Folks at Home," "Susanuah, Don't You Cry," "Gentle Annie," "Hard Times Come Again No More," "My Old Keatneky Home," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Dog Tray," "Willie, We Have Missed You," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," and others fully as popular. It is certain that Shiras wrote the lines of nearly all these songs, except "Come of nearly all these songs, except "Come Where my love lies Dreaming." Foster was willing and anxious to source their authorship with his friend Shira, but the latter often laughingly toldFoster that he was welcome to all the reputation he would get out of their publication.

would get out of their publication.

Poor Shiras died when he was 29 years old, before he dreamed that the songs which he had written in an idle fancy, as a mere pastiate, would live in every honce in the Christian world. Mrs. Jane Swisshehm wrote his obituary. He left a young wife and a girl haby. This baby is now a baxom mother of bables. She is the wife of Capt. J. H. Morris, of Pittsburg.

Foster lived some years after the death of his friend. He went to New York City, where he died in 1864, from the effects of a fail in the Bowery. He was widely known and very popular. His widely known and very popular. His funeral was attended largely by the lite-rary, theatrical and musical classes. A chorus of voices sung ever his grave "Come Where My Love Lies Drenning 'Aunt Bucky' Shiras, who so often

scorded the boys for staying up late at night and making so much noise in her back parlor, has passed away. And so has John Hull, who first startled good "Aunt Becky" with the rattling rhythm of "Old Uncle Ned," and soothed her with the melody of "Massa's in de Cold, Cold ground."

All are dead. But their music will live as long as there are homes. It has been said of John Howard Payne that Christians and Mohammedans alike wept over his distant grave; that the whole world did him honor, and that his countrymen built to his memory a monument simply because he had written one song of home. But whenever a heart sings of "home, sweet home," it sings, too, of the "old folks at home," And shall the memory of him who wrote the one be more reverenced than the memory of him who wrote the other? All honor to these gentle heroes who made it possible to weep in songs of home—Payne, Shiras and Foster.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK. FOR YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN. ONLY SI BY MAIL, POSTPAID, ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE TO ALL,



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The Science of Life is of greater value than all the sedical works published in this country for the past 3 years.—Athanta Constitution.
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Railway Time Table

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr W. H. Parker, No. 4 Buildings street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and distinct diseases that have not field the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such

reated specessfully without an instance of failure. Mention Omana Boe.

The following is the time of arrival and departure of trains by Central Standard time at the local depots. Trains of the C., St. P., M. & O. arrive and depart from their depot, corner of 14th and Webster streets; trains on the B. & M., C., B. & Q., and K. C., St. J. & C. B. from the B. & M., depot: all others from the Union Paoine depot.

depot. BRIDGE TRAINS. Bridge trains will leave 1), P. depot at $6:35 \rightarrow B7:35 - 8:00 - 8:40 - 8:50 - B10:00 - 11:30$ a, m., 1:00 -1:20 - 1:50 - B:2:00 - 3:00 - 4:00 - 5:30 - 5:30 - 6:05 --1:20-1:100-11:100 p.m. 6:10-7:30-11:10 p.m. Leave transfer for Omalia a 7:12-6 8:15-9:30 B2:42-6 10:35-10:37-11:37 a.m.; 1:37-2:13-2:37-3:30-1:37-4:37-5:45-6:35-7:30-7:50-11:52 p. m. CONNECTING LINES.

CONNECTING LINES.

Arrival and departure of trains from the transfer depot at Council Biums:

DECAPT.

CHICAGO & NOUTHWESTERN.

2:15 A. b. Mail and Express.

7:00 P. M.

12:40 P. M. Accommodation.

CHICAGO & ROUTHWESTERN.

2:15 A. M. Accommodation.

2:15 A. M. Accommodation.

2:15 A. M. Mail and Express.

7:10 P. M.

CHICAGO & ROUTHWESTERN.

7:10 A. M. Accommodation.

5:30 P. M.

Express.

9:15 A. M.

CHICAGO, MILAVAUKER & ST. PAUL.

9:10 A. M. Mail and Express.

7:10 P. M.

5:30 P. M. Express.

9:15 A. M.

CHICAGO, CHI

KANSAS CITY, ST. JOH & COUNCIL REUFFS.

2:15 A. M. Mait and Express. 7:35 P. M

2:00 P. M. Express. 6:35 A. M

SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC. SOUTHWARD.

| A. M. P. M. | MISSOLIH | PACIFIC | 10:30a | Day Express | Day Express | Ex 6:354 7:00d}..... NOITHWARD. Depart. A. M. P. M. C. ST. P., M. & O. A. M. P. M. Sioux City Express 5:3ko 5:40c Oakland Accommod'n 10:00c Depart. BASTWARD. Arrive A. M. P. M. 9 20 6:00Vin Patismouth.... 9:20 7.15

STOCK YARDS TRAINS
Will leave U. P. denot. Omaha, at 6:49-8:3510:45-10:55 a. m.; 2:40-3 54-5:25 p. m.
Leave Stock Yards for Omaha at 7:55-10:25 a.
m.; 12:01-1:29-4:40-5:67-6:20 p. m.
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