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San Creek, Wyoming, a Wonderful Mountain Stream.

STORIES OF WHITE BUFFALOES.

A Weird and Thrilling Indian Story—An Interesting Letter from General Brisson.

Fort Niobrara, Neb., July 14.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—Crossing over from Rock Creek eight miles further up we came to Sand Creek, a "White Buffalo" the Crow Indians call it. It is about twenty feet wide with steep precipitous banks and is dry in daytime, running water only at night. It is a most wonderful stream and has a curious legend attached to it. Here, say the Indians, in early times grazed an immense herd of buffalo, under the leadership of an immense white buffalo that was a spirit. The Indians had then great villages on the stream and lived off of the buffalo. One day a party of Indians foolishly attempted to kill the white buffalo to get his skin, and wounded the immense brute—he immediately rushed down to the water, drank it all up and disappeared into the earth. There being no water in the stream the Indians had to move away. The buffalo all died for want of water and a great famine set in which destroyed many Indians. For three years they had no meat to eat only roots, herbs and an occasional turnip. At length the good Spirit relented somewhat, sent water by night in the stream and a few buffalo, but he never restored the fine herd the white buffalo had and the Crows have never been so well off or such good luck since. He killed the white buffalo as they had before.

We reached the stream, or rather the bed of it, about noon and found it entirely dry. The sand was crisp and almost white. It was so dry that when I blew it up in clouds and no one would have supposed for one moment that water was anywhere near. Toward evening moist spots appeared in the bed of the creek and by dark drops of water were seen to trickle from the sands in the center of the channel. By 10 o'clock one could not walk over without sinking over shoe top in the wet sand. By midnight a stream eight to ten inches deep and twenty feet wide was running swiftly and steadily from bank to bank. Toward morning the water began to abate and at daylight stopped running. By noon not a moist spot could be seen and the stream had dried up as a powder heap. I am told that in winter the water runs in the same way under a thin coating of ice. Parties crossing it in winter and not knowing the peculiarities of the stream have cut through the ice and been scolded for falling beneath only a dry bed of sand. This curious stream is a tributary of Big Perry river and empties into that stream about ten miles below where the road crosses Sand Creek.

Speaking of white buffaloes a great many people think they are a myth. I suppose there never was a real white buffalo, but I have seen one or two marked white, and so different from the other buffaloes that the Indians called them white. While stationed at Fort Keogh only a few years ago a white buffalo was shot on the Powder river, and its skin brought into Miles City for examination and found it a veritable white buffalo, as the Indians said. The hair was cream color, and so nearly white it would pass for white. The Indians have a great veneration for these animals, and regard them as sacred. They believe them to be possessed of a spirit, and sent by Monads (God). A great many things are done in the name of the white buffalo, and if any of these things are done, it is attributed to the white buffalo. Mr. Belden some years ago told me a most singular story about a white buffalo and an imposition practiced in the name of a buffalo upon a Crow girl.

An Indian Romance. Mr. Belden said: Once there lived on the Big Horn river, at the place where Fort Smith was situated, a young chief who had a most beautiful daughter. Many of the young men in the tribe courted her and were anxious for her, but her father would not part with her unless he received one hundred ponies, and as no warrior was able to give so much for a wife, she was obliged to remain single. A young chief, who loved the maiden dearly, and desired to possess her, urged the old chief, her father, to reduce the number of ponies, but only because more morose, and finally declared no one should marry his daughter unless he had one hundred ponies that had been captured in battle.

As such a thing was impossible, the young warrior despaired, and shut himself up in his tent and refused to eat. The girl, who loved him dearly, sent him word to be good of heart and persevere for she would be faithful to him, and would rather than marry any other warrior. Greatly encouraged by this message, the young man ate again, and all went along smoothly for several months. The lodge of the maiden was placed close beside that of her father's, and occupied by her alone. Often at night the wild old chief thought he heard strange noises in his daughter's lodge, but when questioned, she always denied that she had heard any noise, or that anything unusual had occurred.

One day, however, she could no longer conceal her shame from her mother and confessed that she was about to bear a child. When the old chief heard of this he was greatly enraged, and assembled his council, that measures might be taken for putting her to death, and thus wiping out the disgrace of the family.

When the council assembled, the girl was brought before it, and her father sternly commanded her to explain the cause of her disgrace. To the astonishment of every eye, she came not as a guilty wretch, but with a countenance clear, flashing eye. When any of the old men questioned her she looked disdainfully at them and bade them hold their peace, for she was a chief's daughter and would answer only her august father. Her conduct greatly pleased the chief, and he said, aside, that whatever might be her fate she was a real Crow and fit to be his daughter. When commanded by her father to relate all that had happened to her, she arose and said: "Venerable father, and you, my noble chief, some moons ago, one night, a strange thing happened to me, such as perhaps never happened before. As my father and I were sleeping in my lodge, by the side of my noble father there, when suddenly I heard a most peculiar noise as of hoofs and some animal walking. I became conscious of something being in my tepee, and, being greatly frightened, I lay still. Presently I heard the hoofs being scraped together on the hearth, and looked into a flame. When a light I bowed, expecting to see a man, when I would have exclaimed to my father, but, strange to relate, I saw not a man, but a white buffalo. He walked upon his hind feet, and I was so terrified I could neither speak nor move. He came to my bed and sat down, and I fainted away. When I awoke he was gone. So he came every night to see me, and each time I was much frightened as before and uttered unable to call out for help. The animal was very careful not to hurt me with his hoofs or horns, and how it came about I can not tell, but in a few months I found myself in the condition you now see me, and I have no one to thank for my misfortune but the white buffalo."

The chief had listened to this harangue with great patience, and when she had done, the chief asked her when the white buffalo had last visited her, and she replied, "When the moon was full, and that was the last time I saw him."

When her story was finished, she was conducted back to her lodge, and the old men fell to debating about the matter. The story of the chiefs did not believe the story, for they said that such a thing as a white buffalo they had never seen in all their lives. An old man arose, however, and said there was once a white buffalo on the plains and that he did strange things, often being seen in the clouds and walking on water. This statement greatly confused the council and they fell to debating anew. At last a chief, who was very old and wise, said that it must be possible for a woman to bear children without exhibiting things as he had done. Years ago, when he went to see the Great Father at Washington, the white man took him to hear their great medicine man, and the medicine man told of a woman who had borne a child, and that child lying with any man, and that all the white people believed. The child was not only born, but he lived many years and became a very great medicine man, and when he died he was buried in a great mound. At last it came the turn of the young warrior who wished to marry the girl, and he arose and said: "I do not doubt the story of the girl nor question her chastity. Undoubtedly she has exhibited things as he has done. But all things are possible to the Great Spirit, and if he came and visited our daughter in the form of a white buffalo, it is no more than was related by our forefathers about the daughter of the white chief."

This speech was received by all with much favor, and the great chief, who had not spoken a word, adjourned the council, and he went to his tent, and at some future day, to talk further concerning the matter. The next council had little talk, and almost unanimously agreed the young warrior should be put to death. The young chief, her lover, rose and said, as it was near the full of the moon, when the white buffalo would come again, he begged that the execution of the sentence be delayed until the moon was full. The council might be delayed until the full moon, when if anything occurred to corroborate the girl's story, she should die. This was readily agreed to, and the pipe was passed around, to see in whose hands it would go out, that he might be selected to marry the girl. The girl's tepee, and watch for the white buffalo. The pipe went out in the young chief's hands, and the council adjourned.

When the moon was at its full, the chief and his wife went to the door of the girl's lodge, but could not see himself. He also instructed her if she saw the buffalo, to call out, and he would immediately rush to her assistance. On the night of the full moon, he heard her scream, and rushed into the lodge with his battle-axe, when, sure enough, there was a white buffalo standing on his hind legs. As the chief caught up the axe, he raised it high, and struck him, but the chief brought his axe down with such force that it completely severed the hoof from the leg. The next moment, however, the chief was struck senseless by the other foot, and when he recovered his senses, he found himself alone. The old chief, who had heard the noise of the conflict, had risen and was dressed, when the young chief, who was still suffering from the blow he had received, came in, and he found the white buffalo had indeed appeared, and that he had fought with him and cut off one of his hoofs, when was produced, and an examination of the maiden's tepee showed that the hoof which she had cut off was the hoof from the effect of his wound. Great excitement spread in the village when the news was made known and nearly all remained up, being afraid to sleep.

They assembled in the council, and assembled the council, and the old chief, who was greatly exasperated and pronounced the whole thing a lie, a fraud and swindle. He said he had examined the ground, and he had found no footprints of a buffalo, yet every one must know that if so heavy an animal as a buffalo had passed that way, he must have left deep hoof marks in the soft soil. It was also observed that the buffalo had gone into the girl's lodge without being seen by the young chief. In his opinion both the girl and the chief were lying, and he more than hinted that the young chief was a murderer, and the white buffalo. He recommended that both the girl and the chief be shot to death with arrows, at sunrise in the morning.

His speech had great effect, and the council almost unanimously voted to put the girl and her supposed paramour to death. They were led away, placed under a guard, and bade prepare for their fate. Now it so happened that there was a warrior in the village who had been very sick, and many feared he would die. This warrior was greatly admired and feared, and no other warrior in the village had slain so many of the enemy, no one was so strong, and none so willing to go to battle. This sickness excited much talk in the tribe, for all had to lose a valuable defender. He would, they felt, what ailed him, but lay all day long, his hand placed under his robe, and apparently suffering great pain. On the morning of the execution, a girl of the name of Patti, who had been a lover, and stopped to tell him about the fate of the chief's daughter and the young chief. She found the warrior asleep and his hands lying on top of the robe. The bandages had fallen off, and he was so weak, she saw he had but one hand, the other being gone. Quickly it flashed through her mind that the warrior had something to do with the affair of the white buffalo and she ran with it to the house on the hill beyond the village, where the execution was to take place. As she drew near the hill, she feared she would be too late, for she saw the crowd part, the girl was being led away, and the young chief was making his last speech, and the bowmen, with arrows on their strings, were ready to fire as soon as the young chief should utter a word. She rushed up to the great medicine man, who was conducting the execution, and whispered something in his ear, at which he was greatly astonished. Then, he laid down the girl, and she spoke to him, and he said: "When she had done speaking the medicine man walked between the condemned prisoners and the bowmen, and, raising his hands, bade them put up their arrows. He then turned to the bowmen, men, women and all, to follow him and see what they should see. He walked down to the village, and entering the sick warrior's lodge, bade him hold up his hand, and the girl came in, and he said: "Kill him! Kill him!" The old chief hastily assembled an informal council, and the young warrior was at once condemned to death. The bowmen were ordered about the young chief, and the girl, shot him as he lay in his tent. The old chief was so pleased when he knew his daughter had told him the truth, that he confessed to the marriage, and he was the white buffalo, and the child of the white buffalo was born and strangled, after which the young chief

and his wife lived many years happily together, and raised a large family of handsome daughters and brave young men. JAMES S. BRISSON.

NILSSON'S MARRIED LIFE.

An Account of Her First Meeting With Patti at a Dinner Party.

Boston Herald. I happen to know that Mme. Adelina Nicolson was quite astonished to say, when she was told that Nilsson was going to marry a count. There has never been any love for each other between them. Years ago, when Patti was singing at the Italiens and Nilsson at the opera, they fought so bitterly that it was thought that it was quite a social event when Mrs. Balli an English lady, brought the blonde Ophelia and the dark eyed Rosina together in her parlors. It was during the winter of 1850 and both of them were then in the city engaged to be married—one to a successful stock operator, the other to a nobleman connected with the court of Napoleon III. Very soon after this meeting Nilsson gave a dinner party, and Patti in her apartment on the fifth floor of a house here in the Rue de Rivoli. It was not a large dinner party—Ambrise Thomas, Goumond, Prince Joseph Paulovitch, Baron de Bismarck, Baron Saint Amand, a journalist named Courau, M. Rouzard, and Patti being the only guests present. Mrs. Richardson, the companion and house-keeper of Mme. Nilsson, sat facing the lady of the house, and the conversation was almost exclusively about music. But there was no music afterward when the party adjourned to the salon, although Goumond smilingly offered to accompany either or both of the ladies to the opera.

This was, however, a very laughable and rather naughty trial of strength, nothing less than a wrestling match between the two rivals. It was in the evening, and the two contestants were obliged to "strip to the waist," and, of course, such an idea could not be entertained for a moment, especially in the presence of a future spouse, and there was no way for getting rid of Rouzard. Nevertheless, inasmuch as the two singers went for each other for all they were worth, there was a plentiful display of muscles, and in the end Nilsson put Patti fairly on her back amid great applause, which was led by the viscount, who always enjoys that sort of an entertainment.

The only one in the party who was not very gay that night was Nilsson's niece. She made the acquaintance of Auguste Rouzard long before she acquired fame and fortune. She was then studying music and she had met him at the school with an English lady, who gave her lessons in that language. Among other pupils who came to study English was Mme. Jeanne Ruzaud and a warm friendship sprang up between her and the Swedish Christine to her honor, and it was there the singer made the acquaintance of the man who subsequently became her husband. Young Rouzard talked so much about Nilsson that one day his father exclaimed: "Mon Dieu! to hear you go on one would suppose you intend to marry the girl."

That is precisely what I am going to do," replied the son. Thereupon there was a quarrel, and Auguste left the paternal roof forever. He had 30,000 francs which his mother had left him, and with this sum he commenced to speculate on the stock market. He was a German, and his rapid success caused young Rouzard to hesitate about marrying her, but his fortune could be more in accordance with the large income that she was earning. The Frenchman was married in Westminster Abbey in 1872. According to their marriage contract the fortune of the wife, said to amount to 60,000 francs, was to remain at her disposal, and she was to have all her future earnings, and it was expressly stipulated that the husband should never have any control over his wife's estate after the following year.

Nilsson returned to the United States and his husband remained in Paris to carry on his stock operations. Later on, however, he gave up speculating on the stock market, and during several years accompanied his wife on all her professional tours, acting always as her agent or representative. Becoming dissatisfied with his queer position, he finally, in 1874, asked his wife to sell him her share in the business of M. Molusson, a member of the board of brokers. In January, 1882, Rouzard became insane and died in a month thereafter in a private madhouse, where he had been placed for treatment. His death was quite a shock to Mme. Rouzard-Nilsson, but she soon recovered from it, and, although she was faithful to his memory, she was as free as a bird, and she did purchase for him a share in the business of M. Molusson, a member of the board of brokers. In January, 1882, Rouzard became insane and died in a month thereafter in a private madhouse, where he had been placed for treatment. His death was quite a shock to Mme. Rouzard-Nilsson, but she soon recovered from it, and, although she was faithful to his memory, she was as free as a bird, and she did purchase for him a share in the business of M. Molusson, a member of the board of brokers.

I know not if their second marriage will lead to the divorce of these two great artists from the art in which they have won so much fame as well as fortune, and yet I am bound to acknowledge that their remaining on the stage is a serious hindrance to the progress of other singers. Patti and Nilsson are getting on well in years and can afford to yield their places to younger and prettier divas. But they do not seem disposed to "let go their grip" so long as they can find speculation in the Abbey will engage them at \$3,000 a performance, as he has just done with Mrs. Nicolson. This, we are assured, is to be her farewell, her last farewell, tour in America—that is, it will be if Patti puts up the preliminary deposit which is Patti wisely insists upon. He has gone to see what Maurice Grau can do for him out of Bernhardt's receipts; and, if he succeeds in getting \$50,000 out of that speculation, you will see and Mrs. Nicolson this winter; otherwise you will not. As for the future Countess Miranda, she will make her farewell tour of America in the autumn and winter of 1887.

A Hint to Merchants. Washington Critic: An Austin merchant, while visiting Dallas, made a friendly call at the store of a man who was in his line of business. During the conversation the Austin man said: "Don't the drummers almost worry the life out of you?" "They call on me at the rate of about ten a day, but they don't annoy me very much."

"How do you manage to get rid of them?" "Very easily. When, for instance, a whiskey drummer comes in and begins to talk business, I buy a dozen barrels of whiskey from him. I never argue with the drummers. I just buy whatever they want to sell."

But what do you do with all the goods?" "I cancel the order as soon as the drummer leaves the store. I have regularly printed blanks which my clerk fills out, and which are mailed to the drummer as soon as you come in the drummer for a New York store was here. I ordered a hundred cases of shoes. Here is what I am sending his firm: Dallas, Tex., July 3, 1886. Messrs. Smith & Co., New York. We have just given you Mr. Boren an order for a hundred cases of shoes, which order we hereby cancel, and you are to return the order, as you were being talked to death by your representative, compared with whom the ordinary bore is a mere child. Very respectfully, J. M. Dallas merchant, "we get rid of the drummer in a very few minutes, and he never comes back again."

MILAN AS AN ART CENTER.

The Beautiful Palace of the Society of Fine Arts.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING.

A Permanent Exhibition—Painting, Statuettes and Busts—Some Famous Pictures.

MILAN, Italy, July 4.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—The other day I was visited by invitation by the studio of the young artist Riva. Although about thirty-two years of age, he has made an excellent reputation for himself as a portrait painter, not alone among the Italians, but among many English and American travelers who frequent Milan.

About half past four in the afternoon we were shown across a sunny loggia or central court, (in which several pretty little dark-eyed children were toddling around) and ushered into a dark vestibule, which was separated from the room beyond by a heavy curtain of oriental stuff. This was pushed aside very suddenly, and a most fantastically dressed figure bowed us in with great cordiality. It was Signor Giuseppe Riva, and the room we entered was his studio. Several easels were scattered around holding portraits in different stages of completion, the walls were covered with rich draperies, cartoons, studies and sketches, and innumerable canvases were strewn on all sides. The artist wore a long, silk dressing gown of brilliant Roman color, much longer on one side than on the other, and gathered in at the waist with dark blue cord and tassels. His unusually tall figure and decided Van Dyke beard made his costume appear still more odd. He had just finished a large portrait of one of the ministers of state, and a few months ago one of the president of Venezuela. Last year while on Lake Como, the American painter, John L. Sullivan, painted a portrait of Miss Lillian Nordica, sat for him, and an exquisite likeness was almost completed, when she was suddenly called to England. She will be here again in September, and her portrait, which touches will be put on the canvas. Signor Riva also painted splendid portraits of Mrs. Norton and Miss Ella Russell, the latter the successful prima donna of the Italian Opera, company now at Covent Garden. But he turned to me in the exhibition at Turin, and represents Catherine De Medici reviving Mary-queen of Scots. We saw the cartoon, which was very large, and quite remarkable for the boldness of execution displayed.

A BEAUTIFUL PALACE. A beautiful palace has just been built here by the Society of Fine Arts for a permanent exhibition of the work of Milanese artists and that of those living in Milan. The building is of gray stone and very refreshing in its architectural simplicity and elegance. On the second floor over the first vestibule is a deep alcove, open to the street, and almost filled with tropical plants and flowers. Comfortable seats are placed before the wide stone railing, and one could scarcely find a pleasanter place to rest at any time. There is but one objection to any part of the palace, and that is the smallness of the rooms. From the street you enter a wide "court," as it is called, exquisitely decorated, and having in the center an immense pyramid of plants. Passing through a tiny gate, you find yourself in the vestibule proper, which contains, besides the paintings on the walls, several bronze statuettes and busts and a lovely marble fountain, the large bowl of which is supported by two lions from the floor, and represents a beautiful shell with a little fisher girl standing on a mound in it, clinging, apparently, to the shrubs and flowers beside her, and attempting to throw her net into the water, which is splashing almost over her feet. The delicate execution does justice to the design in every particular, and the sculptor, Pandolfi of Milan, has received congratulations from all sides. The walls on the right and on the left are taken up by two immense bas-reliefs, one representing the entry of Napoleon III into Milan in 1859, the great Arch of Peace, the people waving and the children waving, and the other, the battle of Magenta, in which the Austrians were so badly defeated. The municipality of Milan bought both of these bas-reliefs when the exhibition first opened in 1876, but they had then remain where they are for the benefit and pleasure of the public. The painting of chief importance in the vestibule represents Napoleon parting from Josephine, presumably after one of those sad interviews at Malmaison. Passing through the doorway on the right you enter "Sala A," and there find many of the best pictures of the collection. Two by Bonaventura show a strong imitation of the house and careful handling of Meissonnier, and the critics have objected to them somewhat, apparently solely on that account. One is a scene in Venice and the other a study, however, called "La Providenza." In the same room is exhibited by Paolo Sironi (an artist of a good deal of prominence in Italy) a series of paintings of places of interest in London. "Oxford Street in a Fog," "Trafalgar Square" and "Hyde Park" are the best, but further on the artist quite surpasses himself in a marine water color painting, "The Mersey, Liverpool." A great many fine fishing boats are shown in the beautiful light of a golden sun-set, and anything so rich, so effulgent, so thoroughly satisfying in coloring and conception, we have not seen since our farewell visit to Claude Lorraine in the Louvre. In one of the other rooms of the exhibition here, the entire south wall is taken up by an immense work representing the match loved Duke Carlo Emanuele conferring on his death bed. Knowing that the people were waiting around the palace for some news of him, he ordered the doors thrown open, and so in the picture the great ante-chamber is filled with groups of reverent, weeping citizens straining to obtain a last look at the dearly loved face. The harmony of color and cleverness of execution almost make one feel the profound emotion and awe expressed in every face, and the figure in the foreground, Valperga, the artist who belongs to the old school of art rather than to the new, shows a grand dramatic subject, and in no wise failed to do full justice to it.

But it would take columns to mention all the really good work exhibited, not only in oil, but in stucco, bronze and marble. One thing I must add, however, and that is the choice of subject matter at least, the modern Italian school seems far in advance of the French, for although the Italian artist may be less original than his mercenary neighbor, he has a certain inspiration. Many pictures in the exhibition here have been bought by residents of Milan, Turin, Verona and other cities of northern Italy, and to-day the palace will close for a fortnight to fill the vacancies made by the sales, and alter the light is open to the public free of charge, except for a fee of five cents, which is the price of admission. Thursday was the "FESTA" OF SAN PIETRO, and on every pillar in the interior of the Cathedral hung a rare old painting done by Paolo Veronese, Tintoretto, Domo, etc., and the altar was a mass of cardinal cloth, gold fringe and wax tapers. MILAN CHIEF.

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