

THE DAILY BEE.

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of August, 1886. N. P. Frit, Notary Public.

NEBRASKA crops, when prices are taken into consideration, will bring more than an average return to Nebraska farmers.

PRE-EMPTIONS, timber filings and desert land entries are still in order. Congress failed to come to an agreement on the question of repealing the land laws.

The present value of waterworks stock is \$10.00 on the hundred. Less than half this amount represents exorbitant prices.

BOSTON is to change her street car lines to cable cars. In Omaha the question seems to be whether the cable cars shall not be compelled to change the street cars.

OMAHA keeps marching on with abundant capital for investment flowing into the city and bank clearances showing the heaviest percentage of increase of any financial center in the country.

FOR the sake of harmony among the Douglas county democrats it is to be hoped that no more democratic statesmen will pass in their checks for some time to come.

If any more apologists of Mr. Paul are ready to publish statements of the kind sent on by Mr. Lewis let them speak right out. But we have no idea that Jim Paul is hankering after denials of that kind.

The affection which every scheming political mountebank and slyster railroad attorney now displays for Nebraska farmers is so deep that it can't be fathomed by a twenty-foot sounding line. The campaign is on.

The newly elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, General Lucius Fairchild, has served twice as governor of Wisconsin, once as consul general to Liverpool and a term as minister to Spain.

John Sherman is doubtless in training. John A. Logan has his weather eye carefully trained on the white house. Perhaps Mr. Edmunds meant to hint gently that republicans should carefully weigh the claims of the two senators last mentioned as standard bearers in the next contest.

Republicans could go further and fare worse. Some wise prophets have discovered that Senator Van Wyck will encounter "considerable opposition." This is a great find. No candidate for senator in Nebraska ever had an easy walkway in the struggle for a seat at Washington.

SENATOR VAN WYCK has returned home and will mingle freely among his neighbors and friends during the congressional recess. Some of his constituents will have an opportunity to listen to what the senator has to say upon more live topics than army organization or the number of copies of the congressional directory which public interests require to be printed.

THE only remaining representative of the presidential candidates of anti-bellum days is General Fremont. Rutherford B. Hayes and Chester A. Arthur are the only men now living who have occupied the presidential office. Grant, Seymour, McClellan, Hancock, Tilden and Hendricks have died within the past thirty months. Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Garfield are still in the land of the living. And of these Mrs. Hayes is the widow and each receives an annuity of \$5,000 during life.

MR. J. C. LEWIS has published a letter in reference to the Paul matter, which ought to make the former candidate for governor, crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after him. Mr. Lewis denies emphatically that he made any statement "for publication," but wishes it "distinctly understood that he does not distinctly understand that any such circulation in reference to said J. N. Paul."

This is an explanation, which even Paul will tearfully admit, does not explain to any great extent.

A Disgraceful Spectacle.

The bitter, relentless and vindictive warfare which the Herald is waging upon an element of democracy which represents five-sixths of the party, not only in Douglas county but in the state, affords a great deal of entertainment to republicans. In the scramble for spoils and honors between the packing house and slaughter house factions, the natural outcome was a bitter warfare among the leaders. When Morton went to Europe and Miller expatriated himself because he had been snubbed by the administration...

So intensely malignant has this common scold become that even the death of Sam Tilden was jumped at as an occasion for hammering and kicking democratic leaders whom the party had honored against the Herald's opposition. Such a disgraceful spectacle has never been presented in the state. There has for years been strife among republicans in Nebraska, but they have never yet had the indecency to fall out over the corpse of a public man. Memorial services have been held here over half a dozen eminent republicans, at which the leaders of all factions participated in perfect harmony. Had any of them dared to show a spirit of factional intolerance they would have been stamped to death politically speaking. It remained for Douglas county democrats to present to the country the unseemly spectacle of a quarrel over the hie of their most distinguished leader. The paper owned by one of the actual pall bearers of Mr. Tilden is a study of all others have been the last to instigate and carry on such a disgusting exhibition. It only shows what men with small minds and big egos can do when they occupy a position which demands men of a larger calibre.

Does He Mean This?

Mr. Edmunds being safe in his senatorial seat for another six years, thinks that the republicans should skip the rest in their search for the next presidential candidate. Mr. Edmunds is safe from assault. The railroad levee from the Green Mountain state will not be approached by the next nominating convention. With undoubted ability, profound learning on constitutional questions and long experience with national affairs, Mr. Edmunds has yielded too often to the blighting blandishments of the corporations to expect popular support as the nominee of his party. It is scarcely probable that Mr. Blaine will be again selected to lead the party. A defeated candidate is not ordinarily considered a party mascot to head a second assault. Those who are wisest in the party councils are generally agreed that nothing would be gained by taking up the cause of the man from Maine a second time and again waging a defensive campaign on the question of record. This is possibly what Mr. Edmunds hints at in his remark. But how about the west? Mr. Ingalls is out of the question. He is able, brilliant and witty, but he lacks mental balance. The corporations of Kansas and elsewhere find in him one of their strongest bulwarks against anti-monopoly pressure. Mr. Ingalls would not do.

No Monopoly.

The cable road at the very outset finds itself blocked by a temporary injunction granted by Judge Dundy of the United States district court. Although it was to have been expected that obstacles would be thrown in the way of the cable road by the horse railway company, the grounds upon which an injunction is asked for are preposterous. In these days of broad construction of public rights in their relations to public corporations the plea of exclusiveness has long since been exploded. The supreme courts of the various states and the federal supreme court, have time and again decided that the grant of a franchise to a public corporation cannot be made exclusive. The Omaha horse railway cannot maintain a monopoly of all our streets or any of them as a vested right. They hold a franchise to operate a city railroad, but they cannot block the whole street against any other corporation which may obtain the privilege of carrying on the business of a common carrier in our streets. If it is conceded that the horse railway has the monopoly of all the passenger traffic in the city limits, then they might as well assert ownership of the streets.

But we have no idea that the plea of monopoly is anything more than a device to delay the building of the cable road. Dismissing this point, there are doubtless other questions upon which the street railway company can make a vigorous stand. They can realize that Omaha has reached a point where faster transit is demanded. We must have cable road service over the hills to the suburbs. If the horse railway company would transform its main lines into cable roads they might be forced in the protest, against double the service on the same streets. Otherwise the public will insist that they shall not be deprived of the benefits of inventions by which the slow poke mule speed can be supplanted by rapid transit.

Tilden and Cleveland.

It may be of considerable service to Mr. Cleveland to have it understood that his relations with Mr. Tilden were of the most friendly character, and that certainly as to his silver letter and perhaps with respect to some of his other views and acts he had the approval of the late sage of Greystone. In view of the fact that Mr. Cleveland does not appear to have many of the leading men of his party very solidly with him, it would seem to be quite expedient that he should, if possible, counteract their influence with the rank and file of the party by showing that he enjoyed the personal respect and political confidence of the successful democrat of his time, and if he can successfully make this showing he may remarkably induce the expectation of a re-nomination, which he undoubtedly desires. His friends are prompt in denying statements made since the death of Mr. Tilden reflecting unfavorably upon their relations, and producing facts to confute those statements. It is asserted that Mr. Tilden strongly favored the nomination of Mr. Cleveland in 1884, and

that all of his warmest friends, directly under the influence of the distinguished leader, of whom Mr. Manning is one, were ardent boomers of Cleveland, while the anti-Tilden men quite generally were his active opponents. The pupil and friend of the dead politician, who is said to have learned of his earliest lessons in political management, Manning, was the president's first and last choice for secretary of the treasury, and when the mind of Mr. Cleveland was perplexed with the question of expediency in taking two members of the cabinet from New York, Mr. Tilden was appealed to with the result known. Another pupil and friend of the dead leader, who is perhaps more thoroughly imbued with Tildenism than even Manning, is Colonel Daniel Lamont, who is understood to hold a place nearer to the ear of the president than any man in the cabinet or elsewhere. A letter of Mr. Tilden to Mr. Cleveland is published in which the silver letter of the latter, so sharply reproved by the democrats of the forty-eighth congress, is commended as being "absolutely perfect," and it is furthermore said that the president was the recipient frequently of letters from Mr. Tilden, among them one within a month inviting himself and wife to pay a visit to Greystone. All this seems conclusive enough in its support of the contentions that have been somewhat freely made to the effect that these potentates in democratic politics were estranged, and it is not doubtful that a discreet use of these facts by the friends of Mr. Cleveland would be very much to the advantage of the president with the party. It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that Mr. Cleveland's case will bear any amount of bolstering that can be given it between this time and the assembling of the national democratic convention.

An Unfortunate First Experience.

It is to be regretted that Miss Cleveland has at the very beginning of her editorial career encountered a most disagreeable difficulty, which if it does not at once bring to an end her literary work in the west, either from her own choice or the force of circumstances, must inevitably detract from its usefulness, for the shadow that has fallen upon the pathway of Literary Life by the financial collapse of its publishers will still further narrow the already restricted field in which that publication had found a clientele. Although perhaps no very extraordinary results were expected of Miss Cleveland in her new field of intellectual activity, there was still a most hearty general desire that she would make a success of the venture, and really find in the west a fulfillment of her vivid and genial, if somewhat unsophisticated, imaginings of the possibilities of this land of promise, and a generous fruition of her rosy expectations. There was assurance that if she could go on untrammelled with the doubtful enterprise of which she had taken the editorial control, she would at least give it a unique individuality and a distinctive character that would render it interesting, and there was reason to hope that in time it might be made a gratifying success in her hands. Miss Cleveland is unquestionably an accomplished woman, and she has given proof that she has a tact for readily adapting herself to new conditions and circumstances. She has a great deal to learn in her new occupation, but she would doubtless in due time acquire the essential knowledge if the opportunity to do so remained.

Prominent Persons.

Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, now occupies the Deer Park estate in which the president's honeymoon was spent. Ex-Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, will in October begin a course of 10 lectures, for which he will receive \$10 a night. Allen G. Thurman recently said to a reporter: "I am simply a clerk waiting on the banks of the river Styx for the summons to cross." Henry Matthews, Q. C., who was so pitiless in stoning Sir Charles Dilke for his sins, was himself co-respondent in a celebrated divorce suit twenty-two years ago. This was the Chetwynd case, and it caused almost as much trouble at the time as the Dilke-Crawford trial has recently done. Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, has returned to Venice, where he will remain until October. He is suffering from chronic throat trouble. Lady Dilke is said to be upon the verge of dementia, as the result of Sir Charles's scandalous doings. Yet this, at least, was a case in which no blind step was taken. Dr. Sumnerland, of Washington, is probably the best known of all the capital clergymen outside of the district. His church has been a popular one with many admirers and cabinets. General William F. Rogers of Buffalo, who is regarded as likely to succeed Public Printer Rouse, is not a general by courtesy. He won his title by hard fighting during the war. He went out as the colonel of a regiment raised around Buffalo and fought right through to the end, coming out finally as a brevet major general and actual brigadier general. He has a very gallant record.

A Surplus of Statesmen.

There is a painful surplus of statesmen who are invincible in spoils and invisible in reform.

A Cutting Question.

Mexico has only two vavvesses. Shall the insult of that execrable government be longer tolerated?

A New Man in 1888.

If the snafus of presidential possibilities goes on as fast as it went during the last six months, it will certainly be a "new man" in 1888.

Outrageous.

It costs a good deal of money to get the country's noblemen behind bars, and the sickly sentimentality that is letting them out is more than disgraceful. It is outrageous.

A Barren Idylly.

If postmasters are not permitted to re-elect the congressman who secured postoffices for them, Ohio politics will soon be reduced to what the late Governor Allen called "a d-d barren idylly."

They Are Mistaken.

The citizens of Mexico imagine that they can pull a handful of tall feathers out of the American eagle without having that long-suffering bird reemigrate with them about it, they are mistaken.

The West.

Oh, how for the west and west, Where pastures and woods are broad, Where the breeze is a tonic that thrills the soul, Blows straight from the hills of God. The east is a land of dead men's bones, Laid out on mouldering trees, And the damp malarial mud that means life is the breath of those dead men near. And its slow, pale people seem merely wraiths, That have strayed away from the tomb, Clutching their old ancestral faiths, And wrapped in the quaintness of gloom. And the mountains rise up and restrict the sight, As the winds restrict the soul; But away and over the frothing height These billowy pastures roll. And there the people are flesh and blood, Sincere and mischievous and brave, Thrilling through nerve and vein. They ride for miles o'er meadows of green, They follow the trail of the kine, And scarcely a tomb by the way is seen, And the air they drink is like wine. Brown of feature and bold of heart, They live in the face of the world, And nature is dearer to them than Art, And the Present is more than the Past. They do not sit down by the tombs of the dead, They live in the world of to-day; For the Present is here, and the Past has fled And the future is in the way. Then hark for the West land, fair and broad— The land where thought is free; Where the strong life-tide is a crimson flood, Oh, that is the land for me.

House Editor.

Colonel Bill Hooper of the Crosby County Clarion and Farmer's Vindicator, made a flying trip to Washington not long ago. He is an applicant for any position within the gift of the president, provided it has an adequate salary attached to it. "Where is your baggage, Bill?" asked a friend who was at the depot. "Baggage?" exclaimed Bill, "how do you expect me to have any baggage when I've not even been appointed yet? Wait until I have been in office a few months and then I will show you more plunder than you can carry off in a four-mule wagon."

A Source of Comfort.

If the Hon. William H. English of Indiana is really in earnest in saying that he intends to retire from politics, it must be a source of comfort to him that he can do it without leaving a hole behind him.

A Stupid Lot.

One of the causes of the lame and halting career of the democratic party in Ohio is the lack of ability in its journalism. With the exception of the Cincinnati Enquirer and a few others at the Ohio democratic papers are a stupid lot.

Cutting Should Not be Pardoned.

The most complete answer to Bayard's assertion that Cutting's offense was committed "wholly on American soil" is found in the action of the Mexican court in pronouncing the American culprit guilty. The finding of the judge was based entirely on the original libel, which was written, printed, and published on Mexican soil, and the reiteration of the calumny in an American paper coupled with an indecent assault on the court were treated merely as aggravating circumstances, it indeed they were considered at all. We wait to see anything in the final judgment of the Mexican court which will authorize any complaint on the part of Secretary Bayard unless he is determined to make American blackguardism more respectable abroad than it is at home.

Facts now established beyond question show that Cutting was a resident of the Mexican town of Paso del Norte and was engaged there in the publication of a disreputable sheet. It was in Paso del Norte that he wrote, published, and circulated the original libel against Medina, and there is not the remotest doubt but that for that act he was responsible to Mexican law. Indeed, when brought into court Cutting did not deny the jurisdiction of the Mexican authorities, but begged for a compromise, and through the leniency of the judge it was agreed to dismiss the charge if the accused would publish a formal retraction in the manner authorized by the Mexican law. By the contemptible trick of printing the retraction in extremely small type without any mention of the original libel, and by a violation of the conditions of his release, and he was, moreover, guilty of contempt of court. Not content with this he caused a reiteration of the original libel, together with an assault on the judge, to be published in an American paper across the river, and it is alleged that he aided personally in circulating in Paso del Norte this second edition of his calumnies.

Broken-Down Actors.

No place is as attractive to persons seeking pleasure, time, support or future as the stage. A great actor, before whom the dark curtain fell many years ago, give it as his opinion that the majority of persons in all civilized countries were "stage struck" during some portions of their lives. For years he received letters every day from a nervous and excited person asking how they could obtain positions in a theatre. Some were from women of wealth and position, who cared next to nothing about a salary. Not a few were from lawyers, doctors, ministers, who stated that they desired an occupation that would be congenial to their taste and which would afford them pleasure. Many were written by quite young boys and girls, who declared that they had been in happy employment wherever they had been engaged in since they first saw a performance on the stage. All seemed to think that the life of an actor was free from care and anxiety, and full of pleasure.

Broken-Down Actors.

Country people who have never visited a theatre are attracted by the showing-off of the traveling circus. Scores of country boys and girls run away from home every year in order to connect themselves with some circus troupe or company of players. It is with the palace of the cottage. Not a few of the boys and girls who are desired to play in public. The circumstance that actors spend their time and energies in pleasing others is sufficient to convince many people that the life is very happy and desirable. The average "small boy" thinks the circus clown is the happiest man alive, and his wishes from his heart of hearts that he was one himself. The playboy longs to be a barkeep rider, while the girl who has a place in the choir of some rural church longs to be an opera singer.

Broken-Down Actors.

All these persons would do well to read the sad story of the little boy, who was the "Queen of the Air," that was published in this paper last week. Her performances of the trapeze had delighted millions and her lot in life was envied. She died unrecognized in a charity hospital in New Orleans, and her body was being dissected, as those of the unclaimed pauper dead are, when some of her playmates obtained and gave her a burial. Her lot was that of many of her class. Exposure, loss of sleep, lack

of rest, and constant exertion even when fatigued had broken down her constitution early in life. In order to enable her to remain in the trapeze, she had to use narcotics. The gratification of her acquired love for narcotics and her love of dress had swallowed up her earnings, and she died a pauper, with none but charity nurses to minister to her wants.

A London paper of recent date gives a sad account of the vast number of broken-down actors and actresses that congregate in that city. It declares that they constitute the most miserable lot that can be found in the great metropolis. Their condition is even worse than that of the street boys and girls, and they are no longer find employment in their old profession, which is generally overcrowded, and they cannot obtain other occupations. As a rule they are completely destitute. Many of them spent a small patrimony in preparing for the stage. At first their pay was very small, and they were able to save nothing. In their more prosperous days, most of their salaries were required for stage or ordinary dress. Half of them are consumptive. Few will regret when the drama of life is ended.

CONFEDERATE TREASURE.

An Interesting Event That Followed the Fall of Bismarck.

General Duke in August Bismarck. It was determined that we should resume our march that night for Washington, Ga., one or two days' march distant, and orders were issued by General Breckinridge, who we moved midnight. About ten o'clock I received a message from General Breckinridge that he desired to see me immediately. I went to his quarters, and found that he had some business which had been brought from Richmond as the railroad station, and that it was necessary to provide for its removal and transportation. He instructed me to provide a sufficient number of wagons to remove it, and to detail a guard of fifty men under a field officer for its protection. He further informed me that there was between \$500,000 and \$700,000 specie—gold and silver—of the exact amount—the greater part gold. I must, he said, personally superintend its transfer from the cars to the wagons. This was not a very agreeable duty, as I had no opportunity to consult with any one, and I knew just about the sum of money was there, it was rather an unpleasant responsibility to impose on the party who was to take charge of the specie. I had no opportunity to consult with any one, and I knew just about the sum of money was there, it was rather an unpleasant responsibility to impose on the party who was to take charge of the specie. I had no opportunity to consult with any one, and I knew just about the sum of money was there, it was rather an unpleasant responsibility to impose on the party who was to take charge of the specie.

CONFEDERATE TREASURE.

It was in charge of some of the former treasury clerks, and was packed in money-bags, shingles, a few small iron chests, and all sorts of boxes, some of them of the frailest description. In this shape I found it loaded in open boxes, and stationed sentries at the doors, and, running through the cars by the faint light of a few tallow candles, gathered up all that was shown me, or all that I could find. Rather more than an hour was consumed in making the transfer from the cars to the wagons, and the latter had been started off and had gotten half a mile away, Lieut. John B. Cole, one of the officers of the guard, rode up to me with a pipe, which may have held \$2,000 or \$3,000 in gold, on the pommel of the saddle. He had remained after the others had left, and forgetting about in a car which we thought we had thoroughly searched, had discovered this box stuck in a corner and closely covered up with a piece of sack. The next day Gen. Breckinridge directed me to increase the guard to 300 men and take charge of it in person. I suggested that instead of composing it entirely of men from my brigade it should be constituted of details from all five. I thought this the best plan to adopt, and a little feeling of jealousy that might arise and insure a more perfect vigilance, as I felt persuaded that these details would all carefully watch each other, and the result would be a more nearly entire guard was kept constantly on duty day and night, and a majority of the whole escort was generally about the wagons at every halt, closely inspecting the guard.

CONFEDERATE TREASURE.

At the Savannah river Mr. Davis ordered that the silver coin, amounting to \$100,000 or \$110,000, be paid to the troops. In part it was distributed to the soldiers, and the remainder was divided among the several brigades were engaged during the entire night in counting out the money, and a throng of soldiers surrounded the little cabin where the money was being divided "the pile" into their respective quotas until early dawn. The sight of so much money seemed to banish sleep. My brigade received 200 or 300 dollars, and the men were sharing alike. Gen. Breckinridge was paid that sum, and for the purpose, was borne on the roll of the brigade. The next day, at Washington, I met James Pettit, the treasurer of the Confederate States, and experienced a feeling of great relief.

CONFEDERATE TREASURE.

Aunt Peggy, 107 Years Old, Wants a Pension. A letter from Changewater, N. J., says: Aunt Peggy Ray, the centenarian of Glen Gardner, N. J., has applied for a pension. She was born at Bridgewater August 4, 1779, and will therefore be one hundred and seven years old on Wednesday. Her father was a slave, and belonged to Robert Beavers, who lived on the road between Port Clinton and Changewater. When five years of age Aunt Peggy was put out to Michael Baughart, of Oxford township, Warren county, the father of George Baughart, of Medford, N. J., whose name fifty years ago was a household word from Port Jervis to Cape May. Harry Ray, the husband of Aunt Peggy, was born at New Brunswick, N. J., in 1770, and belonged to the same family as Lytle, who lived in the neighborhood of Point Mills, Warren county.

CONFEDERATE TREASURE.

Ray served in the war of 1812. On December 1, 1812, Aunt Peggy and he were married in Changewater by Squire Green. Both Peggy and her husband had been freed some time before this, but how long she had been free, she does not remember. The old lady's early life was spent in the same labor performed by the old couple was at the Warren county poor house, when Aunt Peggy served as baker and her husband as gardener. Ray died at the age of one hundred and one year. Since his death Aunt Peggy has lived with her only daughter, Mrs. Jenkins, a widow seventy-one years of age. Aunt Peggy is the oldest woman in the state.

CONFEDERATE TREASURE.

A Lady's Bustle Takes Fire. York Age: A comical incident occurred at a lawn party the other evening. A certain well-known lady sat down on a Chinese lantern and, as she was about to rise, the lantern was overturned and she was rescued and extinguished the flames, but not before the back part of her bustle and dress had been badly damaged. The unfortunate lady was compelled to sit on a bench until some one brought her a cloak to hide the deficiency.

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