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UP-STAIRS.

THE MATRIMONIAL BUREAU.

The Ideal Splice in Homer's Days Compared With The Modern Hitch.

ADVICE TO THE UNMARRIED.

The Tin Wedding and the Wedding For Tin-Common Sense in Select-

ing a Wife-A Matrimonial

The Tin Wedding.

From the Ulipper.

Fen years have elapsed—ah! how fast the years flee-Since our hostess and host, nothing loth,

band. The case was a common one and he thought he could prescribe for it with-out loosing his reputation of a conjurer.

"The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. Always treat your husband with a smile." The woman expressed her thanks, dropped

a courtesy and retired. A 'few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and grafitude glis-

no lonver sought the company of others

but treated her with constant love and

If it is necessary for a married woman to smile away unhappiness, it is much more so in the case of the unmarried. They must treat their, friends with the

smile of good humor If old maids some-times feel de trop in the world and not

much wanted by their acquaintances it

must be because they have no tact to please. You may not be able to leap into

the favor of others as the Duke of Gram-mont did, but you can get a hint which

can be applied in other ways from the following anecdote: The Duke of Gram-mont was the most adroit and witty cour-

tier of his day. He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarin without being

announced. His eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a prime minister in so boyish an

occupation was dangerous. A less skill-

began to jump for their lives. Grammont

art and science. Nothing drives away ennui like a good hobby. On the wed-ding day of the celebrated M. Pasteur,

who made such extraordinary discoveries

about germs, the hour for the ceremony

had arrived but the bridegroom was not there. Some friends rushed off to the

science, and good literature generally.

Picking Out a Wife.

when I came to the age at which most young men fall in love I was very careful

to single out a lady of my own age, and

one who had an extra amount of com-mon sense and good breeding; one who

orphans when quite young.
"Now, after three years of married

life, I have never seen my wife untidy. She makes it her pusiness to keep herself

sities, and I have more money in my pocket at the end of the month than I

"I think if more young men would look on the practical side of matrimony

there would not be so many disappoint-

Common sense is the thing. Never

A Matrimonial Lodge. A controversy over a sum of money in

the Citizens' Savings bank culminated by

five young women bringing out some in-

teresting facts concerning matrimonial

lodges in the Fourth district court writes a New York correspondent of The St.

Louis Republican, Rosa Singer, Rosa Gross, Eleanor Sampter, Racher Samp-

ter, and Theresa Greenstein several years ago organized a fodge known as the "First Daughters of Hungaria," having

for one of its chief objects assisting the

members in the event of matrimonial ai-

liance. During the existence of the lodge several of the members were married,

proving that the society had been suc-cessful in its objects. The club did not

prove a success in point of numbers, and

the name was changed. The president, Max Goldberg, secured possession of the bank book, as he claimed, under author-ity of the grand lodge, showing a deposit

in favor of the young women. They dis-puted his right to hold the book, and de-

manded its possession, but he refused to give it up. Then the young women took legal proceedings to secure the bank-

book, and Judge Steckier has just passed upon the case. Theresa Greenstein, a

young and pretty Jewess, who has not

yet seen the young man who is worthy of her hand and affections, was

the principal witness before the court. She asserted that the bank-book had

been taken against the wishes of herself and associates. The following questions

"Who ran the lodge, you ladies or the

"There was a young man in charge."
"I suppose he was a good-looking young man?"
"O yes" (smiling).
"What was the object of the society?

Were you organized for the purpose of becoming engaged and married?"

"Yes, sir."
"Then your society was organized to assist the young ladies in matrimony?"
"Yes, sir," (blushing).
"How much would you get from the

society in case o. marriage?"
"A member would give as much as she

pleased."
"In case of death how much would be

"Oh, he could not be taken at all."

and answers followed:

given?"
"About 25 cents."

'She was the lucky one?"

'Is he a married man?'

"No, sir."
"He is the president?"

is in court.

Yes, sir.

grand lodge?"

was married.

enough.

ful courtier might have stammered ex-

tened in her eye, that she followed advice and her husband was cured.

were made one;
And it needs but a glance at their faces to see
That their lives since that hour have run
pleasantly on.
And now, prizing wedlock all blessings above, They propose the old story once more to be-

were made one;

But the lady who married the first time for A second time marries, as usual, for tin,

Single life is a bore; when in Eden alone Adam, dozed, of his own stupid company

But awakening, and seeing his beautiful

Something more on this earth that young fellow desired.

A bachelor's Robinson Crusoe-life Seems to me to a prison life nearest akin; A man's morally poor till he's best with a

wife. Though his bank book may show that he's Young men yet unwed, of your freedom don't boast, Kuow the married man's home is true lib-erty hall;

question it, look at our hostess and And tell us, now, which of them looks like

No, wedlock's a lock that, when love turns the key.
Is an Eden of bliss to each pair it bolts in, have tried it myself and I would not go

For all California's affriferous tin. What say you young ladies? Pray tell us the truth; Don't you think a good husband of good is Spinster life's well enough in the heyday of

youth, But in age, let me tell you, 'tis awful glum.

'Tis you duty to comfort our sex all you can,
For yours was the cause of original sin,
So each of you choose a good looking young man.
And don't mind if he's worthy, the ab-

Homeric and Modern Marriages. Honorable marriage for a maiden meant in Homer's days, says a writer in the Queen, marriage with a hosband wellborn, straight of limb, fair to look upon. Honorable marriage means now a days too often marriage with money. The husband may be crooked, low-born, ill-favored, but if his meney can buy for him position all is well; or it may be we do not go as low as that, we desire that the husband be weil-born, but he may be ill-favored. I never heard of a a her yet object to a suitor for his daughter because that suitor was uncomely to look upon. We are not a beautiful nation at best, but our men still possess sufficient instinct of race to demand, as a rule, that their wives should not be uncouth in appearance, though here, too, money carries the day; but it is a lamentable fact that convention sets against the demand by woman for physical beauty in man. A man thinks, and quite rightly, of the appearance a woman will present at the "head of his table." Let a woman also, Nausican-like, give a thought to the ap-pearance this man will present at the foot of hers, where she will have to contemplate him possibly for the rest of her life-

But there is a last thought before we leave Nausicaa, and it comes from the

lips of Odysseus; after all the chief things and it sounds a little strange from the lips of a nan-is, that when the gods grant to the maiden a husband and a look on the p there would ing unions."

Common s marriage. Odysseus had no thoughts that Nausicaa might not share. Allowing for the difference in muscle, their training was the same, their intellectual atmosphere precisely identical, both could sing and dance, both listened to the minstrels lay; but how is it now in the normal marriage of cultivated society? I pass over the really ill-mated couple. A very clever, hard-working man often marries a pretty woman without an idea in her head, and finds her—well, fascinating for a year, and simply a rather irk-some cipher in his life for the rest of his There are not wanting signs that we shall soon have the reverse picture; there is no doubt that clever women who work at a high, mental pitch find the handsonie young do-nothing athlete attractive and refreshing; this is the marriage almost by antipathies, the attraction of the positive and negative. Among the unreflecting a certain percentage of this sort of marriage will always go on. But I speak of the average well-matched, intellectual couple. Their minds are as one so far as they go. They minds are as one, so far as they go. They honestly love, reverence and sympathize with each other; they go out to dinner, and the modern Nausicaa talks as well and brilliantly as the modern Odysseus; her comments and criticisms when they come home are just as well worth hearing; she reads the last novel from the li brary, and her opinion is just as pointed and noteworthy. But there always comes a space beyond, a path down which Odysseus goes where Nausicaa cannot follow. He has had the training of school and college, his mind is ground to a sharper edge, he argues with a nicer logic, his very phraseology is charged with associa-tions foreign to her language, and so, when he wants to discuss the last issues of his work, when he seeks to utter the last fine flower of his thought, the point he has made for himself—in advance—his own, in comes the man friend (in Greece it was the woman friend), and the best moments, the finest sensations life has to give are for the friend's sharing. And the odd thing is that the wife is not And the odd thing is that the wife is not jealous of this man friend who takes what should be hers. She says, "O, Odysseus hates learned women; he shouldn't like me to be blue," and so she never knows that she has lost the crown of marriage—though' wedded to thought. There have been a few, there will be more of the modern Homeric marriages, and theirs is a rapture sometimes, an and theirs is a rapture sometimes, an abiding content always, I need not describe; "their own hearts know it best."

The lives of many unmarried people are unhappy because they have failed to find an object in life; but when they are more fortunate their love and powers may be drawn out quite as much as those of the married by interesting work. They are married to some art or utility, or instead of loving one they love all. When this last is the case they go down into the haunts of evil, seek out the wretched, and spare neither themselves nor their money in their praiseworthy enthusiasm for humanity. Employment is a "perennial fireproof joy" that will always make people happy, though single. If celibacy be an evil, remember what Jean Paul says of evil, that it is "like a nightmare—the instant you begin to stir Single Blessedness.

Jean Paul says of evil, that it is "like a nightmare—the instant you begin to stir yourself it is already gone."

No doubt, says a writer in Cassell's Family Magazine, it is difficult to find the work we like, but then the work we like is seldom the best for us. Those who prefer any work to no work need never be idle. The "spinster's sweet arts" are are unsellishness, good temper, tact and taste. Live for others. You have no idea of the value of kindness. Pleasure is very reflective, and if you give it you feel it, and pleasure which you give by a little kindness of manner returns to you

CLARA BELLE'S LETTER,

with compound interest. It is related in the life of a celebrated mathematician, William Hutton, that a respectable-looking countrywoman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings away from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy, and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man she thought he might be able to tell her how she could manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one and Leopard Skins Taking the Place of Seal Skins Among the Ultra Fashionable

DANCING SEASON NEAR AN END.

Langtry and Gebhard-Sunshine Once More in the Stewart and Tilden Mansions-Amateur Actors the Rage.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3 .- | Correspondence of the BEE,]-The spots of the leopard are traditionally changeable, but his skin gets transferred now-a-days from his own back to that of the most ultra fashionable girls in all Vanity Fair. Only a few of these sleek and glistening garments have yet been seen in New York, but by the close of this season the promenage will present the appearance of a drove of loopards out for forage. The leopard skin is so bizarre, that a year or two hence all the shop girls will wear wraps made of dyed cat skins, at \$5 each. As yet, only those who have reduced living to the science of gratifying their whims are indulging in the luxury of making themselves look slick and shiny beasts of prey. The skins are worn only in short wraps, and for one of these made from choicely mottled skins in the best style of the best furrier, you pay at least \$500, and just as much more as you like. A woman in those black and syellow spots may feel her patural self, but she makes you think of a mermaid who has taken to the woods. To me there is something suggestive of rattlesnakes about a leopard skin, and if were to wear one of those wraps I cuses and retired. But the duke entered briskly, and cried out: "I'll bet you 100 crowns that I jump higher than your eminence?" And the duke and cardinal should feel as if I had been stuffed inside a snake's skin and had the rattles stick ing up above my bonnet. But, undoubtedly, the leopard is a very beautiful though wicked, beast, and his hide has this advantage over that of the gentle and long-suffering seal, that the woman took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six mouth after wards was marshal of France. Unmarried people who are so unfortuwho wears it is twice as conspicuous for three times the distance as she would be f she wore the best garment obtainable nate that they have not to earn their daily bread should cultivate a taste for of that material. At any rate, the new whim will give the seals a rest, the people who catch leopards a fresh run of ex-citement, and the manufacturers a

chance to exercise their ingenuity in get-

ting out leopard-skin cotton plushes.

THE DANCING SEASON. We are well along towards the end of laboratory and found him very busy with his apron on. He was excessively cross at being disturbed, and declared that he dancing season. The last of the Patriarchs' assemblies was given this week, and altogether the Astor-Vanderbilt set has had about enough of the heelmarriage might wait, but his experiments could not do so. The unmarried could and death are singularly associated in wait more patiently for marriage, and be more happy should they never marry at all, if they would acquire a taste for art, my mind as I revert to this particular oc-casion. I remember that, at midnight, I was watching young August Belmont, jr., dancing a gavotte with Mrs. William Waldorff Astor. This is a dance new to our society, having been introduced since the holidays, and it has somewhat Pittsburg Dispatch: "I always was par-tial to the ladies and did a great deal of gallanting them around and making them have as good a time as myself. But quickened the flagging interest in the sport of the waxed floor. It is rather ballet like in its aspect—an intricate combination of waltz and polka, and originally intended, I believe, for little boys and girls. But the active belies and beaux like to show athletic ability nowwas always considerate of others' welfare, and was not ashamed that she kept adays, and so they have taken up the gavotte suddenly. To practice it you iouse for three younger children left have to take three quick gliding steps to one side, then walk a step farther in the same direction, and finally make a three step polks half turn, before re-peating the operation. You can see that looking as neat as her house, and I have yet to see her out of humor, or in the least ways cross, and although I do not the slow step, coming in incongruously after three glides, breaks up the continuity of movement and imparts a professionmake anything like big wages, yet she manages to keep the house in all necesal sort of skip-and-go-one caper. Never-theless those who are apt and graceful look well white doing it, and take a pride in fixing the admiration of the ever had, or could manage to save, before spectators. The junior August Belmont and the beautiful daughter in-law of the Astors were particularly successful in the gavotte, and their performance was the most distinctive feature of the ball. But in recalling it I discover that, at the mind the pretty face, bright eyes or small feet. Has she a good supply of common handsomely making merry, his brother Raymond was shooting himself to death at home in his father's cellar. How shiveringly close the comedies and tragedies of real life are played together. LANGTRY AND GEBHARD. sense? It beats music and drawing far

It is going somewhat outside of exclusive society to get to Mrs. Langtry; and even Freddy Gebhard, though connected by family with the inner circles, is rather under tabboo by reason of his social gynnastics; and yet, in announcing, as I do, on undoubted authority, the forth-coming wedlock of the two persons so long coupled in public adventure, I am writing of a marriage that will be a discussed subject among the nobs. Strangely enough, as my readers may think, Mrs. Langtry is the one who hesitates to go to the altar. She can be rid by divorce of her husband in any week that she desires, for he has abandoned her, and her lawyers are almost through the necessary proceed-But she is a most with ings. conservative sort of woman, despite what may generally be thought of her; she is not in the least a sensationalist, beyond turning her fame as a court beauty to advertising account as an actress; and now she is so rich, so well along on the stage, and so desirons of leading a decor-

ous life, that she has no mind to mate with a rattle-brained fellow. But she loves Fred, he loves her, they have marked out a life of marital happiness and the wedding will occur within three months. They will have money in plenty between them, and they will expect to go into society. How about that?
"MATTER EXOUGH." Aesthetic and delicate was the perturba-tion of a belie at that same select ball. She was what we call a bud—a debutante

—a girl in her first season of such amuse-ments. She was slim, gentle, demure and very, very sweet. Her costume was white and simple. She was a picture of fragile beauty as she shyly entered the fragile beauty as she shyly entered the ballroom, crossed the floor on the arm of her doting papa, and sank down into a seat. Quick as a flash she was on her feet again, with rage sparkling out from her bright eyes and a blush of fury reddening her cheeks. She strode out into the dressing room and madly tore from the puffed tournure of her gown an embellishment of flowers.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked a friend. "Matter enough," she pettishly sobbed. "I ordered the most fragrant kind of roses, so that when I sat on them and

"How many ladies in the society are married?" "About five out of the lodge; one lady crushed them, their fragrance would arise. Do you see? But my stupid maid got the vilest smelling orchids to be had for love or money—because they were rare, no doubt—and when I sat down "Yes, sir," (laughing).
"Yes, sir," (laughing).
"Who started this lodge?" sheanswered and crushed them flat, just as I'd calculated, no perfume was serunched out, but instead an odor like a bone factory, or a smudge acid chimney, fairly made my nose curl. That's what alls me."

The Curtains are raised.

Two houses now have their front window curtains raised. That is unusual in these two instances. They are the residences of the late millionaires, Alexander T. Stewart and Samuel J. Tilden. For years past the Stewart house on Fifth avenue has been as shut and silent as a tomb; and the home which Tilden built in Gramercy park has likewise been "Tes, sir."
"Do you always select a single man as president?"
"Yes, sir."
"He must be a single man?"
"Yes, sir," (smifing).
"Why would not a married man do as well?" in Gramercy park has likewise been tightly shut. The interiors held vast stores of fine pictures, statuary and books, which have been of no public use. Now the executors of the estates have let (Laughter).
"He could not marry anyone of the members of the society; was that the reason?" "He was not compelled to."
"If a man became a member of the society would be become such for the purpose of marrying one of the female in the light, in order to inventory things.

The boss of the Stewart property is
Henry Hilton, while Andrew H. Green is
the potential executor of Tilden's wealth,
and two more tacitum, determined self. "No, sir. It is not altogether for that."
"It a man refuse to marry would be be expelled from the association?"
"No, sir; I guess not." willed men never bre athed. Neither had ever been known to co-operate with any body in anything, and it is therefore as

tounding, for I know it to be true, that they have held several conferences over the project of combining their trusts in a free museum of art. Each holds somewhere nigh two millions to expend practically as he chooses under the testator's general direction to apply the money to beneficient purposes. The idea under Hilton-Green consideration is to turn the Stewart marble house into a public gallery of statuary and painting, combined with a library. The suitable possessions of the dead merchant and statesman would be put into it, and more of the same sort of material purchased. Almost a miracle would be required to keep Hil-ton and Green in harmony, but together they could establish the finest museum library on the continent without half

AMATEUR ACTORS.

ciety, and it is attributed to the dramatic

sections, one of which gives stage enter-

Murray Hill likes amateur play acting

presence of the dramatic corps at the club sociables which they deemed entirely too sociable, too promiscuous. In the dramatic corps of the club were people who had nothing but talent to qualify them for membership, they had neither money nor grandfathers. The swell element congratulated itself upon possessing ancestors and boodle, and no talent whatever. For stage performances, talent was necessary, but in society affairs, the swells concluded, was not only useless, but entirely out of place. They did not care about associating on equal terms with people who had brains. Therefore they resolved, in swell club English, that "the sociables be abolished and discontinued." That knocked out the dramatic corps. Then the swell element formed a new organization of the most exclusive character to give sociables, and secured permission to use the name of the old club. The plain English of it is that the acting members are good enough to do the work and give the club the reputation of possessing some histrionic ability, but are not swell enough to attend the society rackets, and therefore are set aside by snoodom. When these high toned clubs give performances at a theater, they engage professional actors to help them, and make the acting endurable to the public. This raises the momentous question of the social standing of actors, and the clubs have been sadly worried by it. They did not know how far to go in asso-ciating with people who act for a living After a young lady had been publicly hugged on the stage by an actor, she could not tell just where to draw the line of social distinction. It was a very puz-zling problem until one of the clubs hit upon a happy solution. The swells made the interesting discovery that Courtenay Thorpe, the dude of the Vokes company, had ancestors and was really a person of good family. Mr. Thorpe is the grandson of the Countess of Pomfret, who marked the Thorpe as Licht multiple who ried Dr. Thorpe, an Irish minister who occasionally preached the royal family to sleep in the good old times. It was also ascertained that Mr. Walden Ramsey, another actor of the dandy type, be longed to a southern family that laid claims to blue blood because it owned slaves before the war. Society certainly could receive the grandeur of a countess and a southern gentleman without in-quiring how they made their living, and the question of social standing being set-tled, it was fortunate that the gentlemen could act and help the swell club give an endurable entertainment. The two actors appeared in a recent amateur performance and carried the play through, and they suddenly find themselves very popular on Murray Hill. How the American will utilize his rec-

ognition by fashion is as yet unknown, but the Englishman has promptly de eided that the dollars of Fifth avenue are preferrable to mere smiles. taken a theatre for next Wednesday, and will then give readings, tickets for which be is industriously peddling in the circles of swelldom where he might other wise find welcome, but which will be closed to him by his plebeian but perhaps sensible grab at the no cash value CLARA BELLE.

His Place was Wrong but his Heart

was All Right. Philadelphia Press: A distinguished member of the profession told me the following story the other day of a brother comedian, William J. Florence: Florence, in his younger days, was a great speech-maker. On the least provocation he would rush before the curtain and hurl expressions of gratitude and promises of a speedy return at the backs of the retreating audience. One eyening, when he was doing one-night stands on the New England circuit, a few injudicious auditors were bold enough to applaud at the fall of the curtain on the last act. Florence darted from behind and bowed to the andience.

'Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "or fellow townsmen, as I may call you, I thank you. Though you may not be acquainted with the fact, it was in this old town of New Haven that I lived as a boy. Under the shade of the codlege elms and by the side of the old court house I spent the happiest days of my life. I see many familiar faces before me to night who were boys with me then. I have met with some approbation in my life, but nowhere is it more sweet and more dear than in this my native town. To-day, as I walked the streets-"
At this point a gentleman in front

whispered in a very loud voice: "Mr. Florence, this isn't New Hayen, its Hart-

'MID THE MERRY MASKERS.

Tripping the Light Fantastic" in Gay and Giddy Paris.

BABEL OF BUFFOONS AND BEAUX

The French Can-Can-Raleidoscopic

Appearance of the Ball Room-After the Dancing is

Over.

PARIS, Jan. 21 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-The first of the four masked balls given each year at the grand opera s supposed to usher in the reign of King Misrule, when the fantastic and grotesque for professional work, but is not sure that the amusement is socially safe. Some slight blurring of lines has been detected by the watchful guardians of soholds sway until the arrival of Lent sends us all back to do penance in sackcloth and ashes. For the last fifty years and nore, at every recurring carnival season, ub people who really can act. The nee-viewers of swelldom have inspected cople of a grumpy disposition complain the bounds and report that these, having been tampered with, need to be reset. Accordingly, the most exquisite of the dramatic clubs has split itself into two that the opera ball is dead. The truth is that masked entertainments have always been popular in Paris, and perhaps always will be. From the days when Catherine de Medicis would occasionally tainments and the other gives sociables. The heavy swells of the clubs got to-gether and viewed with alarm the send a mask as a present to some fair lady of her court, who generally sickened and died soon after receiving this mark of royal favor, a passion for burlesque and travesty has ever been a salient feature of the French mind. There is, however, some truth in the statement that a change, after the manner of all earthly things, has come over society in regard to the style in which Parisians enjoy themselves now-a-days compared with half a century ago. In the time of our grand mothers. THE FANCY MASKED BALLS

were all the rage in the upper classes of society. High-born dames, who were accounted stars of fashion in the drawing room circle, and poblemen of rank and fortune all fell in with the prevailing taste, and graced by their presence such midnight revelries. I remember, when a boy, with what rapture of delight the old Comtesse de Cussac would allude to her dancing days at the court of the Duchesse de Berri, and her cheeks glowed whenever she recalled her first experience at a masked ball at the opera. She was attired in the graceful costume of a "student," as students were want to array themselves in the time of Louis XIII. Her cavalier was the Baron de Rouviere. who was richly clad in the costume of a gentleman at the court of Louis XVI. The costumes then were really grand and original; people went to some trouble and expense to dress themselves so that each should add something to the gaiety of the scene; the dancing was therefore more hearty and enjoyable. The fact is that in this amusement as in every other, there is a high and low tide.

A LADY OF THE NOBLE FAUBOURG Saint-German, if offered a ticket to-day to a masked ball at the opera, would curl up her proud upperlip and perhaps take offence at the startling overture. This would not be the case, however, with the young French girl of lowlier station, who, ever since the announcement of the opera bail, has been roused from the apathetic indifference of every-day life to a state of great excitement.

At twelve o'clock the doors of the opera are thrown open, and before long every sent in the balcomes is filled. The interior of the theater presents a magnificent spectacle to the astonished beholder, who might well fancy himself transported to some palace in fairy-land. What a galaxy of beauty greets the eye; the triumph of nature over art is complete; you do not pause to admire the materials of which the robe is made-your homage is paid to the form it covers. Arban, one of the kings of Parisian dance, leads the bulky orehestra of a hundred musicians with his usual pluck and spirit: while Edouard Broustet offers relaxation from the ding-dong strains of the waltz and the clashing of the quadrille by a choice selection of classical and promenade music in the front crush-room. As I enter and gain the wide and spacious staircase, see that nothing has been left undone to enhance the natural GORGEOUSNESS OF THE SPECTACLE

I have came to enjoy. The glare of the lights, the extravagance and buffoonery of the motley crowd elbowing, jostling and hustling each other out of the way, the deafening babel of voices, pitched in the same key, all have a bewildering and dazzling effect which I have some pains to overcome. All Paris is here—Paris proper and Paris improper—elegant and inclegant. Ladies in domino clbow cis-pontine and transpontine lorettes in skirts, and intrigue with gay Lotharies in dress-coats, while a kind of "military health officer" comes jauntily along, offering his gloved hand to a fat fellow disguised as "Nounou," the nurse; both are escorted by a score or so of attendant cavaliers who act as showmen, and call on the spectators to admire her beauty and phenomenal proportions. In the boxes, enthroned in sable splendor, sit aristocratic and exclusive ladies, who have come to see and not enjoy; skipping and gyrating around the floor are the daughters of Eve, who have come to enjoy and not to see. In the way of cos-tumes there is little new. The inevitable Nanterre pompier, with exaggerated helmet and crest; CUPIDS PRODIGAL OF CHARMS;

a dashing hussar; and, in front of a sword girt, mail-clad, thickly-perspiring impersonation of Richard Cour-de-Lion, gesticulates a nondescript eastern dress, which a large label on his breast informs the public is that of an Arabian knight, while, as he facetiously remarks to an inquisitive by-stander, the numerous tales

(horse-hair ones) attached to all parts his person, keep up the character of the "entertainments." These, with a tole able sprinkling of the Thespian siste hood who exhibit the poetry of motion Swiss Peasant Girls, Milk-Maids, Daugh ers of the Regiment, Titis, Postilior Collegians; misshapen witches of thirt nine dressed as Chloes of sixteen; nymp and sirens, and a dainty little lat dressed to represent a hand-box labelle in honest faith "fragile;" these, I sa and many more, make ready to enter the dance. Then a thrilling pause of breat dance. Then a thrilling pause of breat less silence, during which Arban lool around with majestic dignity, slow grasps his baton, and suddenly, a tremendous crash of harmony follows fro the musical battalion.

A VESTAL VIRGIN
and a-Swiss admiral rush wildly forwas
to meet a hero of the Beresina and a
Ariadne in tights; they retire and advanagain, and so continue on, until t music of the dance quickens, the Vest Virgin twists madly around, with h head thrown back, pirouettes on o toe, and amid the applause of the b standers, defly raises her foot and sent the cooked lat of the have of the beautiful to the cooked lat of the have of the latest and sent the cooked latest and sent th the cocked hat of the hero of the Ber sina high into the air. These are the pa dancers; fee, five francs and upwards to the night. And yet to them money is b a secondary consideration compar-with the glory to be acquired by the d vising of a new step, that will be pt formed in the quadrille figure of t cavalior seul. To outshine his compect cavalior seul. To outshine his compeet to be distinguished by the ingenuity his invention in dancing or costume, the true sim of the paid rowdy. Like true genius, he has, for the originality his dress, ransacked heaven and eart reconciled contradictions and caricatur the truth; the more grotesque the octume, the greater the success. To defrithe cost, he will beg, borrow and stergo supperless to bed, save and stary content if he be signalled out of hudreds, whereas a public ovation wou secure his fame forever.

By two o'clock, the vast building is I erally crowded to suffocation. And

erally crowded to suffocation. And we wander on, past
PINCHED AND SUNKEN FACES, and jaded forms into the green room the ballet—a grateful retreat, after t dust and stifling heat of the crowd hall. Thence, again, jostled and hustle

we go out into the corridors and to t afford us quiet speculation. As we i gain the foyer, there are increased sig of animation. Recognitions have be made and rendez yous kept, and a succession of merry groups, passing to and frand bandying their racy wittiesms, she signs of incipient fun and "go." It now nearly four o'clock, dancing, must and intrigue are at their height. So denly, the first notes of the Inferr galop issue from the orchestra. The feet is electrical. Look at the moti torrent! how it rolls onward with irres tible impetuosity! The pleasures of t dance, however, must at length have end, like all earthly things, and the fir march heralds the hour of departure The "swells" of the boxes signal to the footmen to order up the spanking grey others take a cab, or, thinking the mor-ing air will do them good, walk hon-after buttoning up their coats to prote them from the cold, and to conceal the costumes from the eyes of the mark gardeners on their way to the halles, that early hour. A numerous class frank own "they don't know how they phome," and, therefore, we shall not p tend to be better informed than they s themselves. CHAUVE-SOURIS

THE quality of the blood depends mu upon good or bad digestion and assi-lation, to make the blood rich in life a strength giving constituents, use Dr. McLean's Strengthening Cordial a Blood Purifier; it will nourish the pre-erties of the blood from which the e ments of vitality are drawn. \$1.00 1

When a carload of iron was opened Danbury, Conn., the other day, a l black dog was found almost dead. I had been in the car ten days with food, water or any protection from t zero weather. He has been cared for a

HORSEMEN! And Lovers of Well-Bred Horse

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FOR SALE.

ALL TIME, by Almont 33, 1st dam On Time ALL TIME, by Almont 33, 1st dam On Time War Dance.
ORIENTAL NO. 1919, by Almont Lightning, by Almont 33, 1st dam Kentucky Centrecord 2:31; sired by Balsora, he by Algander's Abdallah, sire of Almont 33.
REGALETT, brown mare, and yearling filly, Ali Time, and due to foal April 17th, 1st to All Time.
CARRY WOODWORTH, brown mare, by Time, 1st dam Regalett.
NEBRASKA CENTRAL, chestmut colt, two his feet white, sired by Oriental 1919, 1st dearn Woodworth; 2nd. Regalett. He one of the finest colts I have raised.
LAMBERTINE, bay colt, sired by Ali Time, dam Regalett.

dam Regalett.

DOLLY REED, dark bay filly, foaled in sired by Oriental, 1st dam Lady All Tir by All Time.

ANNIR SCAMINGHORN, drab bay filly, foa in '84, sired by Oriental, 1st dam by I 2nd by Volunteer Chief, he by Volunte

For full particulars, direct to ED. REED,

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The above stock can be seen at any time, o 20th St., One Block North of Lake If these Stallions are not sold they will me the season of '87 at the above place—All Time \$35; Oriental at \$50.

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This is one of the handsomest plots in Omaha or inside the Belt Line. Indeed this is essentially inside property. Lots can now be purchased at from \$1,400 to \$1,800, one-quarter cash, balance in 1, 2 and \$ years. Parties looking for good lots and near to street cars, should by all means see us before purchasing. This plat lies immediately between Saunders street and Omaha View, and is on the direct line to Fort Omaha. We say it without reserve, that no cheaper property, when location is considered, can be found in Omaha.

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1 Lots in Saunders & Himebaughs High-Lots in Saunders & Himebaughs Highland Park Addition, from \$250 to \$350. One-tenth cash, balance in monthly payments of \$5 or \$10.

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Myers, Richards & Tilden's Addition, one lot for \$550, one-third cash. Good for three days only. First class corner on Dodge street, now

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44 feet on Farnam street, in busin portion, for \$32,000, or 22 feet for \$16,0 On Douglas street, 44 feet, between 1 and 13th streets, two buildings on sar for \$35,000. A bargain.

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