OMAHA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE

N. W. Cor. 13th and Dodge Sts, Omaha, Neb.

CAUTION—Designing persons, taking advantage of our reputation, are constantly starting bogus medical establishments to deceive strangers visiting the city. These pretenders usually disappear in a few weeks. Beware of them or their runners or agents. The Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute is the only established medical institute in Omaha, Dr. McMenamy, Proprietor. When you make up your mind to visit us, make a memorandum of our exact address, and thus save trouble, delay or mistakes.

FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALL

Chronic and Surgical Diseases

AND DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

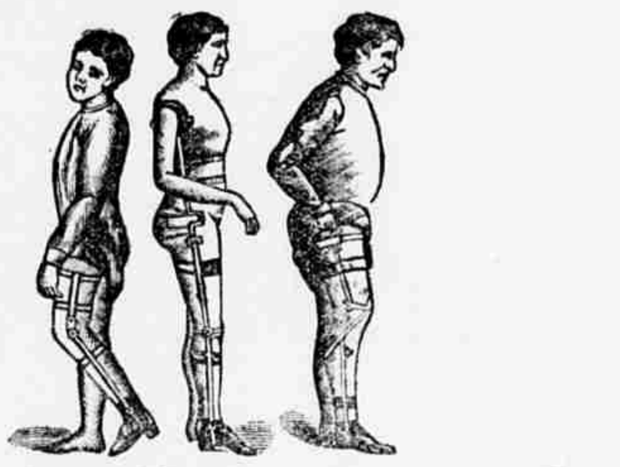
DR. J. W. McMENAMY, Physician and Surgeon in Charge.

TWENTY YEARS' HOSPITAL AND PRIVATE PRACTICE.

Assisted by a Number of Competent, Skillful and Experienced Physicians and Surgeons

Particular Attention paid to Deformities, Diseases of Women, Diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Organs, Private Diseases, Diseases of the Nervous System, Lung and Throat Diseases, Surgical Operations, Epilepsy or Fits, Piles, Cancers, Tumors, Etc.

More money invested; more skillful physicians and surgeons employed; more patients treated; more cures effected; more modern improved instruments, apparatus and appliances than can be found in all other infirmaries, institutes or dispensaries in the west combined. Largest and most complete Medical Institute or Hospital in the west. Fifty newly furnished, well warmed and ventilated rooms for patients, three skilled physicians always in the building. All kinds of diseases treated in the most scientific manner.



We Manufacture Surgical Braces for Deformities, Trusses,

Supporters, Electrical Batteries, and can supply physicians or patients any appliance, remedy or instrument known. Call and consult us, or write for circulars upon all subjects, with list of questions for patients to answer. Thousands treated successfully by correspondence. We have superior advantages and facilities for treating diseases, performing surgical operations and nursing patients, which combined with our acknowledged ability, experience, responsibility and reputation, should make the Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute the first choice.

The Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute is conducted upon strict business and scientific principles, and patients here receive every advantage that art, skill, science and human ingenuity, can bring to bear on their cases. Their comfort and convenience will always be taken into consideration.

Should you conclude to visit us for treatment or correspond with us, you will find that these statements of our position, location and facilities are not overdrawn in any particular, but are plain unvarnished facts.

Only Reliable Medical Institute Making a Specialty of

PRIVATE DISEASES.

All Blood Diseases successfully treated. Syphilitic Poison removed from the system without mercury. New restorative treatment for loss of Vital Power. Persons unable to visit us may be treated at home by correspondence. All communications confidential Medicines or instruments sent by mail or express, securely packed, no marks to indicate contents or sender. One personal interview preferred. Call and consult us or send history of your case, and we will send in plain wrapper, our

BOOK TO MEN, FREE,

Upon Private, Special or Nervous Diseases, Impotency, Syphilis, Gleet and Varicocele, with question list.

My Reasons for Writing a Book Upon Private, Special and Nervous Diseases.

I have for many years made a specialty of diseases of the urinary and sexual organs, have become a recognized authority upon the subject, consequently I receive an immense number of letters from physicians and afflicted persons, asking my opinion and advice upon individual cases. For the benefit of such persons, I have written a book, giving a general description of the most common diseases and conditions, my treatment, success, advice, etc. After reading it, persons will have a clearer idea of their condition and can write me more intelligently and to the point. It will therefore be seen that our object in writing these pages is not to furnish reading matter to a class of persons who read out of mere idle curiosity, but for the benefit of the many who are suffering to a greater or less degree from diseases, or the effects of diseases or abuses, of the sexual or urinary organs. Not a day passes but we receive many calls or letters from persons suffering from this class of diseases, or their sequel. Many of them are ignorant of the cause of the difficulty that has wrecked their constitutions, thrown a cloud over their bright prospects and is shortening their days.

SURGERY.

Surgical operations for the cure of Hare Lip, Club Feet, Tumors, Cancers, Fistula, Cataract, Strabismus (Cross Eyes) Varicocele, Inverted Nails, Wens and Deformities of the Human Body performed in the most scientific manner.

We treat Chronic Diseases of the Lungs, Heart, Head, Blood, Skin, Scalp, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, Nerves, Bones, etc., as Paralysis, Epilepsy, (Fits), Scrofula Bright's Disease, Tape Worm, Ulcers or Fever Sores, Dyspepsia or Gastritis, Baldness Eczema, etc.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

Treated carefully, skillfully and scientifically by the latest and most approved methods. WRITE FOR BOOK ON DISEASES OF WOMEN, FREE. Dr. McMenamy has for years devoted a large portion of his time to the study and treatment of this class of diseases, and has spared neither time nor money to perfect himself, and is fully supplied with every instrument, appliance and remedy of value in this department of Medicine and Surgery.

EYE AND EAR DEPARTMENT

We claim superiority over any oculist or aurist in the west, and the thousands whom we have cured, after others have failed, substantiate our claims. To those afflicted with Eye and Ear Diseases, we simply say, call and consult us, get a scientific opinion, then visit whom you like, and if you are an intelligent person you will return to us for treatment and cure.

Our book, describing the Eye and Ear and their diseases, in plain language with numerous illustrations, are written for the benefit of patients and physicians who write us in regard to cases; by reading them carefully physician and patient will have a clear understanding and can describe cases to us more intelligently. WRITE FOR BOOK ON DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR, FREE.

Address all letters to

OMAHA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE

—OR—

DR. J. W. McMENAMY, N. W. Cor. 13th & Dodge Sts., Omaha, Neb

THE PART THE LADIES PLAY.

A New and Expensive Style of Riding Habit.

STRUGGLES OF AN ADVENTURESS

A New Employment for Women, Demanding Beauty and Avoirdupois—Some Girlish Vulgarities.

A Bad Place for Money.

The American street car or the ticket window of a railroad station frequently offers this unpleasant spectacle: A well-dressed, and, to all outward appearances, a well-bred woman, opens her pocketbook, picks out a piece of money and deliberately puts it in her mouth and holds it there while she closes her purse, readjusts her gloves and arranges her many packages. If some modern Smollet would lay before her eyes "The Adventures of a Dime;" if she could dimly conceive of the unutterable foulness through which the coin she holds between her dainty lips has probably passed, a loathing horror would overwhelm her. But in blissful unconsciousness she caresses that which is the embodiment of all filthiness. Aside from the view of cleanliness is the question of contagion. That this nasty habit is often responsible for the spread of infectious diseases cannot be doubted.

Some Girlish Vulgarities.

An unpleasant habit of our young ladies is that of munching candies at matinees, concerts, lectures, at all public places, in fact, sometimes not even excepting church, the vulgarity of which act in any public place whatever is apparent at a glance—vulgarity of bad taste, of appetite, and of the display of eating, as well as of the scattering of the redolence of the candies upon the atmosphere in many instances, the habit being one which has inspired the witty pencils of many among our eminent caricaturists. A custom as much worse than this as unkindness and want of consideration are worse than vulgarity is that of regarding the late-comers at theater or concert—who enter quietly, anxious to make as little disturbance as may be, vexed with themselves more than any one else can be vexed with them—as if they were something only short of murderers, rising the while with an air of unspeakable hauteur, and drawing back as if the touch of their garments were defilement, assuming a scorn of the proceeding and the proceeders which really is only anger at being disturbed. Of course it is disagreeable to gather up all one's goods and rise in this way, but the tardiness is so much an accident that may happen to us all that it ought to be taken in a democratic spirit, and according to the treatment that it would be pleasant in turn to receive, our best manners, after all, being but the expression of true christianity.

She Shunned Publicity.

As he was up Tremont street recently says the Boston Transcript, a man in a wagon driving rapidly along, ran into an old lady who was crossing the street and knocked her down. The victim of the accident was well dressed and well-to-do in appearance, but the collision left her in a shocking state. She was covered with mud and seemed to be hurt, as for the moment she was unable to rise. The driver had pulled up his horse upon running into her; and just at this moment a lady who was passing—a positive alert looking person—stepped up with prompt presence of mind, and taking out a little memorandum book, demanded the driver's name and address. He gave it to her somewhat reluctantly, and drove on and then she approached the old lady, who had by this time been helped to a seat on the curbstone.

"And now," said the lady with the memorandum book, "will you please give me your name, madam?"

"No, indeed, I won't!" gasped the old lady. "I'm not going to have my name in the papers, and all the reporters running after me."

"But I'm not a reporter, and I'm not going to put your name in the papers. I think it is time that this fast driving was stopped, and that this driver should be followed up."

"Well," said the old lady, "my name would get into the papers anyway, if I gave it."

She put one hand to her back and propped herself on the curbstone with the other, as she began slowly to rise And then she said:

"This is the second time I've been knocked down on the street this week, and I guess I can stand it. And I don't want my name in the newspapers!"

She was on her feet by this time, and, brushing a little of the dirt from her clothes, she started off slowly down the street. The crowd which gathered round was greatly interested and half in doubt whether to laugh or cheer. But the incident did not figure in the accident columns of the newspapers.

Skin Tight Clothing.

A patent has been taken out, for clothing at least a part of woman's figure precisely as decorator's cover walls, without a wrinkle or a superfluity, a pouch or an extra jot or tittle of cloth. The principal ladies' tailors have imitated the patent, and to-day their take-measures and needles are busy over an avalanche of the new style suits. They cost a great deal, and are meant only for certain ones among the well-to-do. The new garment, that fits like paper on a wall, is the latest riding-habit.

To have one made a lady has to mount a theatrical horse, and be measured while in precisely the same posture she will assume upon a genuine steed. The tailor's horse has a lady's saddle strapped upon its back. The lady mounts it by a little portable flight of steps, it being presumed that she may not have yet taken any lessons in mounting a real horse. Being in the seat she crooks her left knee so as to hook it on the bent leather-covered arm of iron projecting there for the purpose. Her right leg is then bent in much the same position it would be if she sat in a chair.

The tailor then has a peculiar duty to perform. He must get the measure of the upper part, or torso, of the lady, as if he were going to reproduce her in a plaster cast. After that her right side, from the waist to the knee, must be just as carefully measured, for the idea is to have all that is possible of the lady rider on the side on which her skirts do not fall modeled to the view like a bit of carving, and on the other side to show an equally clearly defined perfect figure and a skirt not too loose and not too long.

In consequence of this necessity the tailor calls in a lady assistant, and leaves her and the customer on the dummy-horse alone together. The measurements are then taken which are to produce a jacket or waist that fits like liquid in a bottle, with the skirt over the projected leg, hugging that member down as far as the knee more closely than ivy on a church wall.

Struggles of an Adventuress.

A writer in Lippincott's Magazine says: Sometimes I go to a party or a ball. Then surely it would wring any other than an adventuring heart to know to what straits I am put. It is no uncommon occurrence for me to wash out my one lace trimmed and trained petticoat in the basin with running water in my dressing closet and to wear it without ironing, rough dried in my tiny room. My faded slippers are refreshed by polish, my gloves chalked or inked, my dress is the concrete fusion of a dozen abstract remnants, my ruches and ribbons the price of more anxious thought than a review of Posnett's "Comparative Literature." I often wonder, when I am dressed and said to present a stylish appearance, what the feminine verdict would be upon me were I to die in that very rig. Would my miraculously darned silk stockings, my patchwork dress, and my rag-bag laces gain me the praise of a suffering, toiling saint, or would I be flouted as a dead fraud?

Once upon a time I was bidden to a marriage feast. I had no wedding garments, only my ubiquitous black silk, with its protean changes of lace, velvet and nun's veiling. Besides, the invitation reached me tardily, and gave no time for my usual preparatory struggles. I had no dress, no gloves, no fichu, no trained petticoat, no anything. I had even no money. In the morning my prospect of going to that marriage feast looked very like the schoolmaster's definition of nothing—a footless stocking without a leg! Only an adventuress under my then condition could adventure to be a wedding guest that night. I was a wedding guest, and I wore an elegant white silk trimmed with fleecy tulle. My trained petticoat was Chinesely laundried, my gloves immaculate!

How did I do it?

There was the family silver, of which a fifth came to my share. I wore that. The way I wore it was to send it by one of my brothers to a certain safe place. This safe place is distinguished by a sign of three golden balls.

When my brother came home I found myself in sudden funds. I took a portion of my funds to a costumer on Fifth avenue. There I saw a white silk, fleecy with tulle.

I conquered the scowling fate that strove to prevent my presence at the bridal.

New Employment for Women.

A fresh demand for handsome women in shops has sprung up and beauty and avoirdupois are at a premium.

"They come high, but we must have 'em," said a big Broadway cloak manufacturer to a New York Telegram reporter. "In our line of trade we employ the finest appearing women we can get, regardless of expense, providing they are as good as they look."

"For heaven's sake, explain."

"It is just this way. When country merchants come to New York to buy cloaks for their fall and winter trade they want to see how the articles look. Unless a man is an expert in such matters he can't tell the effect of a cloak from seeing it hanging on a dummy. There must be life and beauty to set it off to perfection. For this purpose we employ 'animated forms,' or, in other words, good-looking women with perfect figures.

"A second-rate cloak on a shapely woman will make an Indianapolis man want the whole invoice, especially when the 'form' knows the art of posing. The sale of cloaks depends altogether on their attractiveness. It may be argued that the country merchants don't wear the cloaks. That's true enough; but he knows what his customers will buy, and at any rate we have no one to please but him. Even ladies of fashion right here in the city when buying a wrap or cloak ask to see it on a 'form.' Now the customer may be short and dumpy, but she will imagine that if the article looks well on our 'form,' who is tall, graceful and generally beautiful, it ought to look just as well on her, and so she buys it. Why, some of the milliners have discovered that it pays to have fine-looking women employed to set off their goods.

"We pay some of our 'forms' as high as $30 a week and give them a vacation for a month in the summer time; yes, we can even pay their expenses at some fashionable resort, knowing that they will bring back lots of trade by saying to the acquaintances they make that they buy their cloaks of us.

"I tell you, my boy, to succeed now-a-days you must keep pace with the times or else shut up shop. If you don't believe it try it and see how soon you'll get left, and find your baggage checked for the sweet by and by.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

He viewed her with a stony gaze,
His voice was hoarse and gruff,
As, leading her aside, he said:
"Say, is this not enough?"

She sang soprano sweetly,
Her voice was like a lyre;
But on Sunday she ate onions
And busted up the choir!

They were list'ning in the parlor
To the music of the rain,
And he kissed her on the upbeats
To the patter of the piano.

In lingerie nothing is better than pure white linen ornamented with dainty hemstitching.

Pattern gowns already braided are wonderfully cheap—and more wonderfully pretty for the price.

Velvet figures, stiff with embroidery in gold, silver and copper, will be much worn with thin watering place gowns.

About the prettiest of new rustic hats are made of fine corn husks, delicately braided and neither bleached nor colored.

New golden arrows for the hair have the point removable, to be put in place after the shaft is thrust through the coiffure.

Tiny acorns for bonnet pins and a cluster of filigree morning glories for the hair are among the last sweet things in silver.

A velvet gown with hand-wrought dragon flies, life size, draped shapely over it, is among Worth's latest notable creations.

Two stout fellows carrying a Sedan chair betwixt them, all made and baked of the finest bisque, form the case of a new French clock.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has a new claim to fame as the first ultra-fashionable to appear not with a subdued bustle, but absolutely without one.

Somerset county, Pennsylvania, has a female Hercules who can shoulder three bushels of wheat and walk away with it. She has never seen a railroad.

A young lady teacher was completely prostrated last week. She asked a five-year-old girl what the plural of trousers was, and the kid answered, "Pants."

Wide muslin ties are seen on nearly all headgear for the weefolk, and will doubtless occasion many tears and much discomfort when the sun shines hot.

High authority announces that the lovely but trying absinthe green will be even more the rage in the fall importations than in those of the present season.

He—"Why is a girl of the period experiencing her first kiss like a steamer about to leave port?" She—"Well?" He—"Because she is all bustle and confusion."

Mrs. Shaw, the American whistling woman, has made a great success in London. She has whistled for the prince of Wales, and, of course, whistling is the prevailing craze.

Flower bonnets, it is said, will rage more than ever this season, with mignonette in green and gold shades, ivy leaves, forget-me-nots arbutus, long favorites for their substance.

Chicago is crowing over a couple of baby girls that beat the record for minuteness. They are Miss Flo Edison, weight one pound and three-quarters, and Miss Danzke, weight just one pound.

In braiding, the Greek pattern divides honors with the pompadour; yet, if you would get the very best effect, the braid must not be put on flat, but on edge, and intermixed with cord and embroidery stitches.

The cook employed by a Pittsburg restaurant keeper has just confessed to being a woman in male attire, which she says she adopted partly as a protection and partly also as a means of getting better wages.

There are ladies here in fashionable society who have their brisk walk and their slow walk, cold bath and crash towels, and all that sort of thing. The feminine muscle nowadays is not found altogether in the region of the mouth.

Perhaps the wealthiest woman in her own right west of the Mississippi is Mrs. Warren, a Chicago lady, who really deserves the title of cattle queen. A correspondent says her fortune is at least $15,000,000 in "hard, solid cash, every cent of which she made on cattle."

"No," said the housemaid, "I don't apologize to a man when I throw a bucket of water down the front steps to wash 'em, and he comes along and gets drenched. I've tried apologizing, but I've found there's nothing you can say to a man in that case will satisfy him."

PICNIC PRICES ON PIANOS

We will Celebrate 4th of July Week with a Great Clearing Sale of

FINE UPRIGHT AND SQUARE PIANOS

A. HOSPE

WILL PLA--CE

Following Instruments on the market and sell them for cash, or easy monthly payments.

EMERSON Piano, fine rosewood case, 7 1-3 octaves, latest pattern, cost $800; sale price $275.

SCHOMACKER Piano, splendid rosewood case, full size; cost $650; Sale price 150.

J. P. HALE Piano, full scale, pearl front, in good order, cost $450. Sale Price, $100.

EMERSON Piano, ebony finish Rosewood case, cabinet grand cost $700. Sale price $240.

One FINE TONED PIANO MADE by **GRUPE & KINDT** 7 1-3 octaves, cost $500. Sale Price $150.

One GOOD SQUARE PIANO Made by **United Piano Co** cost new $600. Sale price $100.

A Bargain in A PIANO MADE by **Hallett & Cumston** for only $150.

ALSO A. HOSPE UPRIGHT PIANO

Used only one Year, for $165.

Call and See the Pipe Organ for $100

For Churches or Sunday Schools. Have only one.

A. HOSPE,

1513 DOUGLAS STREET, OMAHA.

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

I have had many strange adventures during my thirty-two years of life, and one of the most notable incidents I bring to mind is my experience as an amateur detective in the singular Rowland murder case.

Aurin Rowland was a decrepit old man, living in a ruinous log cabin in a lonely spot on the outskirts of the village of Plainfield, Ill., where I then resided. Among the gossips—and there are always a number of those rattle-brained nondescripts in every community—Rowland was reported to be very wealthy, but miserly, the story being that he had numerous bags of gold concealed about the premises. This report was bruited about freely, and was generally believed to be true, as the sequence proved; for one morning the old man's corpse was found lying upon the floor, with an ugly gash upon the skull. That he had been murdered for his money was evident from the fact that a large hole had been dug in the center of the earthen floor, and the bottom of this cavity was found a gold eagle that had probably been dropped by the culprit in his nervous haste to escape from the scene of his crime.

Of course all Plainfield was in a ferment of excitement, and the little, but important, newspaper gave the theories of several prominent citizens who emphatically disagreed upon every debatable point. However, it was universally conceded that no one living in the immediate vicinity had committed this atrocity; for surely there could be no one in the village depraved and vile enough to perpetrate such a crime. All transient guests at the two hotels were strictly examined, and weak-minded youth who was traveling for his health was imprisoned in the calaboose because he had three revolvers about his person and could not tell where he had been the night of the murder.

Detectives from Chicago arrived, but failed to find a clew that would lead to the identification of the assassin. I had always been credited among my friends with being an adept at reading the human countenance, and some men assert that I could interpret their inmost thoughts. I possessed to a certain extent the gift attributed to me, as I had frequently proven, one test being that I could hear people converse when out of ordinary hearing distance, no matter how low they spoke or whispered, by simply concentrating my thoughts upon them. This being the fact I determined to act upon the suggestion made by several of my friends that I should endeavor to ferret out the criminal and bring him or her to justice.

In the first place, I concluded that the deed had been penetrated by some one living in or near the locality of Plainfield; because a stranger stopping a day or two in the village would not be likely to hear of such a retiring and insignificant person as Aurin Rowland. Therefore I devoted considerable time to attentively studying the faces of those about me, and if a particularly evil-appearing person passed me on the street, and I wished to gain an intimate knowledge of his character, I usually encountered no trouble in striking an acquaintance. But in all whom I thus interviewed, there was invariably some redeeming quality that led me to believe them innocent. Sometimes I would shadow a man an entire day to note his habits and individual peculiarities, but to no purpose.

I had about given up the search in despair, when my interest was again stimulated.

One evening at a social gathering I was introduced to a local school master named Vallance Morton. His manner at once prejudiced me against him. He was excessively polite to every one, a fluent talker and palpably a morbid lover of scandal. He did not once look me fairly in the eyes, but kept his glance, which was a side look, exclusively upon my face. In appearance he was well formed, of medium height, black hair, black mustache covering sensual lips, a slightly feminine nose, an oval face and somewhat sallow complexion. He impressed me as being a cold, sinister scoundrel, who would not hesitate to commit the most revolting crime to further his own welfare. I resolved to know more of this man, and, with that purpose in view, used my utmost endeavor to be entertaining. I succeeded in eliciting from him an invitation to call at his home, where, he assured me, I would be heartily welcomed by himself and family.

Although decidedly impatient to call upon the school master, I did not dare to appear in haste, and allowed a week to pass before taking advantage of his invitation. I had heard that he worked late at night as book keeper, whenever opportunity offered, to increase his monthly earnings, and was consequently surprised when I saw how sumptuously his house was furnished, and how richly his wife and children were attired. He evidently expended all he could raise to appear on an equal footing with his superiors in wealth and social position, and had an inborn hatred of honest poverty. The more I beheld of him, the more positive I became that my first surmise as to his real character was correct. People whom he greeted with marked cordiality he ridiculed when they were not present, and related all he knew of them that was in any way derogatory to their good standing. No wonder his low, broad forehead resembled a reptile's; I believed that I read beneath his polished exterior a nervous fear of some exposure; but as his hourly existence was a lie, this did not seem extraordinary.

The problem I sought to solve, however, I unriddled in a way which I had not at first remotely planned.

I became acquainted with a professor of mesmerism and was fortunate enough to win his regard. His regard for me, seemingly, was sincere, and he finally admitted that he was attracted toward me because he perceived that I, too, was endowed with mesmeric influence. In proof of this assertion, he instructed me in the passes necessary to produce obedience of will in others, and the first experiment made was successful.

I practiced this art often among my friends for their amusement and became quite expert. One evening I invited a number of my acquaintances—among whom was Morton—to come to my bachelor apartments to while away the time.

During the evening, as I had expected, one of the guests requested that I should to mesmerize some one present. To this I gave an apparently reluctant consent, but in reality I was eager to get the schoolmaster under my control. I purposely failed in my first effort upon a young fellow, alleging that his force of will was too strong to be overcome. I then jestingly asked Morton if he had any will, and if so, whether he were willing that I should try to subdue it. He seemed to place no reliance whatever upon my capability, and gave a ready assent.

I was terribly in earnest, and summoned my reserve will to bear its utmost upon his mind. In five minutes he was in a mesmeric trance, and completely in my power.

"Now it will be shown whether you can speak truth for once in your life," I thought.

I first asked him the name of the person who murdered Aurin Rowland. The company were electrified when he answered promptly:

"I did!"

I then extracted from him an admission that he had hidden three bags of gold in his cellar, and that he had spent some of it in Plainfield. He also stated that he had thrown the club with which the diabolical deed had been committed into a thicket near the cabin. Having gained this evidence of his guilt I placed handcuffs upon his wrists, and at once restored to him the use of his faculties. I shall never forget how his face blanched and his dark eyes rolled with terror when he was made acquainted with his predicament. For once, at least, no sneer was upon his lips.

His admissions were verified. The bloodstained club was found where he acknowledged he had thrown it, and the gold was unearthed in the cellar of his house. Several persons testified that he had paid bills for large sums in gold coins, and an old farmer distinctly remembered having seen him loitering about the cabin on the evening of the murder. Link was added to link in the chain of evidence, until, when the time of trial by jury arrived, Vallance Morton was adjudged guilty of murder in the first degree.—L. L. Dresser.

American Minerals.

The enormous agricultural wealth of the Unitid States has always been considered as far over-shadowing the value of the mineral resources, but it would seem that only a faint conception of the value of American minerals exists. An official report recently issued by the government throws a lime-light upon the the importance of native minerals and the possibilities that generous development will accomplish. A list embracing seventy-three metalic and thirty-nine non-metalic minerals has been published, and the figures given are almost incredible. An average annual output for five years from 1882 to 1887 of $450,000,000 has been reached, with good reason to suppose by application of the rule of ratio that the next five years would see the annual average doubled. Coal leads in the totals with a value of $2,416,924,782, iron, gold and silver combined not quite equaling this amount. Pig iron is second with a value of $719,158,802, silver third with $244,400,000, and gold is fourth with $160,101,000. The production of crude petroleum was $108,843,395, that of copper $87,029,395, with serious delays within the last year to to the great cabinet and Hecla mine and $59,621,401 worth of lead mined. The greatest increase within the period of five years has been in natural gas which in 1882 was rated at $215,000, and in 1887 at $10,000,000. The statistics for southern states, including Maryland, show a wonderful proportionate increase—in fact, the greatest, for it has been only recently that due efforts have been made to develop the vast mineral deposits of that section, and it is in the southern states that the greatest future output of minerals is looked for. In diversity of mineral deposits, cheapness of handling and easy acceptibility, Maryland yields the palm to few states, and it is very evident that the deposits of this state are in their infancy so far as development and sale are concerned.

Smoke Seidenberg's Figaro and get the best 5-cent cigar in the world. Max Meyer & Co., wholesale depot.