

Barr's GREETING!

TO THE PEOPLE OF OMAHA AND VICINITY.

The WM. BARR DRY GOODS CO., (established in St. Louis for 40 years.)

Monday, September 17

will open in Omaha, a new house, and have a few opening remarks to make in connection with the occasion.

This corporation has always conducted its affairs on strict business principles, and comes to Omaha to do the same thing. We have been invited to come because the great Northwest is growing and needs all the capital and business experience that such a house as ours can bring. "There is bread and work for all," as the song says. We accept the invitation in good faith, believing we can benefit Omaha and vicinity to the full extent of the generous returns, we trust they will give our efforts.

Let us enumerate a few of the benefits we have to offer:

- 1st. We can bring any amount of capital needed.
- 2d. We bring Barr's methods of doing business.
- 3d. We offer goods direct from the European markets and home manufacturers, without middle profits.
- 4th. We have an experience of years in what to buy and how to buy it.
- 5th. Our merchandise will all be new, varied, and at Barr's well known moderate prices.

From time to time we shall have more to say about our methods and what we have to offer, and shall try to deserve and get the confidence of the people of the Northwest to as great an extent as we now enjoy the confidence of those of the Southwest

We will keep open until 9 p. m. on Monday, to give every one an opportunity to visit our Grand Central Store.

We have established a mail order bureau. Samples sent on application. Country orders solicited.

William Barr Dry Goods Co.

16th and Douglas Streets.

Barr's

Barr's

CUPID'S WEEKLY BULLETINS.

Felicitous and Infelicitous Matrimonial Adventures.

THE STORY OF A FAIR AMERICAN.

Cupid's Secret—Wanted a Model Bride—Women on Their Muscles—Broad Oddity Earned—Connubialities.

Cupid's Secret.
New York Mercury.
You ask me why I love her!
I really cannot tell.
Why shine the stars above her?
I can answer that as well.
Why is her hair so golden?
Why are her eyes so blue?
It is a problem older
I cannot solve. Can you?
You ask me why I love her!
I cannot tell you see,
I only know I love her,
And thank's enough for me.

Wanted—A Model Bride.

The following has been extracted from a Munich journal:
"Matrimonial—I am the hereditary possessor of a domain and newly built castle, situated in a beautiful part of the Bavarian forests. The castle, which has many fine apartments, is surrounded with mountains, lovely meadows and fields, through which rivulets wind, woods for the hunt and streams for angling; it stands in a charming valley, wherein the town of Cham, with its many old towers, castles of ancient knights and ruins of the remotest ages, inspire the soul with poetical feelings. But whoever delighted the spot may be to those who judge of rural life by the fables of Virgil, Horace and Delille. I think it very melancholy to behold none but myself in my fine rooms, and to see none but my own person reflected in my looking glass. I have, therefore, resolved to marry, like other simpletons; and since it is affirmed that marriages are made in heaven, and are but a lottery, to see what heaven may have in store for me, and what fair creature the wheel of fortune may allot me. With this in view I submit my views to all young ladies through the medium of the newspapers.

"The one I wish to marry must be between 16 and 20 years of age; she must have fine hair, fine teeth and beautiful little feet. She must be born of honest and good parents. She must dress elegantly, but plainly in either silk or velvet; but no other materials. She shall be allowed music only if she be perfect in that art, it being tiresome to listen to the bad performers who annoy visitors in so many houses. She must be mistress of the house in all domestic matters, and I myself shall be happy to yield to her reasonable whims, being a great enemy to slavish obedience and submission, whence, in my opinion, all quarrels and discontent derive their origin; but she must accompany me in all my journeys and excursions, because it is, in my opinion, a shame that a man should go about day and night, living in splendor at hotels, while his wife is left at home alone a prey to ennui.

"I must now say something about myself. I am seventy years old according to the almanac, but I am only twenty-five judging by health and strength. I am always cheerful. I seek for pleasure wherever the strictest honor admits of it. If, therefore, there exists a handsome young girl, willing to bustle about on horseback, in traveling, or at home with an old man still hale, hearty and

active, she may write to me, and I will go to meet her, to see her, and let her see me, at any place within 100 miles of Munich, but not farther, engaging on my word of honor that her name never shall be uttered. Theodore, Baron von Holberg of Broech, Commander of the Order of St. Ann, and Captain-Colonel of the Rhine and Meuse, Munich, at the Black Eagle, 15th November, 1840."

Wedded Life Too Confining.
Philadelphia Record: "This being married don't suit me, now. Its too confining. Give me a divorce and say no more about it," said Stephen Phifer, as he walked into the office of Justice R. M. Wright, at Medford, N. J. Phifer is a well known resident of the "Hill," and the squire had been called upon only two weeks before to marry him. He looked disconsolate when he presented himself to the justice, and all over his face was a week's growth of sandy beard. As he sank heavily into the nearest chair he had the appearance of being thoroughly used up.

"Well," said the squire, "what's the matter?"
Mr. Phifer heaved a sigh and looked more disconsolate than ever. "Squire," said he, "don't you take my name off that paper?"
"You don't mean the marriage certificate, do you Stephen?" asked the squire, quickly.
"That's it, exactly," said the visitor, with a dubious shake of his head. "I want it taken off or rubbed out."

There's Many a Slip.
Young people who are engaged to be married generally manage to conceal until after the knot is tied the various little traits that may prejudice one or the other against a union. But here is an exception. Young ladies, take warning!

A young lady in Vienna had her prospects of marriage cut short at the last moment through a pair of gloves. It is true, the gloves had twenty-two buttons each. This is how it happened: The guests, with the bridegroom at their head, had assembled, and had been patiently waiting half an hour for the bride. At last the father became fidgety, and sent to make inquiries. The maid came back to say that the young lady was putting on her gloves. Another wait, and further inquiries. The gloves had a total of forty-four buttons, and had to be buttoned. A third wait, and a third messenger. This time the maid returned with the announcement that the gloves had been sprung, and had to be stitched on again. The bridegroom thereupon walked out, saying he would wait in the next room. But when they afterward came to look for him he was nowhere to be found, and a note, in which the young man stated that "he was very sorry, but certainly he should never have sufficient patience to be the husband of Mademoiselle X."

Pursued by Misfortune.
The announcement of the death of Miss George of Norwich, in Germany, was received with much grief in this city, where she was well known, and a strange story is told in connection with her death just as she was about to enter a wealthy German family by marriage, says a Meriden, Conn., paper. Miss George left Norwich last June

for Germany. All arrangements had been completed for her immediate marriage to a young German of noble birth. Upon the day set for the wedding the young man was taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and the ceremony was postponed until his recovery.

The time of the second choice came, but it also proved an unlucky one. Just prior to the wedding fire totally destroyed the residence which had been prepared by the young man, and again the wedding was put off. The young man himself was called away on business. It had been decided before his departure that the wedding day was to be named by mail when his business would have been completed. This was done and he started on his return trip in due time, another house having been speedily furnished. The excitement, however, proved too much for Miss George, and she was taken to her bed instead of the altar on the day which had been chosen for the third time. The guests were assembled at the church, Miss George's illness being so sudden that word could not be sent to them by messenger. The groom was delayed en route also, and while Miss George lay ill he was pushing on to fulfill his contract, he, too, ignorant of her condition.

When within sight of the house of his affianced his horse became unmanageable and threw him to the ground, killing him instantly. His death was announced from the pulpit by the minister. It was supposed, however, that Miss George; but she, too, rapidly grew worse and died four days later, not knowing that her lover had preceded her.

Abducted a Bride.
New York Sun: Charlotte Palmer, a rather attractive but dull-witted girl of fourteen, was married a few months ago at Froehold, a small hamlet in the Catskills, to a young man named John Roe. About a week ago the bride induced her husband to take her to this village to do some shopping and see the sights, as she had never been so far away from her mountain home before. They came, and while Mr. Roe was in a store his wife mysteriously disappeared. As a young man named Anderson Caniff, who had been a former lover of Mrs. Roe, was also missing, it was surmised that they had eloped. The matter was placed in the hands of officers, who, after following up clues, found the young couple at a house in a secluded spot near Round Top mountain.

The bride of a few months shed tears, and said she had been praying to be rescued. She said that Caniff compelled her under threats to go with him. The husband appeared before Justice Hall of Cairo and swore out a warrant for the arrest of the alleged abductor, who was lodged in the county jail here. The examination lasted two days, and attracted hundreds of people from the surrounding country. On the night Caniff was arrested and brought to Cairo a number of young men in the vicinity made preparations to treat him to a coat of tar and feathers, but wiser council prevailed. The prisoner was held for the grand jury.

Eloped from the Parlor.
New York World: A novel elopement has just occurred from the Queen Anne county parlor, near Baltimore, Md. George W. Sullivan, seventy-five years old, and Mrs. Martha Morgan, of sixty summers, stole away from the house and were wedded by a clergyman in a neighboring town. Sullivan leaves a wife in the institution to mourn the loss of the companion of her sorrows and poverty. The deserted wife was a well-to-do widow when Sullivan offered to share her fortune. His extravagance and foolish business ven-

tures soon wasted his wife's little estate, and when old age settled down upon them they were forced to seek the poor house. It was a hard blow to Mrs. Sullivan, who in the prosperous days of her early married life had owned one of the largest peach farms in Queen Anne county. The devoted Sullivan and was willing to follow him anywhere, even to the poorhouse.

Through the influence of friends Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan were somewhat elevated above the other paupers in the institution, and they were living as happily together as any two persons could in a poorhouse when Widow Morgan was admitted. Though sixty years had passed over her Mrs. Morgan retained her matronly charms. She weighed about one hundred and fifty, and she was as jolly as she was poor, and there was not a white streak in her raven locks. Very soon old Sullivan began to feel the influence of the widow's charms to the extent of proposing an elopement, which, like a girl one-fourth her age, she readily accepted. Poor old Mrs. Sullivan, who is terribly distressed, and the almshouse authorities will prosecute her husband for bigamy as soon as they can find the pair of ancient lovers.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Annie Tuttle, a Brooklyn girl, is about to marry a Chinaman.

Amelia Rives Chandler is said to be very happy in her married life.

A prudent young woman in Herington, Iowa, wears her engagement ring on her toes.

Miss Waltz recently eloped from Commerceville, Ind., with Edward Lyons. The couple have had Mr. and Mrs. Waltz a lively dance.

A man near Washington, Ga., has the coat he was married in twenty-five years ago, and says it is his mascot, as when he puts it on good luck attends all he sets his hands to.

In San Francisco suit has been brought against the estate of one Loewenthal, who committed suicide last winter on the day set for his wedding by the father of his bride, for the \$2,000 claimed to have been spent in preparation for the marriage.

An Alabama lover who had arranged an elopement, got his girls clothes all right, but before she herself could come through the window the stern parent, with dog and gun, came on the scene, and now the young man is buried in death to know what to do with a wardrobe he had set out and a war.

In San Francisco a divorce has just been granted to the wife of Dr. Giles M. Pearson on the ground of desertion. The defendant declared that the only reason for his desertion was that his wife used powder on her face, and he objected to it. For fifteen months he lived without speaking to her, and then left her altogether. This is the first case on record of such a ground for desertion.

HIS TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

A Merchant's Adventure in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

ALL THE EXCITEMENT HE WANTED

Between Black Snakes and a Bear His Mind is Unhinged—In a Nest of Reptiles—A Race For Life.

Between Two Horrors.

Globe-Democrat: Charles R. Davis, a Cincinnati, O., merchant, who is sojourning on the Pacific coast, had a terrible experience in the Santa Cruz mountains last week with a black bear and snakes.

Mr. Davis, whose family is stopping with friends in San Jose, set out in company with a party of gentlemen for a week's camping among the "big trees" along Boulder creek. The party was under the guidance of Old Jake Hardy, a trapper and hunter who has tramped over the Santa Cruz range for the past thirty-five years, and is familiar with every inch of the ground.

The party camped in Redwood gulch, a deep ravine about three miles in length and filled with tall redwoods and boulders. It is a wild place and is a favorite retreat for bears, mountain lions and wildcats. This spot was chosen as it offered splendid opportunities for the members of the party to get a taste of real adventure. One member of the party at least had his appetite for adventure satisfied in a manner that he little anticipated when the camp fire was built in Redwood gulch.

A TEMPTING SPRING.

The second morning after the party had camped Mr. Davis, who is a crack shot, arose before the other members of the party were up, and, rifle in hand, sauntered off up the gulch, thinking he might get a shot at a cougar, or, perhaps, some larger game. About a mile and a half up the gulch from the camp a spring of clear water bubbles up from the foot of a ponderous rock, the perpendicular face of which rises to a height of fifty feet. The narrow path through the bottom of the ravine leads to the spring and runs along the base of the boulder to the end, when it turns abruptly around the corner and takes a zigzag course among the trees and rocks to a beautiful fall of water that tumbles over a ledge at the head of the gulch.

Mr. Davis, with his eyes alert for any living thing that might offer itself as a target for his aim, sauntered leisurely along the path, enjoying the fresh mountain air, once he reached the spring he leant his rifle against the boulder, and, tossing his hat down on the ground, stretched himself out and settled himself for a deep and cooling drink of the delicious water. He may have hung over the water longer than was necessary, studying the lineaments in the face that looked up at him from out the depths of the spring. However true this may be, he was not a little staggered when he arose and turned around to reach his rifle to find himself face to face with a powerful black bear whose body filled the narrow path. The bear had picked up Davis' rifle and was cuffed it around in the dirt in a careless manner, when his attention was attracted to Davis by his sudden uprising from the spring. He reared himself on his hind legs and

lapping his red jaws with his tongue, held out his black arms invitingly toward Davis, who responded to the unpleasant invitation by drawing a small pocket pistol that he carried, and taking as deliberate aim as possible under the circumstances, fired a shot into the bear's mouth.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

The bear seemed surprised for an instant at Davis' audacity, and then made a lunge for him. Davis retreated precipitately and, with a wild hope of numbing or disabling the bear in some manner, fired the five remaining balls in his pistol at him in rapid succession, but there was no evidence that the bullets did any more harm than stir the bear up to a frenzy, and the next minute the hatless merchant was flying down the mountain path with the bear in hot pursuit. It was about an even race for the first half mile; at that distance Davis' wind began to play out, and the bear was slowly closing the gap between them.

Davis saw that his ability as a runner would never save him from the bear and he began to look for other means of escape. A few rods ahead of him, near the path, stood a redwood tree. The lowest branches were several feet above his reach, but he could add that he had better try and reach them while he had strength left to draw himself up. The bear was rapidly closing in on him. He could hear the frenzied beast panting above his reach, but he could not reach it, and to render his suffering more terrible the snakes, thoroughly aroused, and maddened by Davis' hand crawling out of the limb and wound their black bodies around the man's arm and body, hissing and darting out their quivering fangs in his face. Frightened beyond control, Davis began to shout for help, and madly fought with his free hand to keep the reptiles from sinking their fangs into his neck and face. He suffered this terrible ordeal, nearly an hour, when fortunately his cries were heard by the other campers, who had started out to search for him, and they came up. The bear succumbed to a bullet from Old Jake's rifle, and after considerable trouble the snakes were dispatched and Davis released from his unpleasant predicament.

IN THE BEAR'S EMBRACE.

Though painfully wounded by the bear's claws, Davis retained his presence of mind, and as he fell drew a long hunting knife that he carried in his belt. The bear caught Davis between his fore legs with the evident intention of mauling his bones so that he could swallow them easier; but the gritty merchant brought his knife into play and sent it hill-deep into the animal's side. The pain caused the bear to loosen his legs for an instant and quickly dropping out from between them Davis started down the path at a rate of speed born only of fear. In a moment the bear was after him, roaring with pain. A short distance down the path Davis spied an old live oak tree under which was a large rock. From the top of this rock the lower branches of the tree were within easy reach, and for this he made like a deer. He reached it, and swung himself up into the branches just ahead of the bear's nose. Bruin evidently had no idea of abandoning the chase, but squatted down on the rock and sharply eyed the man in the branches above him. Davis' leg was bleeding badly, and as his handkerchief and shreds torn from the lining of his coat he bandaged the wound and made himself as comfortable as possible.

He was safe so far as the bear was concerned, but the prospect of sitting in the top of a tree with nothing to eat or drink until the bear below him should choose to raise the siege, was anything but pleasant. But there was no alternative, for his black-coated jailer never for a moment took his eyes off him. The camp was two miles away, and Davis knew that it would be impossible for him to make his voice heard that distance, but he did not doubt that his companions would sooner or later wonder at his absence and institute a search for him, consequently the ultimate result of his encounter with the bear

must, it seemed to him, necessarily end in his favor.

A NEST OF BLACKSNAKES.

The tree in which he had taken refuge was an old oak that showed signs of age in many places. Many of its limbs had decayed and the weather had eaten many places into the trunk. A short distance above Davis' head was the hollow stump of a limb that projected out from the main trunk of the tree about two feet. To this stump Davis' attention was attracted by a grey squirrel that ran up the tree and disappeared in the hole in the stump. Davis came to the conclusion that there was a nest of squirrels in the limb and determined to wait the time in trying to secure one or more of them. Tearing more of the lining from his coat he carefully bandaged his right hand to prevent his being bitten by the squirrels and started to invade their nest. By grasping a limb with his left hand and standing on a protruding knot below the hollow stump, he was able to reach around and into it. Crouching the limb firmly with his left hand he leaned over and drove his hand into the hole. It settled into a live mass of what he supposed was young squirrels, and he tried to get a grip on one of them, but they seemed able to avoid his grasp. At this moment he vigorously working his hand around in the hole his attention was attracted by a hissing sound above his head, and looking up he was horrified to see the heads of a half-dozen blacksnakes protruding from the end of the hollow stump into which he had put his hand. It suddenly dawned upon him that he had thrust his hand into the midst of a nest of snakes.

IS AN UNWITTING POSITION.

Is it not an unwitting thing for squirrels and snakes to nest together. The sudden and terrible revelation so startled Davis that he loosed his hold on the limb with his left hand and the next moment had swung off and was dangling from the end of a hollow stump, supported only by the arm that was thrust into it. In vain did he struggle to gain his footing on the knot. He could not reach it, and to render his suffering more terrible the snakes, thoroughly aroused, and maddened by Davis' hand crawling out of the limb and wound their black bodies around the man's arm and body, hissing and darting out their quivering fangs in his face. Frightened beyond control, Davis began to shout for help, and madly fought with his free hand to keep the reptiles from sinking their fangs into his neck and face. He suffered this terrible ordeal, nearly an hour, when fortunately his cries were heard by the other campers, who had started out to search for him, and they came up. The bear succumbed to a bullet from Old Jake's rifle, and after considerable trouble the snakes were dispatched and Davis released from his unpleasant predicament.

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE UNHINGED

Davis' mind and for several days he reared in the wildest delirium, and the physicians say it will be a long time before he recovers from the severe nervous shock he received.

T. H. R.

Wax Starch.

This starch is something entirely new, and is without doubt the greatest starch invention of the nineteenth century, (at least everybody says so this, have used it.) It supercedes everything heretofore used or known to science in the laundry art. Unlike any other starch, as it is coated with pure white wax and chemically prepared upon scientific principles by an expert in the laundry profession, who has had years of practical experience in fancy laundering. It is the first and only starch in the world that makes ironing easy and restores old saggier dresses to their natural whiteness, and imparts to linen the beautiful and lasting finish. Ask your grocer next Monday for Wax Starch.