

Barr's

Have been compelled to take the adjoining room, which will be occupied by them about November 1, 1888. This room will be devoted to

Cloaks, Millinery and Furs.

The phenomenal increase in their business since their opening, five weeks ago, has been unprecedented.

GOOD GOODS AT LOW PRICES

have been the stepping stones to their success and which have not failed to be appreciated by an intelligent public. We have just received MANY NEW ADDITIONS to our different departments, and among them we call PARTICULAR ATTENTION to a lot of LADIES' GENTS' and CHILDRENS' HANDKERCHIEFS—manufacturers' Seconds—of which we take the entire production from Henry Matier, Belfast, Ireland, every year.

These goods are the new patterns brought out by them next spring. We offer them to-morrow, at HALF THE PRICE OF THEIR REGULAR GOODS.

- Children's All Linen Printed Border Hemmed Handkerchief, 2 1/2 c. The Same, larger size, 3 1-3 c.
- Ladies' Fine Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, fancy borders, 10c and 12 1/2 c.
- Ladies' White and Fancy Bordered Hemstitched and Embroidered, Sheer Linen, 20c.
- Gents' Hemstitched, Colored Borders, All Linen Handkerchiefs, 8 1-3, 10c and 12 1/2 c. All good value at half the regular price. You will find our Handkerchief Department the most complete in Omaha and fully one-third less in price. We do the handkerchief trade in St. Louis, and propose to do it here.
- In our CLOAK DEPARTMENT you will find many NEW STYLES just received, which we offer at our uniform low prices. One special lot of SEAL PLUSH WRAPS at \$14. Good value for \$22.50.
- In our SILK DEPARTMENT see the \$1 BLACK PEAU DE SOIE, worth \$1.50.
- In our DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT see the 54-inch Pin Check Cloths at 50c, worth \$1.
- In our LINEN DEPARTMENT see our \$1.25 and \$1.75, 3/4 Double Damask Napkins, worth \$1.75 and \$2.25.
- In our LACE DEPARTMENT see our new Linen Ruchings from 10c up, and many other novelties and bargains. Send for catalogue. Mail orders solicited. Express prepaid to all points within 40 miles of Omaha.

Wm. Barr Dry Goods Co.,

Sixteenth and Douglas Streets.

GOSSIP OF THE GREEN-ROOM.

Anecdotes of Plays, Play-Actors and Play-Goers.

MATED AND MISMATED COUPLES.

Fashionable "Supers"—The King and the Singer—Bernhardt's Peculiarities—An Evening at Booth's Home.

Fashionable "Supers."
Chicago News: "Around at the Chicago opera house there is a heap of fun being had over the applications that come from society people for permission to serve in the large company of supernumeraries required in the production of Messrs. Booth and Barrett's plays. It seems that wherever Mr. Booth appears there is a very earnest ambition among society folk to take part in his performances, just in order to be able to say they have 'acted with Booth.' This harmless vanity has ranged to a considerable extent here in Chicago during the last fortnight. A large number of distinguished home folk have followed Mr. Booth through Shakespearean drama, sometimes as a Roman army and sometimes as the Venetian populace. One of the ladies who have temporarily joined the list of supernumeraries is the wife of a journalist of national reputation.

But the "super" who has caused the most prodigious sensation is a certain young millionaire who moves in our most fashionable society and has figured quite conspicuously now and then in private theatricals. This young man drives up every night in his coupe to the stage door, dismounts, enters the theater, arranges himself in cheap tinsel, and joins the noble army of supernumeraries with even more enthusiasm than that of the average "super" who labors for his 50 cents an evening. When the play is over the rich young fellow reassumes his natural garb, finds his coupe awaiting him at the stage door, and drives to his club. He is perfectly happy in the prospect of being able to say that he has 'acted with Booth.' There is no telling what a splurge he will cut when he gets back into polite society once more.

Early Days of Lester Wallack.
Scribners: I hesitated long before I made up my mind to become an actor; but when I finally did so, I determined that I should know my profession from beginning to end, and should depend upon it for my sole support; and the consequence was that my poor mother often cried in those early days, because I would not let her send me a five pound note now and then, to add to my weekly stipend of twenty shillings. I was resolved that whatever success I might make I would owe to myself, and not to my father's name; therefore, as Mr. Lester I played the Earl of Rochester in the town of Rochester, in a comedy called "Charles II.," by John Howard Payne. I had a very good part—the second part of the piece. Charles Kemble was King Charles, Fawcett played Edward and Jones the Earl of Rochester in the original cast, at Convent garden. The season at Rochester was a short one, as my uncle Henry Wallack, who had taken the theater as an experiment, had it for only a few weeks. This was my first professional engagement. My salary was still one pound a week; and I was paid about as punctually as actors in small companies were at that time. Three pounds a week was a good

salary in a country theater, and five pounds was enormous. When we got to provincial cities salaries were a little higher, but I very much doubt if any leading actor at Bath, Bristol, Liverpool, or Manchester ever received more than ten pounds a week in those days.

The King and the Singer.
Pall Mall Gazette: M. Lablache, the famous singer, has just given another instance of the proverbial absent-mindedness of great men. While he was staying at Naples, King Humbert expressed a desire to make the artist's personal acquaintance. On entering the ante-chamber of the palace the latter found that the gentlemen present were all personal acquaintances of his, and asked them to be allowed to keep his hat on, as he was suffering from a severe cold. A lively conversation was cut short by the entrance of a chamberlain announcing that the king would receive M. Lablache at once. In the momentary confusion the singer forgot that he was wearing his hat, took hold of another which had been placed on a chair near him, and went before his majesty, who at the sight of him burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Utterly confused, M. Lablache asked humbly to be informed of the reason of the king's merriment. "Let me ask you a question first," replied the king. "Which is your hat—the one you are wearing on your head or the one you carry in your hand?" "Confound it all!" exclaimed Lablache, joining in the laughter. "Truly, two hats are too many for a fellow who has lost his head!"

Bernhardt's Peculiarities.
London Star: Madame Bernhardt has left London for Vichy, where she proposes to combine business with pleasure by the production of her familiar repertoire and the enjoyment of what is called on Marie Colombeur with a horse whip and broke everything in the house. The Lyceum curtain had hardly fallen on her tragic death scene in "Fedora," when she was storming and raging at an unfortunate actor, who had chanced to make some trivial blunder during the play, and she attacked him with a vehemence that almost amounted to frenzy, utterly refusing to listen to his explanations. The tragedienne storms, are, however, like thunder showers, violent while they last, but quick to pass away, and even Mlle. Colombeur has now been reinstated in her favor.

It is wonderful that with her undagging industry, and her magnificent receptions all over the globe, Sarah Bernhardt should be able to keep perpetually in a state of pecuniary embarrassment. She lives a sort of hand-to-mouth existence, possessing a genius for squandering her money, whenever she has any, and utterly careless what the morrow may bring forth. Not long ago the bailiffs made a raid on her property, and among other things the notorious satin lined coffin, in which she often slept, was put up to auction and sold for between £4 and £5. She seems to possess the gift of perennial youth, and her face, set bolt upright, and felt his hair rising all over his body. Could he have been dreaming? No; he was wide awake. Arising, he turned on the electric light, searched every corner of the room, examined the innocent-looking clock, and finally called in Mr. Edison. The latter assured him that there was no one in the room, and with half-quieted fears the guest returned to bed. Half an hour had been consumed in the vain search for the origin of the

they and Damala can often be seen crouched together, making each other's portraits as fast as they can scribble. Damala has no notion of drawing, but he will often catch a likeness with laughable correctness, and then he is in high favor with madame, his wife. She often finds the pastime so entrancing that she cannot tear herself from it, and the audience have to beguile the tedium of the extracts as best they may.

An Underhand Game.
Open rivalry is honorable. But any effort to trade upon the reputation of peerless SOZODONT, by forcing upon the public, disintegrated represented as similar or superior to it, is an underhand Block it by demanding SOZODONT only.

The Problem of a Flying-Machine.
Popular Science Monthly. We must admit that a bird is an incomparable model of a flying-machine. No machine that we may hope to devise, for the same weight of machine, fuel, and directing brain, is half so effective. And yet; this machine, thus perfected through infinite ages by a ruthless process of natural selection, reaches its limit of weight at about fifty pounds. I say "weight," because fuel, and directing brain, is half so effective. The prodigious advantage of the natural over the artificial machine. The flying animal is its own engineer, the flying-machine must carry its engineer. The directing engineer, being met by an old acquaintance he was asked for all the particulars of his giving up the profession.

"Didn't it agree with your health?"
"Oh, yes," answered "Uncle Joe," as he was familiarly called by his friends.
"Didn't it pay?"
"First rate."
"Meet with sufficient favor from the courts?"
"I could ask."
"Then what was it compelled you to quit?"
"Well, I'll tell you—I was too honest."
A loud laugh from the bystanders aroused "Uncle Joe" to earnestness, and he repeated the strange statement and nailed it to his shop counter with his huge fist. But his cross-questioner went on:
"When did you find this out?"
"In my very last case."
"What was that?"
"One in which I was retained to prosecute a neighbor for killing a dog."
"And he was acquitted? So you lost the case, and gave up your profession discouraged?"
"No, he was convicted."
"Then he was guilty?"
"No, he was innocent."
"But didn't the evidence prove his guilt?"
"Certainly it did."
"Then why do you say he was innocent?"
"Because I had killed the dog myself a few nights before for trespassing on my poultry, and it came to the conclusion that any business that would aid a man to convict a neighbor of his own crimes wasn't the business for me, so I gave it up."

Dr. Jefferis' remedy cures every case of diphtheria. No physician required.
Mr. Edison's Joke.
New York Telegram.—Odd stories are told of doings at Wizard Edison's home in Orange. One of the most amusing occurrences there happened not long since when a stranger was visiting Mr. Edison. After an evening largely devoted to a discussion of electricity, the guest went to bed. He had barely drawn the covers over him and settled down to sleep, when a voice, apparently from the clock on the dressing-case, said, in measured tones: "It is now 11 o'clock." The startled guest threw off the covers, sat bolt upright, and felt his hair rising all over his body. Could he have been dreaming? No; he was wide awake. Arising, he turned on the electric light, searched every corner of the room, examined the innocent-looking clock, and finally called in Mr. Edison. The latter assured him that there was no one in the room, and with half-quieted fears the guest returned to bed. Half an hour had been consumed in the vain search for the origin of the

mysterious voice, and the guests passed another half hour in speculating upon the occurrence. Just as he had persuaded himself that the sound had been only part of a dream and was going off into a half doze, the same voice, in the same measured tone, called out:
"The hour of midnight has arrived! Prepare to die."
There was no mistake this time, and the horrified guest, without waiting to turn on the electric light, rushed across to Edison's room. The wizard, broad awake and half dead with laughter, permitted his guest to rap three or four times and then responded to his call.
"Mr. Edison," said the disturbed sleeper, "there's something uncanny about this house. I wouldn't sleep here all night if you'd give me the place."
Edison suppressed his laughter, heard his guest's story, and then, going to the room, showed the stranger that there was a tiny photograph concealed in the clock and so set as to give forth its solemn announcement of the hours. The offending clock was removed and the guest slept soundly for the remainder of the night.

When you need a friend, select a true one. Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic is the best friend mankind has for all diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys. The best blood purifier and tonic known. 50c. Goodman Drug Co.

Why He Quit.
Chicago Times.—Senator Cullom tells a good story—and not being given to practicing law much himself he can afford to do so of a prosperous store-keeper in a small Illinois town, who once practiced law, but who had long since abandoned it. Being met by an old acquaintance he was asked for all the particulars of his giving up the profession.

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All fine Liquor Stores sell Jarvis' best.
Cities of the United States.
The United States will have, when the count of 1890 comes to be made, more great cities than any other country in the world now has or has ever had. The will be four of a million inhabi-

tants or more. These are New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Brooklyn. There will be seven of half a million or more population. These are the four mentioned, and Baltimore, Boston and St. Louis.
There will be nineteen which will harbor more than a quarter of a million souls each. These will be the seven mentioned, and Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, St. Paul, San Francisco and Washington.
There will be thirty cities of 100,000 population and upward, including the nineteen in the foregoing lists, and Albany, Allegheny, Indianapolis, Jersey City, Louisville, Newark, New Haven, Omaha, Providence, Rochester and Worcester.

In these thirty principal cities of the country there will be found a resident population of about, in round numbers, 11,000,000. The 320 (or thereabouts) and other cities of from 10,000 to 100,000 inhabitants each which will appear in the census of 1890 will have an aggregate population of fully 9,000,000, making the total urban population of the country 20,000,000 or upwards.

If the country has been growing since 1880 at the normal rate as determined by previous census—that is, an increase of 34 per cent for each decennial period—the entire population of the country in 1890 will be about 67,000,000. If, however, as every thing goes to show, the increase has been somewhat beyond the normal rate, and is likely to so continue for the remaining years of the census period, the grand and inspiring total will probably be near 70,000,000.

He Knew.
Detroit Free Press.—Loungees about police headquarters were startled the other day by the sight of a young and pretty girl of eighteen slipping into the chief's room with anxious face.

"Oh, dear!" she began, and I want to prevent it!"
"That's very kind of you," answered the chief, as he waved her to a seat.
"It's a—my young man?"
"I see. He is going to hang himself on your account is he?"
"Oh, no. He is going to fight a duel with another young man on my account. They are to meet to-night. One will certainly be killed. Please do something to prevent it."
"There is no fear, miss—none in the world."
"But they will fight."
"Oh, no, they won't. Before the hour arrives one will start for Port Huron and the other for Toledo. That's the invariable rule, and it won't fail in this case."
"Are you sure?"
"So sure that if either of them shows up I'll resign my position. I'll have an officer on the watch."
Two hours before the time came one young man left by the Third street depot and the other by the Third street station, and as the chief received the report he said:
"Of course. Why not? Poor, innocent girl."

How Gold Rings Are Made.
New York Graphic: The workshop where rings are made is a curious place, full of ingenious mechanical appliances. Gold coin is put in a small crucible with flux, and the crucible placed inside of a covered pot, which is subjected to the

heat of a powerful flame of natural gas. To increase the intensity of the heat a strong blast is produced by means of a fan making a constant, even temperature. The gold is rolled and converted into convenient shape for use, precisely as iron is worked in a rolling mill. It has passed through grooved rolls of various sizes, one after another, until it is fashioned into narrow strips of the desired width and thickness. There are also other rolls for converting the ingots into sheet gold. For stamping the settings for rings a screw press is used, dies of various sizes being inserted as required. A diamond ring is thick at the center, gradually tapering in size from the top downward. A piece of gold, after being cut, is laid upon a metal die and a heavy hammer, working in a frame and operated by means of a rope and pulley, is made to descend, thus giving with one blow the desired shape to this part of the ring. Hundreds of different dies are necessary for the various styles and sizes of rings.

After the drop-hammer has stamped the gold into shape it is placed in a thin metallic plate containing a hole, in which it fits exactly, and driven through by a punch worked by hand, thus cutting away the gold adhering to the edges, which pieces are carefully saved.

All along the side of the room are workmen seated at benches, some shaping the pieces into rings and soldering them together, others inserting and fastening the stone settings, and still others performing various sorts of equally difficult work, all necessary in the making of a ring. In another part of the room is a curious bit of machinery which is called a lapidary lathe, and is used for shaping and cutting down stones when necessary. A round piece of metal shaped like a small grindstone, is in a horizontal position and is made to revolve. To this emery is applied, and the stone being held against it, it is soon reduced to the proper dimensions. It is then polished on a similar appliance of wood coated with putty powder. Another interesting object is the enameling furnace. The article to be ornamented, having been previously engraved for the reception of the enamel, is placed in a little oven coated with enamel in the shape of a powder. It is then heated until the enamel runs, and is then removed from the fire to be cooled and finished.

A peculiar process is that of gilding or electro-plating. The article to be gilded is first thoroughly cleaned by a fine brush of brass wires. A piece of gold is attached to the positive pole of an electric battery and the article to be gilded is placed in a solution of the negative. Both are then placed in the same solution, and the electric current does the work, transferring a portion of the gold to the object to be plated.

I cheerfully recommend Red Clover Tonic to those suffering from troubles of the stomach and liver. I am now on my second bottle, and it makes me feel like a new man. C. M. CONNOR, Nashua, Ia. Goodman Drug Co.

Retirement of an Empress Dowager.
The Pekin Gazette contains two decrees, one by the empress dowager, the other by the young emperor, relating to the retirement from public life of the former. The empress announces that when the emperor first assumed the reins of power she could not refuse his assistance in his doubts and difficulties, and therefore she constrained herself to comply with the prayers of the ministers and to instruct him in the art of governing. But now the emperor has applied himself with such zeal and success to the task that he is able of himself to decide and regulate the affairs of state as they

come before him. As soon as his marriage is celebrated he should assume complete control of the empire and the board of astronomy is desired to select an auspicious day in the second month of the coming year for the inauguration of the emperor's unaided rule. The emperor himself dwells on the unexampled manner in which the empress dowager gave herself to the severest labor, toiling day and night and knowing no rest. Seeing now that she is about to retire, his heart is filled with mingled sentiments of gratitude and distress, but he dares not disobey the empress' commands. With awe and care he will give his whole heart to the multitudinous affairs of the nation, hoping to repay the love of her majesty, his holy mother, who nurtured and instructed him. But, as in these times of difficulty, the weight upon his shoulders will be doubly heavy, he hopes and trusts that the officials, great and small, will share his feeling of responsibility and continue unwaveringly to afford him their most loyal assistance. In conclusion he desires the officers concerned to consider carefully what ceremonies should be performed on the occasion of his assumption of sole power.

What He Came For.
Detroit Free Press: A couple of young farmers were having a dispute up Grand River avenue yesterday. The team was being hitched up when one of them said:
"Well, Bill, what about that beer?"
"What beer?"
"The beer you promised."
"Don't remember."
"Don't you? You were driving along by my place this morning while I was feeding the hogs?"
"Yes."
"You asked me to come to town. I said I had a chance to earn twelve shillings digging potatoes and couldn't spare the time. You said come along and we'd see the sights. I said it wouldn't pay. Then you said we might see a big fire. I said I'd seen 'em and didn't care. Then you said if I would come you'd treat to the beer. So I came. Where's the beer?"
"Don't you go to buy any?"
"No."
"You hain't!"
"No."
"Then, Bill Simmonds, I want to say that you're a durned mean man, and don't you never have the face to ask me again to lose a whole day and ride twenty-eight miles to accommodate you!"
"Yes."
"Take no other, Jarvis' Brandy is best."

A Curious Coincidence.
Detroit Free Press: "Just five years ago to-day," said a farmer at the Central Market yesterday, "I was coming in with a load of potatoes and a bag fell off the wagon. When I missed it I went back, but some one had gobbled it."
"Upon my soul!" gasped a man who stood by, "but this is strange!"
"Why?"
"Just five years ago this morning I found a bag of potatoes near the toll-gate!"
"Must have been mine."
"Not a doubt of it."
"And—and—?"
"You'll settle with me, of course. I hold them four weeks, at a charge of fifty cents per week storage. I advertised them to the amount of \$1.20. Then, as they were beginning to spoil, I paid an expressman 50 cents to cart them to an orphan asylum. I'll run into the office and make out your bill."
He ran in, but when he came out the farmer and his team had slid out and were not to be found.