

A WEEK Among the Flowers DON'T MISS IT.

Parker's CHRYSANTHEMUM EXHIBIT

Do Not Fail to See THE BEAUTIFUL Chrysanthemums

AT EXPOSITION HALL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15th, 1888

And continuing for one week. A Carnival of Flowers in Omaha. Great Banks and Long Lines of Beautiful Chrysanthemums.

The Greenhouse and Grounds.



MR. PARKER'S EXHIBIT.

Scarcely two years ago Mr. T. N. Parker, located his present beautiful group of greenhouses, in a sheltered nook, just south of the State Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, near the Military road. This new home of the flowers lies right in the lap of the sunshine, and is sheltered from the wintry blasts by long rows of waving maples. There are twelve houses in all, six of them are 20x100 feet, devoted to roses and tropical plants. Two houses 12x90 feet, contain Caronation Pinks, Violets, Pansies, etc. One house 16x100 feet, is the home of Smilax and Bouvardias. Another, 8x130 feet, Ferns and Orchids, and the new building, 24x40, for Aquatic Plants. The latest appliances are to be found everywhere; engines and windmills—everything that means could supply. But to understand the true magnitude and beauty of this great establishment you should pass with us through the interior. Everything is neatness and order. Here are four houses filled with six thousand roses; there are the Tropical Plants, in all their rich profusion. The historic Palmetto tree, which seems to whisper "Dixie." Here is the strange air plant clinging to a dry piece of bark, yet with a flower of more than regal beauty. Next we come to the home of the queenly Chrysanthemum, in a house 8x130 feet, which presents one long, glorious vista of natural beauty. Every plant throughout all these model greenhouses, is as sturdy as a cedar planted by the river side. But no description, however accurate, will do such an establishment justice. Suffice it to say, that there is neither so complete nor so rare a collection west of New York City. The proprietor imports his bulbs direct. He has over \$50,000 invested. The cut flowers from Parker's greenhouses are not excelled in Philadelphia. Drive out and see for yourself. Attend the great flower show next week and you will have new cause to take pride in your home city.

For years past a feature of Eastern Cities has been the annual exhibit of Flowers given by the florists of each city jointly, Omaha with all her love of flowers and wealth of appreciation has never had the privilege of attending one at home. Mr. T. N. Parker, Omaha's own florist has decided to give us this another evidence of Metropolitan growth. He is determined that the great Chrysanthemum show which he will open in the Exposition Hall next Thursday, November 15th, shall be a credit to himself and the city. This display must appeal strongly to our city pride, as the exhibitor and the exhibit are distinctly a part of Omaha. The entire display was grown right here within our city limits. The proprietor is an enthusiastic florist, qualified by nature, travel and careful study to conduct successfully such an enterprise, enjoying the benefits of ample means and gifted with a keen sense of harmony in color. He will bring for your pleasure and inspection a noble exhibit beautifully planned, which should not fail to be generously patronized by our citizens, and especially the ladies and children. Whilst we are advocating corn palaces and art displays. Let us not forget the refining influence of this week of flowers, and by our presence give it such encouragement as will insure the future recurrence of like exhibits.

Remember the Date.

Parker's Chrysanthemums Excel all Other. Nothing like them ever seen in the west.

Office, Boyd's Opera House. Green-house, Adjoining the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. House Telephone 1,000 Office Telephone 660.

Admission, 25 Cents Children, under 12 years, 10c. Tickets for Sale at office Boyd's Opera House, and At Exposition Hall.

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MATRIMONIAL MISCELLANY.

Hits and Misses of the Arrows of Cupid.

MATED AND MISMATED HUMANITY

A Woman Suffragist to Wed—Nat Goodwin's New Wife—Cupid on Brooklyn Bridge—Value of a Lost Husband.

A Woman Suffragist to Wed.

A ripple of surprise has been caused in the circle of the women workers in the cause of woman by the announcement of the approaching marriage of Miss Rachel G. Foster, of Philadelphia, to Cyrus Miller Avery. The lady has long been identified in the front ranks of all woman's movements. She is corresponding secretary of the National Suffrage association, and she held a similar position at the council of women held in Washington last month. She is an earnest believer in the doctrine of faith-cure, and is a follower of woman's dress reform. Miss Foster is a daughter of the late J. Heron Foster of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The wedding took place November 8, at the First Unitarian church in Philadelphia, of which she is a trustee. The surprise is occasioned by the fact that she had declared that she would lead a life of single blessedness.

Nat Goodwin's New Wife.

Chicago Herald: The friends of Nat Goodwin, the comedian, were greatly surprised when they learned of his quiet marriage in this city early in the week. The license was quietly obtained by George Appleton, the comedian's treasurer, who induced the marriage license clerk to suppress it for a few days. The wedding was quietly solemnized at the Grand Pacific hotel last Monday afternoon. In the evening the bride and her mother occupied a stage box at Hooley's and witnessed Nat's performance. Between the acts a newspaper friend of his dropped into his dressing room with Manager Harry Powers, of the theater, and the latter remarked that Nat had never played Mr. Golightly better than he did that night. The comedian smiled and said that it was probably because he was feeling unusually good. He then said that the elderly lady in the box—Mrs. Goodwin's mother—had never before seen him act, and that he was glad to notice that she appeared to enjoy his efforts. He was careful to say nothing, however, about the party, and the bride and her mother accompanied him to the Grand Wednesday afternoon and witnessed Nat Smith Russell's performance from a box. The lady is a handsome blonde, very stylish, and her strawberry blonde husband appears to think the world of her.

Cupid on the Brooklyn Bridge.

The Brooklyn bridge is becoming famous for its quiet love-making scenes. There is something about the light frisky air up there that makes the heart of woman nestle right up alongside the man who has vowed to give her ice cream and candy as long as his father-in-law's cash holds out. A New York Telegram reporter sat on one of the seats under the arch of the New York side last evening. The atmosphere was cool, but that did not prevent Cupid from getting in his fine work. A couple had been seated but two

minutes before the escort got his arm around his sweetheart's double-laced waist.

Presently there was a sound like the chirping of a bird, followed by a half-suppressed giggle.

"Jimmy," said the palpitating darling, "if you kiss me again I'll spoil your new hat."

Two years ago a couple used to come every night until late in the season, when I finally missed 'em. But last week they came over the bridge again, wheeling a baby carriage between them. Their sparring was a success, you bet."

Value of a Lost Husband.

New York Times: A novel case that has attracted some attention in the vicinity of Boston during the past few weeks is a suit brought by Mrs. Myra Beals, of Boston, against Dr. Augustin Thompson, of Lowell, for \$50,000 damages for having alienated the affections of her husband, James H. Beals. It ended in the superior court today in a verdict for the plaintiff of \$10,000. The trial of the case attracted large numbers of the curious.

Mrs. Myra Beals is a young and dashing woman, twenty-six years old. Dr. Thompson is the originator and proprietor of a patent medicine, the sale of which, he testified in court, brought him in an income of \$100,000 a year. Mrs. Beals, when single, had some historic talent, or thought she had, and Dr. Thompson provided the means for her education prior to her going on the stage as the star in a play of his own writing. About the time the education was perfected the young lady took it into her head to marry James Beals, a fussy old man forty years her senior. He had wealth and owned the building occupied by the Boston Post. Dr. Thompson was very angry with Mrs. Beals, and soon after the wedding began writing letters to Mrs. Beals about the lady he had taken to wife. The result was estrangement before the customary time allowed for the honeymoon had passed, followed by a suit for divorce which was granted, the divorced wife getting \$10,000 from her husband.

Mrs. Beals immediately brought suit against Dr. Thompson for alienating the affections of her husband, and as a result the young woman finds herself very well off in this world's goods. The testimony presented consisted mainly of the letters written to Mrs. Beals, and a good many epistles of a racy character that passed between the parties to the suit.

A Book on Marriage and Divorce.

Globe-Democrat: Two years ago, says a dispatch from Washington, congress authorized the department of labor to collect statistics of divorce in the United States, and the work then undertaken is so nearly completed that Commissioner Wright hopes to lay his report before congress early in January. The "field work" has been finished and the figures are now being tabulated. Commissioner Wright's agents have obtained the figures from every court in the United States having divorce jurisdiction, of which there are about 2,700, and the period of investigation extends back twenty years, from 1868 to 1888. Everything relating to the subject will be given wherever it has been possible

to obtain information from the court records, and in every case the agents not only examined the docket, but the original bills filed. The report of each case will give the ages of the persons concerned, the cause for which divorce was granted, whether the wife or husband obtained the decree, the number of children, the place of marriage and the migration of the couple since then, so as to show whether the change of residence was bona fide or merely for the purpose of obtaining a divorce; the length of time the marriage lasted, and any other facts that might tend to throw any light on the subject. Another portion of the work will give the number of marriages, as far as the records show, by counties in the United States for the same period, so that the ratio of marriages to divorces can be seen. A synopsis of the divorce laws of every state will also find a place, and the work will conclude with statistics of divorces in the principal countries of Europe. The subject of divorce has never been so thoroughly investigated before. The Italian government took up the inquiry several years ago, but it was limited in its range. The cost of the investigation, it is estimated, has not been less than \$50,000.

Married in Transit.

Paris Intelligence: Elder George E. Lucey, of Paris, has just celebrated a novel marriage ceremony recently at the Paris depot. He had procured a marriage license, as directed by telegram a few hours previous to the arrival of the evening passenger train, and going to the depot he awaited the coming of the train, when he entered the coach and, during the time consumed in making an exchange of engines, he commanded Mr. H. A. Boden, the popular druggist of Springfield, and Miss Laura Caldwell, a beautiful young lady from Fulton, Kentucky, to stand up in the presence of quite a number of passengers, and in his usual happy style he joined them in holy wedlock, and bidding them adieu, he returned to his home rejoicing. He did not learn what occasioned this novel procedure, whether they were fleeing from paternal cares or simply preferred the romantic life.

A Romantic Incident.

St. Louis Republic: A case which attracted a great deal of attention was tried in the district court in this city this forenoon, concluding early in the afternoon, and containing features of sadness and romance. Several months ago James McCowan, a railroad man, while, apparently, in a spasm of rage, attempted to kill his young wife at the Blanchard hotel, where they were boarding, by cutting her throat with a knife. He was lodged in jail, and in a short time his wife obtained a divorce. He was arraigned in the court this morning to have his case investigated, and while he was on trial, his wife was married to another man, and a few moments after her marriage appeared on the witness stand, attired in her bridal costume, to testify against her former husband, who had attempted to take her life. McCowan was remanded to prison to wait final trial on charge of insanity, which will set aside the former charge of assault with intent to murder.

A Pretty Romance.

Globe-Democrat: Here is a pretty little every day romance, warming to the coxies of the most cynical heart. Mr. Hayman, a big blonde real estate man of Cincinnati, loved Miss Jaynes, a slim, fair girl of San Francisco, with the full consent of her wealthy father, as the two men had been friends for years. The betrothed pair were intent on marriage, and as they had health, money and the paternal blessing, the

course of true love ought to have run on into that haven without semblance of a ripple, but the fact was that the bridegroom could not find time for the far-western journey and the bride had no friend or brother to bring her east. So after much consultation and many loving letters, she took her courage in both hands, boarded the train and came half way, or rather more, to meet her true love, and at the Laclede hotel, in St. Louis, last week, the two were made one, and let us devoutly hope, will "live happy ever after."

A Union Wedding.

Philadelphia Times: Weddings to attract more than passing interest these days must either excel in splendor or have something rare and uncommon. Much out of the stereotyped style was the interesting wedding of Miss Lucy Bramlette Patterson of Philadelphia and J. Lindsay Patterson, which took place at Russellville, Tenn., the birthplace of the bride's maternal grandmother and the home of her aunt, at whose place, Hayslope, the reception took place. Although bearing the same name, the wedded couple bore to each other not the slightest relationship, yet the paternal grandfather of each was a General Patterson. They were married in a Presbyterian church according to the Episcopal ritual by a Baptist clergyman. Every dainty touch in the decoration of the church was done by relatives of the bride. The wedding feast, a feast such as only a southern mansion could set forth was composed of dishes prepared for the occasion by relatives and friends, one vieing with another in the richness of the banquet of niceties. The wedding cake, an elegant specimen of decorative pastry in lilies and orange blossoms was the artistic handiwork of a lady from Philadelphia. The wedding march was from Philadelphia, and the bride and groom, with their attendants, were from New Orleans. Old family servants in the family since slave days, and their descendants, served at the tables. One of these, "Aunt Clarissa," had been the "mammy" of the bride's mother.

Ranked about the church and entering hundreds, were the animals and vehicles in which people had come often long distances. These varied from the farm mule, whose sole paupery was a blind bridle, to the stylish phaeton with their perfectly appointed teams. Near the entrance all the old family servants were seated. In the center of the church was occupied mainly by the large family extensiveness—Tennesseans from the Nolichucky French Broad and Holston, whom Miss Murfree would have liked to meet. On either side, in strange contrast, were the city-bred guests, including those from Philadelphia and the east, perfect in toilet and manner. It was a remarkable gathering.

After the customary ushers came six little girls, picturesquely dressed, and carrying baskets of flowers. Then came the maid of honor, a beautiful girl of sixteen, and finally the bride, leaning upon her father's arm, her dress of creamy white duchesse satin made with a high corsage and front drapery of crepe embroidered in pearls, and the whole enveloped by a misty veil of tulle. The reception was charming. One of the guests described it as "a social potpourri," in which north, south, east and west had its representatives. Every-thing was very warm and genial, and a thorough, hearty southern hospitality pervaded the scene. After supper the dining room was cleared for dancing, and the guests, old as well as young, danced vigorously to such tunes as "Mississippi Sawyer" and "Natches Under the Hill."

A Veritable Feminine Hoodoo.

A few gossip of the southern end of the city are just now discussing the strange romance of a young woman who has for something over a year been a resident among them. The story was told to a Globe-Democrat reporter by a clergyman of the Episcopal church, who has been a sufferer from the lady's strange fate. The lady in question is but a visitor to America, whence she came to try and shake off the spell of which she firmly believes she is the victim. A few years previous to her leaving "Historic Caledonia," she returned from the paternal estates of the family, nine and one-half miles from the Holyrood palace, in Edinburgh, Scotland. By the death of her father, since her arrival in this country, she has become the heiress to a large estate. She is refined, graceful and handsome, but the fatality attaching to her makes her life an unhappy one. When but seventeen years old she became strongly attached to a nephew of the bishop of Carlisle. One day, while riding across the heath in his company, she had a presentiment that he would propose that night, and she accepted. She saw him, in a momentary vision, lying, pale and cold, by the roadside. Bewildered, she involuntarily stopped her horse, and in another moment fell in a swoon. He bore her to a cottager's near by, and on her recovery the bashful young man's love had been so intensified by anxiety that, in a moment of mutual tenderness, they were betrothed. After escorting her home to Aberdeen, by the death of her father, she returned to her home in Scotland. The next morning she found her betrothed lying dead near where she had fallen. His horse had evidently thrown him, and he had been killed by the consequent injury to his head. The lady recovered, and eighteen months afterward she was betrothed to an English naval officer who was suddenly ordered to the West Indies to join H. M. S. schooner Eurydice. The next spring on the return of the ship home, she was wrecked and all on board but two were lost. The young lover was not one of the saved. Time healed the lady's thrice wounded heart, and her affections were won by an English officer, who was drowned shortly after the betrothal. The night he was drowned she was attending a ball, and, according to her statement, was seized with a sudden attack of dizziness and fainted. On recovering, she said she had seen, in a vision, the ball-room suddenly transformed into a submarine cavern, containing nothing but the corpse of her accepted lieutenant. She could never be induced to accept again. It took a good deal of persuasion to induce her to become a fiancee again. But the persistence of an American sea captain conquered her reluctance, and she accepted him. He returned to Philadelphia with his ship for the purpose of putting his affairs in shape for the wedding. While his ship was at anchor off the Delaware breakwater he was also drowned. The bride-elooped came to the Quarter City afterwards, and, having relatives in Carondelet, resolved to make a long visit to them. The clergyman who furnished the facts above related met and loved the lady, and she apparently reciprocated, but when he proposed she replied by telling him her story, and all his eloquence failed to change her resolution never to marry. His attentions to her had been a matter of society gossip, so that there was something of a sensation when they appeared in the society columns of the Globe-Democrat an item stating she had gone to visit friends in the interior of the state, and would soon return to her home in Scotland to reside permanently. A Jilted Woman's Revenge. A sensational story comes from the

town of Tonawanda, adjoining Buffalo, of a woman jilted and revengeful. As the tale is told, George Kado fell in love with and was loved in return by Lena J. Phoner. He hired out to Fred Landell, and became enamored of his daughter Carrie. Lena threatened Carrie, and soon Landell received anonymous letters threatening that unless Henry Kado decided to stick by Kado, the result was two baggies each ruined. Kado was discharged and was at once hired by Henry Landell, uncle of Fred. Threatening letters then came to Henry, but he decided to stick by Kado. A few moments after a woman in a white dress came out and went into the dwelling house. The Landells say steps have been taken to arrest Lena Phoner. The fire, luckily, was put out without much trouble. Two cans of oil had been sprinkled in the barn. The fire had almost eaten through the plank-

The Nephew of the Pope.

London Star: The story that Pope Leo's nephew has just been married to the daughter of the beadle of the Jewish synagogue turns out to be correct. The circumstances of the romance, and are told by the Israelische Genesiss Zeitung. It appears that some years ago Herr S., an enterprising tradesman of Vienna, crossed the frontier to seek a new field for his labors. Arriving in Perugia, Italy, he made the acquaintance of the present pontiff, and ultimately an attachment sprang up between the fair-haired Tedesco and the dark-haired Siglorita Pecci. In due course Herr S. proposed to her, was accepted, and it was not long ere the pair appeared before the bride's uncle, Cardinal Pecci, member of the college of cardinals in Rome. The bridegroom being a Jew it was necessary for the ecclesiastic to baptize him, and this being done, the ceremony of marriage was gone through, the blessing pronounced, and the happy couple embarked for South America, whence they kept up a constant correspondence with the cardinal. Quite recently, however, Mrs. S. succumbed to a severe illness, and the bereaved widower, by that time a millionaire, not caring to remain any longer in South America, where past associations were ever before him, returned to Europe, and was received in Rome, in order to visit his uncle.

The cardinal has now become Leo XIII., chief of the Roman church, and resided at the vatican; but, although altered in position, he had in no way lost sight of his nephew, on whom he bestowed a royal welcome, not forgetting the papal benediction. "I remain thy uncle, my son; may Heaven's blessing lend thee back to thy native home." And after so many years absence, Herr S. returned to Vienna a millionaire and consul for the land of his voluntary exile. However, as the novelists put it, time heals many wounds, and a month or two was long enough for another woman to find a place in the heart of the exiled Herr S., who was stricken, and fell in love with the synagogue beadle's lovely daughter. But there was an obstacle. The fair one would not give up her religion and be baptized into the church of Leo, so there was nothing left but for the stronger vessel to give way to the weaker, which he did, and

returned to the faith of his ancestors, with the result anticipated.

CONNUBIALITIES.

The widow of Senator David Green has recently married ex-Congressman Davis of North Carolina.

While a wedding party was waiting for a squall to permit the ceremony at Alpharetta, Ga., the groom excused himself and fled. The bride proposed to the groomsman on the spot, and they were married within an hour.

Lady Drummond, one of the American girls married to a title who came to grief, is now living quietly in Hartford with her eight-year-old daughter, who is heiress to \$300,000, which English lawyers are now trying to get for her.

The power of persistence in matters of love was well illustrated in the courtship of Robert Browning's son. For fourteen years he maintained a suit at first unsuccessful, but finally rewarded with success. It is hardly to the credit of the sudden intrusion that during the time of his son's suspense he had no suspicion of the affair.

Washington women who are mothers of eligible daughters are getting a good deal of information that Chief Justice Fuller will have six daughters in society this winter. There are already a number of marriageable young women in the capital and the sudden introduction of six new ones at a time is regarded as quite too much of a good thing—a real imposition, in fact.

IMPETRIES.

Who says talk is cheap, when Talmago gets \$200 per lecture? A Maine clergyman went to Massachusetts to preach the other day, and they ask him whether he was going to take his text from the bible or from "Robert Elsie."

"A clerical mummy rose up from his sarcophagus and opposed the revival" is the pungent and pertinent way a Methodist preacher in Nashville delivered himself about it.

The Rev. Mr. Millmay thoughtfully contemplated the ruins after the demolition party had left for home. "Finally he remarked to his spouse: 'My dear, I think I may safely say that Solomon in all his glory had not a rind like one of these!'"

"I thought you wou'—at a sore throat staying out so late Saturday night," admonished Mrs. Brown. "Come off," growled the old man in a husky voice. "You women can't never reason. Haven't you sense enough to see I got this cold going to church with you Sunday?"

The Rev. J. L. Scudder, of Jersey City, said in a late sermon: "The bible says there is a river in heaven, and I firmly believe that there will be swimming and yachting there, too." He also says that he sees no harm in card-playing so long as it is indulged in moderately, but leaves us in doubt whether that is one of the amusements to be permitted on the celestial shore.

Deacon Skinfint—This is an age of irreverence. I read to night about some fellow who had engraved the Lord's Prayer on a ten-dollar gold piece and wears it on his watch chain for a curiosity. This is all wrong, very wrong. There are some things too sacred to be trilled with. Carver—Do you see, you refer, deacon, the prayer or the gold piece?"