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THE MYSTERY OF NUREMBERG

A Curious Character and His Strange History.

THE STORY OF KASPER A HUSER

Passes His Childhood in a Cave—His After Life—Attempts on His Life—An Old Story Retold.

Kasper Hauser.
 Post Dispatch.—Nuremberg, that quaintest of all European cities, has a quaint old castle, and attached to the castle is a rude stone tower, older and queerer than either the city or the castle, for it is, as we will believe, the most mysterious and the most mysterious of all. Many eight-soers, tired of sight-seeing, are glad to leave the old tower unvisited, yet it is well worth a visit, if only to interview a mediaeval lady who occupies a small room in the upper story. She is called, among other names, "The iron virgin," and though forever dumb, yet speaks, and loudly, too, for those who have ears to hear. "The iron virgin" is a machine in the shape, or rather with the face of a woman, which opens on hinges. On the front portion of the interior are four rough spikes, five or six inches in length, the use of which is sufficiently evident to the spectator. In "the good old times," now happily passed away, criminals who had mortally offended the laws of church or state were stripped naked and placed in the back part of the infernal machine. Then the front part, or door, was closed and screwed tight, and as the screws tightened the two upper spikes were driven into the eyes of the helpless victim, and the two lower into either breast. After a certain time the door was opened by the executioner and the lifeless body dropped through a small trap-door in the floor to unknown depths below. In one corner of the chamber is an altar properly equipped, at which it is supposed the victim received religious consolation before being consigned to the deadly arms of "The iron virgin." Altogether the place and its furniture are not particularly agreeable to look upon, but having some interest for ecclesiastical antiquarians. Among these is a lithograph, or engraved portrait of a young man apparently between eighteen and twenty-one. Rather a good face, broad and high forehead, brown hair and eyes, plump cheeks, well rounded chin, and mouth which, if weak, has a pleasing expression. It is the portrait of

KASPER HAUSER

whose story—fifty or more years ago—is not sufficiently forgotten to be worth retelling in brief fashion; the more, as there is nothing like it in fact or fiction.
 On the 25th of May, 1828, in the afternoon, a shoemaker living in one of the least frequented portions of Nuremberg saw a lad leaning against a wall in a peculiar attitude, as if, for some reason, he could not properly use his legs. He approached the stranger, who held out to him a letter addressed to the captain of the Fourth Squadron of Light Hussars, stationed at Nuremberg; at the same time muttering some unintelligible words, and moaning and weeping bitterly. The hussar captain led near by, and the shoemaker conducted the lad to the house, where he sank down exhausted. Meat, beer and wine were brought to him, but he spat them from his mouth with great disgust. Bread and water were swallowed eagerly. The captain, not being at home, his servant took the boy to the house, where he dropped upon the straw and fell into deep sleep.

THE LETTER

When examined, read something like this:
 "I am a poor day laborer with ten children of my own. The mother of this lad left him at my house on the 7th of October, 1827, but I have never found out who she was. He wants to be a soldier and to join the same regiment in which his father served. He has been taught to read and write. If you do not want to know him put him in a lottery or get rid of him any way you can."
 In the letter (which was dated "from a place near the Bavarian frontier which shall be nameless, 1828") was inclosed a note, apparently in the same hand.
 "The child is already baptized. You must give him a surname yourself. You must educate him. His father was a soldier of light horse. When he is seventeen years old, send him to Nuremberg to the regiment of Light Horse, for there his father was. I ask for his education until he is seventeen. He was born the 30th of April, 1812. I am a poor girl and cannot support him."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Young Hauser was, as may be imagined, somewhat peculiar. His age apparently was about seventeen, height, four feet and nine inches. In figure he was stout, with broad shoulders and delicately formed limbs; hands and feet small and well shaped—the soles of the latter being as soft as the palms of the lady's hands, or as his own, which were of infantile softness. He had been inoculated on both arms and on one arm was a small wound, evidently recent. His hair was raven black, his eyes, though not bad, was absolutely devoid of meaning or intelligence; as dull and stupid almost as that of a brute, though when pleased it was lightened up by a bashful smile, and his face, though not exactly alike, the left being perceptibly drawn and frequently distorted by convulsive spasms. The clothes he wore when found were of a mixture of tow and country costume; coarse, ill-fitting and clammy made. In his round felt hat was a small picture of Munich, partly scratched out. A red-checked handkerchief around his neck was marked "K. H." In red thread, in his pocket was a rosary, a key, a paper of gold-colored wax and a number of printed prayers and tracts in German. In mind and manner he was to all intents and purposes, a child, but, indeed, he noticed nothing and nobody, but was attracted by any shining object and cried when he could

not get it. When he first saw a lighted candle he immediately put his fingers in the flame and cried from the effects. When he first saw a mirror before him, he looked at the back of it to see the owner of the reflected face. And, as has been said, he had no language which any one could understand; only a sort of guttural gibberish. As partially confirming his own story, when able to communicate, it must be stated that his lower limbs showed plainly that his previous life had been spent mostly in sitting posture, and with his legs stretched out flat at right angles to his body. When thus seated the knee-joint lay in a hollow, instead of projecting, and the knee joint was so close to the floor that a common card could scarcely be thrust under it. He walked with great diffidence; his eyes could not bear the light of day without becoming painfully inflamed. He could, however, see in the dark as clearly as other people do in daylight, and his sense of hearing was abnormally acute. So was his sense of smell, and the perfume of flowers made him sick. The touch of a magnet attracted him strongly, and he could detect one metal from another by its power of attraction. This strange being found a good friend in the burgomaster, who was deaf, and in the case and had him frequently brought to his house. In these interviews, by dint of questioning and helping him to words, the burgomaster gradually obtained the history of the child, which was officially published in July, 1828. This is the substance of

KASPER'S STORY.

As confirmed by him at a later period, when he was able to talk plainly enough: He neither knew who he was nor where he was born. He did not know the name of the city in which he was found in the street of Nuremberg. Before that he had always been in a hole, or cage; always seated on the ground, feet fastened, and having on only shirt and trousers. He never heard a sound and never saw daylight. He slept much, and when he awakened there was a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water beside him. Sometimes the water had a bad taste from having been heated, and he would think, and then he slept longer and more soundly than usual. When he awakened his nails had been cut, his hair trimmed and he had on a clean shirt. In winter he was warmly by a small stove, shaped like a beehive. He had wooden horseshoes with ribbons to play with. A man came into the hole occasionally, but generally treated him as a brute, and he ran his horses too hard. He taught him to write, and tried to teach him to walk. Finally the man came and carried him to a school, and he was put up and down a long hill for stairs into a street; led him a long distance, then put a letter in his hand and disappeared. How long he lived in the hole he did not know, but he thought something more about himself than what has been here stated.

HIS EDUCATION

by teaching him to talk. He was as ignorant of everything as a child of two years; knew nothing about natural law or objects; thought nine-pin balls felt pain when they struck against each other; was angry with a cat for not using its paws as a chair; had no idea of God, immortality, or of the difference between good and evil action. When able to talk, however, he asked innumerable questions, and displayed some respect for ecclesiastical equal to the average. He was very kind-hearted, would not hurt even a fly, was truthful, obedient and orderly in his habits. It was a long time before he could be brought to eat meat, and much longer before he was willing to give up his wooden horses and other childish toys. His progress in general knowledge was reasonably rapid, and in reading and writing he became a quick proficient, so that in the summer of 1829 he was encouraged to try and write out the details of his history, so far as he could remember them. This became known to the authorities, and the result proved that he was carefully watched by the enemy, or enemies, from whom he had already suffered so grievously. They probably feared that the story he told, if published, would lead to their own detection and punishment. So it came to pass that at 12 o'clock the dinner hour, October 17, 1829, Kasper was missing. Search being made by the Danner family.

TRACES OF BLOOD

were discovered on the staircase, passage, and in the lower part of the house, all leading to the entrance of which was on a level with the ground. The door being lifted Kasper was seen lying at the farther end of the cellar bleeding profusely, and apparently in the act of writing. When brought out he exclaimed: "When I was in the cellar, I was seized by paroxysms so violent that several persons were required to hold him. For the next fortnight he lay in a delirious, raving about 'the man,' his former keeper, and who had attacked him. There was a severe, but not dangerous, wound upon the forehead, apparently made by a sharp instrument. When after some days he had recovered from the nervous shock he gave this account of the occurrence: He had gone into the lower part of the house for some purpose, and while there saw a strange man stealing upon the passage. The man's head was so black that he thought him a chimney-sweep who had frightened him once before. Suddenly the man attacked him, but with his weapon he did not know. His assailant had a black covering over his whole head, but he knew he was 'the man.' He ran up stairs for help, but finding no one there ran into the cellar. He was terrified by himself in the cellar. Where 'the man' went he did not know.

A GREAT SENSATION

in Nuremberg when the mysterious attack became known, and every effort was made to discover the author of the deed. Kasper was removed to the house of one of the magistrates, carefully guarded there and never went out of doors without the escort of two policemen. In June, 1831, a printer and an artisan, Herr Von Tucher, was formally appointed his guardian, and with him he remained some months, peacefully pursuing his education. It would have been much better had he remained permanently, as he might have done but for the appearance upon the scene of an eccentric Englishman, Earl Stanhope, father of the historian. Visiting Nuremberg in May, 1831, he saw Hauser, and thought him by far the greatest curiosity in the curious town. In a short time he became so much interested that he proposed to adopt the youth and take him to England. The authorities were quite willing, and the adoption was formally and legally consummated. Of course the adopted father at once proceeded to spoil the child and the next as a man, making him fine presents, and supplying him liberally with money. Von Tucher vainly protested and finally gave up his guardianship in May, 1831, and in the month of 1831, Earl Stanhope removed Kasper to Ansbach and placed him in

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change of a teacher named Meyer, where he left him and returned to England. The simple people of Ansbach thought the boy was the destined heir of the rich Englishman, and called him "my lord" and flattered and fooled him as if he were a lord indeed. Poor Kasper's head—none too strong at best—was turned by this treatment. He was not content with his lot, but he had done before, and became, it is said, more secretive in his disposition and less frank and truthful. Meanwhile it was rumored that the secret of his life could be discovered in Hungary by diligent search, and Stanhope accordingly sent him through that country in charge of Herr von Tucher and another person, who made all possible inquiries and investigations, but with no result. The party visited some of the principal places in Germany and Kasper was every where treated with great consideration. Nevertheless, it was not long before he knew that his best character was deteriorating rather than improving. Stanhope—as might have been anticipated—grew weary of him, and the family in Ansbach showed signs of similar weariness. Release for all concerned was close at hand, and it came in the shape of

A DISMAL TRAGEDY.

On the 14th of December, 1833, in the afternoon while Herr Meyer was sitting in his room, Kasper suddenly burst in upon him through the outer door, exclaiming with wild gestures and in broken words:
 "The man—had a knife—Uz monument—gave me a purse and then stabbled me. I ran as fast as I could. Purse left lying there."
 He was quickly put to bed and a policeman sent to the spot mentioned. There was found a small purse of blue color silk. It contained only a series of paper on which was written in pencil this puzzling message:
 "To be delivered. Hauser will be to tell you exactly who I am, and whence I come, but in order to spare the trouble, I will tell you myself.
 I come from
 The Bavarian frontier
 By the river
 It will ever tell you my name—M. L. O."
 Nothing else was discovered, and the thick falling snow had covered any traces of footprints around the monument. Meanwhile two physicians were in attendance upon Hauser, who had received a small but deep wound upon the left breast, the weapon having cut through a wadded coat, waistcoat, front-piece and shirt. At the end of two days he was able to make a deposition, the essential points of which are these: On the 14th of the month, at 7 a. m., he had not a man near the court of appeals who looked like a workman. This man said to him: "The court gardener sends you his best compliments, and begs you to come a little after 3 o'clock to the court gardens, where he will show you the different clays to be seen in sinking the artesian well." He did not go, because it was wet, but told a friend of his about it, and she strongly advised him not to go at all. On the 15th the same man appeared to him, at the same time and place, and repeated the invitation. He went at the hour appointed to the gardens and straight to the artesian well. Finding nobody there he went to the Uz monument, and there, at the two stone seats, a tall man suddenly came forward, gave him a purse and stabbed him. Then he ran home as quickly as he could. He thought he recognized the lilac purse, but the person who gave it to him he had never seen before. This was the substance of the answers to forty-two questions asked the dying man. On the evening of the 17th he was dead. The government offered a reward of \$1,000 for the detection of the murderer to which Earl Stanhope added \$2,000; but in spite of this powerful stimulus no effort, nothing more was ever known about the murder, and the living and

death of Kasper Hauser have been shrouded in a veil of impenetrable mystery from that day to this.

CONJECTURES.

Of course, during his lifetime and after, numerous theories were proposed in regard to him; but none of them have been even partially confirmed by later revelations. The visit to Hungary was made on one or two occasions he showed signs of mental excitement when hearing Hungarian words. Then it was assumed, quiet and grateful, that he must be the son of some Hungarian prince, some of the language, costume or scenery made the slightest perceptible impression upon him. Then it was thought he was a descendant of the Habsburg family, but when taken to that country neither the language, costume or scenery made the slightest perceptible impression upon him. Then it was thought he was a descendant of the Habsburg family, but when taken to that country neither the language, costume or scenery made the slightest perceptible impression upon him. Then it was thought he was a descendant of the Habsburg family, but when taken to that country neither the language, costume or scenery made the slightest perceptible impression upon him.

THE KROPHGANZ CASE.

A True Statement of the Facts.

The man who first suggested the use of an X as the signature of a person who could not write was no philosopher. The fitness of things should have led him to suggest the cipher, which as a shorthand is eminently significant in most cases.
 First stage robber—What did you get yesterday, Jerry? Second robber—Nothing. There wasn't nobody in the stage 'cepting a lawyer, two plumbers, and a prima donna, and a professional courtesy wouldn't allow me to touch 'em, of course.
 A London physician, after a study of wrinkles, reaches the conclusion that most of them come from laughing, and not worrying, as is generally supposed. Yes, but how does the London physician account for left wrinkles?
 Mrs. Haschroff—That new boarder need not try to make me think he is a bachelor. He is either married or a widower. Billings—How can you tell? Mrs. Haschroff—He always turns his back to me when he opens his pocketbook to settle.
 Bride of a day to her husband, who is doing his best to convert her on the train—Do stop talking a little while, John. You (tenderly)—What is the matter, dear? are you any worse? Bride—No, but I want to hear what the women are saying in the seat behind him.
 "The ideal country is that where there are no classes," suggest you, Mr. Hoozercroon. "But there are no classes in this country, Alfred." Said his fair young bride, stirring the tea with her spoon, and not worrying. "There are cooking classes," rejoined Alfred, and again he sighed deeply.
 First Benedict—Yes, it's mighty quiet at my home. When wife and I are alone in the evening you could hear the clock tick. Second Benedict (unhappily looking to a teacup)—The silence is still more oppressive at my house. When wife and I are alone you can only hear the broomstick.
 "The number of ladies who have discarded the bunnet is exactly fourteen, and all of them are complaining about the 'bang' of their dresses."
 "Washing and Pupils in Theosophy Taken in." is a Boston sign which shows that the signs of knowledge still shelters the city of brains and beans.
 It is enough to draw tears from a woolen lining to see a sign manufacturer and an ice packer meet on a street corner these days and swap sympathy.
 Chicago, having nearly recovered from its attack of Monday lectures on Goethe, Dante and Aristotle, is now preparing to astonish the world with its spring trade in sparrows.
 "Well, Brown, here is another new year. How about that diary you started to keep last year?" "I've kept it. Here it is, just as good as it was a year ago. Not even a mark on any page."
 "I am glad to see your husband keeping so steady. Mrs. Brevier. I notice he is perfectly sober every Saturday night of late." "Yes," was the reply. "He has recently had his payday changed."
 President-elect Harrison may not be a believer in spiritualism, but he knows a few cabinet tricks. The personality of his materializations are awarded with much anxiety in some quarters.
 He—At last, my dear Amelia, the happy moment has arrived when I can tell you how much I love you. She—For goodness sake, Mr. Tompkins, don't tell me here. He—Why? There are no eavesdroppers. She—That's just it. It is time for a revival of reading, writing and arithmetic in the public schools. Clay



MR. JOHN KROPHGANZ.

Mr. Krophganz was found by a reporter at his residence, No. 144 South 13th street, who furnished the following statement of facts. I am by trade a carpenter and work at the Simmons Manufacturing Co., having been in their employ two years. About three weeks ago I received a call from a man who introduced himself as a lawyer, and told me that he had a case which he wanted me to look into. He said that he had a man who had been in the hospital, and that he had a letter from him which he wanted me to look into. He said that the man was a doctor, and that he had a letter from him which he wanted me to look into. He said that the man was a doctor, and that he had a letter from him which he wanted me to look into.

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