Mrs. Sherwood Writes of Cordova, Granada and Seville.

A DREAM OF PERFECT BEAUTY.

Magnificent Moorish Temples and the Charms of the Famous Albambra -The Infant Monarch-An Inspiration for Painters.

Scenes of Ideal Loveliness,

The Mosque of Cordova is the most beautiful temple which exists, one of the most admirable monuments of man's genius on the earth, says Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, writing from Seville to the New York World. We endeavored to take a drive around Cordova, but the to take a drive around Cordova, but the roads have not been paved since the Moor, so it was necessarily short. The once powerful city has dwindled to a dead and alive town of 50,000 people, who still, however, have that air of decayed gentility which all Spaniards keep, and their houses are pretty Moorish buildings among most lovely gardens. We went to see the old bridge, dating from the times of Augustus, reconstructed by the Arabs, and the ruined constructed by the Arabs, and the ruined old walls, the debris of statues and basreliefs, the inscriptions in honor of the emperors, the gray old vestibules, the emperors, the gray old vestibules, the fairy-like balconies over which the handsome Andalusians lean with flowers in their beautiful hair. It was all a dream, and Tom Moore, with his foolish ballads of the Guadalquivir (the river flowing at our feet), came up, with the eternal rhyme and the twanging of the guitar. Such are the confusions in one's guitar. Such are the confusions in one's archaeology in Cordova

Mrchaeology in Cordova

We came on to Granada the next afternoon. It is appropriate that the mosque of Cordova and the miracle of the Alhambra, though twenty-four hours from everywhere else, should be within five hours of each other. The sensuous dream of luxury on earth, which the followers of the Prophet were to continue in heaven could have no to continue in heaven, could have no grander exploitation than the Alham-

We had a delightful journey. The wild flowers and the orange groves kept us company, and the old Spanish towns grew more quaint and old, the stones graver, and the Siera Nevada began to show us the snow; an outline not unlike Mount Blanc from Geneva rose on the Mount Blanc from Geneva rose on the rosy horizon. It became a vision of unearthly grandeur and beauty. When the evening fell a moon, not yet quite full, helped to prolong the picture. As we entered Granada the beggars and cabdrivers, the Spanish outcries and the groans of the donkeys nearly deafened us. Soon, however, we were

deafened us. Soon, however, we were driving by moonlight through the beau-tiful elm forest planted by the Duke of Wellington in 1812, and the nightingales were bursting their throats to give us the most delicate poultice for our wounded ears. Dr. Holmes says:

And silence like a poultice came,
To heal the wounds of sound.
It is profanation to compare the exquisite and heart-breaking note of the nightingale to a poultice, but it was infinitely southing. This forest was a surprise to me. Why did nobody ever tell me that we drove through a forest

to the Alhambra?
We alighted at this comfortable house, where we can breakfast on a balcony overlooking a garden, where from one window we look into the forest, and from another over a bank of yellow roses, toward the Sierra Nevada. We never wish to go away. The Al-hambra, approached through magnificent horseshoe arches, and opening its wonderful fountains, gardens and fairy-like columns upon one, is at first a disntment, because it is being restored, and there is an air of newness about the Court of the Lions.

GLORIES OF THE ALHAMBRA. But to go often, to go elone, to read think, meditate there; to mount its towers, to dream in its courts, to read over "Tales of the Alhambra" there; it grows and it grows, until it becomes the Palace of the Heart.

The superb Hall of the Ambassadors,

where Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus, was the first majesty which overwhelmed me; then the Court of the Lions; what a labyrinth of arches, sarved embroideries; what indefinable elegance, what inimitable delicacy, what a prodigious richness! and something so airy, so undulating, like a cur-tain of lace, which a breath could blow away; which has stood 700 years, a delightful confusion, a graceful disorder, "the majesty of a royal palace and the gayety of a kiosk," an extravagance, a delight, a living grace, a folly, a fancy, the dream of an angel, the rosy visions of first love, something too evanescent to describe—such is the effect of the Alhambra.

The long Arabic inscriptions on the walls are most grace u. I had a book which pretended to translate them, and a copy of the Koran, sold at Granada, but I could not make them out, and feel as Artemus Ward did about Chaucer. "Mr. C.," said he, "Mr. C. was a smart man, a man of talent, but he was the poorest speller

Somebody was a poor speller-either my book or the Koran, or the sculptor. I cannot read Arabic yet, more's the pity. But why regret anything but the shortness of life and the flight of time when tooking at these floating ribbons the flowery niches, arabesques, stars, the delicate infinity of the ever-recurring polygonal checkered kaleidoscope patterns, the stalactities and pendulous graces of the ceilings, the dewdrops in stone ready to fall, the stucco lace, embroidered with a thousand flowers? The fairy-like columns advance and disappear. Looking upward one sees the re plica of the court below in a palace high in the air. Ha! from behind those grated windows the dark-eyed houris

looked and sighed perhaps for freedom. We mounted a high tower to the dressing room of the Sultana. From this immense height the unhappy mother of Boabdil let down her little boy in a scarf, tying all her shawls to-gether, to save him from the revengeful hate of her rival. The room still is rich with a subtle perfume. Further on we see a gloomy perspective. It is

where a mad woman was incarcerated. They say if you whisper in the ear of one of the lious one can hear what you say from the mouth of another! Quite an oral love letter might thus be spoken.

An old gray hon, yet not less A lion! in his feebleness A lion! in his feebleness
One thing is left him still to guard.
He guards it well by day or night,
With these great paws of granite gray;
In the strong shelter of his breast.
No man shall serve him yet with scorn
Though an old lion thus forlorn,
For what he guarus is Beauty's rest.

After the Salle of the Abencerrage we went to see the baths. These beau-tiful rooms were restored with taste during Charles V.'s reign and still bear their sumptuous testimony to the wise luxury and cleanliness of the Moor, a virtue in which he has not been followed by the Spaniard. We came out in the lovely court of myrtles, and looked in the tranquil cistern full of gold fishes. We went in to write our names in the visitors' book.

THE TREASURES OF SEVILLE. The custode showed us first Washington Irving and then General Grant and

HISTORIC SCENES IN SPAIN. family, then General Sherman and Colonel Fred Grant, then the names of Albert Edward and his faithful friend and tutor, General Bruce. Then later on the evil-freighted autograph of the recently murdered Prince Rudolph of Austria; we saw that of the Countess of

Austria; we saw that of the Countess of Pierrefond (the Empress Eugenie), of the late king of Spain and of his royal sisters, and of many of lesser degree.

I suppose I am not the first chronicler to say that Seville is a most charming city. It beams on one who comes from the rural districts of Spain, as Paris beams on the early American before he was satisfied with foreign travel. Although it has nothing to compare with the Alhambra, or the Mosque of Ca, dova. Seville, still has its antiquities-Roman remains and Moorish palaces, its grandest of cathedrals, the beautiful modern palace of the Duc de Montpensier (now a gray-haired old veteran, modern palace of the Duc de Montpen-sier (now a gray-haired old veteran, and a thorough spaniard) and the beau-tiful Giralda Tower, enough to come to Spain to see; the Alcazar, now the only home and Spanish palace of Queen Isa-bella, and full of the family portraits, and which is, with its fountains, gar-dens and restored Meorish rooms, no trad convert the Albambra, still a conv bad copy of the Alhambra, still a copy,

not the original. We started off well for modern ideas We started off well for modern ideas by hearing our countrywoman, Emma, Nevada, sing "El Barbero de Sevilla," at the opera house. The pretty little woman, with her flute-like voice, is a tremendous favorite here. They re-called her sixteen times, and poured out flowers upon her until she could not walk nevers the stage. She has been walk across the stage. She has been singing two months at Madrid, where she also is an essential "furor;" had an audience with the queen, and is a great friend of Count Murphy, who has given her an open seasame to all the places here not usually shown to visitors. I owe much to her friendship in opening

more palaces to me.

But it was a great pleasure to see the "Barber" on his native soil. Around me sat the flower of Andalusian beauty and grace, the nobility of Seville. Every woman's hair was dressed with flowers and the famous great carna-tions, as large as a double poppy, were in every hand. This superb flower will not grow as large anywhere as here. A 'Caballero' sent me a bouquet in which counted sixteen varieties.

We have very amusing incidents with We have very amusing incidents with these Sevillians. I brought several letters, and a haughty Don will arrive to make a call. We can none of us speak Spanish, and they speak no French, so the courier has to be invoked, and the high and mighty compliments which follow on both sides are exchanged. The don offers us his house, his opera box, all that is his. We accept nothing but a "permission to call" and perhaps he "would open some doors."

AN IDEAL SPANISH TOWN.

AN IDEAL SPANISH TOWN. I owe to such a visit from a distinguished scholar permission to see the library of Christopher Columbus, now closed. One thing they do not do, they do not ask you to dinner. No one gets much inside their houses. Sir Clare Ford, at Madrid, says he asks them to dinner, but they never ask him. They send you a carriage, they are polite, but inside their houses, no!

I trust at Madrid we may have the entree to some Spanish interiors so jealously guarded. The hotel at Seville, Hotel de Paris, is excellent. The weather is just now very hot, but we easily fall into their habits of a siesta at 1 o'clock. their habits of a siesta at 1 o'clock. We rise early and see the sights, return home and have breakfast and dine late. We are never tired of these pretty houses built round a garden, at which we get peeps through the iron latticework. The shops are dark, cool caverns, filled with most tempting laces, the and Spanish worls. There is also fans and Spanish wools. There is also a beautiful pottery here. The windows are shutterless, protected by iron grat-ings and an awning. We are here at the best of seasons, the spring, and we enjoy a full moon, by which we dine late, hearing the madelin and guitar. A moonlit night in Seville is a love song all by itself. These open square courtyards, called paties, are surrounded by corridors, supported by marble pillars, with a fountain playing in the middle, covered in midday by an awn-ing called toldo, and it is the drawing room of the family. I know of nothing

To go back hence to antiquity, Abie Josep Yakub was the greatest builder of his age, and in 1171 he threw a bridge of boats across the Guadelquivir. he repaired the Roman aqueduct and raised the great mosque (now the cathedral, and undergoing repairs). To him we owe the beautiful Giralda tower, very suggestive of the Campanile at Florenbe. This is the great tower where in Moorish times the muezzin called the faithful to prayers. Now certain famous bells perform his office. They are so powerful that even the devil is afraid of them, and Murillo was fond of painting the scene where the devil and his winds were dispersed by the belis. Would that we had an agency so powerful to dispel a blizzard or a

cyclone. It would be a week's work to describe this grandest cathedral, its wealth of beauty, its superb size, its endless arches. It is the largest thing in the world, apparently. I did not see it to advantage, therefore have not so pleasing a remembrance of it as of its rivals at Barcelona or Tarragona, much less than of the Mosque of Cordova, but it has two beautiful Murillos in it which I do praise, "The Guardian Angel" and the "St. Anthony of Padua." This saint has been to New York, it will be remembered. He was cut out by one of his own priests, sent to Mr. Schaus, who detected whence and where he belonged and sent him back. The restoration is skillfully done, and it is an unrivaled

specimen of the master.

I preferred to go and rest in the lovely cinque cento gardens of the Alcazar, where the beautiful Maria de Padilla bathed and soothed the savage temper of Pedro the Cruel, until she was accessed of magic. In this palace of the Alcazar, Charles V. was married and at his order arose these labyrinths of box in the style of the Italian renaissance, these orange groves, this thicket

of roses where MURILLO AND VALASQUEZ LIVE. I have often asked myself how I should feet if I were to be in the home of Murilio and Velasquez. Here I am on the very spot, and I see whence they drew their inspiration. Murillo had but to look around him to behold the splendid black-eyed babies and the beautiful Andalusian Madonnas. Neither look as if they knew anything. For of beggar boys the supply is limit-less. The beggars and the donkeys in

I am inclined to write a book and call it "The Donkey in Spain." Nothing but the fear that some wit would ask me if it were intended for an autobiography has deterred me. But that patient little beast does all the work. He is buried under two paniers, and he is laden down with everything. No refuge has he but his patient cry and his discordant note. The voice of protest in all the world has been discordant. It finishes off with the donkey. In this miserably poor, enormously rich country he seems to be the emblem of what has ruined Spain-oppression and taxation. The countay.

Where every prospect pleases And only man is vite. I enjoyed very much the Palace of St.

Telmo, the beautiful house of the Duc de Montpensier. Here I saw two of the best of Velasquez—portraits of Philip IV. and of Olivarez; also some poor Murillos and the original of Ary Sheffer's St. Monica and St. Augustine, splendid examples of Luibaran and other Spanish painters also a curious other Spanish painters; also a curious series of pictures from "Don Quixote," embroidered in silk by a man, very original, bumorous and quaint. The duke must be a student of Cervantes, for he has statuettes of the Don and of Sancho Panza everywhere. Sancho was a famous name where. Sancho was a famous name among the old kings, so Sancho Panza is as if we should say "Washington Briggs." The house is full of records of the Orleans family, including a very fine, full length of Philip Egalite, the duke's infamous grandfather. The Queen Isabella II., his sister-in-law, is also portrayed, but we saw no likeness

also portrayed, but we saw no likeness of his dear little daughter Meredes, queen of Spain, whose death, they say broke his heart. Across the Pasar de Cristina we came to the old Moorish tower of the Tome del Oro. No one knows whother this was a lighthouse or a treasure house, perhaps both, as its octagon shape and high lantern would make it useful as

both. Pedro the Cruel, the Henry VIII

of Spain, used it for a prison in which he punished his false wives. This is the home of the bull-fights, but, alas for us! there will be none until we reach Madrid. So our cruel instincts must wait a week. For us the Plaza de Toros of Seville is a lost delight. Its capacity to sent 12,000 spectators, its view of the Geraldi, all is lost for us the effect is said to be very grand, as the last bull dies! (I do not know that I am inconsolable; one must miss some-thing in any country! I rather hope there will be no bull-fight in Madrid,

if it isn't treason to say so.) PURE SPANISH TYPES. To one who comes here to welcome poetical impressions and day dreams, Seville is the most satisfactory town in Spain. It is still the city of the most picturesque blackguards in Spain, who sleep on the steps, wear their shawls and cloaks with a grace which is proverbial, pictures of the bliss of idleness; great argument in favor of being en-tirely worthless. They have no vulgar prejudices as to duty and honesty, but are very good guitar players. No grave, solemn, sad Spanish type is this, but a mixture of the gypsy, the bull-fighter and the contrabandist. None of your jealous, haughty, suspicious and dignified cavaliers among even these beggars. It is the city of pleasure. The

gars. It is the city of pleasure. The "Barber" is its true expletive. Rossini's music exactly expresses it. The upper classes, however, are very distinguished looking and very handsome.

The men, especially, a high type of Spaniard, well dressed, riding well groomed horses; the turnouts at the fashionable drive are worthy of Rotten Row. The women wear the beautiful mantilla in many cases. It is becoming and local.

But is not to the upper class (as much at home in Paris as in Seville) that one

at home in Paris as in Seville) that one looks for the true Spanish type.

At the tobacco factory in the streets, we have seen some fine specimens of Andalusian beauty; the deep, large, full black eye, the raven hair in such magnificent profusion, that indiscribable charm and naturalness, grace, livliness and repartee, which painters, poets and opera writers have sought to poets and opera writers have sought to reproduce, are to be seen on every cor-ner. Byron made Cadiz rhyme to la-dies. He and Tom Moore found some enchantment here, no doubt.

No wonder the Moslem loved to lin-

ger by the Guadalquiver, to dream away his life amid the enchantments of refined taste, with all of nature's profuse and prodigal gifts of climate and production. He lavished his gold and genius to adorn his city. He gave freely of his blood to defend it. proud Seville! Let her country

Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days. Later on Seville became the Court of Spanish Kings-and is linked with their romantic and most cruel records. The discovery of America by making it the emporium of the world, revived its former prosperity. From its port of Palos sailed Columbus, Pizarro and Cortez. In the fifteenth century it was the home of the merchant princes. It vas the New York of Spain. It became the prey of the French in 1803. Marshal Soult carried off the Murillos, in fact, tore one in pieces. The English entered it in 1813 amid universal acclar mations.

HIS YOUTHFUL MAJESTY. The Spanish proverb says: "He who has seen Seville has seen wonders; but he who has not seen Granada has seen It is difficult now to know why they

so adored Granada. Beautiful as is the the Alhambra, splendid as is the view of the Sierra Nevada, it is not as attractive as is this flower-hinged, cheerful city. The lightness, the elegance, the vivacity, the show, the thousand things to see here make it the prettiest and most peaceful picture we have yet seen. To-day is the queen's birthday and the houses are decked with her picture. She is the Madonna of the day, the ever-present, ever-worshipped Murillo, the immortal type of the most perfect love. A mother and her baby rule Spain; and the baby hand holds the with an invincible strength. One of the editors of the Figaro gave me a letter to a high official, so that in Madrid I should see the queen.
"Yes," said he, "but I know you, being

woman, want to see the baby. I acknowledged that the majesty of 'two years and a half" was to me more interesting than any other, and that I was willing to put my neck under his darling foot. That sovereignity fresh from heaven, the great rule of King Baby, who does not kiss his chubby hand? He rules the court, the politician and the liberal.

"I cannot war against a woman and a baby," said Castelar.

The Summer Girl.

New York Mercury.

Such witching eyes! Such dainty feet!
(I admit she loves to show 'em),
With winning ways and accents sweet,
She seems a very poem.

There's no one fairer, neater. Should she but deign to look toward me I'm not alverse to meter. In 1876 Carter Anderson, of Hansley,

Tex., married Miss Rebecca Meyers, and until a few months ago nothing ever marred their happiness. The tempter came in Henry, a brother of Mr. Anderson. At last Henry told Carter that he loved his wife, and his wife was asked if she loved Henry. She said: "Carter, I have tried to be a good wife to you and you have been a good husband. I love my children, too, but I give all up for Henry. I love him more." The heartbroken husband could only say: "Becca, if it is your determination to leave me go, and God bless you in this wild decision." gave her money, with the request that she keep it for burial. The following Sunday he hitched up his best team and saw his wife and eldest child and Henry seated in the wagon, and hired a man to drive them to this city, where they took a train for parts unknown. The stricken husband remained at home to bear his sorrew in silence.

THEIR HEROISM / WAS IN VAIN.

The Sturdy Strokes of the Brave Mountaineers Intred the Unsuspecting Villagers Into the Very Pathway of the Disaster.

A Fearful Alpine Flood.

The mountain range lying between Martigay and the vast wooded ridge of the Tete Noir, in Southern Switzerland, still bears, fearful traces of the most devastating flood recorded in local history, concerning which I heard many a grim legend from the herdsmen and woodcutters of the district while exploring the scene of the famous tragedy, writes David Ker in the New York Times. Strangely enough, this great catastrophe was in all its chief details an almost literal prophecy of the Conemaugh disaster, with the additional interest of having been caused by the bursting of a natural dam, the formation of which was well-nigh as destructive as its collapse.

Early in that fatal summer the river Dranse (which runs down into the Rhone through that steep, narrow, rocky valley at the lower end of which stands the town of Martigny) suddenly dried up so completely that not a drop of water was left'in the deep, zig-zag channel which had echoed with the roar of leaping torrents only a few days before. The whole valley was in dismay, and many of the peasants fled from their homes, remembering that a similar phenomenon had immediately preceded the three most terrific landslips ever known in Switzerland. A few of the bolder spirits, however, volunteered to ascend the gorge and find out the cause of this wierd prodigy, and they

discovered it only too soon.

A mighty mass of ice, upon which a good-sized village might have stood with ease, had broken away from the great glacier overhead and slipped right down into the bed of the Dranse, which it blocked fo completely that not a drop could pass. Behind this natural dam the checked waters of the river were forming a kind of vast reservoir, rising ever higher and higher, and enguifing one by one the tiny upland hamlets that clung to the slopes on either side. Thus, by a hideous grotesqueness of horror, men were being drowned on a mountain top while their comrades in in the valley below were

TORTURED WITH THIRST. Few men could have faced unmoved the sight of this tremendous mass of pent-up waters (sufficient to drown the whole valley at one rush) hanging right over their heads and threatening to burst upon them at any moment. But the dreadful crisis, which would have utterly unstrung any weaker spirit, only nerved these bold hearts to redoubled energy. It was at once de-cided to cut a tunnel through the ice, in order to let off the water ere it could overflow. All the men who could be collected were brought together in a wonderfully short space of time, and to work they went, hewing their way through the ice barrier as manfully as the brave fellows who are now toiling amid the ruins of Johnstown.

Seldom has a more deperate task been attempted; never has it been more heroically carried out. The cutting of the tunnel—begun from both ends at once in order to save time-went on day and night for more than two weeks, the gangs relieving each other every few hours. During the whole of this time the gallant men worked with death staring them in the face, for at any instant the imprisoned waters that gurgled and growled beneath their feet might break loose and sweep them headlong to destruction. But not a man wavered. The ghostly darkness, the deadly chill of the icy walls that shut them in, the hollow roar, the unseen waters beneath, the crashing and splintering of the huge blocks of ice that kept falling around them on every side, the trembling and groaning of the whole mass as the flood pressed upon it harder and harder, the everpresent and hourly-deepening shadow of a sudden and horrible death well have appalled the stoutest heart. But, even when the pickaxes actually dropped from their benumbed fingers,

the little band of heroes NEVER FLINCHED FOR A MOMENT. And now the work was well nigh done, and the daring miners who had been pent so long in this living grave were looking joyfully forward to the speedy end of their dreadful task, when, almost at the last moment, it was suddenly discovered that by some fatal error the two cuttings which were approaching each other from opposite sides of the ice dam were proceeding on different levels, and could never meet unless a slanting passage were cut from one to the other. This fresh labor oc-cupied two whole days, during which the devoted men fairly gave themselves up for lost, deeming it impossible to complete the additional work before the flood rose to the mouth of the tunnel and drowned them all where they stood. But at length the last stroke was given, the workmen retired, the water began to pour freely through the tunnel, and the hiss and splash of its first leap into the dry channel below was answered by a deep and heartfelt "thank God!" from every man in that heroic band.

Then there came, in the very moment of triumph, the blackest horror of the whole tragedy. Already the mass of water above the dam was visibly re-duced, and the gallant miners—rejoicing in the thought that their valor and per severance had redeemed from death lives of ail that breathed in the valley—were just staring to return to their homes, when, unexpected as lightning from a cloudless sky, the long delayed destruction The constant hammering of the escaping waters, as they fell in one great cataract right upon the base of the ice dam, inflicted upon the latter a shock which, weakened as it already was by the tremendous pressure from above, it was quite unable to sustain. With a crash more terrific than the loudest thunder, the whole of the mighty mass gave way, and a volume of water to which Ningara itself would have seemed small, fell like a thunder-

bolt right upon the doomed valley. What followed even those who saw it could never tell, and in truth the strongest words would be too weak to convey the full horror of a catastrophe which compressed the navoc of years into a few terrible moments. So trenendous was the rush of the great wave from that vast height down the narrow defile that it seemed to leap with one bound from the higher end of the valley to the lower. In the forcible words of an eye witness, "it came like a mountain fired from a cannon." as if to heighten this dreadful drama to

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been successful, and were just returning to their various occupations in the joy-ful persuasion that all was now safe. when, in the very moment of their fullest confidence

THE DEATH-BLOW FELL. Thus by a strange and ghastly irony of fortune the heroism of the brave miners served only to make the havoc more deadly. Their success in running off a part of the accumulated waters had spread throughout the whole valley, right down to Martigny itself, the belief that all danger was now past, and the entire population lay right in the track of the destruction when it came Its coming was so swift and sudden that light was impossible, and indeed no place of refuge could be accounted safe rom the sweep of that great harvest of death. A solid stone bridge that spanned the gorgefully sixty feet above he highest point ever known to have been reached by the river was cut away as if by the slash of a knife, and not a man of the ill-fated travelers who were crossing it at the time were ever seen again. The town of Martigny itself, far away at the northern end of the valley, was literally swept from the earth, and only the massive gray turrets of an ancient tower on the hill high above it rose like a rocky islet amid

that roaring sea of destruction. When the surveyors of the fearful day ventured back, after the flood had spent its fury, to the spot where their homes had once stood, the keenest eye among them failed to recognize ONE FAMILIAR LANDMARK

amid the ghastly, formless chaos of drifted mud and gravel, shattered rocks, uptorn trees and masses of broken timper standing gauntly up from vast pools of miry water, beneath which lay ouried fathoms deep the once bright and beautiful valley of the Dranse. The whole mountain side had been torn away as if with a huge rake, and the charming little villages that had clung to it were gone as if they had never been. The very shape of the valley was utterly changed, and the population of the entire district well nigh exterminated at one blow; and long before the news of the disaster could reach the western lowlands, the bruised and mangled corpses, which the rushing Rhone whirled down by hundreds into the calm, bright waters of the Lake of Geneva, told to the shuddering villagers along its shores the fate of distant

A funny story of a unique but unsatisfactory trade for a husband comes from the picturesque town of Eastford, among the hills of Windham county, Connecticut. Mrs. Adah Ann Sharp, a lady of wealth, about eighty-five years old, de cided about five years ago to marry. Her eye fell upon Timothy J. Backus, a successful farmer, aged seventy-five. It is said that she made tourteen proposals of marriage to him, to all of which he turned his deaf ear. At length, Mr. Backus, according to the published accounts, was summoned before the widow, where he found himself confronted by Justice of the Peace Keith. The widow then made Mr. Backus the offer of a salary of \$125 per year, with a horse and carriage thrown in, if he would marry her. Timothy did not hesitate long. He concluded that the fifteenth offer was worth taking, and went to the town clerk and got a marriage

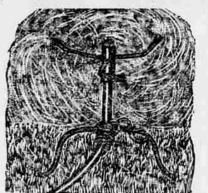
When he got back he found that his blushing bride had changed her mind, and that the justice of the peace was slowly driving out of the yard. not gone far before the would-be and wouldn't-be bride reversed her decision and hustled Timothy after the justice. The dignified justice returned. Mrs. Sharp thereupon reversed judgment again and declined to stand up with Timothy. Then Timothy grabbed his hat in despair and prepared to leave. Mrs. Sharp at this again reversed her decision, and the marriage ceremony

was performed.

Marriage with them seems to have been a failure. For the past five years the utmost, the inhabitants of the valley, seeing the bed of the river filling again, concluded that the tunneling had

no sugar in his dried apple pies. Finally she became impressed with the idea that he had swindled her out of \$100. Health is Wealth He then persuaded her to sign a docu-ment hiring him to leave her for \$1. his wife has posted him, forbidding all

persons to trust him on her account.



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