## VALENTINES FOR OFFICIALS, fellow who wields the city dog lariat, received the following:

Some Interesting Missives Gleaned from the Public Servants' Mail.

WHY BRAVE MEN RAVE AND SWEAR.

Some of the Officials Smiled and Showed Their Letters-Others Buried Them in Deep Waste Baskets.

St Valentine's day, like christmas, comes Once a year. To the children it is a day of herriment. The old folks care naught for the day of caricatures and very bad poetry, and business men and city officials, as a rule, have placed in a handy position to their desks the

largest waste basket they can afford. Yesterday was February 14, and the grist of valentines sold and delivered was not short of the customary amount. If anything it was larger, at least in the cheaper grades. The mail carriers were loaded from morning until night. One of them as he trugded wearily along with his burden was heard to murmur:

Last summer I drove a horse car,
In the fall I followed a plow;
Next I worked on my brother's ice wagon,
But I'm only a mail carrier now.
The average recipient of his critical valentine reminders hurriedly consigns them to
the waste basket with a few italicised sulphuric remarks. With public characters and officials it may be said that the desk files are officials it may be said that the desk files are less used on February 14 than usual, and fewer answers to communications are dictated to the stenographer or typewriter. In his rounds on yesterday a few of these valentines, which were more or less mutilated, were rescued by a reporter for The Beg from waste-baskets, desks and carpets which would have otherwise passed into oblivion and secreted from the gaza of the general and secreted from the gaze of the general

Mayor Cushing got a basket full. As a reporter entered he was reading this one: , Richard, 'Cœur de Ly'n.'

Don't you remember when,
A man for office sighin',
Did haunt your business den.
O, how you swore and pledged he'd have
Posish—let come what may—
But 10, your choice of favorites shows
He's in 'the consomme.'
The promised place is filled by a 'rad,'

he promised place is to please; for Twenty-eight' to please; hough party friends have lost their grip, though party in their 'sneeze,' hey still retain their 'sneeze, real, a true Jacksonian, dicting adverse fate To him who pays election debts By nibbling bolter's bait.

SOUR SAMOSET. Another one addressed to his excellency

Here's hoping, dear Dick, that good fortune
May attend you the next year to come,
When all the fown will acknowledge,
From a bishop way down to a bum.
That your term was a pathway of roses—
Your government naught but perfection;
Then the gang will commence counting noses
And boodle—for your re-election.
—GARBAGE.

City Treasurer Rush rather enjoys St. ntine's day and was not at all anxious to

testroy the missives he received yesterday, When the reporter entered, the custodian of the city's cash was reading one to his typewriter. He proposes to have it framed and sent to the world's fair. It runs like this: These are the days of progress.
Throughout this yankee land,
And he who leads the foremost.
Is the chap that's in demand.

No wonder, then, that Omaha Its mossback men should crush, And do safe financeering With a scientific Rush.

Charles Goodrich, the corpulent city comproller, tore open his batch of valentines as ecklessly as though he expected them. But Charley vowed he didn't care; that hey could guy him about baseball all they wanted to; that he proposed to buy the first season ticket placed on sale. One of his valentines

A second home run Chawls, you've made, Officially 'twas great. Especially for a shadow man Of scarce four hundred weight.

You still comptrol the city's books,
Note how it spends its pelf,
But ain't there times when, "charley-hoss," You can't control yourself?
For instance on the diamond, when Opposing clubs are tied.
A four-base hit puts Omaha
Upon the winning side.
Tis then you need a controller
In your exhiberation.
For another day may bring defeat

And cussin' like darnation.

B. B. CRANK. Judge Helsley disposed of the common herd before he razored his valentinic mail.

the lines that caught his honor's eye read

some of the pictures were flavored with perfume; others were sugar-coated. There were naked cupids, hearts, darts, etc., but Justice sanced with mercy, Lee
Accords with public taste,
You bettererrin kindness
Than to conviction haste,
"Go and sin no more" gives both
Ofttimes to true contrition.
While "fine and jail" just nerves a cuss
To guilty repetition.

While "fine and jail" just nerves a cuss
To guilty repetition.
Supreme court learning's not required
True justice to dispense
Farbetter, Lee, it is to have
A stock of common sense.
Your reportorial life has proved
That you are built that way
So let the city draw a bow!
And toast its fair P. J.

—THIRTY DAYS.

City Clerk Groves tore open a delicate litme missive that contained the following lines:
I guess you thought electric bolta
Were crawling up your spine
When you were reelected cierk,
By Cushing's new combine.

When you were seen quite satisfied,
The public seem quite satisfied,
And Join St. Valentine.
In wishing that you'll always meet
A welcoming combine.
License Inspector Riley, one of the first police officials of Omaha, as well as a bi-annual
candidate for sheriff, was so fascinated with
the lines that he received, that he proposes
to have Prof. Steinhouser place them to

the lines that he received, that he proposes to have Prof. Steinhouser place them to music, and have the fat man sing them at the Eden Musee. Here they are:

Is this Mr. Rielly, the old ploneer,

Is this Mr. Rielly so sound and smeere?

Is this Mr. Rielly whose name we see here.

We wish you luck, Rielly,

You have caught on this year.

Is this our friend Tom, who gives a permit

To dages on corners to stand or to sit?

Or lazy expressmen to git up and git?

Or lazy expressmen to glt up and git? By St. Patrick's howl. Thomas, You have made a great hit.

You keep a sharp eye on "houses de bum,"
You have saloons and hackmen right under
your thumb.
The gay demi-monde-och, muriher, yum, You're out of sight, Rielly, For one year to come.

The major does not deny now that his name Dennis. He has received several valentines from the council during the past three weeks, but when he he ripped the yellow en-velope open yesterday that contained the fol-lowing lines, he actually swore. Listen:

Now Major, George, I never heard Although with pipes, political, I knew you were a hummer.

Your system, since the edict, (No stalwarts need apply) Has been far better than before,

Although you've acted sly.

But Specht and others want your scalp.
So major douse the glim.
Your name will mean just what it spells,
And you'll be in the swim.

JOINT WIPER.

Joe Standeven, the city boiler inspector, is a good natured individual with hair the color of brick. Joe never gets excited. The mere telephone message that a boiler has blown up and wrenched the life out of a half-dozen per-sons in some building creates no cyclone in Joseph's little red-headed brain. He is the calmest person you ever saw. Some friend sent him the following insimuating lines yes-terday which he desires to have published in the hope that it will assist Scavey's gang of fly cops in running down the author. Here it is:

Dear Joe—
You have the face of a boiler,
The hair of a fire,
The nose of a mule,
And they say you're a liar,
In haste,
Each member of the "Solid Twenty-eight"

Jub received a valentine bearing a wood-cut print of their manager, accompanied by lines of poetry. The matter was placed in an enof poetry. The matter was placed in an en-velope with black borders. The lines were

Ye belter from the party took
A large and juley fee.
I'll now take one from t'other side,
Said the belting man, said he.
INSIDE POCKET. Eyen Count Pulaski, the dignified looking

Ah, tagless dog and homeless cow, Unbranded norse and goose, Who sport upon the vacant lot And wander round so loose, Be sad, for Count Palaski now

Is counting you his prey:
So hesitate before you tramp
Upon the public way.
He of the royal blood and breed.
And name of shuddering sound,
Is looking for his shilling.?
The blood-money of the pound. One of the valentines received by Gas Inector Gilbert read:

Why, Jeems it's tough, aye! faith, it's rough,
Your friend, the gas jamp's sick,
But can't you make your office on
Electric cables stick?
One year ago while very sick,
I thought I'd gas secure.
It was my only luxury,
And now I'm very poor. COAL OIL The mayor's clerk got this one:

If I had but \$1,200 a year. Richard, sire, If I had but \$1,200 a year; Oh, how glad I would be. And I'd work with such glee-If I had but \$1,200 a year.

You shall have that \$1,200, Tuthill, dear boy; You shall have that \$1,200 a year. I have told the combine— For you know it is mine: You'll be voted \$1,200 a year. The person who cared to remember the city veterinarian did not know exactly how to spell his name, so he wrote the following on the doctor's slate at his office:

Ramociotti! heavens! what a name! A istter mixture diabolical. As if the alphabet had broken loose Upon a big spree alcoholical. Oh! lucky horse that cannot understand— How brave men kick, and rave, and swear, To get pronunciation of that awful word. The sound of which is an earthquake in the

Tohear it mentioned makes a dead horse in Bennet's bone yard rear and snort.
'Tis a fatal shock to equines living,
So most men call him "Ram" for short.

Some person who signed "Dick's Pets" mailed the following to each member of the city council:

Eighteen merry little chumps. Sober once a week; We may look tired occasionally, But then we never sleep.

We would not a-booding go. Because we then would see Our records on the big front page Of THE OMAHA DAILY BEE. This is a sample of the kind Dr. Gapen, the city physician, received: They say that our present town doctor is a lower of strength in his line. And, either with knife or prescription. Can fix up a case rather fine.

There are ills in the city I know of Which treatment heroic all need; They're a little outside the profession. But, doctor, get at them with speed.

Splinter the broken pledges, Bandage municipal sores. Tap a fat council subject. And rid the city of bores.

In fact, the whole city is sicker, In the way of the public affairs, Than many poor people in body Who call for professional care.

Let the taxpayer be his own doctor, At the polls make a general rout, With ballots for nills and emetics, Just clean all the burn rascals out. Deep down in Chief Seavey's wastebasket was found a crumpled sheet of paper, evidently written by a woman, bearing these

unkind words: You look like a man. Now, demme!
I never was fooled so far;
But the roots of your whiskers
Would make elephant blisters
On the tire of a Farnam street car.

Poor Commissioner Mahoney got this: Bean juggler. I hate you,
But dare not reveal
The cause of my hatred,
But from you will steal.
My rations you cut down,
My coal it was rotten,
But your loker was great

But your licker was great. So I'll come back a trottin'. Country Treasurer Adam Snyder was not verlooked. One of his toughest ones ran something like this:

Money you handle, Keep it in place; Turkey comb red. And so is your face.

Clerk Frank Moores got one from every member of the Douglas county bar. Frank placed them all on file and will have them en-tered on the docket for the summer term. An effort was made to print some of them but they were so tropical in nature that ordinary copper type meited before them like a surplus before a council combine.

De Witt's Little Early Risers. Best little pill ever made. Cure constipation every time. None equal. Use them now.

## IMPIETIES.

When the average man prays for his neighbor the Lord hears lots of gossip.

The greatest business in the world is to sell tobacco and whiky; the poorest, to sell Bibles.

Fashionable society in New York has hit upon a new fad. It consists of going to church on Sundays.

"Here lies the body of Mary Ann. Asieep in the bosom of Abraham; It may be pleasant for Mary Ann, But it's pretty tough on Abraham." A Scotch minister told a woman who was

n the habit of falling asleep under his preaching to take a little snuff at a time. She advised him to put a little snuff in his sermons. Minister-Brother Jones, I hear that you have been seen cutting wood on Sunday? Jones-No, sir. I never break the Sabbath In that way. My wife does all the house-

Bishop Engle of the United Brothern de-nomination of Kansas has been expelled from the ministry on a charge of "indiscreet financiering." He speculated in real estate; but this was not the trouble—he also lost. Chesaning, Mich., has a man that goes into

trances and converses with the angels.
While in this state he can be lanced to the
bone without bleeding, the wound healing in a few hours. His name is Kaizer Hoff-

A man told his doctor that he was afraid he had insomnia. The doctor asked what made him think so, and was told: "I see people asleep around me in church on Sunday, but all I can do is to doze off for a few minutes.

A Scotch gentleman of fortune on his deathbed asked the minister whether if he left a large sum to the kirk, his salvation would be secured. The cautious minister resonded: "I would not like to be positive, but it's weel worth trying."

A crusty lows preacher named Pyeobjected to the exhibition at a church fair of the cap and colors of a local turfman who had con-tributed toward the success of the entertainment, but when other contributors sided with the turfman the objection was withdrawn.

An Indianapolis church member subscriced to the building fund of a church, and tried to wiggle out by claiming the contract could not be enforced because entered into on Sunday. The lower court decided with him, but the Supreme court has reversed the decision.

A mulatto woman in Brunswick, Ga., who is known by the name of Rev. Jane Holland, is known by the name of Rev. Jane Holland, created a sensation in a negro church recently by mounting the pulpit when the congregation had assembled and reading a letter which had been sent her by a negro named John Davidson. The letter was full of gush and love, and the irate woman evangelist grew wrathy and her eyes glittered as she clinched her fist and shook it at the loving decument. The woman is married and her document. The wom an is married, and her husband was present when the letter was

Rev. Arthur O. Gavis, pastor of the House Rev. Arthur O. Gavis, pastor of the House of Prayer, of Lowell, Mass., recently had his salary reduced from \$1,000 to \$1 per year, in hope that this action would force him to resign. Some of the congregation have been paying him \$10 a week to remain in defiance of the wishes of the trustees. Last Saturday the vestments and furniture belonging to the pastor were put out of the church. He carried the property back and slept in the church Saturday right to be resets for the ried the property back and slept in the church Saturday night to be rerdy for the Sunday services. On Sunday he preached on "Good Works," The trouble arose over the rinal

Mr. Martin Cahn has at last yielded to the long-continued importunings of his many friends and announces that he has joined the ranks of the plano teachers of the city. Mr. Cahn has so long been associated with the musical colony that no prominent local performance would seem complete without his presence either playing the accuracy in the second colors. presence, either playing the accompaniments

Shakespeare setting forth that Bacon had written them, as Mr. Donnelly alleges he did do. THE LOUNGER IN THE LOBBY. "For centuries he has continued to be the

Some Pleasant Recollections of the Jefferson-"I have an idea about this controversy which I think is new, certainly I have never seen it in print, and it is this: Bacon was a Florence Dinner. sonneteer so was Shakespeare. Now doesn't it seen strange that Bacon should have selected

ATTRACTIONS FOR THE CURRENT WEEK.

Mme. Muentefering's Musicale at the Sacred Heart Academy-Reminiscences of an Old Theatrical Manager.

Apropos of the petite dinner, small only n the number of guests present, given last Saturday evening in honor of Mr. Joseph Jefferson and Mr. William J. Florence, after their performance of the "Heir at Law," a number of bright observations upon men and things recur, and I feel sure you will pardon me if I try to save from onlivion some of the good things that were said.

For the memory is oftentimes treacherous, a poor stick to lean upon when life has ouched its outermost circle, when the candle has almost burned down to the socket, flickers feebly and then goes out.

I could not help making a mental photograph of the distinguished guests as they sat at the table engaged in discussing the premier course of the menu-the ovsters on the half shell.

Mr. Jefferson was dressed in black with the rigorous exactness as to detail, of a professional man of high rank. His smooth shaven, irregular featured face looked thin when contrasted with the broader one of his vis-a-vis Mr. Florence. But there was a de-lightful look of rosy health about the ideal Bob Acres, and a sparkle in his kindly, deep blue eyes that could not help but fascinate the spectator. There is even little sign among the sandy hair of the touch of time and about his form, outside the stoop of the student, there is little to suggest that Mr. Jefferson has passed the sixtles along the highway of a busy life.

The senior in this copartnership of art holds his countenance more under control per-haps than does Mr. Florence, and does not hans than does Mr. Florence, and does not smile as easily as the latter. His smile is in his eye'and rarely descends to the lines of his mobile mouth. But every now and then he showed his enjoyment of a good point made by a toss of the head and the pleasing utter-ance of "That reminds me," as some old memory was recalled by something that had been said before been said before.

"The governor," as everybody in the com-pany calls Mr. Jefferson, was in good spirits and undoubtedly enjoyed the companious hip Mr. Florence was dressed in a dark gray

frock suit, if memory be not at fault, and his clean-shaven, jolly face was mantled in smiles. He was in the pink of condition, and suggested a well groomed thoroughbred, to use an expression common to the turf. An English monocle is screwed into his right Irish eye, dimming its twinkle, which was so apparent in the unobscured left Irish eye, and this was the only feature out of harmony with the correct make-up of this most interesting comedian.

He is fond of the sunshine, and loves to see it on the faces of those about him. But now and then he provokes a tear, and what a precious tear it is! It comes from the tender pathos that he loves to introduce in his interpretations, that the humor may be in brighter

contrast.

He has known probably more prominent people, and been intimate with them, too, than any actor now living. His education, his abilities, and his personal worth are responsible for this. Few actors have met and conversed with the emperor of Germany in an informal way as he has, nor have many people been awakened from a fishing reverie by the German emperor.

Wherever he goes he finds friends, admirers, companions. In every land and district

ers, companions. In every land and district he finds some one to do him honor and take delight in his company.

This splendid actor, who is a fine example of what the actor was in his duties to the stage a generation ago, has a fine literary

record. He is a delightful raconteur, a clever versifier, no mean story teller, a staunch friend, and the prince of good fellows. It was shortly after the second course had taken the place of its predecessor and a rare old Burgundy had been decanted, that the

son, said:
"You may not know, but the part of Dr.
Pangioss is taken from Voltaire's "Candide."
one of that famous Frenchman's most noted works which was written over a hundred years ago. Coleman, no doubt, saw in this character a great satire on English tutors and, he introduced him in the 'Heir at Law.' In Voltaire, the character is made a tutor simply, but Coleman, impressed with its strength and virility, has elaborated the role, making Pangloss a doctor of laws, a pedant who was unscrupulous enough to sell his at-tamments to three different persons, notwith-standing, that they were diametrically op-

posed."
"Not until last year did I know that Pan gloss came from the French," said Mr. Jef-ferson. "I had occasion to go to Mr. Sar-gent's studio in New York to talk over with gent's studio in New York to talk over with
the arrtist a picture he intends to paint of
me in the part of Dr. Pangloss, and it was
then that Mr. Sargent toldme that Pangloss
was not original with Coleman, but
with Voltaire. So he sent me the
the story some 2 these days I will read it.
In fact I am looking forward to the time
when I can get into a corner and absorb some
of the literature of the are. Until your with of the literature of the age. Until now, with acting, painting, fishing, farming and writing I have had little time to read the things which other people discuss so learnedly."

"You have not been unsuccessful yourself

in a literary way, Mr. Jefferson," said Mr. Rosewater.
"Well no man could have been more sur

prised at the success of the book than I have "After I had signed the contract with the

"After I had signed the contract with the Century people I would have given twice the sum to have succeeded in getting them to cancel it. It became a positive burden—I may say old man of the sea—to me until I had gotten into the work.

"Why I used to think of things in the night time and I would get up out of bed and make a memorandum of them. This I found of great advantage, when I came to putting the finishing touches to the work which the publishers tell me is having an unprecepublishers tell me is having an unprece ented sale.
"I believe a man has one book in him—"

"Yes, and in many cases that one book is infernally bad," interjected Mr. Florence, who up to this time had been attending "In my case," resumed Mr. Jefferson, "it couldn't be a second. I probably had something to say, and having said it, I am quite willing to stop without attempting anything

else that might prove an anti-climax.

"I had intended to leave a friend some memoranda for a history of the Jeffersons to be published after my death, but I could not withstand the importunings of Mr. Gilder, and the result is very gratifying to me."
"But how wonderful has been the growth
of Omaha," said Mr. Jefferson, changing the

subject deftly from himself.
"Twenty years ago I played in the Academy of Music then under the management of a man by the name of Corri, and I played 'Rip Van Winkle.' I remember it well, as if it

were but yesterday.

"What great times we did have te get to and from the railroad station, and what a foriorn looking place was this same Omaha.

"High ho! times have changed, and if some of my eastern friends could see Omaha now. THE BEE building, they would not believe amout playing to the Sioux Indians, in momentary danger of having my thin scalp-lock

"Speaking of THE BEE," said Mr. Florence. "reminds me of a clever epigram which the Boston Herald used to squelch a would-be rival called the Boston Bee. it ran in this

wise:

"How doth the little Boston Bee
Improve its daily space?
By stealing all its thunder
From the Herald, without grace."
Then the guests gave Mr. Rosewater an opportunity to tell the story of his busy, stirring life, before during and since the war, by their questions as to how THE BEE came into

Again was the subject changed and the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy came up, in which all the guests took a hand, and strange

which all the guests took a hand, and strange to say all were Shakespearans.
"Actors have a traditional regard for Shakespeare," said Mr. Jefferson, "that time cannot wither or custom stale.
"To me it seems especially ludicrous that Shakespeare could have taken time to have inserted in his plays a cryptogram—or whoever wrote the plays of

great source of dramatic inspiration and will so continue for conturies to come.

"In Elisa's time the maker of sonnets was

ited with by the Baconians he would have saved for himself the beautiful bits of versifi-

cation which appear in Shakespeare.
"Consider that the greatest demestic com-

"Consider that the greatest demestic com-edy of all time, "The Merry Wives of Wind-

sor,' was written by Seakespeare. As he also wrote the greatest tragedy, Julius Cæsar,' the brightest romantic comedy, 'As

ou Like it,' the greatest melograma, 'The Vinter's Tale,' the greatest domestic tragedy,

"And the most elaborate spectacular play "The Tempest," 'said one of the guests.

"Here was the most marvelous introspec-tionist of all time," continued Mr. Jefferson.

and he can almost be said to have been di-

"and no can almost be said to have been divine, for he was gifted with the light which is not on land or on sea."

"All this controversy reminds me of a story I once heard," said Mr. Florence. "There was cace a great big man, may be six and a

half feet high, built is proportion, and he was married to a little bit of a woman who was a

virage in disposition, and she used to beat her husband unmercifully. One day a friend asked him why he allowed his wife to beat

him in such an unheard of way, and he re-plied that the beating dian't hurt him, and

"Now that fits the present attack on the

nomery of Shakespeare,"
Everybody had a good laugh over the story

for the application was se apparent.

Mr. Rosewater then observed that Bacon

could not have made the mistake of locating an inland sea in Bohemia which Shakespeare speaks of and Mr. Jefferson said that Shake-

speare's law was particularly lame, something that was impossible with the gifted

"One thing about Shakespeare," said the host, "he has created the most inconsistent

character in the whole domain of the stage and that is 'Richard IIL' I can conceive of

no more unnatural sight than when Richard meets Anne in the street on her way to the church yard with her dead, and commences

to woo the widow of the dead king.
"That is a flight which even Richard, crue

and despicable as he was, would spurn.
Mark you, here was a woman who saw before her the murderer of all she held dear,
her son and her husband, and yet Shakespeare makes her listen to the tale of love

speare makes her listen to the tale of love which is in Richard's head and not in his the murderer

heart, and finally gives the murderer of her honored dead, encouragement in his wooing. That to me is the most unaccountable scene in the whole domain of the literature of the stage."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Jefferson "the same idea has occurred to me, but

never knew that any one else had thought o it. It is the only flaw I know of in Shake speare's plays. But we sometimes crowd a

whole year or many years into a single act, or very often scene, and this may be one of

"Isn't it surprising," interrupted Mr. Florence, "that many of the most accurate de

scriptions of places were never seen by the

men who pictured them! Shakespeare speaks of Illyria and describes it most

minutely. Dickens wrote of Paris long be-fore he had ever seen the city. Longfellow gave us his beautiful description of the Teche

country in Louisiana, through the medium of 'Evangeline,' and he never visited the coun-

try, to my knowledge—certainly not until long years after his story had found a place upon every table, almost, in the land. "It is this gift which distinguishes the genius from the commoner clay, which sends the name of Shakespeare, Dickens and Long-fellow rights down the tree.

fellow ringing down the ages.
"By the way," continued Mr. Florence, "I had a very delightful visit with Colonel Mike

Sheridan, and only until this evening did I know that he was 'Little Phil's' brother.

"And the mention of General Sheridan re

calls to me a story in which he figured most

the historic spot and met Gouroc, who, of course, was delighted to see me. He told me in his broken English, which he had acquired from English and American tourists, that "a

country man of mine, a little man with ze head of ze Napoleon,' had been there and knew more about the battle than he did himself.

"Why, said the Frenchman, he tell me where ze Napoleon stood in ze charge, where

everybody stood, until I vender if he was ze

second Napoleon."
"I went over the whole list of my friends

in America, but no one answered the descrip-tion of a little man with ze head of Na-

"Old Gouroc was not satisfied. He wanted

me to know the American who had brought back a flood of recollections because of his

back a flood of reconcessions occasion of the resemblance to Napoleon. So he went to his tent and shortly brought a card which the citizen of the United States had given him.

"In looking at it what was my surprise to see upon it the name 'Phil Sheridan' writter in the general's own hand.
"And strange to say I had never noticed

"The knowledge shown by General Sheri dan of the disposition of the troops at the

battle of Waterloo was not remarkable, for the maneuvres of that day are part of the course at West Point, and every detail of the

battle is given with exactness. Of course he knew more of the battle than did the man who was in it. He had studied it from the

standpoint of the soldier."

It was nearly the first hour of the morning

when the little company left the dining room and the visit of Jefferson and Florence to

The beautiful young actress, Cora Tanner, will close her successful engagement at Boyd's opera house this (Sunday) evening by presenting the powerful play, "The Rerugee's Daughten."

To make his patrons merry, the manager

To make his patrons merry, the manager of the Grand opera house has secured the services of J. C. Stewart's clever comedy company. They will appear this ovening in the rearing musical farce comedy, "The Two Johns." While all such comedies bear a certain similarity, "The Two Johns" has many distinctive features. The plot hinges on the antics of Peter and Philip, "The Two Johns." The difficulty in distinguishing one from the other results in many embarrassing entanglements. The situations are comical in the extreme. The comedy has been on the road for a number of years and

been on the road for a number of years and has been one of the most popular of its kind. It has never been presented with such an ex-cellent company as will appear on this occa-sion. There will be bright songs and many

new specialties by pretty girls and lively comedians, who will sing and dance them-selves into popular favor.

Commencing February 19, for three nights

only, Denman Thompson and George W. Ryer will produce their peautiful American

drama, "The Two Sisters," at Boyd's opera house. The play of "The Two Sisters," differs from the "Old Homestead" by being laid in New York and dealing with the dif-ferent characters one must in a dayle

erent characters one meets in a day's walk

through a great city.

It comes to Omaha with the eclat of success in every city in the east. Three times have all engagements west of Chicago been postponed to meet the demand for return en-

ragements at the scenes of previous successes and as one writer says: "Our people

gagements at the scenes of previous successes and as one writer says: "Our people have not seen enough of 'The Two Sisters:' the more they see of it the more they wish to." There is a charm in the play that wins the sympathies of the audience from the rise of the curtain and keeps them in their seats till the last word is spoken.

The Chicago Tribune—where they are playing a week's engagement—says: "The Two Sisters' was a success—a more pronounced

Sisters' was a success—a more pronounced success than was 'The Old Homestead' when presented at McVicker's theater. 'The Two Sisters' is the better play. It strikes a deeper chord of human interest in the story that it tells, and its stroke of human, as well as its louches of realism are the more numerous

touches of realism are the more numerous. There are situations strong in contrast, characters vivid in colors, and sentiment as true in feeling as they are modest in expression. There is much heart in the play."

We can most assuredly promise our the-

Omaha became a reminiscence,

the resemblance before.

hose instances."

rave her a great deal of pleasure.

and erudite Francis Bacon.

ater-goers one of the brightest and withest comedies, "The Private Secretary," that was ever constructed to carry out the hap-penings of every day life, the incidents and harmless accidents of a household, a domestic conglomoration of humorous obstacles, most dexterously knitted together to form an in-teresting plot, a plausible story, and yet bub-bling over with the most ludierous, laughable events that only a genius like Gillette could conceive. This popular playwright had al-ready attained an enviable reputation as author of the military drama "Held by the Enemy," and his closest friends were not surprised, but most agreeably enthused, on the production of his mirthful councily, "The Private Secretary." the poorest of his sonnets to which he gave his name and credited Will Shakespeare with loried upon as a genius and it occurs to me that if Bacon had written all that he is cred-

Private Secretary."
From the initial performance at its produc tion at the Madison Square theater, New York, covering over three hundred nights at this famous dramatic fountain-head, it has ever borne the same magnetic influence Everywhere Gilletto's "Secretary" is a wel come visitor, and he has been interviewed by more people, and many more friends, than any other character that has ever graced the

Following are the members of the company Following are the members of the company, some of them having appeared in the original production at the Madison Square theater: Mr. R. J. Dustan, Mr. Harry Allen, Mr. Frank Tannehill, ir., Mr. H. A. Morey, Mr. Herbert Fortier, Mr. Thomas A. Wise, Mr. Edward Morey, Mr. Charles Hamlin, Miss Maude Giroux, Miss Nettle Ferrell, Miss Adele Clarke, Miss Kate Wilson and Miss Kate Burlingame. Kate Burlingame. "The Private Secretary" opens at the

Wednesday. Reminscences of Ye Olden Days. The presence of Charles Blanchett in Omaha recalls the pleasant recollection of the "Wild West" plays at Boyd's opera house, with the heroic Indian scout Hon. W F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) and the gallant military author, Major Andrew S. Burt, who was the officer in charge at the Omaha bar-

The sensational heroic border drama, "The

The sensational heroic border drama, "The Knight of the Plains," or "May Cody Lost and Won," by Major Burt; there was a blood curdling title for you! And the display of Indiau paraphernalia in the show windows, with the exhibit of scalps as trophies from the heads of the "varmints" killed and taken be "Pariots Pill" when the state of the "varmints" killed and taken by "Buffalo Bill" when scouting with General Mile's forces in the noted Fifth cavalry, prior to the Cutser massacre, were features of such magnetic at-traction that people would crowd around the window where the harrow-ing tale was told by placards, and shiver at the sight of the torn scalps, with the long dangling black hair, the tomahawks be-smeared with blood, and the moccasins and beated shirts of the poor squaws and pa-pooses who had fallen in the trail with their beloved "Lo."

Scenes that were so strongly depicted by such glaring emblems of reality, haunted the youthful mind and even older heads would turn from the ghastly emelems, and thank their stars they were within the borders of civilization. Meeting Mr. Blanchett in the lobby of the

opera house, arranging for the production of "The Private Secretary" that is to appear here the coming week, the reporter ventured to remark: "Your attraction, Charlie, is quite dissimilar from that you were managing when last

"O;" replied the genial manager with a knowing smile, "you refer to the "Callenders," or, probably, Buffalo Bill. Yes, indeed! Quite a change in this city, too, since then. No electric of cable cars, or those massive stone and brick structures (pointing across the street) were thought of in 1876, the centennial year. Well do I remember that corner," continued the unabashed manager. ager. "There stood a little novelty store filled with knick-knacks and bric-a-brac. I made a contract with the proprietor for his windows in lieu of a pass to the theater for his family. In order to fill up the window respectably and give it an air of Simon-pure western characteristics, I being a little short of scalps, found a horse's tail at the barracks, and with the permission of Major Burt, had it removed from the dead cavalry borse, and it removed from the dead cavalry horse, and assisted by the bill-poster, we sat down together on the back steps of the stage, and, as I directed him, he cut off from the tail several very fine Indian scalps. I think one I named:

eatis to me a story in which he figured most prominently.

"For a number of years I have been visiting the battlefield of Waterloo, and naturally grew to know the best guides. An old Frenchman, whose name is Gouroc, has been piloting me over the field for several seasons, having been one of the men who fought and the beauty of the little Compared. Yellow Horse, killed by Buffalo Bill May 7, in the Black Hills. Another I well remember was: Two Bears, killed by the famous scout about the same time, in the vicinity of Standing Rock, Dak., where the late trouble existed. under the bauner of the 'Little Corporal.'

'One summer 1 told a number of
American friends who were going abroad to
visit the battleffield and get old Gouroc "Yes, indeed, I have seen many an Omaha squaw trip up to that window, take a parting glance at the scalp of that poor 'cavalry horse' and turn away wiping her eyes at the to pilot them about.

"The following summer I paid a visit to

loss of a Sioux buck, that had such coarse, manly hair.' The adroit speaker described this in a mild, calm manner, and excused his unique method of advertising by contrasting it with similar other dubious tricks that were resorted to in Beriin, Vienna, Hamburg and other Euro-pean cities last year when he took Dr. Car-ver and the "Wild America" abroad. He then lit a fresh cigar winked his eye, and the little curious crowd that had gathered to hear the plaintive story, re-marked as they strolled away: "All is not gold that glistens."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Sol Smith Russell will have a new historical play next season. Mrs. George S. Knight is reported se-riously ill in Lima, O., where she is the guest of her sister.

"Blue Grass" is the title of a new domestic drama written by Myron Leffingwell, and in which the author will star under the direc-tion of Bert Kendrick. It will have its initial production at Worcester, Mass., Feb-

Owing to the excessive passenger rates Owing to the excessive passenger rates own charged by the railroad companies, "The Great Metropolis," which was booked at the Boyd, has been cancelled. Managers are kicking loud and long for a party rate, but the railroads are obdurate and the compa-nies, if they will come west, will have to put up the same money for their fares as single individuals.

Mr. P. Pavesich, of Washington, D. C. has received the contract for the interior de-corations of Boyd's theater. Mr. Pavesich will remove to Omaha in the spring and will commence work on the interior of what promises to be the handsomest theater in the west, about June. The prospects are now that the new artist will have several fine houses to decorate during his stay in Omaha. Omaha theater goers have a rare treat in Omana theater goers have a rare treat in store for them next season. Jefferson and Floreace will probably play three nights at the new Boyd theater, doing "The Rivals," "The Heir-at-Law," and a double bill, "Dombey & Son," with Florence as Cap'n Cuttle, and "Lend Me Five Shillings," Mr. Jefferson as Mr. Golightly. What a rare treat that will be

Mr. George F. Gellenbeck, who is one of the best banjo solcists in the west, has organ-ized a banjo quartette, the three other mem-bers being C. Rowden, C. Bumgardner and A. Beaton. These gentlemen do not confine themselves to jigs and the usual negro music, but aspire to something higher in musical art. The quartette can be engaged for chamber concerts by applying at A Hospe's music store.

Inasmuch as this is an age of theatrical realism, we have no special cause to wonder at that Frenchman who has written a drama at that Frenchman who has written a drama in which the Koch lymph and a consumptive man reach a triumphant climax in the last act. After this there is hope that we may one day have a hydrophobia play with Pasteur as the hero. A mad dog, a man suffering from hydrophobia and the timely arrival of a Pasteur would stir up quite a stage hophery. stage bobbery. Will S. Hays, the song writer, has an-

nounced his determination to put on the stage and the road "an old-time minstrel company." That's the idea. There is no question that a bona fide minstrel show, without any Castilians or Venetians, without senors or toreadors, or any interloping inter-polations whatsoever, would meet a rousing welcome. The unpopularity of minstrel shows has gone on increasing since negro minstrelsy began to grow too big for its old

The largest gathering of people ever seen at the opening of a sale of seats in New York City was present Thursday at the Garden theater purchasing places for Sara Bernhardt's performance of Cleopatra, next week. The line was a double one and reached from the large of the control of the large of the larg The line was a double one and reached from the box office on Twenty-seventh street, clear down on Madison avenue to Twenty-sixth street and across to and around Madison square. The crowds began forming at 7 a. m. It is estimated that fully 7,000 people were in line. Nothing approaching it was seen since Charles Dickens' readings some twenty years ago.

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