

THE DAILY BEE.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for route, time, and station. Includes Omaha-Nebraska, Omaha-Minnesota, Omaha-Iowa, Omaha-Missouri, Omaha-Nebraska, Omaha-Minnesota, Omaha-Iowa, Omaha-Missouri.

OMAHA Business Directory.

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QUEER FACTS ABOUT CORAL.

Taming a Coral Animal—Fishing for Specimens. "You would hardly think," the owner of a fine collection of coral said, "that a coral animal could be tamed. Come now?" The reporter, remembering the trained oysters at the aquarium, was non-committal. "Well," the owner continued, holding up a specimen, "I found this on the reef in Florida, and, wishing to watch its growth, I put it where I could observe it every day. For a long time, as soon as I came near the spot, the polyps would dart into their cells, but after weeks had gone by I noticed that some of them remained out and gradually came out while I stood there, and finally they would all stay in bloom, even with my hand in the water. They had become acquainted with me and knew that I wouldn't hurt them, and I think I'm the first man that ever tamed an animal so low down in life. It took 55,000 coral animals to build that head," pointing to a fine oval piece of the kind called porites, about twelve feet in diameter, "and 100,000 polyps to build this head of asterac. You see it is coarser, and there are many more cells to the square inch. These and the branch corals are the best for selling, and we ship tons every year. There is a great demand from colleges and schools for sets of the different kinds, together with the fans and plumes that look like corals. An ordinary set can be had for \$15 to \$20, and then they run up into the hundreds, according to their variety and shape. You can get small pieces of common kinds for 50 cents and upward. Here is a little piece called caryophylla, one of the most beautiful of all corals. You see how exquisite the radiating partitions are, and the whole thing is a perfect flower in shape. I valued it at \$5, and brought it up myself from a coral reef about twenty feet of water. They have been seen to gleam with a phosphorescent flame. The majority of corals—the leaf, branch, and brain kinds—we find in shallow water, and by taking a boat you can fill it with the branch or madropore as fast as you can pick it up by wading along. It's rough work, though, on your hands and feet, and requires a good deal of care, as the slightest jab breaks the tips. For deeper water we use long coral hooks something like oyster hooks, only more delicate. "Then you do your own collecting." "Yes; it's a combining business with pleasure with me, and I'm sure to get what I want. You write to B. Harman, Bermuda, or the Florida reef for coral and get the first they can pick up over the rough pieces that won't sell. It's a grand sight drifting along on a coral reef, especially way down on the lower Florida reef. The shoals are covered with branch and leaf corals, giving the whole a rich brown tint, while here and there blue, deep channels wind in and out, their sides bristling with coral right up and down for twenty, thirty, and fifty feet, and the water is so clear you can see the small shells. "Then you must have smooth water." "Not necessarily. We have a boat built for the purpose. A square is cut out of the bottom, and a pane of thick glass set in, so all you have to do is sit and look down. In deep water I have used the calcium light with great effect, directing the light down through the glass, which is, of course, under water, or below the level. It looks queer and ghostly, especially at night, lighting up the bottom around for twenty-five feet, and as you drift along, the light penetrates all the crevices in the bottom, you catch a glimpse of everything, and hundreds of strange fish that are attracted by it. If a rare piece of coral or a shell is passed, you can dive for it or pick it up with a hook, though diving is the easiest plan. "See under water? Why, as plain as you can above, and in the light. I believe you could pick up a pin. Yes, the water about there is full of sharks, but I never heard of anyone being bitten, and I never think of it. Here is an interesting specimen," holding up a common brick with a beautiful oval coral growing on it. "You know scientific men, or a good many, claim that coral grows very slowly—about an inch in a hundred years. Well, this little piece of brick disproves all that, as when I found it first the coral, called meandrina-convexa, was one inch in diameter. I put it back, and in exactly a year it measured two inches in diameter, a gain of an inch a year. The branch coral grows faster yet. About twenty years ago a hair went ashore on the reef and slid off in about fifty feet of water. Her bottom is partly eaten away, and her hold just full of living, growing coral that I should estimate is fifteen feet high. That's over six inches a year on a rough estimate. But for these big heads that weigh a ton or more it takes a long time to reach a big size. I know of one head more than twenty-five feet across and ten feet high. It would be worth \$500 up here, but it can't be moved. If it was near the channel we might rig a derrick and lift it aboard; but it isn't, and to lift it over would spoil it. "Here's what they call pepper coral; I sell a good deal of that. Just taste a bit of it; 'twon't hurt the simplest person." A bit of the millepore was touched to the tongue, and in the next minute tears were flowing profusely. It was worse than the virgin red pepper, seeming to burn into the tongue, and lasting some time. "This and some of these others," the collector said, pointing to a lot on the shelf of very delicate design, "are secreters, but not yet what we call actinoid polyps. They are hydroids. Almost everyone would say they were ordinary corals, but their young are jelly-fishes, who in turn give birth to hydroids—alternate generation, they call it. Prof. Agassiz discovered it, and it is quite interesting to geologists, who are thus enabled to prove that there are jelly-fishes in the oldest rocks, not because they find them, as, of course, the delicate forms have long since disappeared, but they find the parent millepore, and thereby know that the jelly-fish must have been there. Here is an interesting contrast to the astra, with its many cells" (holding up a piece about a foot long, radiating to

the center). "It's a coral of only one polyp, the fungus, and when the animal is alive it completely hides the coral. Their is a good demand for them, as they show clearly how the animal does the work. A good many persons have an idea that the coral animal goes to work as a man would to build a house. The truth is the coral is deposited in just the same way as our bones are. You see the animal is a mere sack containing a stomach, the upper surface decked out with tentacles, and the body separated by a number of partitions that extend from the stomach to the outer skin. Now, right in between these walls of flesh the carbonate of lime is deposited, giving it the radiate character, and this is so with all true corals. In this fungus you see them two inches high and three long, and a big furrow down the centre was the opening for the mouth and stomach. "He was devoted. From the Brooklyn Eagle. It was his vacation, and they were seated under the branches of a great apple tree, contented with each other's society and silently communing with nature. His arm had inadvertently found its way about her slender form, and her head had gradually found a resting place upon his manly padded shoulder. They were dreaming of the happy days to come, when, together they should walk over the varied pathway of life, when she suddenly turned her melting eyes upon him and half-whispered: "Shall you always be so contented with my society, Addy?" (His name was Adolphus, and she called him Addy for short.) "Always, darling," he murmured, and the pressure about her form increased. "You will never, never grow tired of me, but constantly remain by my side." "Constantly, Angy," he said. (Her name was Angelina.) "Remember, Addy, dear, we are together for a lifetime. You are sure you will not weary of my presence?" "Sure," he whispered fervently, as he brushed a bug from her dress. "Angy," I will be always at your feet. Always close to your sweet form to guard and protect my treasure from the dangers and trials of this wicked, bad world," and he looked volumes of love into her blue eyes. "You will never, never desert me for another woman; you will keep firm in your love, and remain faithful until death calls one or the other of us to a better world," she asked, switching a large fly from her ear. "Nothing that folks might say will ever tempt you to desert my side?" "Nothing, nothing, Angy," he said. "The whole world might rise up against you, but it would still find me steadfast in my love. Oceans may separate us, we may be parted for years, but neither time nor space will influence my devotion. I am yours till death," he said passionately, as he grabbed a large beetle that was slowly making its way up his leg. "You're yours till death, my pearl, beyond—" "Here, let me go," she said suddenly, edging away from him. You are altogether too constant. I am not one of those girls who enjoy having a man knocking about under foot all the time, and I'm afraid you won't do," and she left him a crushed weed, broken by the willfulness of woman. The Yorktown Centennial. Philadelphia Record. In honor from now the Yorktown centennial will be over. The preparations already made leave no reason to doubt that the celebration of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to the combined forces of the United States and France, October 19, 1781, which substantially closed the revolutionary war, will be worthy the historic significance and dignity of the event commemorated. Although owing to the long illness of President Garfield ending in his death the country will miss what would have doubtless been, judging by his great speech at Gettysburg, one of the finest orations ever delivered in America, scarcely any other desirable attraction will be lacking to the interest of the occasion. It is a pity that the monument provided for by congress could not have been gotten in readiness to be unveiled as a conspicuous feature of the appointed ceremonies, and that those who attend will have to content themselves with witnessing merely the laying of its corner-stone. But the pageant will be an imposing one, and the most so of all the centennial demonstrations of the last seven years. The series was fittingly commenced with the celebration at Concord, Lexington, in April, 1875, closely followed by that at Charlotte, North Carolina, in May of the same year. Patriotic reminiscence rose to the proportions of a national jubilee here in Philadelphia in 1876, and it is now about to culminate at Yorktown. The month of September a hundred years ago was prophetic with the promise of a successful consummation of the revolution. It was the beginning of the end. So well arranged were the plans of Washington and Lafayette—the two men to whom more than to any others the republic owes its being as such—and so confident especially was Washington of the result, that he took his first vacation for six years, and made a five days visit to his home at Mount Vernon, going thither on September 9, and, after hospitably entertaining his own suite, General Chastellux and Count de Rochambeau, returning to duty September 14, on which day he reached Lafayette's headquarters at Williamsburg. Lafayette was then just 24 years of age, September 6 being his birthday. It was to this chivalrous young Frenchman, who gave his services without pay, that the powerful intervention of Louis XVI of France in favor of the colonists was mainly due. The whole army of Cornwallis, 7,000 strong, and had been concentrated at Yorktown and Gloucester on August 22. The Count de Grasse, having set sail from the West Indies, had arrived in the Chesapeake, August 31, with twenty-eight ships and several brigades. Receiving full information of the situation from the officer sent to meet him at Cape Henry, Count de Grasse immediately sent four ships of the line and several frigates to blockade the mouth of York river, and to convey the land forces under the command of the Marquis St. Simon to join those of Lafayette on the James. Cornwallis was

thus effectually bottled up. He tried to get away, but was disappointed by the vigilance of Lafayette. On September 5, 1781, occurred a naval action of great importance in its relations to the approaching siege. The French fleet lay in Lynnhaven Bay, just within the Chesapeake. At sunrise the British fleet of Admiral Graves, consisting of nineteen sail of the line, was discovered off Cape Charles. The wind being fair the British fleet sailed at once within the capes to attack the French ships. Count de Grasse promptly advanced to the encounter. The engagement soon became extremely warm between the vans of the opposing fleets, and the result was a repulse of the British admiral from his intended attack at a heavy loss of life on both sides. Admiral Barries arrived at Williamsburg, then the capital of Virginia, on September 10, having sent messages to move the American troops at Baltimore to the new theatre of the war. They embarked at Annapolis for the James river. September 25 the remaining troops reached Williamsburg, making a total of 12,000, besides 4,000 militia. September 28 the entire army advanced and took a position within two miles of the British advanced works. On the following day began the movement for encircling Yorktown and closing in on the doomed garrison. By October 1 the investment was substantially complete. South American Butter Market. The dairymen of this country have, if they will properly cultivate it, a wild field for their dairy products in South America, especially in Brazil. A number of the Brazilian states or provinces and towns consume imported butter in considerable quantities, some of which is made in the United States, but by far the greatest quantity—indeed the bulk of it—is made in Europe. Our butter dairymen will do well to investigate this outlet for the American product, ascertain what is required by the taste of the consumers, and fill such requirement with the desired goods. France and Denmark, as will be seen by the information we have condensed from the Milch Zeitung, supply the most of the foreign butter consumed in Brazil, and we are not willing to admit that those countries are ahead of our own intelligent dairymen in the excellence of their products. The climate of Brazil is so hot that few persons undertake to make butter, and this condition of things will doubtless continue for a long time at least. The province of Santos consumes about 20,000 pounds of butter per month, and is supplied principally from France. It is sent mostly in tins of 1, 2, 4, 20, and 60 pounds. In Rio Grande the small consumption is supplied mostly from France. Porto Alegre, which consumes some 6,000 pounds monthly, was formerly supplied by the English, but the French and Danish merchants have supplanted them. The price of butter in tins is 67 to 77 cents per pound. The butter market of Bahia is of considerable extent. The annual importation is something over 1,200,000 pounds. The larger part of this is French butter, a small part English, some Danish and some American. In Rio de Janeiro the market amounts to 2,000,000 pounds per year, which was formerly supplied almost wholly by England; but France now has the largest share—about 1,200,000 pounds; Denmark 600 pounds, and the United States and other countries 200,000 pounds. We send some to this market in tins. Para consumes some 400,000 pounds and was formerly supplied by Ireland with butter too much salted, but Denmark sent a better article in tins, and during the past few years Normandy has sent a considerable proportion of it in tins. The United States have sent a few thousand pounds.—Prairie Farmer. Worthless Stuff. Not so fast my friend; if you could see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say, "Glorious and invaluable remedy." New Sleeping Car. A New York correspondent to the Titusville Herald thus describes a new sleeping car just invented: "Its construction is very simple, so much so that its cost over that of an ordinary passenger coach is only about \$1,000. It contains a number of advantages over the Pullman or Wagner cars, which have already won for it many friends among the railroad men. In the first place its weight is about seven or eight tons less than the Pullman or Wagner car. One of the principal objections to the Pullman and Wagner cars from railroad men is the great weight at the top of the car, which gives so much of that swaying motion so hard on the rolling stock and disagreeable to travelers. This is all obviated in the new car, which is at the top like an ordinary passenger car. The upper berths in the Pullman and Wagner are above the windows, and therefore poorly ventilated and dark, except what light comes from the windows in the top of the car, but in the new car the window is divided between the upper and lower berths by its peculiar arrangement. In the new car the two berths can be used each independently of the other, and each has its own enclosure. No curtains are used, which in the old cars are always flapping and shaking out dust, but instead a sort of inclosure of wooden slats at an end, which work like the iron shutters to store windows. They are pulled out from behind the seat and run on rollers working very easily. Each berth has its key and each can be locked from the inside, affording safety to passengers. Each slat laps over the next, leaving a small open space for the circulation of air. A company called the American Palace Sleeping Car company, with ex-United States Senator Cragin as president and Isaiah S. Emery as secretary, has been recently formed for the manufacture and sale of these cars. Several orders have already been received, and the many friends the company have already made predict for it a great success. "ROUGH ON RATS." The thing desired found at last. Ask druggist for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed bugs; kills boxes, (1)

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