

THE OMAHA BEE

Omaha Office, No. 916 Farnam St. Office, No. 187 Broadway. New York Office, Room 65 Tribune Building.

Published every evening, except Sunday, the only Monday morning daily. TERMS FOR ADVERTISING: One Year, \$10.00; Three Months, \$3.00; Six Months, \$5.00; One Month, \$1.00.

DELEGATES AND VISITORS TO THE CHICAGO CONVENTION will find The Daily Bee on sale every day at the Palmer House, the Grand Pacific House and the Sherman House news stands.

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., PROPS. E. ROSEWATER, Editor. A. H. PITCH, Manager Daily Circulation, P. O. Box 450 Omaha, Neb.

Delegates and visitors to the Chicago convention will find The Daily Bee on sale every day at the Palmer House, the Grand Pacific House and the Sherman House news stands.

The Chicago hotel-keepers and bartenders can see more "change in the situation" than the most enterprising politician.

BEN. BUTLER may capture all the side-show nominations, but he will not get away with the main circus under the democratic canvas.

The Colorado delegates have placed a live eagle in the Blaine headquarters. After the convention the noble bird may have to scream for some other good man.

CHICAGO hotel-keepers are unanimously in favor of a constitutional amendment providing for a presidential election once a year and requiring the conventions to be held in that city.

TWENTY-FOUR hours have passed without Ben. Butler receiving a presidential nomination. It was probably because Sunday intervened, and Ben. thought it proper for him to give the people a rest.

If Chicago speculators do not get up a "corner" on convention seats that will make the board of trade green with envy, the republican party may congratulate itself over good management in a wicked city.

The principal occupation of the people of this country for the rest of this week will be the reading of the long-winded reports of the Chicago convention. All other business is of secondary importance; hence this dullness.

A SURPLUS of \$155,000,000 was reported from the treasury a few days ago. The emotion of Mr. Morrison and the friends of a horizontal revenue reform upon reading the announcement can be better imagined than described.

BILLY MAHON knocked out the "straight-outs" on the first round. The national sub-committee, by a vote of 31 to 16, decided to admit the Mahone delegation. This action will probably be approved by the convention.

CHURCH Howe has received his reward for furnishing that free car for the Nebraska delegates to the national republican convention. They have agreed to present the name of Mr. Howe as member of the national committee from Nebraska.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL GRESHAM stands no earthly show of being nominated for president as long as Major-General Vandervoort is fighting feminist him. General Vandervoort never forgives nor forgets. He is truly and terrifically revengeful.

AMONG all the prominent politicians who are being interviewed in Chicago as to the presidential outlook, we fail to find the name of Hon. Patrick O. Hawes, ex-contingent M. C. from Nebraska. In the language of Webster Flanagan: What is he there for?

POLITICAL cowardice and party discord make up the platform upon which the democratic party will be forced by the logic of events to make its canvass this fall. The spectre of the murdered Morrison tariff bill will not down, even at the bidding of Macbeth Randall.

The B. & M. railroad extension to Grand Island has been completed. This gives Grand Island a new connection with Omaha, via Lincoln. The city of Grand Island is certainly to be congratulated upon her prosperity. She is now quite an important railroad center, and is growing very rapidly.

The friends of James G. Blaine, particularly those from the Pacific slope, are surprised upon arriving upon the field of action, to find that Blaine's strength has been somewhat over-estimated, and that Arthur's following is much larger than they had any idea of, besides being well organized and enthusiastic.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is receiving the congratulations and praises of the New York press for his study work in municipal reform at Albany. Where is the Roosevelt that will raise his voice to purify the city administration of Omaha? With a mayor and marshal who have lost the confidence of the people, and with a demoralized police force, Omaha's government is as much in need of reform as that of New York in the palmy days of Mr. Kelly's regime.

NEW ARMY COURTS-MARTIAL.

The conclusion of the Swain court of inquiry, at Washington, will shortly be followed, as is generally believed, by the order of Secretary Lincoln convening courts-martial for the trial of Judge Advocate General Swain and Colonel A. P. Morrow, on the charge of conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen. In the case of General Swain the charge is based upon dishonorable monetary transactions with a Washington note-shaver named Bateman, the scandal connected with which has forced into official notice, what the public has had reason to believe for a year concerning Colonel Morrow's trip to the Pacific.

The simultaneous publication of this double army scandal will doubtless afford the papers, whose business it is to pick flaws in our present military morals and management, an excellent opportunity to resume their tirade against the regular army and the officers who command it. We may expect to have the cases of Reno and Ilges, of Simpson, and Cummings, of McKibben, and Robertson reheated with all the variations on the old key of "rottenness in the service." The proportion of offenders to the total number of officers on the roll will be carefully suppressed, the fact that fewer officers are brought before general courts-martial now than formerly will not be mentioned, and no allusion will be made to what is well known, that the purification of the army by the expulsion of unworthy officers has been accomplished entirely by the army itself, that the charges have been made by brother-officers, and that the accused have been tried and sentenced and expelled by the very class against whom such sweeping and general charges of dishonesty and corruption are so flippantly made. These are items which must be set against any general bill of indictment drawn against the service.

It may be said, at the outset, that, perhaps, the public expects too much of the army, or, rather, of army officers as a class. On some accounts, it is natural that this should be so. The honor of the country and the honor of the soldier are often very closely connected, and the rank of an officer and the qualifications of a gentleman are presumed to go hand-in-hand. This feeling is nowhere so strong as in the army itself, and it is due to its strength among the officers that the developments of the past year in court-martial cases have come to light. In each and every case brought to trial prompt justice has been measured out to the accused, and the honor of the army has been preserved by the dishonor of the offender.

There is no reason to doubt that the same inflexible sense of justice will assert itself in the cases of General Swain and Colonel Morrow. Honorable officers everywhere, assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, the great mass of army officers are honorable, have been scandalized by the developments of the past month in Washington. Secretary Lincoln will give no faint hearted support to every effort to aid the service of men with whom brother officers feel it a disgrace to be compelled to associate. A mistaken executive clemency, which in the past has forced back into the army rogues expelled by court martial, is not likely to be exercised in behalf of such offenders by President Arthur. And prominent officers have not hesitated to express the opinion that if the scathing and often unjust criticisms of irregularities in the service have done no other good, they have at least rendered difficult in the future the exertion of political influence to restore to rank and command men who have been branded by their army associates as unworthy to associate with officers and gentlemen.

The recent riots are having a salutary effect in Cincinnati. The number of her murderers will be materially reduced at an early day by some healthy legal hangings. The criminal courts have been increased from one to three. The judges are refusing all applications for continuance unless for the most vital reasons, and a much better class of men fill the boxes. Minor offenders are disposed of with a promptness that would have been declared quite impossible three months ago, and when convicted the judge loses no time in sentencing them, and the sentences are severer than under the old regime. Oliver, who was convicted of murder last Saturday, was defended by Major C. H. Blackburn, one of the ablest criminal practitioners in Ohio. Major Blackburn looked for an acquittal, or at the worst a verdict of murder in the third degree. He was judging from the practice of jurists before the uprising. When a verdict of murder in the first degree was read he declared he would take no more criminal cases. The people were bound that the murderers should hang, and there was no use in defending them. The same sentiment prevailed, he said, in adjoining counties, so a change of venue would do no good. He predicted that some day an innocent man would be hanged, and then there would be a reaction.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY GODWIN will never have a better opportunity to make a record than he has at the present time. Besides having several murder cases to try, he has other important duties to perform, one of which is to thoroughly present to the grand jury the charges that has been made against certain city officials. As a matter of justice to the public and to the officials who have been charged with bribery and corruption, in the newspapers and upon every street corner, the grand jury cannot afford to ignore those charges. Mr. Godwin in presenting the matter to the grand jury should make sure of evidence that will not only cause indictments to be found, but will also warrant convictions upon

THE TRIALS.

From the steps that he has already taken, we believe that he means business, and will do everything in his power to sift the scandals to the very bottom and get at the truth.

COLONEL BOB INGERSOLL recently stirred up the good old Quaker city of Philadelphia to its utmost depths with one of his lectures. The Times gives him a severe scoring, and one of the pastors threatened to have him arrested for blasphemy, under a statute enacted in 1861, which provides a fine of \$100 and three months imprisonment, or either, for any person convicted of "speaking loosely or profanely of Almighty God, Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, or the Scriptures of Truth." Had the "brent" been carried out there would have been but little trouble in convicting Pop Bob before a good religious jury, for it would be a very easy matter to prove that he "speaks loosely," very loosely, of the subjects named. Col. Ingersoll will probably be very careful hereafter when he visits the "City of Brotherly Love." He might be willing to pay \$100 for the privilege of stirring up the menagerie but he would not care about the imprisonment. The incident will furnish him material for some sharp thrusts hereafter at the Philadelphians.

SATISFACTORY progress is being made in the large eastern cities in forcing the telegraph, telephone and electric light companies to put their wires underground. In Philadelphia the underground electrical conduits are working successfully, and all companies not having complied with the ordinance granting them privileges have been notified that their rights are null and void. The day is not far distant when Omaha will follow in the wake of the eastern cities and force the wires underground, and thus do away with the unsightly and dangerous street obstacles.

DR. MILLER is certainly making the voice of Nebraska democracy heard throughout the land. The Chicago News thus speaks of his recent declaration:

"Dr. George L. Miller, the able editor of the Omaha Herald, says that the Nebraska delegation to the national democratic convention will favor conservatism on the tariff question. We are of the opinion that this will be very reassuring intelligence to the great mass of thinking people who are keenly cognizant of the fact that without Nebraska the grand old democratic party would be simply nothing."

REAL ESTATE in Omaha still booms on the hills while it is being disturbed by contractors on the flats.

THE SHADY EQUINE, New York Truth. The man of most anxiety. Just now is the dark hour. Who hopes that soon he is trotting. The presidential course.

He shady keeps, and holds his tongue. Save to his faithful groom. And silently in secret he Prepares his little boom.

LITERARY NOTES. "SALT LAKE FRUIT," a latter-day romance, has just been published by Rand, Avery & Co., Boston. Sold by subscription only. The volume is beautifully printed and illustrated, and has a handsome illuminated cover. The author is a lady—an American—who has occupied a high position in Washington circles, and is thoroughly qualified to write upon the subject of Mormon life in Utah. The story is written in charming style, and the plot is intensely interesting, as considerable ingenuity has been exercised in its formation. The facts narrated in the story all have their counterpart in the well-authenticated experience of actual lives. The incidents are not at all exaggerated. Those facts upon which the story hinges are more hideous in their naked truth, than those clothed in fiction's drapery. The author has evidently been among the Mormons to gather her material, which she has certainly dressed up in attractive array. We venture to assert that her work will bear good fruit, and will impress upon the people the hideousness of polygamy and the necessity of crushing it. It is high time that her action be taken towards removing this cancer from the body public, and we believe that the author and publishers of this powerful story, will contribute no little towards a consummation so devoutly to be wished. The motive of the story is one that commands itself to every intelligent and high-minded person, and therefore it should receive the heartiest welcome and support, as we believe it certainly well. In her preface the author makes the following appeal:

"Some women in Utah are held in silence by domestic tyranny; some by hope, through their zeal, of gaining influence parading with their husbands, and thus pandering to his vice, obtain mastery of him. Disgrace to woman that thus it is! and yet is it truth. "But to you, men with daughters, those silent tongues speak with eloquence beyond all words. To you these miserable women hold up the daily, hourly torture of their disgraced lives. Help them, or perhaps your own eye will help me one day be crushed in the horrible folds of that most hideous, most powerful serpent. Do not deceive yourselves. Do not believe that Mormonism is content to rest in Utah. Slowly, surely the monster is stretching abroad its horrible body. Cautiously those small green eyes, full of cunning, are watching each opportunity for advance; and from its fanged tongue drops the poison of its accursed creed. The power of its institutions is more than mortal; more absolute, than was ever the inquisition. Its perfect organization excels any known government. No Russian serfs were ever more completely subjected than its followers. Cunningly it defies, overcomes and subverts to its own ends, the laws of the United States. By great majorities it carries every election. Its men call upon their creators for support; and those who would, dare not disobey. We are told that blood-stained robes do not longer exist. We are told that the Mormon law is dead, which, for disobedience, took to her open grave the wife, and first bidding her look therein, cut her throat, and holding her over the yawning hole, let her know her own blood was all upon her. But do we

know it is a fact! Do we know that law is dead? What do we ever know of the secrets hidden in the folds of that powerful organization? Do we not know that persons in Utah who mysteriously disappear are never found—are rarely looked for? Do we not know of the murder of a noted physician in sight and sound of passing Mormons? Yet those very men, unshaken, declared they had seen nothing. Those living in Utah have known how criminals are shielded by Mormon authorities."

"THERE WAS ONCE A MAN," a story by R. H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr), finely illustrated, published by Ford, Howard & Hulbert, New York. This novel opens, with immediate, strong dramatic effect, in the metropolitan society of the patrician old Knickerbocker, sixty years ago; and, after a romantic prelude, both surprising and keenly freshens the reader by transferring character and action to one of the most striking tropical paradises of the Orient. Here the web of the story becomes piquantly "international"—the best American and English social types coming together in a series of scenes and adventures as picturesque and animated as they are unhackneyed. Upon the texture of a delicate and poetic love-story are etched, incidentally, the strange and stirring principal acts in the career of the famous English Rajah Brooke, of Borneo; and through all the alternations of the Anglo-American social drama with the most heroic and chivalrous passages of modern personal history in the Orient, comes conspicuously forward the character of a great Darwinian naturalist, who has visited the home of the orang-outang, to work out the problem of the "missing link." Here an enormous Ape comes into the picture, in a subtle and woven scientific illustration, which by a series of most striking pictures, brings a denouement such as none but the "Orpheus C. Kerr" of the memorable "Papers" could ever have devised. It is a striking, ingenious, unhackneyed, and peculiarly "taking" story and study. It is full of clear thought and warm feeling; it contains numerous happy surprises and is a most interesting and readable work. "A PALACE-PRISON; or, the past and present," a novel, published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, is certainly a peculiar book, and a strong one; peculiar, in that its action, while passed in the very midst of our most civilized communities, is so strange and unfamiliar, that it is almost in a literary expression an intense vital force and evident truthfulness. Simple, direct, without the lazy graces of quietude and leisurely polish, it opens with an unpretending scene of village life, introducing the maidenly and most attractive heroine of the story—a girl of sensitive nature but rather unusual force of mind—on the day of her "graduation" from the village school. Her brother, too, was a stalwart, prosperous, clear-headed young physician, claims attention. The girl has been overworked in school and somewhat absurdly restrained within "lady-like" limits at home,—it was twenty-seven years ago,—so that she passes rapidly into a condition of what is now known as "nervous prostration." Her brother, after successful dosing, finding that she is "nothing better, but rather worse," and that her mind seems affected, consults a friend of his,—a "distinguished alienist,"—who advises a "few weeks" in his palatial "retreat." Here the true story begins. It is a vivid picture of the life to which so many of our tenderest and most sensitive friends—those who have been wearied if not worn out, by the intense activity of American life—are condemned. And if it be true (which can hardly be questioned) that, as we are told in this book, patients are never discharged as cured unless by the express order of those who are responsible for paying their expenses in the institution; it is indeed time that the public at large should know why.

PERSONAL POINTS. Russell Sage is a more appropriate name for him than Sage Russell. Sir William Gull, an English doctor, recently received \$500 for a professional visit to Paul. People like to be gull-ed over there. W. W. Story, the American-Italian sculptor, is now at work on a gigantic bust—a new one of Washington, which occupies all his working hours. General McClellan indignantly denies the statement that he is not a resident of New Jersey. This, we believe, is the first instance of the kind on record. Mr. Ferdinand Ward should spend his time in jail in studying up the science of mnemonics. At his examination his memory proved to be in very bad condition. Calvin Teico, who devised the Nickel Plate railway, is under 40 years of age and has made \$10,000,000 in the last six years, \$6,000,000 of which he has settled on his wife. Samuel Bowles of the Springfield (Mass.) Register, has been named on the evening of June 12 to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of ex-Attorney General E. Lockwood Hoar. Judge Stanley Matthews is to deliver the address at the next meeting of the Tennessee Bar Association, which is to be held upon Lookout Mountain on the Fourth of July. Mrs. Sinclair, who was divorced from Edwin Forrest years ago, is still living in Staten Island, and is a hale, hearty, handsome old lady, plentifully provided with this world's goods. Christine Nilsson says that this is positively her last tour in America—that she will sail from New York July 2, sing a little in England, and then bid farewell forever to professional life. Lord Tennyson has been elected president of a society of authors, formed chiefly for the purpose of securing international copyright laws between England and the United States. Arnold is vice president of the society. The deceased wife of Rev. Adirondack Murray, now a practicing physician at New Haven, is making money. Some delicate surgical operations requiring great skill and nerve have been successfully performed by her. Captain George H. Perkins, one of the wealthiest officers in the navy, who was recently ordered to command the Hartford, flagship of the Pacific station, from which duty he is asked to be excused, has tendered his resignation to Secretary Chandler. A personal friend says Gen. Grant's experience in Wall street cost him not only his fortune, but his life, being broken in body and mind. He is not allowed to read the newspapers, so that he probably does not know that the rest of the world now knows about the life of Grant. Grant knows enough to give him a keen sense of his humiliating position.

Webster Flanagan. Webster Flanagan, the eminent statesman from Texas, is not a candidate in the strict sense of the word, but there is no telling in these perilous times where the presidential lightning may strike, and he must not be left out of consideration in this article. Mr. Flanagan is the embodiment of some of the dearest principles of practical politics, and the only man on record who has been frank enough to declare the real purpose of the political organization of which he is an honored member.

Mr. Flanagan was born at Clarkston, Breckinridge county, Ky., Jan. 9, 1834. His father, J. V. Flanagan, who was a United States senator from Texas from

1870 to 1876, removed to Texas when Webster was 9 years old, and settled in Itask county. Father and son have since been identified with some of the most important interests of the state. The latter was licensed to practice law when he was 18 years old. Early in life he took an interest in politics, filling various local offices and being an elector on the Bell and Everett ticket. At the outbreak of the war he was commissioned by Gov. Houston as a brigadier general of volunteers, and in the succeeding years of strife did what he could to establish a southern confederacy. At the end of the war he went over to the winning side, and in 1865 he was appointed judge of the Fifth judicial district. In 1868 he was elected to the state constitutional convention. In 1869 he was elected the Texas senator, and two years after was elected lieutenant governor of the state. In 1875 he was sent to represent his district in another constitutional convention, thus assisting in the formation and adoption of two state constitutions. In 1872 he was chairman of the Texas delegation to the republican national convention, and in 1880 he was one of the Texas members of the Great guard of 306 at the Chicago convention. It was here that he asked the famous question which brought him prominently before the country as a man of great statesmanship and a keen sense of the objects of a political party. Mr. Barker, a delegate from Massachusetts, the morning after the platform had been agreed upon, brought in a civil service plank embodying extreme New England notions of civil service reform, and lugubriously deplored the manifestations that he saw around him, that everybody had a main eye to the offices. Mr. Flanagan lost all patience at this, denounced the resolution warmly, and asked, "What are we here for?" the question being hailed with roars of laughter.

Mr. Flanagan is the president of the Henderson and Overton railroad, and declares that next to the pride he feels in fighting civil service reform cranks he takes most in possessing the finest herd of Jersey cattle south of the Ohio river. Mr. Flanagan is an Arthur man, and believes that Arthur will be nominated. He says, with a confident air, "That's what we are here for."

LOS ANGELES. The World's Semi-Tropical Garden Spot and Sanitarium.

Cor. Boston Evening Transcript, "When God gets tired," says the German poet Heine, "he pulls aside the clouds of heaven and gazes down upon the gay boulevards of Paris." Heine had never seen this country, which a century ago the old Spanish monks named, and rightly, too, the resting place of the angels—Los Angeles—in Southern California, the garden spot of the world, which is fast becoming the world's sanitarium; and, indeed, the sun shines upon no region of equal extent in the world which offers so many and such varied inducements to men in search of homes and health as semi-tropical California. Taking all things into consideration—equality of temperature, mildness of climate, grand mountain scenery, productiveness of soil, railroad and steamship facilities, accessibility, etc., etc.—it has no superior to spend the winter here. They have but little use here for fire except for cooking purposes, and many have no fireplaces in their houses. There is a deliciousness of atmosphere about the nights of Los Angeles that can be felt in no other part of the world outside of Southern California, and reminds one of Bryant's "apostrophe" to the west wind, commencing: "Spirit that breatheth through my lattice."

In that season of the year when with you all is freezing cold, and the flowers are in their hot houses to keep from freezing, while your rivers and lakes are frozen in solid sheets of ice, the moonlight frozes in flakes, and all is leafless and dreary east of the Rockies, in Los Angeles wind and weather are almost perfect, and heaven and earth seem to conspire in blue sky and sunshine and in evergreens and blossoms and golden fields to make the winter the very crown of the year. Come, take a position with me at the writer's residence, the most commanding position of the city, on Bunker Hill, where we can look down the long hazy sweeps of the main thoroughfare of the city, and see all is wrapped in verdure and bloom. The spreading acacia and tall eucalyptus stand full against the darkness of the orange and the lemon, the latter shedding luster rather than shadows from all sides upon their gracefully pencilled towers of everlasting leafage. The tub roses and hydrangeas in the yards on each side are opening up and every slope is inhabited by modest members of the flowery kingdom, while the ivy and honeysuckle that climb over the porch of pleasant domestic altars, glitter with fresh tips of constant new growth, and everywhere there are roses, such roses as rival those of the Bosphorus, and those of the color of cream, blood-red and plush, freighted the atmosphere with their odors and aromatics.

While standing here in this commanding position where you can have a fine view of the city and surrounding country, we look out upon the San Gabriel valley, a distance of ten miles, and feast our eyes upon the orange groves and vineyards and a cluster of gardens that has no equal. There, too, you see the old church of mission San Gabriel, where the splash of fountains mingled its melodies with the chants of neophytes a century before it fell into American hands. Now, look to the southwest in the great La Habra Valley, formed by two ranges of hills which you see lying along the railroad; the range to your left is known as the La Puente hills where the discovery of petroleum and asphaltum has been recently made, and which is being successfully worked. Still farther to the right you look down upon the great Los Angeles Valley, as far as the eye can reach, over the richest and most fertile valley in the world, dotted here and there with thrifty towns around which you see evidences of thrift and industry lying in every direction, where corn, jute, pine, squashes, beets and vegetables of all kinds grow to perfection, and the hog has his home of luxury among the alfalfa, etc. Now turn your eyes to the west and obey the injunction of the "Divine Prophet," who said, "Come up now; look upon the sea," and blue waves of the old Pacific Ocean as they roll distantly away to a tropical southern sea. This is Santa Monica, or the Long Branch of the Pacific, white bathing is in order the year round, at the city of the sea.

The Nation's Debt. WASHINGTON, June 2.—Today's debt statement shows a decrease in the public debt statement during May of \$4,730,241.20; a decrease since June 3, 1883, \$91,823,714.88.

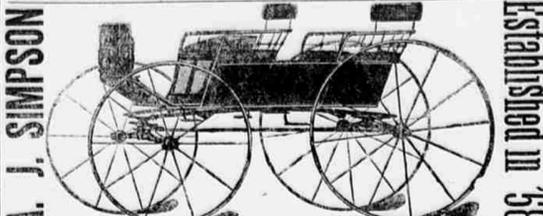
The Largest Stock in Omaha and Makes the Lowest Prices

Furniture! DRAPERIES AND MIRRORS, CHAMBER SETS

Just received an assortment far surpassing anything in this market, comprising the latest and most tasty designs manufactured for this spring's trade and covering a range of prices from the Cheapest to the most Expensive.

Parlor Goods. Draperies. Now ready for the inspection of customers, the newest novelties in Suits and Odd Pieces. Complete stock of all the latest styles in Turcoman, Madras and Lace Curtains, Etc., Etc.

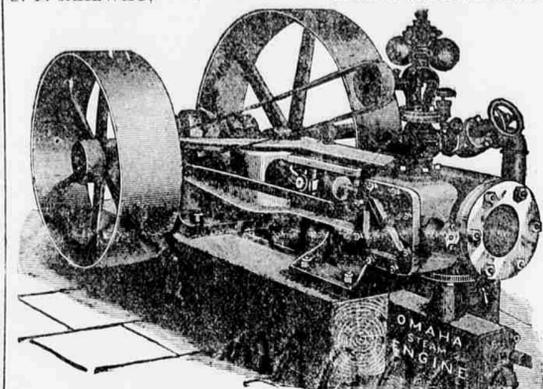
Elegant Passenger Elevator to all Floors. CHARLES SHIVERICK, 1206, 1208 and 1210 Farnam Street. OMAHA, NEB. Established in 1858



THE LEADING CARRIAGE FACTORY 1409 and 1411 Dodge St., Catalogue furnished on Application. Omaha, Neb.

RICHARDS & CLARKE, Proprietors. W. A. CLARKE, Superintendent

Omaha Iron Works U. P. RAILWAY, 17TH & 18TH STREETS

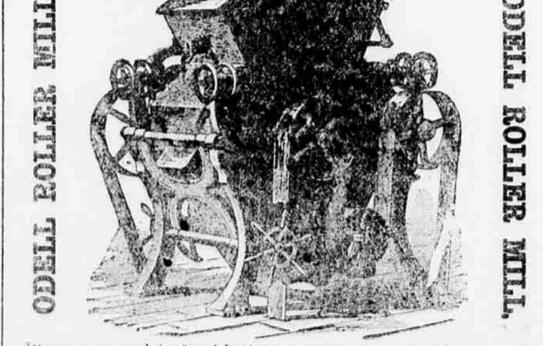


MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN Steam Engines, Boilers

WATER WHEELS, ROLLER MILLS, Mill and Grain Elevator Machinery

MILL FURNISHINGS OF ALL KINDS, INCLUDING THE Celebrated Anchor Brand Dufour Bolting Cloth STEAM PUMPS STEAM WATER AND GAS PIPE.

BRASS GOODS AND PIPE FITTINGS ARCHITECTURAL AND BRIDGE IRON.



We are prepared to furnish plans and estimates, and will contract for the erection of Flouring Mills and Grain Elevators, or for changing Flouring Mills, from Stone to the Roller System. Special attention given to furnishing Power Plants for any purpose, and estimates made for same. General machinery repairs attended to promptly. Address

RICHARDS & CLARKE, Omaha, Neb.

Dr. CONNAUGHTON,

403 BRADY ST., DAVENPORT, IOWA, U. S. A. Established 1878—Cataracts, Deafness, Lingering and Nervous Diseases Speedily and Permanently Cured. Patients Cured at Home. Write for "THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY," for the People. Consultation and Correspondence Gratuit. P. O. Box 292. Telephone No. 26. HON. EDWARD RUSSELL, Postmaster, Davenport, says: "Physician of great ability and marked success." CONGRESSMAN MURPHY, Davenport, writes: "An honorable Man. Fine Success. Wonderful Cures."—Hours, 8

EAU CLAIRE LUMBER YARD.

1024 North Eighteenth Street, Omaha, on Street Car Line. E. W. DIXON, Wholesale and Retail

Lumber, Lime, Lath, Doors, Windows, Etc. Grades and prices as good and low as any in the city. Please try me

WILLIMANTIC THE BEST THREAD FOR SEWING MACHINES WILLIMANTIC

Willimantic Spool Cotton is entirely the product of Home Industry and is pronounced by experts to be the best sewing machine thread in the world. FULL ASSORTMENT CONSTANTLY ON HAND, for sale by HENLEY, HAYNES & VAN ARSDEN, Omaha, Neb.