

A BOARD BILL FOR A CORPSE

A Collection of Good Stories About Men and Other Animals.

CHARGED THE GOAT WITH LARCENY.

Queer Adventure of a Chicago Billy—A Man Who Lives on Rats—This Monkey Went to Church.

A phony story is told of Ann Coley, the woman for whose murder at New Portland last April, Michael W. Norton, was recently convicted, says a Banner, Me., dispatch to the Globe-Democrat. It is related that a year or two ago she was engaged by the town to take care of a sick man, a pauper, at a stipend of one dollar a month, at her own house. The patient lingered through the fall, but died when cold weather came on. Then, as the story goes, instead of notifying the authorities and having the funeral arranged, Mrs. Coley, who lived in a remote spot, far from the village, packed the body in ice and snow and kept it thus preserved until spring in order to get so many months' extra pay for board and attendance. The truth of the story, which only came out recently, is vouched for by many respectable people.

Policeman Cronin was on Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, the other night when he heard a noise as though someone was breaking into a barber shop. He found a large billy goat working industriously to butt down the door.

The goat had split one of the panels and the frightened occupants of the building could be seen peering through the curtains, says a dispatch to the St. Louis Republic. A long rope was attached to the goat's neck and Cronin tried to take the animal to the station, but the beast resisted. He made a rush at the officer and struck him in the legs with his horns. After a lively struggle Cronin succeeded in dragging the goat into a box and summoned help. The goat was then taken to the station house in a wagon, where Dick Sergeant Peim, on the advice of Officer Cronin, hooked up the goat with a restraining officer. An hour later, when a veterinarian, the owner of the goat, called at the station, he found the animal trying to chew off the bars of a cell door.

On east Adams street, this city, resides John Quincy Adams, a widower aged sixty-five years, who for a long time has been surviving on non-payment received from the meat of rats, which he has been obliged to distribute throughout his neighborhood so thickly that his cables enable him to use none but the choicest fat young ones, which are decapitated, sliced and served up prepared by the old fellow like a housewife would acquire, says a Muncie, Ind., dispatch to the Globe-Democrat. The old man, who is not so fine as he looks, has a wife and children who live with him, but his wife and children objected, and until their departure ten years ago, he was deprived of the meat.

Of the meat he ate, he ate as many as fifty wild game to be had. He delighted in wild game, and when he captured, to his colored widow, whom he occupies a part of the house, Adams had a family of six children, moved here twenty-seven years ago from near Paris, O., a wealthy man but soon lost what he had in the collapse of a machine shop. Since then he has lived in poverty, and is married and gone, some know not where. It is thought by many, poverty has driven him to his awful diet, but he honestly relates the cause of it to be his wife and children, who live with him, but his wife and children objected, and until their departure ten years ago, he was deprived of the meat.

A pet monkey attended the services at a church in this city on a recent Sunday. Jocko looked around in a comical way and when a window was opened he saw the News. He sat there for a moment, attracting the attention of everybody around.

He looked up at the choir and measured the distance between his perch and the gallery, and for an instant seemed to have a mind to go up among the singers. But it was too late, and he sprang down to the floor of the church. Then he started up toward the altar, skipping from pew to pew. The ladies hurriedly got out of his way. One young man, who was sitting in the front row, got over him, but Jocko lit squarely on his back and started the worshipper. Jocko was startled, too, but he kept going on until he reached the altar.

A flying leap took him on the altar rail, and when he skipped all the way across the church. The clergyman paused and the sexton ran up the aisle and peered at the intruder. Jocko started back across the rail on the run. From a rail he jumped to a pew back and up into a window and then out, to the great relief of the congregation.

I read with much interest in your last issue, in Mr. Ross's communication, the following passage, writes a correspondent of the London Spectator: "I observed a curious thing one day in London. Some bird by some good Christian had been thrown out to the starving birds, when a rook came down and flew back to where he had left another rook sitting in a very weak looking condition. He did twice in my sight before taking anything to himself."

Had some time previously received from a correspondent in Wales, a stranger to me, a precisely similar account of another of these birds. "One day, in the interest of the matter, when I was in London, I saw a rook I have spoken of, was indeed reduced to great extremities, the bird nevertheless performed the following feat: It picked up a bit of bread, carried it to another rook, which sat on the terrace wall, too shy to come nearer, and fed it there. Nor was this after having satisfied its own hunger, for it had only just alighted."

When I put this little story down I had a misgiving that anyone who might read it would scarcely be disposed to believe beyond credibility. I was therefore much gratified at having so soon afterward seen such an exactly similar fact recorded in connection of a very weak looking condition. I think, a very touching incident, and one to make every one, I should hope, who reads it, feel more good feeling for all God's creatures.

They have snakes in Florida. They are not mentioned in the real estate advertisements, but they go with the real estate just the same, and likewise with the water, says the New York Tribune. A young man, who has gone down there to escape any cool weather that may strike here this winter was out boating on the John's river with a friend on a recent evening, and seeing a little tributary coming into the main stream beneath a picturesque side of cypresses, they decided to explore it. They had rowed but a short distance when the creek narrowed so that there was barely room to propel the boat and none to turn it, and an undergrowth of bushes hung so low as to almost touch their faces. A peculiar rustling caused them to slip their oars and listen. The noise was overhead. It was made by snakes. They had got into a regular nest of them. They were crawling alive with them; the undergrowth was festooned with them; they were crawling and squirming on every branch, and dangling from the trees; they were wriggling through the water—long snakes, short snakes, horn snakes, water snakes, fat snakes, and many others. The man was so terrified that he uttered a cry of alarm, and the other man glanced at each other for a second, then bending low and moving cautiously, they rowed their boat to the bank and back to the St. John's river. Until they reached the more open water neither of them spoke and they have no recollection of breathing. They do not row there any more.

The king snake is the wonder of all reptiles. A distinctive specimen scarcely more than three feet in length, yet the little fellow is so active, so wary, and is endowed with such rare pluck that, as his name implies, he is truly and unquestionably the king of the family.

I saw the other day in a gentleman's furnishing store in New York what to me was a curiosity, writes a correspondent of the Globe-Democrat. It was a plate of thin metal, shaped like a paper line of match, and underneath another plate fitted to fit, or rather

areas within a couple of yards of me, and dashed head over heels, so to speak, splash into the water. After him, like a shot, was an elongated streak of bright green. In a moment, too, and then there was a splash in the water. The water was a sort of pool, without much of an inlet or outlet, and unless by good luck, and a stroke of good fortune, the king snake could not get out of the pool. The water was a sort of pool, without much of an inlet or outlet, and unless by good luck, and a stroke of good fortune, the king snake could not get out of the pool.

Save enough, after racing and tearing around in the pool like mad, the king snake pursued me from the opposite side, and proved to be, as I thought, a cottonmouth, and a rather small king snake. The latter was after the other, and he was to be the big fellow gave up the race or else threw himself into an attitude of defense the king snake was upon him. The king snake's power of the latter reptile lies in his wonderful constricting abilities. He has no fangs, no poison, nothing to attack or defend himself with save his coils, but these are so marvellously powerful and so terrible in constricting that nothing in the animal or reptile world, according to size, can begin to compare with him for this special quality.

No sooner had the king snake stopped and turned to defend himself than like lightning his enemy jumped upon him and proceeded to squeeze the life out of his ugly creature. The king snake, however, always arranged so the big one could not strike, and pretty soon the king's body was nearly lost to view so slender had grown the fat flesh of the moccasins. It looked like a green cord wound tightly around the latter's body. The king snake, however, always arranged so the big one could not strike, and pretty soon the king's body was nearly lost to view so slender had grown the fat flesh of the moccasins. It looked like a green cord wound tightly around the latter's body.

In some parts of Texas king snakes are especially numerous. In the lowlands and especially in the meadows and river bottoms, they are found in great numbers. None but the most timid whites or negroes, and even Mexicans seem to understand their good qualities, if they ever kill one. When soldiers are in camp and find a great many king snakes in the vicinity, they know it is a good sign, for poisonous snakes are not found in that locality, and never visit it while there is one of the royal breed about.

With the closing of the cottage door behind their evening's quest a change came over the faces and talk of the husband and wife. Anxious looks were followed by words of wonder at the non-appearance of their dear dog; but as the husband decided that it would be folly for both to sit up through the night to look for him, the wife betook herself upstairs to bed.

As she entered the room a somewhat unusual appearance about the bed attracted her notice, and raising the coverlet she found, to her surprise and delight, the smiling dog stretched himself out, his pack of precious lace as safely strapped to him as when fastened there by the hands of his master's accomplice on the other side of the bed.

He must have arrived about two hours before, and, recognizing strings of lace in the kitchen, crept stealthily past the door while the strangers were occupied with their pipes, mounted the stairs and finally hid himself and his packet under the coverlet of the bed.

When the stomach lacks vigor and regularity there will be flatulency, heartburn, and sick headache, indigestion, etc. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, to give tone and regularity to the stomach.

THRASHED HER LOVER. A Pennsylvania Girl Takes Public Revenge on a Truder. While the worshippers at religious meeting were returning home a lady heavily veiled approached a young man who was engaged in conversation with a woman, says a Mechanicsville, Pa., special to the Chicago Herald. She, who was dressed in a grand style, and began to beat him in an unmerciful manner with a cowhide, at the same time exclaiming: "I waited and watched for this!"

THE IRON BANK. A General Banking Business Transacted. FOR MEN ONLY. MAGIC CURE FOR LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD. JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS. THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS. "LUCK IS PLUCK!" OUR NEW BOOK. "PLUCK WINS LUCK!"

closed on it, by means of hinges and a clasp. It was a mustache trainer. You arranged your mustache in the most approved style just before you go to bed, clasp the trainer down on it, and it is thus held in place all night and will stay in proper shape most of the next day, if you don't disarrange it when washing your face. How the man who uses the trainer manage to keep their faces clean without disarranging their mustaches I did not learn, but one of the clerks in the furnishing store told me that he thought they washed their faces with wet towel. The invention is from Paris, and they say a good many are already in use in New York.

Van Houton's Cocoa—Largest sale in the world. A SMUGGLING DOG. He Cleverly Outwits Custom House Officers by Hiding in a Bed. One of the cleverest dogs in the hero of a remarkable adventure. He was most highly prized by his master, who, having trained him with the utmost care, frequently entrusted him with valuable packs of lace.

The custom house officers having got sent of him on one occasion determined to be at his master's cottage when he came in with a valuable packet. Accordingly, when it grew dark they hid in the kitchen, and waited for the cottage and hinted their intention of remaining there to watch.

All was quiet and peaceful, and the smuggler's wife bade them enter, and with a perfectly unmoved mien continued preparing the salad and coffee for the evening meal. In due course of time the husband appeared with the same innocent expression of countenance that he wore by his wife, but without his usual attendant dog. This, however, was no surprise to the custom house officers, who waited for the expected dog; but when time passed and no dog appeared they thought they must be on a wrong scent, and departed.

French Physicians Favor a Device for Deafness. PARIS, Nov. 2.—Physicians look with favor upon the invention for relieving deafness, which was recently introduced here by H. A. Wales of Bridgton, Me. It consists of a small, light, portable apparatus, which is fastened to the ear, and is supposed to be the most effective device for deafness.

How to Vote Against Prohibition. It is not necessary to have both propositions "for" and "against" prohibition, "for" and "against" license on any ticket. The affirmative or negative proposition on either of the amendments is sufficient.

KILLED HIS PATIENT. Brutality of a Nurse in a New York Hospital. H. R. Lawrence, a trained nurse in Bellevue hospital, New York, varied the monotony of his life the other day by killing a patient. The victim was John Williams Sprague, thirty-six years old, a driver of a brewery wagon, says a dispatch to the Chicago Herald.

Produced from the laxative and nutritious Juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the system, it acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

Two Months in the "Sweat Box." Charley McCarthy, fourteen years old, who was confined in the "sweat box" at the state reformatory under Superintendent Niebecker, was brought before the New York court. He was charged with inhuman cruelty toward him. A more pitiful and shocking scene was never witnessed in this city, says a Providence, R. I., dispatch to the Chicago Herald.

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SANTA CLAUS SOAP. YOU ASK ME WHY 'TIS SANTA CLAUS? THE REASON'S PLAIN I HOPE, AS GOOD SAINT NICK'S THE FAVORITE SAINT, SO IT'S THE FAVORITE SOAP. BRINGS JOY TO THE HEARTS OF ALL HOUSEKEEPERS. MADE ONLY BY N.K. FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.

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