TWENTIETH YEAR.

OMAHA, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1891—TWELVE PAGES.

LITTLE HANDS.

Athenta Constitution. Little hands, whose work is o'er; Tired hands that toll no more; Tender little hands that rest Folded o'er the states breast— Bended o'er them another stands—

Kisses still those little hands.

God - He ever knows the best -Folder them and bade them rest, Yould He now those hands condemn. With a mother's kiss on them When they reach the shiring lands t Mother level these little names!

Motherloved them in the past: Mother's hiss was on them last; Little hands beneath the sod. Takea mother's kiss to God! Waft it o'er the shining sands, Little, snow-white angel bands t

## DAY MITERS.

CHAPTER L.

Dan Miters was especially drank, 'By this I mean that an other man in the village of Cane Hill might have been drunk-and indeed other men of that respectable community had been known to indulge too heartily in drink-but that Dan Miters, being the acknowledged drankard of the place, was especially and particularly intoxicated. He was a man of acknowledged sense. He had, gossip said, as a prelude to yard. some disparaging statement concerning his weakness, carried off the honors at a well-known school. One thing was certain. He expressed himself in better language than even the county judge could hope to employ, and this, at Cane Hill, was regarded as a convincing assertion of a higher education.

Dan had first come to the village as the agent of a nursery; not that sort of a nursery which would disprove the declaration that marriage, among the poor, at least is a failure to perpetuate human misery, but as the agent of a company who had fruit trees for sale. He did not thoroughly succeed in running the gauntlet of village curiosity, for villagers are critical of appearances, and a lazy lounger who sits all day at the store, while his wife is taking in was no serious cause for alarm, said: washing-the utterly worthless fellow who would rather wallow in the mire with a black falsehood than to recline on a velvet couch with a bright truth; who wears a filthy shirt and one "bedtick" suspender; who chews charity tobacco and spits at a knothole which, he thinks by the right of his own vellow slime, he has pre-empted -that fellow will criticise the clothes and facial expression of a stranger.

Dan was criticised, not only by the worthless lonfer, but by the merchant, and even by the faded woman who had slipped in to exchange a few eggs for a small piece of calico. They declared that Dan's hair was too red, and that there were too many freekles on his face and it was agreed that he did not dress as a gentleman should. The worthless loafer squirted at his preempted knot-hole and remarked: "Now you're gittin' right down to the

That was a long time ago. Dan was absorbed into the community's social system, and became celebrated as the village drunkard. Previous to his achievement of this distinction, the frame had belonged to one Peter B. Rush, and it appeared that he could never be robbed of the reputation which he had laboriously acquired, but after a few years of close contest, Peter B. Rush's warmest admirers were forced to acknowledge that the palm belonged to Dan Miters. What a handy man was Miters when a comparison was needed. What an encouragement to innovation. A man, in speaking of some one who was stupidly influenced by liquor, was no longer under the necessity of saving that he was as drunk as the disreputable canine associate of the fiddler, but simply fulfilled all demands by affirming that he was as drunk as Dan Miters.

Seriously, and unfortunately we are all compelled to be serious at times, the man of twenty-five whose education had not been neglected, was, at forty-five, a hopeless vagabond, with every hop trampled into the mud, away down the road behind him. He did odd jobs. cleaned out cellars and cut fire-wood for scolding women.

One day, when he appeared to be soberer than usual, the mayor of the village thus addressed him: "Dan, I would like to know something about your life.

'And I, sir,' Dan replied, "would like to know something about my death. "You are a funny fellow, Dan."

"No doubt of it, sir. A corpse has been known to grin." "Come, don't talk that way. You have been here new about twenty years and none of us know where you were

"And do you really wast to know where I was born?" "Yes, I'd like to know."

"Well, sir, I was born in the night." There you go again. Say, do you know that if you would brace up there is yet time for you to accomplish something?

Yes? But you have tried, and what have you accomplished?" "Why, I own a good house and lot-I am married and have a family of inter-

esting children." "Is that all?" "But isn t that enough?" "Hardly, for you have not taught your children not to feel, and until you do

this your marriage stands as a wrong About a year ago one of your boys lost anarm at a saw-mill. Weren't you the primary cause of his suffering and is not a primary cause the meanest of all "I won't talk to you," the mayor declared. "There is no reason in your

argument and no humanity in your con-clusions. But come," he added in a softened voice, "why don't you make an effort to keep sober?"

"I don't want to keep sober." "And why not?"

"Because sobriety is the mother of thought. "And you don't want to think-is that

"And why don't you want to think? Your thoughts might amount to some thing. The greatest man you know, is

the greatest thinker. 'So is the greatest sufferer." "And then you think you suffer, eh?"

"Yes, and so do all men. Go into a library and look about you. What do

"Books," the mayor answered. "And what are books?"

Gifts from superior minds." No, said the drunkard. "They are the records of human suffering. Every great book is an ache from a heart

what's the use of all this talk? What | dered at the sight of a mad deg. Men concerns me most at present is where am I going to get a drink?"

"You don't need a drink, Dan." "There you go with your dogmatism."
There you go, measuring the grains of my want in your half-bushel. You don't need a drink and you say that I don't. I would not presume to say what other menneed, but it seems to be the province of all other men to dictate to me. Come, I am growing too sober, and shall begin to think pretty soon. Won't you please help me out? Let me have 25 cents; you can spare It. A man who doesn't drink has but little real need for money, anyway. Let me have 25 cents and I'll deany sort of work you want me

"Will you help me fix up the address I've got to deliver at that political gathoring? Yes, I will."

"And swear you"ll never tell that you he hed me?

Yes, I'll do that, too." "And you will draw una paper swearing that you didn't write the address I ielivered last month to the Oddfellows? want you to do this for I have heard it hinted around that you had a hand in

"Yes, I'll do anything." Dan was about to turn away after receiving the money, when he caught sight of a woman crossing the court house

"Who is that?" he asked.
"Mrs. Burkley, the widow we have employed to teach our school, "the

"Where did she come from?" "From Wilson county, I believe. Did

ouever meet her?" "I think not," he said, and hastened toward a doggery on the opposite side of the street.

CHAPTER II. On a hill a short distance from the village, a hill shaded by poplar trees, was an old school house, originally built of ogs, but now like a pretense that comes told the children that they might grout and play until she called them, when the door was darkened by a reddish apparition. The widow uttered a belitting lit-"Come in." She would not have extended this invitation had she not wanted to set an example of courage. Dan Miters stepped into the room. He stood for a moment, looking at the widow, and then said: "Don't be afraid of me. I sawyouvesterday and did'nt know but

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the woman. "That is what I was going to ask, Dan replied, seating himself on a beach. Twenty years make a great change in appearances, even though hearts some imes remain the same.

"Have you come here to reproach me? Thildren," she added, turning to several youngsters that showed a disposition to lotter about the door, "run along now and play.

The children vanished, and the widow, after looking out to see if they were within hearing, said: "I have suffered too much to bear reproach

"But don't you think that you are deserving of repreaen?" he asked. "No. I neted as I thought best. comised to marry you and, were with me, you did exercise so strong an influence that I thought I loved you, but when you were gone, I knew that I didn't. I sawthat I was charmed by your mind, but not warmed by your heart. Another man came. not bright, he had many foolish words, but love is expressed in words that are foolish. You'awoke my admiration; he thrilled my heart. Then I wrote and told you not to think of mengain. J was buried in the roses of my own happiness; how could I think of you?"

"And you married that man?" "Yes. "And were you happy?"

"For a time. Then the dew fell off the flowers. What could the flowers do but wither? We went to a distant town, and there he deserted me.' "Is he still living?" "He was hanged."

"Do you love his memory?" "No, for I have learned to think, and hought is a dagger to foolish love.' "Did you know that I was here?" "No; some one told me that you were

"Did you sorrow over the news?" "No; I did not love you.

"Did you not hear something else?" "Not until ayear ago, and then I heard that you were alive and a hopeless

drunkard "Weren't you moved at that?"

"I was moved with pity."
"And would your pity sink deeper into your heart if I were to tell you that I am the most hopeless of all drunkards Look at me. Look (he opened his cont. I have given my old shirt to a negro for a drink. Does your pity sink deeper?

"Oh, please go away, George, go You distress me nearly to death My God, I have suffered enough.

"Ah, but not for me. You have suf fered because your own heart has been wrung: you have not suffered because o my degredation and despair. Mary, you still have it in your power to save me. With your help I can kill my appetite. I can do something for us both Be my wife and atone for the awfu wreck you have made years ago.

"George, Thave always been true to myself. I den't love you. "Couldn't you learn-couldn't there be progress?"

"There could be progress, but that progress would be toward hatred. He looked at her in silence. He took up his old hat which had been dropped on the floor and turned it round and round in his hand. He looked down at his shoes from which his toes protruded. He got up with a stagger, gazed at her a moment, and then an expression, not a smile, but an expression ike that which follows the swallowing of a bitter draught, broke through the red stubble about his mouth. -I don't know your name, "he began, "but Mrs. Somebody, you are the most

merciless creature that ever lived.' "The children say I'm kind." "You have the spirit of a vampire." "The children think I have the spirit

of gentleness. "I hope you may die the most horrible of all deaths. I pray to God that you may die of hydrophobia-I implore God that a mad dog may bury his teeth in

your throat. "Go away" she answered. "Come children," she cried. "Go away from here, you monster! I hate you-I wishbut I can't think of anything horrible enough. Now go."

The village was the scene of fear-inspired fermest. A report that a power-ful mad dog had been seen in the neigh-borhood had been brought in by an ex-berhood had been brought in by an exand a pain-throb from a brain. But cited farmer. The bravest of men shud- right.

that would fight a grizzly bear tremble when they see a mad dog. Every man in the village went armed. Double fastenings were put on every door. The Widow Burkley was terror-stricken. She could not be induced to leave her room. Gradually the excitement died away. School was resumed, but the

widow was tremulous. The widow left the school house very The widow left the school house very late one evening. Two rebellious boys had been kept in. When liberated the boys ran away. The widow tried to keep up with them. She could not. She was hurrying along the path when a man came dashing past on a horse, "Mad dog, mad dog!" he yelled. The widow screamed and looked back. The dog was bounding toward her. She

No one had the courage to look for the widow. Inte at night, almost a maniac, she knocked at the door of the house

where she boarded. Merning came. A startling discovery was made. Dan and the mad dog were found lying across the path near the place where the widow had fainted. The dog's teeth were buried in Dar's throat. Dan's fingers were stiffened about the dog's neck. Both were dead. OFIE P. READ.

#### THOUGHTS IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Same Old Story. Washington Star: Mr. Younghus and (to his wife)—Where's the cook? Mrs. Y. (whimpering)—She's gone off. Mr. Y.-Wnat's the matter? Mrs. Y .- I handled her carelessly. lidn't know she was loaded.

Fair Wind.

New York Weekly: Eastern man-I should like you to meet my partner, but he is not here today. He has not been well since the last blizzard. I presume you know what a blizzard is, eh? Western Man-Ne; I have not been

Right y Named. Dudeson-Aw, I say, waihtah, what is his dish hyah?

Waiter-That, sir? Macaroni au chappie, sir. Dadeson—Maca woni au Chappie? Ah ah-what's that, pway? Waiter-Macaroni and calves' brains, Re'll G t Promoted.

Harpers You g People.

"Johnny, six from 9605, leaves how many?\*\* "Go to the black-board and show how you get that result."
"9-6-0-5," wrote Johnny, "Six out,"
rubbing out the six, "leaves 9-0-5, which

English as She is Spoke. Mrench-1 don't see Miss Flyrte and

young Walton together much lately? Ffoilibud - No. Firench-What do you understand to be the trouble-anything serious?
Fiellibud-Oh, no, only he wooed,
and she woulden't

Misjudged His Man. Fliegende Blee ter. Number one-'No gentleman!' Take

those words back, sir! Number two (Hercely)-Sir, I never take back what I have said! Number one (proud but diplomatic)-You don't? Well, I am sure, I beg your pardon, then. I had no means of

enowing that. An Incident. Express Gazette

Superintendent-You are late, what detained you? Belated Messenger-O, just a little Superintendent-You should never let such a triffing thing as an incident interfere with your business.

Belated Messenger-But this little incident weighed just nine and one-half pounds.

Echolarly Sports. Chic 1410 Trilsune.

The prize fighters were in their cor ners, awaiting the call of time.
"May the best man win!" yelled an excited man in the crowd. The referee, a man from Boston.

raised his hand authoritively. "Hold!" he exclaimed, in a voice o thunder, "I cannot permit that to pass uncorrected. May the better man win! Proceed with the contention, gentlemen. The moment has arrived."

Society Drama.

Adrama in three acts. Act L.-Monday. Jones (a bore)-Is Miss Smith in? Servant instructed by Miss Smith)-No. sir; she's out. Act II.-Tuesday. Jones-Can I see Miss Smith? Servant instructed)-She's sick, and wishes to be excused. Act Ill.—Wednesday. Jones—How is Miss Smith today? Ser vant (instructed)-She says she is dead, Jones-How sad! Can I see the remains?

## Appreciated Devotion.

Chicago News. "No, George, our engagement must be broken. Father has failed, you know. "When did your father fail? I hadn'

heard of it," he said turning pale. "He failed yesterday and isvery much prostrated in consequence. My whole time must be given to him now. He needs my undivided care and attention. and though it may break our hearts, George, we must part forever. "Noble girl," thought George, as h

broken heart went out into the night. Wanted to Be Strict.

hastely grasped his hat and with his

Washington Post. He was a new employ on the railway and was making inquiries as to some o the details of his work. He was a very smart young man.

"Suppose actreus goes over the road?" "That isn't very likely to concern

"But it might; would it be proper to see that a charge of excess baggage is put against the elephants, on account of their trunks, you know? He is now registered at the employ ment a gency. Even Up on Him.

"You must loose a good many dollars a year by that man," was remarked to a Woodward avenue grocer as a citizen went out after "picking" at grapes, figs, apples and other things. Well, I dunno. "Is he a good customer?"

"No; a very poor one. Then all he cats is dead loss?" "Not altogether. There are offsets. 'How?' "Well, all the boys are onto him. In the last year we stole three umbrellas

and two pairs of gloves from him, and you see he has gone out and left a he is getting ahead of us that's all A bright little Auburn girl, a pupil in the

STORIES OF LITTLE PEOPLE. Webster grammar school, asked her mother | cording to the New York Telegram, "why, it o help her upon a given subject recently. She sat down to write, and her mother becan male customers are far more particular about Ohio Boy Born with Blue Scales Like Those

of a Fish that He Sheds Every Year. Expuss thants. OLD TECUMSEH KEPT HIS EYE ON A BOY.

Bright Savings of Children Showing that Innocence and Honesty Go Together-Don't Fool with Rids.

A LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

New York Mercury. It's strange how little boys' mothers Can find it all out as they do, If a fellow does anything saughty Or says anything that's not fine! They Il look at you just for a moment, Till your heart in your bosom swells, And then they know all about it -For a little tird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from, Or where the little bird goes, If he's covered with beautiful plumage, Or black as the king of crows or mask as the sing of crows;

If his voice is as hearse as a raven's,
Or clear as the ringing bells—
I know not, but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked, The moment you do a thing bad; Or angry, or sullen, or nateful, Get ugly, or stupid, or mad; Or tease a dear prother or sister-That instant your sentence he knells, And the whole to mamma in a minute That little bird tells!

You may be in the depths of the closet, Where nobody sees but a mouse; You may be all alone in a ceitar, You may be on top of the house; You may be in the dark and in the silence, Or out in the woods and the delis-No matter! Wherever it happens, The little bird telis!

And the only contrivance to step him Is just to be sure what to say -Sure of your facts and your fancies, Sure of your work and your play; Be honest, be brave, and be kindly, Be gentle and loving as well, And then you can laugh at the stories The little birds tell!

Sherman and the Drummer Boy, Sherman never forgot that little drumme boy who came to him in the hot fight at the rear of Vicksburg, and when it came in hi power he had the youngster appointed to the naval academy at Annapolis. The troops were in the heat of the engagement, when Sherman heard a shrill, childish voice call-ing out to him that one of the regiments was out of ammunition, and that the men would have to abandon their position unless he sent to their relief. He looked down, and there by the side of his horse was a mile of a boy, with the blood running from a wound in the

leg.
"All right, my boy," said the general, "I'll send them all they need, but as you seem to be badly nurt you had better go and find a surgeon and let him fix

youup." The boy saluted and started to the rear while Sherman prepared to give the required order for the needed ammurequired order for the needed ammunition. But he once more heard the piping
voice shouting back at him: "General, caliber fifty-eight. Caliber fifty-eight." Glaneing back, he saw the little fellow, all uncoinscious of his wound, running again toward
him, to tell of the character of the ammunition needed, as another size would have been
of no use and left, the men as haddyoff as of no use and left the men as badly off as hefore. Sherman never could speak too highly of the little fellew's pluck; he asked him his name complemented him, an promised to keep an eye upon him, which he

A wonderful freak of nature has been liv-ing in Cleveland, O., for a number of years and it has been kept a secret until now. It is a boy, seven years old, that is in many re-spects a fish. His face is handsome, but the beauty of the boy extends only to the neck Below that the little fellow's body is literally covered with a solid coating of fish scales.

The boy's name is Herman Schepler, and he lives with his parents and a prother and tionally bright little fellow, and is one of the most apt scholars in his class

Although the boy is seven years old, the most intimate friends of the Schepler family are not aware of the fact, that, he is so terri-bly afflicted. His parents have taken every recaution to keep the child's condition profound secret, and it was only by mere rident that the facts became known to a re

porter of a Cleveland paper.

The scales are of a dark blue color and cover the body so thoroughly that not the slightest portion of sain bearing any sem blance to that of a human being is visible The scales do not seem to trouble him excep in the fall of the year, when they fade away to a considerable extent and render his body

Mrs. Schepler, after a great deal of pe suation burst into tears and admitted that her boy had been covered with the blue scales at his birth.

"The only cause to which I can attribute is a little incident that occurred one after-noon shortly before Hermie was born. My husband was always a great hand for fishing, and as we lived close to the water, he very frequently went out and fished for a few hours at a time. On this particular occasion he brought in about a dozen or so of fish, and it being nearly support time, he asked me to cook some of them for him. I immediately set about preparing the fish for his supper, and the very first one I took a hold of a large biue pike, being still alive, jumped out of my hand and frightened me awfully. I screamed and almost swooned away. Hermie was born within a few weeks of that time.

"He is just wild for water. Whenever it rains it is simply impossible to keep the poor little fellow inside. He will take off his hat and run around the yard as though he enjoyed it amensely. He loves music and can sin

Baby's Dimples. Harper's Young People. Love goes playing hide and seek 'Mid the roses on the check, With a little imp of Laughter Who, the while he follows after, Leaves the footprints that we trace All about the kissing-place.

Worked fits Way. A twelve-year-old boy has just walked all the way from Bridgeport, Conn., to Springfield. O., to visit his uncle,

Paid for His Fun. Thirty years ago there was at Springfield, O., a mischievous boy named Lattler. Re-cently a number of old gitizens of that place

have received sums of money aggregating \$500 from Dr. Lattler of Buffalo to pay for property destroyed in his boyish pranks How Cold Water Affected Him. Cleveland Plaindealer. A little Sibley street boy caught a very se vere cold while his mamma was out of the city and on her return rushed up to her, eage for her sympathy, and throwing his arms around her cried: "Oh, mamma, both of my

Figured it Out.

eyes is rainin' and one of my noses won'

Boston Transcript. Little six-year old Jamesie, of Boston, and his New York cousin were having a dispute as to which of their cities were the larger Quotations from the census rather staggered the young Hubbie at first, but these wer-soon brushed aside with the remark: "Well I li bet yer Boston's the biggest if yer take in

Beginning Young.

to dictate the composition as it should go.
"That's not what I want at all," she exclaimed impatiently. "You give me the facts and I will embellish them."

Literappearance than the women customers are. Some of them pose before the glass for more than fifteen minutes at a time, studying their heads to see if every bair is in the

She knew.

Mr. Billelerk (to precoolous little girl) -You are a very nice little girl; you shall be my wife when you get big.
Little Girl - No. thank you; I don't want to get married, but sister does, 'cause I beard you say so, didn't you, sister! Hand-springs of dismay by sister,

Good Reason.

Editor (to office boy | How do you spell Office boy (promptly) -I don't spell it at

What a Grass Widow Is.

Two children were playing on the sidewalk and a lady passed them.

"She's a grass widow," said one,
"What's a grass widow' asked the other,
"Gracious' Don't you know that " said
the other scornfully, "Why, her husband
died of bay fever." His Love for Pie.

Hoston Traveller, "I wish," said a well-mannered child, "that

I had been George Washington."
"Why!" asked the father.
"Because you say he never told a lie. So when I go visiting with mamma, and a lady asked me if I would like another piece of pic I would always say 'Yes,' and not 'No,' as mamma says I must be polite."

Her Beason. There is a little cake and candy shop oppo-site a large grammar school in the suburbs of Beston, and the keeper of it told me recently that on school days he takes in about \$6 a day, mostly in pennies, says the Traveler. He says that the most curious thing about his customers is that the poorer ciad the children the more pennies they seem to have for eardy. One day he asked a sharpy little girl how it was that she had so many pennies for candy. "O," replied she, "Marm says dad don't ever give her enough money to buy us clothes, and we might as well have

what she does get to spend." Apples Gave Him a Grip. The millionaire, John H. Starin, of New York, was a poor boy. The first pair of boots he ever owned he wore only in the village, carrying them on his shoulders while going to and fro, so as not to wear them out. He now owns a fine estate of 1,400 acres in Montgomery county, New York, near his birthplace. "I bought that place,"he writes, "because of the fine flavor of the apples that grew in a certain orchard where I used to hook them, when I was a bareheaded, bare footed boy in a pair of cut down trousers held on by one suspender strap. I used to say that fever I got rich I'd own that orchard, and now

## MEN AND DUDES.

The Line Must be Drawn.

Clothier and Furnisher. When evening shirts are not made plain, But filled with flowers and things; When trousers are unduly creased, When hands are decked with rings, When full dress gloves are spotted or

Betray the slightest sign That they've been worn before, why, then, It's time to draw the line. When people will persist, in spite Of everything that's said

In wearing butterfly neckties
At hight like wings outspread;
When collars with step-ladder shapes, Monstrosities in fine, Are seen around the necks of men, It's time to draw the line. When ulsters and silk hats are worr

With necktles ready made; When diamond scarfpins are upon The four-in-hand displayed. When patent leather shoes are seen-Maybe, before it's nine-When things like this are done, why, then It's time to draw the line

Hard Luck. Arctic whalebone has gone up to the unpre-cedented price of \$5.10 a pound, and is still advancing What is the

going to do for spring corsets, if this thing

Gramatically Coy. No. Mr. Van Dasen, said the pround young Boston beauty as she flashed her glorious orbs upon him, I shall never allow no man to hug And Mr. Van Dusen promptly folded her to

A down town man has invented a machine which he calls a readerscope. It reflects the contents of daily papers upon the ceilings of barber shops, so that the man in the chair

To Beat the Chatty Burber.

Philadelphia Record.

his arms.

can read the news as he reclines. Followed the Crease. Clothier and Furnisher. Cleverton-For heaven's sake, old man, what are you doing in this part of town! Dashaway-When I started for the office this morning I didn't notice that the blamed

tailor had creased my trousers wrong, and

Proxy for a Wife. Boston is to have a necktie school where young men will be taught to tie their scarfs in the latest and most approved fashion, the membership fee being \$10, with a small quarterly assessment. Young Boston swells who connot afford the luxury of a valet are jubi lant over the proposition, though but few are yet aware of the scheme. There are just such

Philad lphia Times. The fisherman had got a bite, His hook was baited true, And from the flask 'twas plain to ses

schools in London and Paris.

His breath was bated, too. Buffalo Express Detective Catchem - How did you ever ge a confession from Tough Tobles Detective Quizem—I gave him a cigar, and after he'd smoked it he thought he was going to die and told me all he ever did.

This is Essential. Jew ler's Weekly Eggie De Vere-When a fellah is engaged

he should give the girl pwescuts, shouldn't he! Wealley, now, whawt does the young eweachaw I'm betwothed to need besides the Severe old Man-A decent specimen of humanity to present it.

Worse Than a Hayseed.

Members of the Pennsylvania legislature have been laughing heartily over a story told at the expense of one of the city representatives, says the Philadelphia North American. The country members say that the story of the hayseed who blew out the gas will have to be relegated to the rear in the face of this new revelation. It is claimed that several members were discussing the governor's reception when the legislator in question came up and said:

"O it will be full dress. What do you mean "Why, it will be strictly low neck and

"How about the reception !!

hort sieeves. "You don't say?" The next moment the legislator was in arber's chair, and throwing back his shirt front he exclaime i:
"Shave my chest. I'm in a hurry, too, for I'm going to the governor's reception."

The hayseeds are responsible for this

story. Vality of Me a. "Talk about the vanity of women," said a cace why, the fashionable hairdresser the other day, ac-

ing their heads to see if every hair is in the right place. Then the attention that they give their more tache is positively districting, even to me. When a man once yields to his vanity there's no telling to what extent it will earry him."

The Dress Suit.

Clathier and Furnisher: The dress suit is after all the badge of the gentleman. The breeding of a man is brought out in it, as no other medium will disclose. At the coachmon's ball recently those few fine looking specimens that, in gorgeous livery, grace the box seat that were dress suits were the most at-of-place and ill-at-ease looking personage Office boy (promptly)—I don't spell it at all.

Editor (angrily)—What did you go to school for?

Office Boy (sadly)—Because I had to. does it use its sway and impregnability. Look at Harrigan's 400! These men are actors drawn from the side streets of the meactors drawn from the side streets of the me-tropolis. They shine in the character parts illustrating types of Gotham life they person-ify; but in their dress suits they are, in the language of the playwright, "not in it" Harrigan himself does not wear the regula-tion evening garb; but such a sostume: wine-colored sack coat with quilted lapels of an-other has and layender trousers, as the tail-ors, convention tred to fast upon in unions. ors' convention tried to fost upon an unsuspecting public, and in which any one would look-as the actor-author intends to look-the

#### embediment of a bogus social lion, FADS AND FASHION.

The crush hat is to come back. The latest wrinkle is to have your trousers

nereased. "Tropical weights" is the newest nomenlature for summer goods.

The opera hat passed out of the fashion-ible pale because it was over-appreciated. The white pique vest of a season age, while not wholly under the ban, is not affected by exquisites. A new fancy for spring and summer is cotton half hose with woolen soles. It is an im-

ported idea. The new dress coat is a handsome garment. It has a faced shawl collar, without a nick and with a long and full roll.

The ultra fad in suspenders is the portrait of one's best girl embroidered in silk on the webbing near the heart of the wearer. It is safe to gamble, when a friend approaches you in the daytime wearing hi dress trousers as part of a mixed make-up, that he is about to strike you for a loan.

The latest novelty in men's nosiery is of a lustretul deep mayy blue, having a fast-color look, and held at a price high enough to justify that the new sock is all that it seems Clothicrand Furnisher: If the silly-billies with a craving for the jewelry of the femi-nine realm must resort to bracelets and bangles, why not carry the idea still further and put manaeles upon them?

The Craven tan glove is by no means as prevalent as it was. A shade similar, but lighter, and not so dull in fluish, with self-colored spear-heads upon the back, is the ultra vogue at present. A novel design for a pocket corkscrew appeared in a jeweler's window lately. When closed the instrument presented the appear-

ance of a crab's claw, which opened on both

sides, disclosing the essential part of the article. The bell crown silk nat is not wanted; it lacks the proper ring, as bell notes are out of favor, and it was a mistake to issue it, says the Hat Review. Light, small, nobby shapes are desirable and sell readily; the taking dimensions are distributed. dimentions are 64 x1%.

connection with evening dress is the collarless double breasted U-shaped white pique waistcoat. With the Tuxede sack, upon which the shawl collar is so pronounced a feature the effect is especially en rapport. The English silk hat of this season is in marked deviation from the native article. There is a broader curl to the brim that gives

to the wearer a more pronounced appearance of having on a tile that is different in shape from those generally worn, and it is not so becoming. The craze for "everything black" long ago spent its force. There is still a respectable lemand for black hosiery and underwear. The popularizing of this fad, however, tended oward cheapening the quality with this re-

ult, that the fine trade has turned its houghts to other ideas. A novelty in cane heads has just produced by a New York jeweler. It is a perfectly plain knob, which, on being opened, dis-closes the surface of a haif dollar. The coin, however, is only the outer cover of a series of leaves on which photographs may be placed. There are spaces for eight por

The extra width four-in-hand is the pates: scarf to be worn with the highbacked turnover collars, especially those where the but tonholes are low down on the band. The scarf may be kept snugly up to the top of the collar by pulling taut the first knot of the 'once-over' tie before following out the four-in-hand movements. The proper thing in a full dress shirt is one that is perfectly plain, with the single stitch-ing down the center. There are a few who

narrow embroidery down the middle, but they are in the minority. The plain bosom, with two plain studs of gold or white enamel, s the proper thing. The day of the big walking stick is past. The most coveled effects just at present are natural sticks of medium size with modest silver trimmings. Gold mounted canes are used chiefly by elderly men or members of the sedate professions. The latest fad fer spring is a stick with a natural roct, ornaticated with a saviral silver hand.

wear the pique bosom and a few who like a

nented with a spiral silver band. The neglege shirt, instead of being made of cotton, or some shrinkable material, as in the past, will, the coming season be made of pure silk in fancy colors. The noverty will be in the bosom. This will be characterized by loose folds. The materials used in another summer shirt will be Madras cloth, cheviot and Oxford. Collars and cuffs will be attached to the shirts. The shirts will be made with regular puffed bosoms and are designed to be wern without vests, for which purpose the shirt fronts are made of extra length.

The Candy Pull.

You kin talk about y'r op'ras, y'r germans, an' all sich, Y'r afternoon receptions an' them pleasures You kin feast upon y'r choc'lates an' y'r But none o' them is ekal to a good old candy

For ther isn't any perfume like the 'lasses

on the fire. A bubblin' an' a dascin' as it keeps a risin' higher. While the spoon goes stirrin, stirrin, till the No, I reely think there's nothin' like a good old candy pull.

It's true, we miss the music, an' the ball-

room's crush an' heat, But ther' isn't any bitter that stays behind the sweet, An' I think the world'd be better, an' its cup o' joy more full, If we only had more pleasures like the good

as a man willing to gull the world, says

the Beston Home Journal. It is the

dector who offers to perform miracles

Hem mg succeeds. No one succeeds to turely in this life

old candy pull.

who becomes rich; it is the banker who offers to do the imposible that gets the deposits; it is the merchant who offers to sell things for less than they cost who traws the crowd, and the pity of it is that this crowd never learns that philan throphy is not the law of life, and that all these speculators are bent on making money out of them. Talk about experience-why, the world does not even

# SATURDAY'S SPORTING SPICE

NUMBER 2591

Refreshing Breezes From the Realm of of Bat and Ball.

MOVEMENTS OF THE SHORT HAIRED.

The Horse, Rod, Pog and Gun and Miscellaneous Sporting Gossip to Tickle the Local Fans.

Al Johnson says the association will coptainly land on top. He means on top of Frank Branell quotes Judge Sanders of

Cleveland, to show that Knauss action in signing with Cleveland was legal. It now looks as if the barrel of the gun was pointed their way when the association pulled the trigger. Ren Mulford.

The Courier Journal refers to "Mephisto" Spaiding. Whereupon Mr. Spaiding will undoubtedly at once cease to breathe.

"A mere tramp in base bail" is Michael Angelo Lane's characterization of the asso-ciation's place on the universal diamond.

for this year. Blue suit and white cap, bell and stockings, and white sait and black cap, belt and stockings. The association people do not seem to be in the fight. A rebellion without hustle behind it is sure to be the flattest kind of a failure.—Frank it, Brunell.

Kansas City has decided on her old colors

"Some one ought to point out to the asso-ciation magnates the beauties of that good old nymn, 'Blessed is the Tie that Binds,' " observes the Cleveland Plana Dealer.

"Ne Compromise is the Battle Cry of the Association," is the scare head the St. Louis Post-Dispatch pats over its war bulletins, Has anybody heard the league crying for

"The struggle between the two associa-ons will not be long in doubt, as the league will crush its rival in much quicker time than took to blot out the Players' league."-C. H. Byrne. There is one very potent reason why the association magnates allege that they wouldn't try to sign league star players. It

because league star pinyers wouldn't go to

the association.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The fact that J. Earle Wagner went to Al heach Thursday and told him that unless his team played the spring exhibition games he would sue for damages, shows that J. Earle is a little sick of his bargain. J. Earle was one of the hereest "fire-eaters" when "wah" was declared. Columbus is already heartily sick of the war and the public sensibly demands peace.

The Disputch makes a strong plea for a ces-sation of hostilities. Well, is it any wonder! So fur they have lost Mark Baldwin, Charile Reilley and Raiph Johnson, and a general stampede is threatened. Milwaukee has signed Fred C Smith, who played with the Toledo club in 1880 and 1890, ranking as one of the best pitchers in the in-ternational league and American association

in the respective years. Smith patched good ball for the Des Moines champions in 1888 and is well remembered in Omaha Will Spaiding "Thurmanize" the court when the legal bout for players begings—
Ohio State Journal. It was only a moon or
so ago when you dwelt upon Mr. Thurman's
sayings as though they were choicest honey
from the rarest flesh pots of Egypt. Ah, well a day, here today, tomorrow a lunation asylum, and then in Columbus. Cleveland

Leader and Herald. Manager Cushman is in correspondence with the clubs of the National league in the expectation of sending the Milwaykees on The very latest caprice of fickle fashion in the rounds for practice games before the Western championship scason opens. He proposes to start his players out April 2 and day games in the following cities: Citacine Pittsburg, Wheeling, New York, Brooklyn, Boston, New Haven,

leveland and Chicago. The clubs of the Western association are going to be stronger this year than ever beore-that is certain, says the Kansas City Journal. There is not a team among the eight but is hustling for the most available player with a view to strengthening. They all have visious of capturing the names all have visions of capturing the pennant, and from the present outlook the Blues will have their hands full to again carry off the honors. The team which will be the mest mproved over last season, and which, bar accident is certain to cut a wide swath in the pennant race, is the Omaha team. On paper Manager Shannon has got together a strong team. For pitchers he has signed Phil Kell, Dad Clarke and Eiteljorg of last year's team, and to this pair he has added Norman Baker, late of Newark, Sharrott, late of the New York National league team, and Larry Twitchell, who played last season with the Columbus team. Here is some excellent box talent which will greatly strengthen Omaha where it has always been weak. Behind the bat will be Newman, Stenzel and Halligan; on the bases, Macauley, first baseman for the Philadelphia league team last vear; Shannon at second, Joe Walsh at short and Jimmy Donnelly, the ex-cowboy, at third. In the outfield will be Canavan, Willis and Twitchell and Hailigan alternately. Verily, the Black

Sox will bear a lot of watching this season.

John M. Ward, the famous ball player, has

gone to Europe. Lust season Ward was in

the Messiah business. He was the little

deity before whom all, or nearly all, the star ball players of the country worshipped. He was the man who led the baseball german at the commencement of 1899, the figures of which soon changed to the wild and weird movements of the ghost dance, a dance which soon led nearly all of the boys cut of the national agreement agency to the bad lands of the brotherhood, where most of them are now subsisting on snowballs and photographs of worthless checks for salary due them from men who almost wrecked the national game. Ward, who was styled the Napoleon of the brotherhood, has made his way back to the old reservation, if the dispatches are correct. and succeeded in getting in out of the wet by placing his name to a contract with the Brooklyn National league club. He will captain and manage the team, and for his services receive, so it has been stated. the sum of \$7,500. In return for this the Brooklyn club will have his services for about three hours a day on an average of five days each week for six months. In the nine years from 1881 to 1889 Ward received for playing ball the sum of \$27,350, and it was against the "slave" methods of the "masters" who paid him this money for the laborious work he performed during all those years that he planned and carried out the revolt which has landed many of the men who followed his lead on a cold, unfeeling world. And now little Johnnie is back once more with the "old masters," and at a salary, too,

who, under his tendership, all but wrecked the national pastime.

Truly the mills of the baseball gods have ground exceedingly fine and slow this sea-son, and many of the men who had an idea that their grist would more than fill the horn of plenty will find that they have sown but chaff and will garner nothing but \$10 a week situations—if they are tucky. What pleasant feelings must fill their souls and tingle the blood coursing through their gnaried and knotty fingers when they read of Ward as a again at a salary that all but takes their breath away.

that will shock more than one of the braves

The Short-Haired Knights, The Audubon club is trying to make a match between Tommy Warren and Abe

The benefit to Billy O'Brien's widow net-

ted about \$2,000. George Francis Train appeared for the cause. Muldoon is getting Kilrain into shape for his fight with Godfrey. He is confident that Jake will win some of his lost laurels.

Joe Goddard and Mike Dooley, the Austra-man pugilests, and Oarsman Melecan an-nounce that they will sail for this country in

Billy McCarthy, the Australian middle-weight, who seconded Slavin in his light with McAnlife in England, is telling the sports of Australia that Peter Jackson will whip