TOTAL COLUMN TO THE PERSON OF THE PERSON OF

AND OTHER STORIES.

BY "M. QUAD".

Special attention is called to the fact that fur Ban has exclusive use in its territory of

NOT EXACTLY CYCLONES.-- An eastern subcriber to The Kicker writes to ask us if this ection of Arizona is ever visited by cyclones. We don't think it is. At least we have never en, read or heard of a cyclone within 100 ules of this town. On the contrary, gentle ephyrs begin to blow with the rising of the n, and keep it up until the shades of evenng fall-zephyrs so soft and gentle and good natured that half a pound of buckshot in a nan's coat tail pockets will keep him plumb up and down all day long.

No, we don't run to cyclones. We have a setter and cheaper way of getting rid of the ompany of a citizen who renders himself oboxious to the community. It also leaves his mains in better shape for his relatives, if e happens to have any.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.-The former hayor of this town was a good hearted man, out utterly unfit to fill the high and responsie position. Strangers used to call at the ity ball, to find him so boozy that he couldn't eil an eastern professor from a Chicago omezzler, and if a speech of welcome was to be nade he paid Jim Savage, the city clerk, \$10 statter it off and wring in a dozen or more

Since we were elected mayor by an overchelming majority, the boys see a great lifference. We permit no games of old loage in the mayor's office. We are never runk. We always have on a white shirt, nd when a stranger calls we welcome im in a neat little speech without anything out plain English in it. Although elected nly a mouth ago we have already been told hat we are good for two or three more terms end we may add that we have already begun aving wires for re-election.

A San Durr .- Our subscribers will bear vitness that we have never mentioned our ontemporary when we could possibly avoid We have no quarrel with him. He runs m alleged weekly paper which has 430 subcribers, including deadheads. He can wither shoot nor east. He ought to have me here and started a small cooper shop. We never think of him without a feeling of nity, and have always stood ready to lend aim our card cutter or furnish him with nough patent medicine cuts to fill up his fourth page.

However, unless our esteemed ceases to plich into us as editor and mayor, we shall have a sad duty to perform. We shall have to publish the evidence in our possession hat he stole hogs in New Hampshire and as obliged to leave that state between two days to save his bacon. We don't want to interfere with a man who has come west to make a new start in life, but he must not interfere with us. A word to the wise is ifficient. Let us alone and we will keep quiet about the hogs; continue to pitch into and we will give the number (seven), the olor (spotted), and the name of the man George White) from whom they were stolen, Too Busy .- We are in receipt of an invitation to deliver an address before the Oregon Society of Archæology on the 2d of April next, taking as our subject the artificial aniquities of Arizona. We must decline with anks. While Arizona has lots of artificial entiquities, of which all of us are justly roud, we are too busy to handle the subject as it ought to be handled, and we have no failroad pass to take us to Portland and re-

We are now editor and proprietor of a great weekly, mayor of the town, owner of the nly concert hall and the only capitalist in the place who can lend a man \$50 without elling a mule or a pair of revolvers. In adlition, we conduct a grocery, feed store, haress shop, hardware store, butcher shop and fun store, and furnish daily weather reports from the tower of our office. It will thus be seen that our time must be fully occupied. A PRUDENT MAN .-- We were out with the boys last Friday night to look after the welfare of Catamount Jim, a new arrival, who was firing away a great many cartridges round town to make somebody stand in awe

of him as a terror. We did not find him. He had got word that the grip had reached town and he didn't want any of it. The mule he went away on was only valued at \$15, but it probably make the first ten miles in an hour.

WITH HIS BOOTS ON.

Camp Hard Luck was six months old, and we hadn't yet lost a man by death. Now as d then one had mot with an accident to av him up for a few weeks, but it was a sub ct of congratulation that no one had ac tually turned up his toes. Almost while we congratulated ourselves on this good fortune, D scon White took to his bed and became seriously ill. The deacon was a quiet, digni-fied man, who never thawed out even when whisky was picity, and he was the ac-knowledged peacemaker of the camp. The chaps just over the bill at Cherry Diggings were a quarreisome, brawling lot, and but for the efforts of Deacon White there'd have

would have got hurted.

Three days after the deacon was taken down he sent for two or three of us to pay him a special visit. When we had come together in his shanty he said:

"Boys, I'm a very sick man. It's man leave. "Boys, I'm a very sick man. It's my last teness. I'm an old man, and I realize that I've got to go.

We know that it was a serious case but yet we talked encouragingly and tried to brace had our say. "I've got to die, and the only question is how snall I go. If I die in my had the boys won't like it. It would look

too womanish, and the fellows over the hill would have another chance to brag. They've had three men die, and all died with their

hoots on."

As a matter of fact we were a little tender on that point, but we were willing to make an exception in the case of the deacon. He was not a fighting man, and he couldn't be expected to get up off a dying bed and get in the way of a bullet. We talked and argued with bim, and apparently made him see things as we did, and after an hour or so we things as we did, and after an hour or so we

things as we did, and after an hour or so we returned to work, leaving him in the care of a man whose foot had been hurt and who was just able to limp around.

This was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At about 4 a Cherry Diggings man, who had fitted up on whisky, appeared on the crest of the hill and began whooping and yelling and giving our camp the grand defi. Following our usual line of conduct, we paid no attention to him, but he kept on seeking a quarrel, and by and by something happened to startle and by and by something happened to start and by and by something happened to startle us. We heard a ringing war whoop and leoked up to see Deacon White, fully thressed and having a revolver in his hand, striding up the trail. The man left with him had fallen asleep, and the deacon had dressed and armed nimself without anybody being the wiser. He was a man six feet tall, but he looked to be a foot more as we saw him now. His long, black hair was blowing out behind from under his hat, and the yells he uttered as he went up the trail seut chills over every man of us.

he uttered as he went up the trail seut chills over every man of us.

The chap from Cherry Diggings must have been numbfounded, even though half drunk. He ceased his shouting and stood stock still until the deacon came within pistol shot and opened fire. Then he turned to fiee, but a builst in the leg brought him down. The deacon continued to advance, firing all the time, and we suddenly saw him throw up his arms and fall at full length. Only then did rav of us move. It had all come upon us in such a way that we stood spelibound. When a did move a hundred of us went together, and in three minutes we were at the crest of the hill. There lay the deacon, shot through the heart, and there lay the Cherry Diggings was, having four builets in him and dead enough before we got there. As we looked dows on the face of the deacon we expected to and it wild and distorted, but it was not

so. There was a smile there—a smile fading away into paller as death claimed the victory. He had died with his boots on and saved Camp Hard Luck from being disgraced in the eyes of Cherry Diggings.

HE OWNED HIS FLY.

By and by the baidheaded man, who had been asserting that the world was created at least half a million years ago, and that no one could make him believe in the theory of transmigration, leaned back in his seat and settled himself down for a nap. I saw him take out an artificial horsefly and place it on his cose before closing his eyes, but it was a quarter of an hour before it attracted attention. Then a woman looked back and noticed at and said to her husband:

it and said to her husband:
"Samuel, do you see that? You'd bettergo
and brush that fly off that poor man's nose. It's a wonder he can sleep with it; but I s'pose he's tired out."
"Yes, I guess I'll do that much for him,"

replied the man, and he rose up and wen back. The fly was very quiet, and he ad vanced his thumb and finger and carefully picked it off and dropped it on the floor.

"Wha—what is it?" asked the baldheaded

man as he roused up.
"A fly on your nose, sir."
"A fly, eh! Where is it! Ah! I see." He picked it up and replaced it on his nose

"Sir, I would thank you to mind your own business! This is my fly. I bought him for 10 cents. Attend to your own fly and I will to mine!" looking at him in a bewildered way for half a minute the farmer returned to his wife. "What is it, Samuel?" she asked.

"Nuthin—nuthin 'cept if I had that feller down in our tamarack swamp I'd maut him 'til he couldn't breathe for makin a fool of

ONLY A LAWYER COULD DO IT.

He sat just opposite to me on the train, and from the legal documents he was perusing I had no doubt that he was a lawyer. I looked out of the window as the whistle blow to note that we were approaching a large town, and a minute later felt that the car was off the rails. A half open switch had done the business. We bobbed and bumped along for a few yards, and then the car tilted over and went down an embankment. went down an embankment

went down an embankment.

We were all pulled out of the wreck after a bit, and I found I had a broken leg and some lesser evils. I was laid on the grass beside the lawyer, who was for a time unconscious, but presently he came to and briskly observed: "Open switch—train de-railed—culpable carelessness—won't settle for a cent under \$5,000!"

He seemed to feel of himself for two or three minutes to find out how badly he was

hurt and then continued:
"Worse than I thought for! It appears that both legs and this left arm are broken and I think I can also plead internal injuries. I'm good for six menths in the hospital, even if I pull through. Damages not one cent less than \$10,000, and don't be in a hurry to settle at that figure!"

There were people rushing about, still engaged in the work of rescue, and three or four of us were groaning and taking on close by, but the lawyer was in no wise rattled. by, but the lawyer was in no wise.
He was evidently sinking, however, for his voice was much weaker as he said:
"Papers, cards and envelopes on the body that it by and they'll telegraph my

to identify it by, and they'll telegraph my wife and snip mangled remains home by express. Hurt worse than I thought for. Quite sure I'm going to die. Will drawn and everything in order, and left note on my office desk for my wife to sue for \$20,000 in case of my death. Clear case and ivry won't case of my death. Clear case, and jury won' be out five minutes."

If ne said any more I dian't catch it. I was just then busy figuring up my own dam ages and groaning away in four languages. By and by the people came with doors and shutters to carry us up to the dopot. As two of them were ready to pick me up I said:
"I think the lawyer here is hurt a good deal worse than I am, and you may give him the preference." the preference. "Oh, he isn't in a bit of a hurry—he's stone

replied one of the men as he took a It was a fact, and further, I was in the court room when his widow received a ver-dict for \$20,000.

AS THE FLAME OF A CANDLE.

One who looked the crowd over as we waited for the train would not have set us down as hard bearted and indifferent; but so years of age, leading an old man who was stone blind and very feeble, passed slowly around the room soliciting alms. They got a penny here and there, but even those seemed to be given grudgingly, and those who gave nothing consoled themselves with the reflection that the pair were frauds and

really needed no financial assistance.

When they had made the tour of the room the girl led the old man to a seat in a corner, and after a few words had passed between them they began singing a hymn. She had a wonderful voice for a child, clear and sweet, and his was a deep bass. The hymn was that entitled "Nearer, My God, to Thee." You have heard it by a full choir, accompanied by the strains of a grand organ, but you never distended so intently as we did there. There was a plaint in that girl's voice which touched a chord, and there was a quaver in the old man's bass which sad-dened you. They sang low and soft, and they had not finished a verse when half of us

they aid not huished a verse when half of us were standing up to see them better. The girl kept her eyes on the floor at her feet. The sightless eyes of the old man—her father—were raised to the ceiling, and over his wrinkled face crept a glad smile as they finished the chorus:

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee. The hymn was not finished when every man began feeling for a contribution and women opened their portemonnaies. It was different now. They were no longer frauds different now. They were no longer frauds and every one was glad to give something. Two or three were ready to move about to take up a collection, but they waited for the end of the hymn. When it came to the chorus of the last vorse the old man was singing away bravely. Half way through his voice suddenly choked and the last two lines were sung by the girl alone and died away in a sob and a cry. All of us saw the old man's head drop forward and his body lurch. He would have fallen to the floor had not the girl solzed and held him up. A dozen of us were soized and held him up. A dozen of us were there in a moment, but we were too late. The old man's life had gone out as you breathe upon the flame of a candle and on his ashen lips still trembled the sacred notes of the refrain:

Nearer to Thee. A PARTIAL LIST OF M. QUAD'S PATENT

RIGHTS.

Being still of sound mind, but not know-ing what a day may bring forth, I am pro-paring a list of the patent rights I have on paring a list of the patent rights I have on hand and stored away for the benefit of my heirs. During the last thirty years I have picked up a good thing in this line when-ever opportunity offered, and if my heirs display proper energy in developing these patents after I am laid away, every one of them will rank with the millionaires. The list, so far as I have had time to complete it, reads:

No. 1—A washing machine invented to save all the soap, half the rubbing and a good deal of water. Makes washing more of a pleasure than going on a huckleberry ex-cursion. Will save over \$3,000,000 worth of soap in the United States alone in one year, and yet the patentee sold it to me for \$300 cash. I have always felt conscience strucken for taking advantage of him, but my heirs need have no quaims. Valued at the low figure of \$4,000,000.

figure of \$4,000,000.

No. 2—A fiving machine to enable my heirs to fly. Warranted to convey eighteen passengers and 2,000 pounds of baggage from New York to Chicago, and thence to St. Louis and return by way of Cieveland in half a day. The inventor valued this patent at \$2,000,000, but as I happened to catch him just as he was about to be sued for a twenty dollar board bill, he sold it to me for \$750 cash. I advise my administrator to value it at \$5,000,000. This will swell my assets and not burt the feelings of my heirs at all.

No. 3—Perpetual motion machine. Can be used to shell corn, pare apples, freeze los

No. 3--Perpetual motion machine. Can be used to shell corn, pare apples, freeze ice cream, husk corn or dose the children with easter oil. The inventor was dying in a town in Nebrasia when I walked in on him and basely offered him \$500 for all rights. He accepted it and was able to be about next day. Had I discovered him in Kansas, in the full enjoyment of health, I should have had to pay a great deal more. It should be listed with my assets at \$1,500,000. The heir who gets it for his share is advised to add another drive wheel and arrange for it to feed the coal stove, wind the clock and fodder the hogs.

No. 4—Labor saving machine for the farmer. Digs the potatoes, feeds the live stock,

machine and then go to the opera and pay \$3 a seat. On your return the washing is all done, the clothes dried and ironed, and you done, the clothes dried and Ironed, and you have nothing to do but sit down and wonder how our forefathers got along without any of these conveniences. There is no saving of soap, but you get a good deal more opera than with any other machine. I ran across the inventor of this machine on a steamboat which was about to founder in a storm, but I suppose it was taking advantage of him to offer him \$400 in cash and a life preserver—the only one to be found aboard the boat. I expected he would try to back out when was were finally saved, but he out when we were finally saved, but be didn't. This should be listed among my as sets at \$300,000. Can probably be arranged to act as a burglar alarm, in case burglars

are willing.

No. 6—Another flying machine, warranted to fly somewhat faster than the other one. I had no idea of buying this machine, but the inventor borrowed \$100 of me and left it on my hands. From what he told me about this machine before he flew and left it, I believe it will fill a long felt want. I think it should be listed at \$200,000, but do not wish to be captions. Would recommend my heirs to recaptious. Would recommend my heirs to re-model it into a fire escape, if not too much

model it into a fire escape, if not too much expense.

No. 7—An arrangement for holding a person down on a common table in case it becomes necessary to amputate a leg. Can be arranged in one minute, and there is no possible excuse for a surgeon amputating the wrong leg. I bought this invention at an express company's sale of unclaimed goods, and labored under the idea that the box constants. and labored under the idea that the box con-tained twenty four volumes of Shakespeare. The inventor is unknown to me, and I should like to open a friendly correspondence with him and get some idea of its value.

No. 8—A loom for weaving camel's hair shawls. I have been troubled in my conscience ever since I bought it. The patentee was drunk and I got it for \$200. I had in-tended long before this to import a lot of camels and make them up into \$500 shawis, but have always been too busy with other matters. My heirs will find full instructions as to the cost of camels, best mode of work

as to the cost of camels, best mode of working them up and all other details.

No. 9—A fort intended for seacoast defense. Can be raised and lowered with a crank by any person of ordinary intelligence. Is armed with a gun having a range of twenty-one miles. I bought this invention out of oure patriotism, intending to present it to Uncle Sam, but as he refused to increase my pension after a re-examination I withheld the gift. Would recommend my heirs to hold on to it as a good thing to have some fun with. Sure to astonish a chap twenty-one miles away, and no delicate gearing to get out of order. Can probably be converted into a windmill for pumping water and sawing wood, should peace continue too long, and only a small outlay would be necessary to turn it into a carpet beater or a lighthouse.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley has been busy writing amid the bold, romantic scenery of the Blue Mountains of New South Wales. Miss Martha Morton, the playwright, 15 under 30 years of age. She is a woman of medium height, with an interesting face and a head covered with dark brown hair.

The singer, Lillian Russell, has a German maid who teaches her the language while dressing and undressing her.

New York is said to have more widows than any other city in the world. London ranks second in the list of the bereaved, and The widow of ex-President Salomon, of Hayti, who has lately died in Paris, leaves a daughter who is a student of medicine,

Miss Rosa Lee Tucker of Okolona has been re-elected state librarian of the two houses of the Mississippi legislature, and Mrs. Mary Brown Russell Day has been chosen state librarian of Kentucky by the legislature. It is said that two poor Parisian women who earn a livelihood by making artificia

flowers have hit on a process of dyeing natural flowers in brilliant hues. Public attention was called to the matter by florists who received in a lot of flowers some swee williams of a bright green color. Miss Harriet Hosmer is to get \$25,000 for Isabella of Castile, which is to be unveiled

at the opening of the women's department of the Chicago exposition.

Mrs. M. S. Ingersoll, a leader in the Boston movement for "rainy-day dresses," says, id relating her experiences, that she was staren

at on the streets but not "guyed." The foot-wear of this costume may be boots to the calves; loose, wrinkled, calf skin boots or leggings over ordinary shoes.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood is an elderly woman

of a distinctly matronly appearance. ure she is quite portly, and her face is fair, plump and placid. She laughs easily and talks well in a voice that has in it no trace of masculinity, and in fact there is no indication in her demeanor of the vinegarish traits of character with which some people have un justly credited hor.

At a recent dinner party, at which Mme. Modjeska yielded to importunities to give a recitation in Polish, the members were profuse in their praise of her eloquence and pathos until they learned that, having for gotten the verses she intended to recite, the fair artisto had merely used in her declama-tion the numbers from 1 to 230. But her figures were turned with much polish.

SOME NOTED MEN.

Gustave Jovanovitch, the greatest cattle breeder in Russia, and called the "King of the Steppes," owns 600,000 acres of land and possesses more than 1,000,000 sheep and 34,000

hepherd dogs.
The new minister to Ecuador, Rowland Biennerhasset Mahanev, is a young man and a brilliant scholar. While a student at Har-vard he had a serious controversy with Pres-ident Eliot, in which the latter came out much the worse for the treatment he re-

James Whitcomb Riley's income from hi readings and recitations equals a bank president's salary, while Bill Nye in 1891 cleared \$40,000 from his appearances on the rostrum. Max O'Rell and Will Carleton get \$200 a night from their managers, and George W. Cable receives \$100 every time he reads. Less than thirty years ago President Mc

Lead of the Reading railroad was a rodmar on the Northern Pacific. He is now the head of a 2,600-mile trunk line and the employer o George Washington is said to have de-clared toward the end of his life that he never wrote but one poem. "That." said he, "was the name of my first sweetheart, Mary

Cary, and she was a poom in herseif."

Dr. Gatling, the machine gun maker, is 72 years of age, but he does not let that little fact prevent his constant attention to desired improvements in his famous engine of de-

Timothy Hopkins ought not to experience any serious difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door, even if he do not succeed in getting any of Mr. Searle's money, now that his Uncle Moses has left him \$210,000 in cash and \$100,000 for his wife and children.

When Paderewski was in St. Louis recently the cloak-room in the hall in which h was to play bore a number of placards in scribed: "Get your hair cut at the Southern" scribed: "Get your hair cut at the Southern" (hotel); "Hair cut 15 cents at French Market;" "Use Randolph's hair remover;" "Cut your hair while you wait at Brand torsorial pariors;" and "Highest price paid for human hair at Wiggins';" and when the planist advanced to the dressing table he found a copy of the song, "Get Your Hair Cut." The St. Louis papers hint that hedid not altogether relish the joke.

Of Sir Morell Mackenzie, Kate Field says, in her Washington: The very men and women who could not be hired to sing, ac or recite for the delectation of private audi ences assembled in grand houses gladiy ac cepted Sir Morell's invitations to dinner and volunteered to entertain his guests after

cepted Sir Morell's invitations to dinner and volunceored to enteriain his guests after wards. They looked upon him as one of themselves, for all went to him with their ailments, and little would be ever accept in return. In his commodious drawing-rooms I have heard Irving recite, Toole tell a story, Arthur Cecil, Corney Grain and George Grossmith make the merriest music. There I have met Christine Nitsson and many other great singers, all of whom were Sir Morell's patients, and all of whom were his friends.

Dr. Cullimore, oculist to Mo. Pac. Ry

gregation of Stately Edifices, Magnificent Churches, Gorgeous Palaces.

ROME, Feb. 12 .- | Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]-On issuing from the station at Genoa, one is confronted with a colossa statue of Columbus, a magnificent work that would show to more advantage were it placed in a more elevated position. Everything relating to Columbus seems of more importance and interest than it did a few years ago. As soon as the Italians know we are Americans, and not English, as we impress upon them, they overwhelm us with pohteness and kindness. In the cars, hotels, or wherever we are known as from the United States, every courtesy is extended to

United States, every courtesy is extended to us. We might have thought before we came to Italy that it would be a very easy thing to whip Italy, but since we have been here and seen the number of her soldiers, particularly at Rome and Naples, where we see regiment after regiment marching through the streets, and where uniforms are as "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," we begin to doubt whether it would be such an easy matter.

To return to Genoa. It is much larger than we expected. Built in the shape of an amphitheater, and rising from the sea 500 feet, it is grandly imposing, and the view from the church of Santa Maria di Carignano of the town and harbor is truly superb. There is a double line of fortifications—one inclosing the city, the other surrounding it the city, the other surrounding it— which at the most elevated point have towers, which are fortified and give a picturesque, medieval effect to the town.

A City of Marble Palaces.

Genoa must be a very wealthy city, as it is full of handsome marble palaces, some modern, many full of historic interest. The harbor is a semi-circular bay and is filled with ships of all kinds, from the little boat bringing fruit from Sicily, to the large ocean steamers bound for all ports in the world, carrying their merchandise from lands of

sun to lands of snow.

Two very handsome old churches were the only ones we visited. One was the cathedral of San Lorenzo, a Gothic structure dating from the eleventh century. On the facade is a marble sculpture of San Lorenzo being broiled on a gridiron and higher up are bas-reliefs of Christ and the four evange-lists. A fine statue of the Madonna and Child in bronze decorates the altar. The most interesting relic in the treasury is the dish from which it is said our Lord ate the last supper. It is of such great value that it is only shown value that it is only shown once a year, and then the priest holds it by a cord, so the faithful can see and kneel in

cord, so the faithful can see and kneel in ecstatic joy and worship.

The chapel of St. John the Baptist is said to be the most beautiful part of the church, but in this holy of holies no woman is allowed to enter except in one day of the year, a law made by Pope Innocent VIII., because a woman had been the cause of the saint's death. I told the old monk who showed us around it had been sainty are of the west. death. I told the old monk who showed us around, it had been so long ago, I thought "nous autres femmes," as the French say, might be forgiven, and be permitted to see the beauties of the chapel. The interior of San Lorenzo is exceedingly beautiful and graceful—a high circular dome supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, above a second row of columns. A very fine Madonna and Child is the gem of "the church, and is by Sansovino. The church is bullt of white and black marble, in horizontal strips, and gives the building a welfil and gloomy appearance.

An Impressive Work in Wood. The church of L'Angunziata to us seemed finer than the cathedrat. It is filled with rich marbles and mosaics, and has several

fine pictures, one the Annunciation, by Andrea del Sarto, very fine, and a Madonna by Guido. The verger showed us the treasures of the church. One was a magnificent carvg in wood representing the descent from the cross. There were six life-sized figures besides the Christ, and the verger assured us it was cut from one piece of wood. figures were so beautifully carved, so well painted, and so realistic, that we were haunted for days by the sad, melancholy and depressed faces. This wenderful piece of carving is placed in the main body of the and so realistic, that we were

church on Good Friday, surrounded by black draperies and a "dim religious light," to render it still more impressive. One of the finest picture, galleries in Italy is at Genoa, the one of the Palazzo Brignoil, or Red Palace, as it is called. We cannot remember half the names of the painters and not always the subjects. There was a picture of Christ and the doubting Thomas, which seems to have been a favorite subject with the old masters. The coloring in this with the old masters. The coloring in this picture was marvelous, but the subject was too harrowing. There was a Christ by Guido, said to be very fine, a John the Baptist by Leonardo da Vinct, and a portrait of one of the Brignoli family by Paul Veronese, which was exquisite in its tints, and the coloring well preserved and a magnificent grand painting of Judith and Holofernes by Carlo Dolci Libing. This gattery conby Carlo Dolci, I think. This gattery contains works of Titlan, Guido, Veronese. Thi palace and collection were given to the city by the Marquis Brignoil. There is here also a very fine monument to Columbus. The finest and most interesting of all the palaces is the Doria, which is surrounded by a beauti-ful garden, extending to the sea. The architecture of the palace was designed by Piero del Vaga, whom the Prince Doria employed when he came to Genoa, homeless and penni-less from Rome. The cypress and orange walks, the fountains, statues, roses and col umn in the garden and the picturesque views of mountain and sea fill one with quiet en-joyment, if it is on a pleasant, warm day such as we had. On a conspicuous knoll in the garden is the statue of a dog, a monument erected by the Prince Doria to a dog pre-sented him by Charles V. That alone would warm one's heart to a man. To reward a faithful friend, even though he were a dog.

Through Genoa's Campo Santo. Through Genoa's Campo Santo.

In Genoa, too, we find what is said to be the finest "Campo Santo" in Italy, and I cannot imagine anything or any place more beautiful. Most of the monuments are modern, and of surpassing beauty and loveliness. There is a Capuchin monk, life-sized, standing in front of a sarcopuagus, book and breviary in hand, so beautifully modeled that as we approached we expected him to put out his hand in warning and whisper, "bush." The clothing was so perfectly chiseled that I had to touch it to be convinced. "bush." The clothing was so perfectly chiseled that I had to touch it to be convinced it was marble, and not the rough cloth these monks wear. Another, a woman bending over a couch where a recumbent figure was covered, and she gently lifted one end of the cover and was looking how into a dead face, was so lifelike one could almost see her bosom rise and fall and hear her breathe. There must be some fine medern sculptors in Genea.

The new Genoa has a line of broad streets The new Genea has althe of broad streets similar to the boulevards of Paris, but the old part of the city, and the fascinating part, has steep to true as to be almost inaccessible to carriages. And, in these narrow, almost dark places are born, live and die thousands who never feel a ray of God's blessed supships within their homes, for the blessed sunshine within their homes, for the

RE SOLUE

MHOUTE

repairs the fences, kicks tramps, cuts corn, gathers pumpkins and pulls turnips white he sits in the parlor and plays the piano. Would also go to town and pay his taxes if it wasn't for the fences in the way. The patentee valued this machine at \$500,000, and when he closed with me at \$350 there was a painful silence lasting four minutes. I afterwards learned that he was homesick and wanted to go back to Omaha. It has not been unboxed for twenty-two years, but I am satisfied that my heirs will find all the pieces and bless me for my perception. The estimated value is plainly marked on the box—\$2,000,000. I hope it won't go for less than \$25.

No. 5—Another washing machine. You put the clothes and water and soap into the machine and then go to the opera and pay \$3 have fine view of the Apennines, partly covered with snow, the harbor, filled with shipping, and the environs of Genoa, to listen to the music of the military band and see the beauty and fashion of the city. It was a charming afternoon and the wealth and beauty, as well as the poor and ugly, seemed gathered together. There were many handsome equipages and many officers on horse back, as well as many swells. I do not know whether they were Genoese or Anglomaniaes, but I do know they were swells by their dress and way of riding. Some of the women were very handsome and dressed in the latest Parisian toilets. The picturesque peasant dress was only seen on the nurses.

We could not but wish the monument to Columbus had been erected on the elevation. Then, as the vessels approached the land, it would have shone out like a beacon, as our statue of Lib-

Italy, the ancient metropolis of the Casars,

sits enthroned. The railroad passes two very interesting ruins, the Aggen of Servius Tullius, which, when the railroad was cut through, uncov-

The city that by temperance fortitude,
And love of glory towered above the clouds,
Then fell; but failing, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now shedwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintain from age to age.
Her empire undiminished.

Some one has beautifully said, that Rome is "not the capital of a country, but of humanity." Because the people of every country, protestant or catholic, congregate here, not only because it is classic ground, for nero is found most we have of antique art, but on account of its mild and seductive climate. There is something dreamy and contemplative about it, and every day, almost every hour, you have set before you a rich feast of beauty in the lovely and charming drives, the churches and palaces full of the grandour of the past.

We have met many dear friends in Rome, friends whom we did not know were on this side of the Atlantic. Among these friends is a charming, brilliant woman, who has been eleven winters in Rome, and who knows every block of stone from the Coliseum to St. Peter's. Under her guidance we are seeof the je ne sais quoi of the city weaves itself around us.

ment, which will not appropriate anything for a display. The king and queen, however are deeply interested, and are aiding the commissioners. Mrs. Bryant, one of the lovellest and most intelligent of our countrywomen, has been received most cordially by Queen Margherita who has promised to do all she can toward having a display of Italian works. I'ne queen has a remarkable collection of Italian laces, which she will send to the ex-position; she will also influence the lace makers of Itary to send their work.

There is a question up before the Italian Parliament just now of great interest to us foreigners as well as the Italians—a bill to prohibit the owners of works of the old masters from selling. There are so many im-poverished noblemen who cannot afford to keep up their palaces and villas, who are obliged to sell their collections. The motion has caused a great deal of discussion in political and social circles-whether a man political and social circles—whether a man has a right to sell his own or not. We were in Rome in time for the earthquake, and up in the fourth story of the Hotel Quirinale. We had a good shake. Like in the days of Tyre and Sidon, or Pompeli and Herculaneum, we take no warning, but go on from day to day making our plans and living our lives as received most releasant to us. By and by one seems most pleasant to us. By and by one big shake, and the vatican and St. Peter's will be another Coliseum, another Forum. M. D. CROOK.

Dr. Cullimore, oculistto Mo. Pac. Ry

"Certainly," and the clerk repeated the names of the French dishes with the same ease and celerity with which he would have recited a time table. "Now I want you to tell me where the neurest doctor's office is."

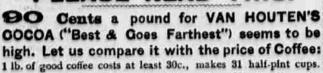
Sick, sir?" these things are half as hard to digest as they are to pronounce.

Keep some Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne in your ice chest; it's splendid for company or for dinner.

To Remind Him. that the delicious affirmative brought

tion, have I not? He-Most certainly. She-And you will answer truthfully? He-Of course.

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the latest Parisian tollets. The picturesque peasant dress was only seen on the nurses. One nurse was gorgeous in a green dress with byadere strips of yellow, a magnificent gold comb that stood up eight inches above her head-dress of gay ribbons, and a white lace apron that would be the envy of a connoisseur in old lace.

Columbus in Marble.

seis approached the land, it would have shone out like a beacon, as our statue of Liberty in New York harbor. The statue is made of white marble, with the figure of America kneeling at its feet. It is surrounced by allegorical figures representing wisdom, force, geography and religion, and between these reliefs are scenes from the life of Columbus. This monument was erected just thirty years ago.

We left Genoa with regret, but our hearts were burning to reach the imperial Eternal City, a city filled with ghosts of the past, rich in antiquities, fascinating alike in its medieval and modern works of art.

We had charming companions from Genoa to Rome, a bride and groom from Dublin and an English officer, and we concluded to travel at night so as to arrive at Rome by daylight and not miss the beautiful approach to the city across the Campagna or the first light to the city across the Campagna or the first light to the city across the Campagna or the first light to the city across the Campagna or the first light to the city across the campagna or the first light to the city across the campagna or the first light to the city across the campagna or the first light of the contents of the campagna or the first light of the campa

to the city across the Campagna or the first Early in the morning, as the sun was rising above the sad and melancholy Campagna, we were awake, straining our eyes to catch the first glimpse of the ruins of Rome, once the mistress of the world, and first to break upon us was the Claudian aqueduct, which lends so much interest to the scenery of the Campagna, and as the train rolled along we saw the Soven Hills, covered with modern palaces, where Rome still in her grandour

when the railroad was cut through, uncovered a massive Etruscan wall of immense blocks of peperine, and the temple of Minerva. As we leave the station and enter the Plazza di Termini, we see some magnificent ruins, the baths of Diocletian, only fragments of them, but they serve to show the splender of Rome under the emperors. As we drive to our hotel, through modern Rome, the Rome built upon the Campus Marits, we see what the popes the Campus Marits, we see what the popes and potentates of modern times have done to make Rome, and still keep her the most fascinating city of the world. We can but sight to see how the hand of superstition has demolished her temples and classic buildings, to use the stones to erect ugly churches and palaces; but it is Rome,

Met Friends From Home.

Among the friends we have here are the Bryants. Mr. B. is the vice president of the Columbian exposition. He, with the commissioners, is trying to interest the govern-

Puck: "Look here," said the rural guest of the swell hotel to the clerk, "I want you to read this bill of fare over to

"No; but I want to find out whether

She (shortly after the blissful silence about -Darling, now that we are en-gaged, I have the right to ask you a ques-

She-What is that string tied round your finger for, then? He—Great heavens! To remind me that I am already engaged!

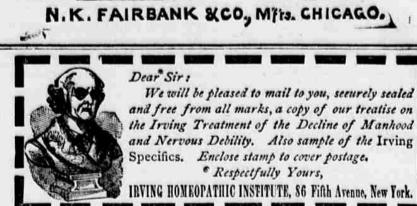
JUDGE ADVOCATE. " " therefore 90c., " 93 " "

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