

The Odd Man.

It was Lady Feo's maid who opened the door. That is as it would be. I hate a woman I'm fond of to keep a man servant. You can never tell what sort of temper his mistress is in. This rule does not apply to bachelors. I was shown into Feo's boudoir. As you have heard me say before, I like pink boudoirs, they suit one's complexion. Sometimes they suit two people's complexion; sometimes people's complexions suit them. Anyway, it was pink, and perfection at that. Feo was lying on a sofa with her golden head buried in a swansdown cushion. This meant she did not intend to stir. She did not. She held out her little pink-palmed hand, and as I knew by her maid's face I was in for a wiggling, I kissed it. I would if I hadn't, though. She pulled her hand away and said languidly:

"So you have come at last?"

"Have you been long dressed?" I said.

This made her angry. I meant it should. I always like to fire the first shot.

"You don't think I dress for you, do you?"

"One can never tell. You might be going to the theater."

"I am sick of theaters," said Feo.

"You get tired of everything but butter-scotch," said I.

"And even that has tinned!" said Feo, with a sigh that would have buried an empire.

"It keeps the fingers clean," I remarked, as if I thought it a profound truth.

"It doesn't," said Feo, "and it sticks in one's teeth."

I let that pass and tried to come to conclusions by starting a new hare.

"What did you send for me for?"

"About these theater parties."

"The next one had better be at the Lyceum."

"I shan't go," said Feo, with a toss of her head.

"Why not," said I.

"How can it matter to you?"

"But it matters a great deal to George."

"George never goes."

"No, but you do."

"I think you're very rude," said Feo.

"I know you do," said I. "You're in a temper."

She drew herself up and looked at me straight.

"I'm nothing of the kind."

She had got the corner of her lace handkerchief between her teeth, so I thought it best to say nothing.

"Well," she said.

"If you say so, of course," said I.

"Of course, it is so; but why don't you go to the Lyceum?"

"Never again," said Feo, "so you can think of something else."

"I'm sorry I didn't go to your last theater party," said I, "but I forgot."

"This was in a very repentant voice, which I flatter myself told."

"I'm glad that you at least speak the truth," said Feo.

"I never lie," said Feo.

"Not to George?"

"Husbands are different," said I; "I meant to women."

"I think you are the very rudest man—"

"Except Frank Hobson," I cut in.

"Well, perhaps Capt. Hobson."

"And Ald. Murray," said I.

"Ugh," said Feo, with a shudder; "I meant among civilized people."

"Then I am civilized?" said I.

The lace handkerchief had begun to tear.

"Well, you are educated, and therefore ought to know better."

"It is safer to know nothing," said I.

"To say nothing of politics—"

"Don't talk about politeness," said Feo, with a pout which was delicious.

"I wasn't talking about rudeness, Mr. Mansell," said Feo, frigidly.

"I know you were," said I; "you always are, and I do try so hard—"

"T-y, indeed," said Feo. "How can you say such a thing when you know it was entirely your fault?"

"But I forgot," said I.

"Don't you keep an engagement book?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I never was engaged but once, and you—"

"I never was engaged to you, at least; but why try to change the subject?"

"I?"

"Yes; I was the subject and you my queen—"

"Don't be a fool! You know what I mean by an engagement book—a diary. Do you keep one?" said Feo.

"Good Lord, no!" I replied with horror.

"Why not?"

"Well, I thought it might get me into trouble."

"Who with?"

"Your husband, George."

"You are an incorrigible boy; but seriously, you must keep your engagements."

"I like that from you," this reproachfully.

She took no notice, but passed on.

"You'll get into frightful trouble."

"George doesn't suspect, does he?" said I.

Feo took no notice.

"And get other people into terrible bothers," said she.

"I shall deny everything."

"You can't deny you promised to come."

"Well, I admit that I forgot."

"How does that get me out of trouble?"

"Your trouble? What trouble?" said I, concernedly.

"Why, with Alice, of course."

"Why, what has she got to complain of?"

"Simply because you never came to the box."

"How is that her affair?"

"She says I was absurd to ask her to meet Lord Gourlay, and then not give her a chance."

"But why should she put it on me?"

"She doesn't, unfortunately; she puts the blame on my shoulders," said Feo, with an injured air.

"But why?"

"Because you didn't come."

"Good Lord! she doesn't want to book me, does she?"

"You never can tell with these girls."

said Feo. "They think that everybody belongs to them."

"So, that's what the row is about, is it?" said I, catching her up.

"What do you mean?" said she, showing I was on the right track.

"Why, it's your fault and not mine, at all."

"Yes; but it's all your fault."

"My fault, indeed. I see it all now."

"See what?"

"You have been at your old games again, Feo, and you try to plant it on me."

"Plant what?" said Feo.

"Eve's apple tree—flirtation."

"I am sure I have not—how could I? It was an uneven party, owing to your not turning up. There was the general for Lady Gaudy, Tommy Lawless for Mrs. Lock and Lord Gourlay for Alice and you to play—"

"Be careful," said I.

"Propriety with me, of course."

"Ha! ha! And of course you could not play propriety alone by yourself, and so—poor Alice!"

"Poor Alice, indeed!" said Feo, with a sneer; "I suppose she has told you."

"She has told me nothing."

"Then how else could you know?"

"You let it out."

"Your heart—on a repairing lease. Do you think I don't know you? Do you suppose for one instant that I imagine you could spend an evening without flirtation?"

It was my turn to be indignant.

"I don't flirt," said Feo.

"Then why have you quarreled with Alice?"

"Oh! these girls get ideas into their heads if you only look at a man."

"I know that look."

"Frank, you know perfectly well—"

"That Lord Gourlay knows it, too."

"One has to entertain one's guests."

"What about poor Alice? Why did you not think of her?"

"I did. I asked Lord Gourlay to meet her."

"And then quietly appropriated him to yourself?"

"I did not—I swear I did not. But these boys."

"Oh! first it was my fault, and now it's Lord Gourlay's fault. There is nothing so confusing as a return to first principles."

"Just because I was sitting all alone with no one to talk to—"

"And letting him see how miserable you are when you have no one to flirt with," said I, imitating her injured tone of voice.

"He was bound to be commonly polite to his hostess."

"And leave Alice to twiddle her thumbs?"

"Why did she not keep him to herself? You know I hate boys."

"I know you hate girls."

"I rather liked Alice."

"So did Lord Gourlay."

"Till you spoiled it all."

"Yes, you. If you had not forgotten—I say forgotten—you promised to come round to our box. I should never have quarreled with Alice."

"Or flirted with Lord Gourlay."

"And they might have been engaged now."

"Like you and I were?"

"Frank, you are a brute, and—and—"

"There, there, don't cry."

"Then, why—do—you b-bully me?"

"I don't bully you."

"What was left of the little lace handkerchief was rolled into the size of a racquet ball and squeezed into her left eye.

"When you see I am so mis-er-able," pouted Feo.

"Because you have quarreled with Alice?"

"Because I treated you so badly."

"Feo is clever."

"If you make your eyes red your husband will think he has not been paying you sufficient attention."

"Yes; poor George," said Feo.

"And now, what about Alice?" said I, consulting her.

"That is what I want you to arrange."

"But how?" I had her hand in mine.

"Why, make love to her," said Feo, smiling feebly.

"To Alice? And this from you, Feo?"

"Yes; she will think it makes me jealous."

"And Lord Gourlay?"

"Oh, it will make him jealous, too."

"And then we shall all be friends again."

"There is nothing like rivalry to promote love," said Feo.

"I was once your husband's rival," said I, reproachfully.

"And now he is yours," said Feo, giving a little squeeze to my hand.

When I had promised not to make too violent love to Alice, I went away and took the shreds of a little lace handkerchief with me. I thought it was perhaps safer, and so did Feo. That's how I got it, anyway.—Pick-Me-Up.

An End to Buttonholes.

The day of buttonholes is apparently past. Like the precious purple dye of the Phoenicians, the wonderful colored crystal of the Romans and conversation, it is not unlikely that the art of making buttonholes will soon become one of the lost arts. Time was when it was looked upon as an accomplishment in which every woman should be proficient. Its gradual extinction is, however, entirely natural and to be accounted for. Although buttons have never been more popular than at present, they are purely ornamental, not utilitarian. This means the absence of the buttonhole. Not one gown in a hundred nowadays fastens by means of the once inevitable row of buttons down the bodice front. The up-to-date bodice is held together by hooks and eyes, and indeed many of the most artistic costumers put their faith in the common pin. All skirt bands now fasten with a big hook and eye instead of the one-time button and buttonhole. Many a fashionable dressmaker, one who can cut a godet skirt to perfection and inflate a pair of balloon sleeves to the biggest believable proportions, knows nothing of the art of making buttonholes. There's no demand for them; hence the scanty supply. Even underclothing doesn't make use of half as many buttonholes as it did in former years, and with so much ready-made underwear in the market there is little excuse for a woman to learn the art for that reason. There is no doubt about it, the passing of the buttonhole is a present and very apparent fact.—New York Sun.

It Settled the Question.

The colonel was the possessor of a fat-colored man who was extremely lazy—so much so that everybody in the town had tried to do something to liven him up. They usually abandoned their effort after a trial.

There was quite a gathering at the colonel's one afternoon, and the question of the lazy colored man came up. Finally one of the gentlemen asked leave to experiment, and to gratify him the colonel sent for his lazy servant. It was some time before Sam put in an appearance. When he came the gentleman addressed him thus:

"Sam, as I was coming up the garden path I noticed several snails down near the gate. I want to show these gentlemen some of their peculiarities, so catch one for me, please."

Sam scratched his gray wool and departed.

The colonel and his friends smoked and chatted for a long while, and still no Sam and no snail.

"Well, that fellow is really lazy," said the gentleman who had sent him on the quest.

"Colonel, would you mind sending for him, and see what on earth he is doing?"

The colonel did so, and Sam entered the room.

"Well," said the gentleman, "did you catch one of the snails?"

"Deed no, sah," replied Sam; "dey was too powerful quick fo' me. Ise couldn't catch up wid dem!"—Harper's Round Table.

Hints for School Girls.

Until you make the attempt, you will not believe how hard it is to write in two or three sentences the gist of an occurrence, to relate what is necessary in a story, to describe an event or a person, without using too many words. The girl who can write clever paragraphs will, in good time, find a newspaper which will use her work. As between producing paragraphs or poems, I advise the paragraph as by far the better factor in forming a really good style. But if girls like to write verses, there is no reason why they should not acquire so graceful an accomplishment.

As for earning money out of school hours, there are not many ways open to a girl. In the first place, the hours of a girl's life at school and at home are very full. She has had lessons to prepare, and there are usually some home duties which fall to her share. A school girl must not overwork, for if she does she will neither do credit to her teacher nor to her own abilities. We insist in these days that the best students are those who are in good health, able to walk, to ride a wheel, to play golf and tennis, and to lend a hand at whatever is going on. Pallid, attenuated girls are out of fashion.—Harper's Round Table.

Fads.

Woman is a creature of fads.

We may not like to admit it; we may wish it were otherwise, but the fact remains that what is a craze with her to-day is forgotten to-morrow; her stock of superlative adjectives that are to-day showered upon some passing trifle are to-morrow applied, with equal fervor to some new fancy.

In certain respects this instability is not to be deplored, for we would not have woman worship always at the shrine of the same rag-doll. There is a certain sort of merit in being able to adapt one's self to new hobbies, and there is always the possibility of the new fad being of a higher order than the old. The most deplorable feature of a woman's devotion to fads is the tendency it develops in her to make a fad out of everything. The pronounced faddist has lost all perceptibility her religion, the training of her children, her own intellectual culture—in fact, everything that ought to be near and dear to her—are placed on a plane with her collection of Beardsley posters or whatever other fad she may have a hand. Perhaps this winter she has made a fad of religion, or culture, or some other good cause; but it has only been a fad, and has affected her real personality just as much as did her discussions of Tribby last winter. Herein lies the danger of faddism. It takes us to every new thing with an unnatural fervor that soon burns out, leaving us with energies wasted and only a few dry husks in our possession, for all our feverish excitement.—Womankind.

Fiction and Reality.

Actress (taking the leading character in a tragedy)—Where can my mother be?

Voice from the gallery—She is sitting in the Kongsplatz, selling apples.—Neueste Nachrichten.

A Valuation.

"My daughter has been accustomed to every luxury."

"Well," replied the Duke, "don't I come high enough to rank as a luxury?"—Truth.

Crawford Marley.

English papers say that Crawford Marley, who recently died in New Zealand at the age of 83, was the last survivor of those who had a ride on Stephenson's No. 1 engine when the Stockton and Darlington railway was first opened. It was about thirteen years of age at the time, and, with two other boys, he went to see the iron horse, which was brought from Newcastle on a dray by eight horses. When the locomotive had been placed on the line, George Stephenson's brother Joseph, who was in charge of it, asked the lads to run to a farmhouse for some buckets, and the boiler was filled from a spring near at hand. The fire having been lighted and steam raised, the boys, in return for their assistance, were invited to have a ride.

Gown for a Girl Graduate.

A dress of white crepe made with a five-yard skirt interlined with stiffening to a depth of fifteen inches. Round waist in back, pointed in front, large leg-of-mutton sleeves, belt and collar of five-inch taffeta ribbon bowed at the back. Boxytail of the goods down the center front of the waist. Breasted of ribbon from belt to shoulders, back and front, with short bow of four loops and four ends.—Ladies Home Journal.

Hall's Cataract Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Potatoes in Old Times.

Gerard knew the potato as a dainty, and it is recorded that the tubers were sometimes roasted and steeped in sack, that is sherry and sugar—or baked with marrow and spices, and even preserved and candied. Shakespeare mentioned them, but he evidently regarded them as a mere curiosity.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Why Kipling Declined.

Rudyard Kipling declined an offer of \$1,000 for a 1,000 word article telling "Why America Could Not Conquer England," on the ground that no true Briton would betray state secrets. Thus Rudyard ingeniously avoided confessing that no reason exists why America could not whip the British, and incidentally he is getting more than \$1,000 worth of free advertising.—Boston Globe.

I believe my prompt use of Fiso's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Walcott, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, 1895.

Disposition of the Cornstalks.

Whether stalks are to be cut and plowed under or raked and burned is a question every farmer must decide for himself. If the land is "heavy" and compact, and the corn crop was free from insect pests, it will be wise to turn under the stalks, as the mechanical condition of the soil will be improved. But on the other hand, if the soil is already light and mellow, and if chinch bugs were abundant the previous summer, by all means rake and burn the stalks.

THE Pearl fishery discovered off the south coast of India is very rich.

An able and suggestive symposium under the title of "The Engineer in Naval Warfare" is presented as the opening feature of the May number of the North American Review, the contributors to it being such eminent authorities as Commodore George W. Melville, engineer-in-chief of the United States navy; W. S. Aldrich, professor of mechanical engineering in the University of West Virginia; Ira N. Hollis, professor of engineering in Harvard University; Gardiner C. Sims, of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; and George Uhler, president of the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association.

New and Curious Inventions.

The United States Patent Office issued 408 patents last week, the most noticeable and curious of which embraced a scrubbing machine patented to a Kansas woman, operated like a carpet sweeper and embracing a set of revolving mops and brushes. A New York inventor received a patent for an apparatus for dispensing fogs with which he hopes to realize a fortune in London alone. A Providence inventor got a patent for a pin and a New York inventor one for a needle having a thread opening in the shape of the figure 8. Then follows a method of producing photographs in colors patented to a Washington inventor, a device for utilizing the power of waves, a removable armor for pneumatic tires, a curious fly catcher comprising a reservoir hung to the ceiling having a depending string upon which strings the flies alight and are held and poisoned and a German invention comprising an electric plow. Free information relating to patents may be had of Sues & Co., Patent Lawyers, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebr.

A watch which is in good running order in one year's time ticks 157,530,000 times.

People as a rule hear letter with their right than with their left ears.

Houghton, Millin & Co. have arranged for the American publication of the unpublished letters of Victor Hugo. These will probably be comprised in two volumes, the first containing Hugo's letters to his father while studying in Paris; a charming group written to his young wife; an interesting series to his confessor, Lamennais; letters about some of his volumes, "Hernani," "Le Roi s'amuse," etc.; to his little daughter, Leopoldine; and a very interesting series to Sainte-Beuve, who was in love with Madame Hugo. The second will include his letters in exile to Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Lamartine, with many of curious autobiographical and literary interest.

Half Fare Excursions via the Wabash.

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JULY 3d, National Educational Association at Buffalo.

JULY 10th, Christian Endeavor Convention at St. Louis.

JULY 22d, National People and Silver Convention at St. Louis.

For rates, time taken and further information, call at the Wabash ticket office, 1414 Park St., Easton Hotel block, or write Geo. N. CLAYTON, N. W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

Strychnine for Prairie Dogs.

I will give you a recipe that is a dead shot on these pests. Three parts cornmeal, a part of granulated sugar; mix with water so that it can be molded up in little pieces one-half as large as hulled hickory nuts. Feed these three days, and the fourth day add one-eighth ounce of strychnine crystallized. Prairie dogs have a taste for granulated sugar. February is the month to give this to them. I gave one dose to the dogs and picked up twenty-six outside of their holes at one time.—Kansas Farmer.

The Rock of Gibraltar

Is not steeper than a system liberated from the shackles of chills and fever, bilious remittent or dumb ague by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a perfect antidote to malarial poison in air or water. It is also an unexcelled remedy for bilious rheumatic or kidney complaints, dyspepsia and nervousness. It improves appetite and sleep and hastens convalescence.

Doing the Best.

Lady of the House—What do you mean by sitting there all the afternoon and doing nothing? Didn't you tell me when I gave you your dinner that I had only to show you the wood pile and you would do the rest?

Wearry Wraggles—Dat's wot I said, and I been restin ever since, lady.—New York Press.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company.

To Make It Popular.

"I'm afraid tennis will not be as popular as usual this year," said the dealer in all that pertains to outdoor sports.

"I think you are right," admitted his chief clerk. "The girls and young women are losing interest in it."

"And I have a large stock of tennis goods on hand," sighed the dealer. "If we could only get the interest of the girls—"

"That might be possible, if—"

"Well?"

"—If you can devise a bifurcated tennis costume for them."—Chicago Post.

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