

female outcast. I know that those seeming eccentricities are the result of certain fixed rules. When she learns that she is about to be turned out of doors she immediately sells everything except a few diamond rings, and purchases a long cloak and hood, preferably black or gray. Then she lets her back hair down. She is ready now to face the world, and grabbing a small child in one hand and clutching the folds of her cloak in the other, she goes out into the night. If it is winter, and I have observed from the parquet, that she usually selects one of the coldest and stormiest nights in the winter, she finds some spot convenient to a lamppost, where snow is falling like—well, like so much paper. Then pressing the child to her, exposing one hand on which there are from one to three flashing diamonds, she mutters, "My God, we are starving. What shall we do?" On rare occasions a summer night is selected. Then she goes down to the riverside and says, "Oh, my God." I have searched long and eagerly for female outcasts of this type on the streets of New York, and I have never found one. Several times I have thought I was about to be successful, when I would discover that what I mistook for a spotlessly clean cloak was only a dirty black shawl, and instead of a blood curdling, despairing, "Oh, my God," I would hear, "Say, mister, give me a nickle, will yer?" which shows that it is much safer to depend upon the drama than on individual research.

Then I have learned that by some occult process people are taught to ejaculate, "My God," at opportune moments. It seems that people who never uttered a word of prayer or blasphemy, or even indulged in wild exclamation, always say, as if by instinct, "Oh, my God!" when a valuable article is lost, when a long lost brother is found, when anything really exciting happens. In my feeble way I have looked for people addicted to the tragic "Oh, my God" habit, but I have not found them. So far as my observation has extended when anything startlingly unusual happens, people either say nothing or content themselves with "the devil!" or "Jerusalem!" which shows that individual research is nothing. For real life go to the drama.

Now it has happened that most of the first-class scoundrels I have known have been blondes. But my experience is of no value, for I know from the drama that villains are almost invariably dark. The villains I have known were, so far as appearance went, mighty pleasant fellows. You wanted to treat them kindly, invite them to the clubs and introduce them to your family—and loan them money if you had any. But they couldn't have been real villains, for the drama has taught me that villains look like dressed-up barbers who have been making a night of it—men whom you think you would instinctively avoid if you had any money about your person. All of which shows that for the real thing you have got to go to the drama.

In my own experience I have left valuable documents, private correspondence, etc., on a table, and all sorts of people, including enemies and villains, have come and gone, leaving my property untouched. I am afraid all of my experiences are unusual. I know from the dramas that the minute a person drops a letter, bunch of keys or any valuable article, on the table and leaves the room, some one enters immediately, goes at once to the table, and commits petit larceny. The drama is the thing.

I have learned from the drama that nearly every body writes shorthand—something I never would have learned anywhere else. They must write short-

hand, for it is a common thing to write a four page letter in two seconds. I have learned that letters thrown in an open grate, no matter how fierce the fire never burn; that barkers always have gray hair; that maids and men servants always discuss their masters' affairs in the front parlors; that the hero who appears in a snow storm to rescue the outcast, always wears a black cloak, high top boots, and carries a riding whip; that every family contains at least one spinster with short dresses, ringlets and a razor back nose. For life, as it is really lived, there is nothing like the realistic drama.

W. MORTON SMITH.

**POLITICAL POINTS.**

To politics I am a slave;  
I obey its every command.  
To it I am wedded;  
It leads me, whether right or wrong;  
It controls my every faculty.  
With its unyielding grip  
It carries me each day further and further from my path of duty.  
My efforts to sever its companionship are futile—  
It possesses me; it enthuses or disheartens me;  
My very being depends upon it;  
Yet, after all, miserable and discontented am I with it.

Several candidates for city office have wisely suggested to the republican city central committee that all aspirants be restrained from securing more than 250 names to their petitions, so that no one who may later on be a candidate can be shut out by reason of his inability to obtain the requisite number of signers, because his friends might have placed their signatures to the tallysheet of some candidate who did not require half the names he asked for. This suggestion was advanced in last week's Courier and even had it not been made the central committee would have discovered the inadequacy of this proposition were not candidates restricted to the necessary number of petitioners. Five hundred and fifty names should be the extreme limit.

The central committee will probably hold another meeting soon, at which time they should unanimously adopt all amendments proposed at its last sitting. This is the judgment of nearly all true republicans. The committee should subserve the party, and doubtless will. As to the adoption of the proposed amendments to the Crawford system, a few modifications in some of them would not be objected to.

Candidates for every office but that of city treasurer have made their sally. Inquiry develops the fact that the general feeling is to give Mr. Aitken the second term (which republican party has always tendered efficient officers) by mutual consent. It would indeed require a man of extraordinary nerve to oppose Mr. Aitken.

The colored and Hebrew voters will make themselves heard next spring, and it is right that they should. Each of these races now have a candidate before the people, and if they are not elected some one will likely sweat for it later on.

Under new management  
**MERCHANTS' HOTEL**  
OMAHA, NEBR.  
FAXTON, HULETT & DAVENPORT,  
Proprietors.

Special attention to state trade, guest and commercial travelers. Fareham street elevator goes pass the door to and from all parts of the city.

**SYPHILIS**  
HAVE YOU Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in Mouth, Hair-Falling? Write **DR. HENRY CO.**, 897 Main Street, Omaha, Neb., for proofs of cure. Cash, \$5.00. West enclosed in 15 to 25 days. 100-page book free.

**FUNKE & OGDEN**

**CLOSING OUT THEIR BUSINESS.**

COMMENCING TOMORROW MORNING THE ENTIRE STOCK OF FUNKE & OGDEN WILL BE THROWN ON THE MARKET AT BELOW COST AND CLOSED OUT BY JANUARY 1, AS THEY WILL DISCONTINUE THEIR RETAIL BUSINESS.

EVERYTHING IN THE STORE SACRIFICED.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO BUY A CHRISTMAS PRESENT HERE IS THE CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE. THE MOST MAGNIFICENT LINE OF

**China and Queensware**

IN THE STATE AT YOUR OWN PRICES.

SALE COMMENCES MONDAY MORNING.

1121 N St., In HerPolshelmer's b'ld'g

Have you made your reputation?  
Are you satisfied with it?

We are trying to make our reputation in the

**Wall - Paper**

—business by beginning with—

**NEW PATTERNS - NEW COLORINGS - NEW IDEAS.**

The latest treatments for walls.

Copying the old artists, giving you a chance to see everything in ART that is produced. Colonial designs, brought out in colors that cannot help but cheer even the most fastidious

**OUR NEW FLORAL DESIGNS**

- Scroll Designs
- Indian Designs
- Empire Designs
- Renaissance Designs
- Rococo Designs
- Lace Stripes Designs
- Dresden Stripes Designs
- Leathers and the

**New Colorings**

- Pompeian Reds
- Indian Reds
- Terra Cotta
- Rose Pinks
- Empire Greens
- Apple Greens
- Cobalt Blue
- Robin Egg Blue
- Sky Blue
- Arabian Blue
- Forest Greens
- Colonial Yellow
- French Grey
- Dirty Grey
- Tobacco Brown
- Commaris Brown
- Mustard Yellow
- Boston Yellow

ALL SELECTED by the most competent judges in the wall paper business. A corps of thorough salesmen to show you at all times our immense line; also

**PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, BRUSHES**

Our large and complete line of Room Mouldings to match our blended effects in blended freizes. No expense spared in coloring over mouldings to match out stock. The only complete stock of

**PAPER HANGINGS**

in the west. We have styles adapted to every class of dwellings, public buildings, churches, banks, etc. Our prices are moderate. By simply calling on us, our line will bear out every one of the above representations.

**STANDARD GLASS AND PAINT CO.**

1312-1314-1316 O Street.