A CONDUCTOR'S STORY

MONEY COULDN'T STOP THE TRAIN. BUT IT WAS STOPPED.

Phore's a tirace Summabers at the Fest of the Long Stange of White Capped Mean tales three Which the Trains of the tirest Worthorn Crawl.

I never read or hear of the mountains that I do not recall a story told by a coninctor of a train on the Great Northern We were going to Butte. The train had just crossed the river at Great Palls From that point the road begins its eastern ascent of the range whose tops are whitened with the snow all the sear round. A wide plain spreads out between the line of the road and the range. As the train was getting "a fresh hold on the rails," as one of the party expressed it, the conductor stood on the rear platform of the ceach and looked steadfastly at one spot until it was lost.

"Got a claim anywhere around there" saked a traveler who had noticed the conductor's longing look.

"A kinder of a claim," he replied, "but not the kind you're thinkin of. How he came to tell us makes no difterence now. Here is what he told:

"Bont a year ago, I think it was, a young man was put on my train by the conductor who had brought him to where I take it. He had been cast. His folks lived down there, I believe. He had been west a good many years, was a cowboy, then a deputy marshal, then a boss of a ranch and then he got to spec-ulatin in Anaconda. He had lived the sort of life out here that a man was expected to live in them days. He was a hard citizen and then a good one. Blest if I know just where he quit off, but he did. He finally got to lovin a girl, and just when he was havin it the wust way dude that came out here and got to clerkin in a raghouse. Then the young man that I am talkin about he goes east to wear out his feelin's, I reckon. And be was gone all summer. They said he was at the seaside. I thought when I heard that as how he would not last long. When a man quits this climate to go to the seaside, there must be something mighty bad about his case. If a man can't get cured here, he needn't go any-

"Well, when he was put in my care there was four or five of the boys with him. They had heerd he was comin back, and they met him away down this side of St. Paul. And they nursed him all the way and fed him jest as if he had been a sick girl. He was lookin out of the winder of the car all the time, day and night, but wasn't sayin nothin. When we got to Great Falls, he looked out of the car winder and smiled. It was the first time that the boys had see him do that since they met him, and they thought he was gettin well. He asked om to set him up in his berth so he could

"And he looked at the mountain tops out there covered with the whiteness of God, and the foot of the mountains that is washed by the purest water this side of the divide. The train was just getting a good holt on the rails when the poor fellow sank back, and the next thing I see the boys was takin the piller out from under his head. Then I brought into active play, and the exerknowed it was all over. Then one of the boys come to me and asked me if I would take \$1,000 to stop the train. I told 'em I couldn't do anything of thet sort. They said money was no object. Then I asked em what was up, and one of 'em told me that he, meanin the dead man, had made a last request that he be taken from the train and buried in sight of the mountain that had the snow on it, the one that caught his eyes first after we had come over the river. They said they had promised him they would. I asked em where they would get a box, and they said a man as good as he was didn't need no box; that the angels would take care of him as soon as he was laid away.

"I asked 'em what they would do if the train wasn't stopped. They held a short parley and said in a most respect-ful way, which I understood, that they had to carry out the wishes of the de-ceased at all hazards; that they could stop the train if I didn't. I understood em. I pulled the cord and went for ard, and while the engineer was mendin the locomotive, which got out of sorts jest then, the funeral procession moved out, and the dead was buried out there in full sight. It so happened that we got the locomotive fixed just as the funeral was over, and we took the pallbearers into Butte that night.

"And I never pass that spot that I don't look out there where they laid him. i ain't never seen any of the pallbearers since, and I don't know the name of the young man that they buried. Do you know, gents, that his grave is green all the year round? I once thought of put-tin up a gravestone at the head, but, thinks I, it's none of my business, and, besides, the boys said the angels was goin to to take care of his body, so I thought I wouldn't be intrudin on any angel's business. It was the only time, though, that my locomotive ever got anything the matter with it."—Chicago Tribune.

Criticism of "Cymbeline."

At one of the performances of "Cymbeline" by Modjeska's company one of the sudience heard a man behind him say to another, "What is this piece and where did she get it?" "Oh," answered his companion, "something she picked up. I suppose." All this seems less reprehensible when Dr. Johnson's criticism of "Cymbeline" is recalled. To him it sounded like the creation of a lunatic without a single lucid interval.—Chicago

How a Fashion Was Started.

During the reign of George III the Duke of York had a duel with Colonel Lennox, with the result that the colonel succeeded in shooting away one of the duke's curls. Hence it became the correct thing to wear a curl on one side of the temple only. We do not know whether this was the origin of the celebrated curl of a deceased prime minis-ter.—London Tit-Bits. Phased With a Monthful.

Captain Bonders, a well known con-Inclugate, was rading along the banks of big black hawk. He followed the firing bird and at longth came up with it. perched on a dead fresh of a cottonwood tree. A looky nest was in a fork of the tree about 40 feet from the ground. The more of the hawk which the captain had been following was sitting on the nest

Hoping to secure a trophy, Captain Bendire climbed up to the nest, in which he found a single pale blue egg. The parent birds circled around manifesting their anger at the intrusion by shrill screams, but the captain took the egg He put it in his mouth for safe keeping as he required both hands in his descent Suddenly from his elevated perch he caught sight of several Apache Indians cronched in a small canyon about so yards distant. They were evidently watching him.

He was awake to his danger in an instant, but he manifested no signs of alarm and descended to the ground in a leisurely manner. Had the Indians perceived that they were discovered, they would have been waiting for the egg hunter at the foot of the tree.

As it was the captain reached the ground, mounted his horse and started on a gallop for the camp, five miles dis-

In a moment the Apaches broke cover and pursued. They chased him nearly to the camp, but he reached it in safety. the egg still in his mouth. It was unbroken. Owing to its large size the captain had difficulty in removing it from his mouth without injuring it. His jaws ached for some time afterward .- Youth's

The New and the Beautiful.

"That is the most peculiar and asounding faculty of the mind that calls the new, the beautiful," said Charles she ups and marries a good for nothin Truax. "Now, just think a minute. Look at the change in fashions, and then you see it perfectly. The hat that you wore last season-the one with the stiff rim and soft crown-how nice and nobby it looked then! Now, when you tried it on again the other day, accidentally running across it in the locker, why, it looked hideous, didn't it? It's impossible to define why this is so. You can't say it is because the mind dislikes old things (some minds don't) nor that all minds love the new, the change. It isn't exactly because persons dislike to be odd or out of date, for some take great delight in looking strange and odd.

"Others do not wear the new things first simply to be the first. While I do not think this sense comes from or guides itself by any one of these influences, yet the sum of them all goes to make up a circle of harmony inside of which one would rather dwell than out. There are a thousand little things that the mind comprehends almost unconsciously and acts accordingly. It is this reflex action of brain work that makes it possible for one to understand why we do these things."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Paradox Explained.

Why does not a man weigh a pound more immediately after eating a pound weight of food? A little reflection will readily explain this apparent mystery. cise of any muscle necessitates a temporary waste of its tissues, and a certain amount of carbon is eliminated and passed off during the course of the meal. This loss, however, is trifling as compared with that due to respiration and perspiration, both of which are increased during the various operations of making a meal.

The length of time one may take to consume a pound of food makes but little difference to those losses, for if it is eaten leisurely there is but slight increase of respiration or perspiration, whereas if it is hurried through both are abnormally accelerated. Hence by the time the pound is eaten the consumer has lost appreciably in moisture and carbonic acid. - Million.

The Evolution of Names.

The evolution of names from foreign tongues into English is in many cases easy. From the German Bauer to the English Bowers, and from the French lie Grant and Colonel Audendried, chief Boulanger to the English Bullinger is of General Sherman's staff, and Miss but a step, as it were. But there are no Kinzey, a southern belle. The grizzled people who are oftener more humorously accused of altering their names than the Irish. Thus, Crehan has become Rehan; Carroll, Karl; Dillon, Dyllyn; Divver, Devere and Devyr; McCarty, Macartee and Makart; Slattery, Slater and Satterlee; O'Brien, Obrion and Breen; McGin-ness, Guinness and Inness; Reilly, Rel-yea; Duffy, Dufay; McGuffin, Magoffin; Quinn, Queen; Fogarty, Fougert; Hag-gerty, Haggart; Sully, Soule. The Eng-lish singer, Braham, merely dropped a letter when he went on the stage. He was a Hebrew, and his real name was Abraham.—Chicago Herald.

The Expansion of Solid Bodies.

An ingenious instrument for measur ing the expansion of minute solid bodies is found in the list of inventions. The substance is placed in the field of a microscope and an image of it magnified in Italy.—Brooklyn Eagle. This image is further magnified by two micrometer microscopes which accurately determine the expansion. The substance is heated in a little platinum use of this instrument the thermal expansion of any substance even to the smallest diamond can be determined until the temperature of combustion is reached. - Exchange.

Keeping Up His Reputation. Wife-I think it's too bad you should throw away money on such expensive umbrellas. You are always losing them.

Why don't you get cheap ones? Husband-Huh! That's all you women know about business. Do you suppose I want to advertise the fact that I can go around ringing front doorbells I have a poor memory—New York and whistling all I please."—Harper's

THE MATCH FAILED.

ROBBIO COOCK ASSESSIO, WHOR HE NEW & NELL E. GRANT'S ROMANCE WHILE VISITING AT WEST POINT.

> Har Parker Had a Few Munths Before Brow. States, and She Was to Consequence the Bette of the teatherings.

ment exercises at the military academy but he was here and is in his own connhad never appeared more brilliant. Distinguished guests from all over the and adviation of which Alvary, the Gercountry were assembled to witness the man tener, was the ungracious recipient. coremonies, and the wealth and fashion of New York, Brooklyn, Beston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other cities crowded Roe's and Cozzen's hotels and the private cottages to their fullest capacities. First and foremost of all those there was the newly inaugurated president of the United States. Ulysses S. Grant, then in the splender of his fame. Then there was General William T. Sherman, his successor in command of the army; General Rufus Ingalls, General Quincy Gillmore and a host of lesser military chieftains and also the officers of the academy resplendent in uniform, besides many civic dig-

Mrs. John A. Dix and Mrs. John Bigelow occupied cottages at Cozzen's, and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was present to deliver the sermon to the graduates. The glories and the chivalry of West Point still clung to it and made it an attraction to the fair sex. Benny Haven's, with its many legends of clandestine cadet revelries, yet remained at the river's edge. The faculty were all noted gray haired professors who had been engaged in tutoring future military heroes for half a century, some of them. Their dean was Denis Mahan, professor of mathematics, who was afterward to seek a suicide's death in the Hudson

President Grant was accompanied to the academy by Mrs. Grant and their daughter, Nellie Grant. The president's son, Frederick Dent Grant, was a cadet in the third class, and for that reason the exercises had a special attraction for the members of the Grant family. General Thomas G. Pitcher, the superintendent of the academy; Colonel Henry M. Black, the commandant of the cadet corps; Lieutenant Colonel John M. Hildt, who was wooing at the time Miss Jerome, a daughter of Leonard Jerome. and whom he afterward married; Edward C. Boynton, the adjutant of the post, and the rest of the officers had prepared an elaborate and interesting programme for the commencement, and during the week or longer that President Grant and his family were at the Point there was mortar practice, signal service movements, the building of pontoon bridges, cavalry maneuvers and other object lessons in the art of war, with parades every afternoon on the plateau by the battalion of cadets, and a conteri afterward by the government band.

Among the junior officers of the superintendent's staff was John E. Hosmer, a lieutenant of infantry, who was assigned as escort to the president and his family during their stay at West Point. House, Miss Nellie Grant, was new to society in the east, and the young lieutenant devoted much time to her entertainment. He was her daily chaperon over the military grounds and explained to her the many points of historic interest there. He arranged private entertainments and parties in her honor at the houses of the professors, while old dowagers, with little else to do than watch passing events, noted the growing intimacy of the daughter of the White House and the junior lieutenant, looked on the young couple approvingly and said to each other, "A match, sure.

The commencement of the academy terminated on the evening of Saturday, June 14, with the ball of the graduating class at Roe's hotel. It was a brilliant gathering, and in the opening quadrille there was a conspicuous set composed of the cigar, exclaiming, "French, and President Grant and Miss Strother of Washington, General Sherman and Mrs. Grant, Lieutenant Hosmer and Miss Nelhero of the march to the sea had his eyes open to what was going on, and in one of the pauses of the dance said to his partner, Mrs. Grant, in his quick, abrupt way, what the dowagers had previously remarked, "Looks like a match," nodding with his head toward Miss Grant had her eyes opened.

The next day (Sunday) Nellie Grant remained in seclusion in the hotel, and bright and early on the following Monday morning was hurried away by her mother to Washington, while the president departed for the east in response to public invitations. Lieutenant Hosmer quitted West Point a few days later and went to his home in Massachusetts, where he died in a few-months. Afterward the president's daughter was married to the Englishman, Algernon Sartoris, who died

Omens and superstitions have their origin in the belief suggested to primitive man that the elements and everyoven through which an electric current thing pertaining to creation had souls passes, and the temperature of the oven and intelligence. This belief is found is arrived at by observations on the among the ancient Aryans, the Romans, melting of standard substances. By the the Celts, the Teutons, the Arabians, the Chinese, the American Indians and, in fact, in every nation. That human natur is the same the world over and at all times is shown by the analogy existing between early mythology, the source from which the superstitions of the present day are derived .- New York Tele-

Bob's Ambition.

"I'm going to be a postman when I

NEN WHOM WOMEN ADDRE.

The Delicate and Refined Type of Actors and Singure trut the Smile

The excess of devotion that Paderewale receives from outhusiastic women calls attention to the fact that it is always the more delicate and refined type Inaugurated President of the Carrel of manhood that inspires this nort of hysterical tholatry among the women There never was a more superb example of hardsome munliness than that of It was the closing week of commence. Edouard de Rosake, the French tenor. in June, 1800, and historic West Point try but vaguely admired by women, and with none of the mad, rapturous ecstasy

Alvary was small and slight in stature. His shyness was almost painful. His devotion to his German frau and numerous olive branches hopelessly presaic and unromantic. But the women stood about the stage door in groups for a glimpse of their divinity, and squands red their entire allowance on opera tickets when he sang.

Kyrle Bellew was in his day another victim of woman's devotion. They found out where the effeminate Marc Antony had his hair clipped, and bribed the barber into saving bits of the sacred fleece for them to wear in lockets and watches. How that barber ever reconciled things with his own conscience how he will settle it with the recording angel is a mystery, for not even the Sutherland sisters could have supplied all the locks that were surreptitionsly dealt out to the fair devotees for a time.

Pierre Loti, in France, now one of the Immortals, is another man of the marked feminine characteristics which appeal to the enthusiasm of women and claim their championship. It was on shipboard that this writer, whose real name is Jean Viaud, got the name of Loti, which is Japanese for "violet," and it was as Violet that he was known among the graceless, but discriminating subalterns. Men call his writing feminine in discernment and cloying in style, and say that he chooses his words like bonbons. But the strong and brilliant Mme. Adam and her followers, in their enthusiasm for Loti at the time of his election to the academy, opposed a man of distinguished largeness of thought and marked genius.

Dignity and elegance are both winning cards for gaining popularity with women. It is to the former that Walter Damrosch previous to his marriage gained his following of fashionable women, and it is to the latter quality, as well as his dramatic talent, that Riddle is indebted for the admiration of the women who listen to his readings. Perhaps it is the unexpected strength and fire in the guise of an exquisite that charms. The odd thing about it is that the very women who rave over these types of men are wedded to husbands of the practical rotund school; men with plenty of development in the aldermanic region; men whose wedding vests won't meet by several inches, and whose bald spots are fast growing glossy; men who couldn't un-derstand their rosettes any better than Amelie Rives' unfortunate hero, and who laugh at the little women and their ravings over long haired heroes, confident of their own charm and liking the women all the better for their pretty enthusiasms.-New York Sun.

Force of Imagination.

It was in Paris. A lot of high rollers were talking about tobacco. Howell Osborne was there, Wilkie, the retired dentist, and several other fellows who had hard work to spend their income. Wilkie, who didn't smoke, offered to bet a dinner that he could fool another member of the crowd on a cigar. Man swore he couldn't. He'd been cussing a blue streak because he couldn't get Perfectos on account of the government monopoly. So they blindfolded him, and Wilkie lighted cigar after cigar and handed them to him. "Pooh," he would say, "another Parisian failure."

By and by Wilkie lighted a cigar, which he had obtained with some mystery, extinguished the flame with a quick stroke of his penknife and handed it over. The cigar was still warm. The expert took several puffs and threw down mighty bad!"

Then they set up a howl, for the cigar was a smuggled Perfecto.—Paris Letter.

The divining rod is a feature in all early mythology, especially so among the Hindoos. As the forked branch of a tree it indicated in various parts of Europe Asia and Africa where treasures were hidden or where water might be readily found. From the forked branch of a tree it was but a step to the forked clavicle of and her lieutenant escort. Mrs. Grant a bird, and this bone was soon invested with the power of securing the gratification of the wishes of those who in break ing it retained the forked part, for it was the fork that was possessed of mystic power.—New York Telegram.

The Usual Practice.

A Detroit lawyer was in Washington recently and among the sights took in the supreme court of the United States. "What do you think of it?" asked a friend in the evening.

"Well, I sat there and listened awhile, and though I am ashamed to confess it I went to sleep.

"Oh, that's all right," said his friend encouragingly; "everybody does that."— Detroit Free Press. When Washington Was Inaugurated.

On the occasion of Washington's second inaugural, many of the members of congress were desirous of waiting on him in testimony of respect as chief magistrate. A motion was made to adjourn for half an hour for the purpose, which, however, met with great opposition as a species of homage-"it was setting up an idol dangerous to liberty; it had a bias toward monarchy."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Some Satisfaction.

Stranger-Suppose a policeman exceeds his authority and assaults repugrow up," said Bob, who had been chid- table citizens, what redress have you? Mr. Gotham-Well, those of us who get killed have the privilege of swearing

at him through a spiritual medium .-

New York Weekly.

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