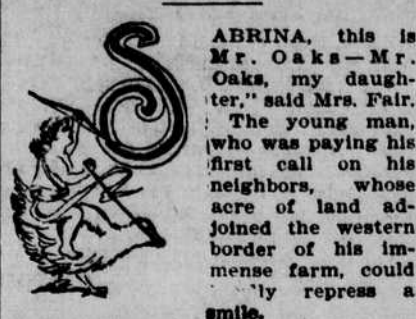


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MISS SABRINA FAIR.



SABRINA, this is Mr. Oaks—Mr. Oaks, my daughter," said Mrs. Fair. The young man, who was paying his first call on his neighbors, whose acre of land adjoined the western border of his immense farm, could hardly repress a smile.

Plain as he looked, he had read more than most of the folk in Longbridge, and knew Milton by heart.

"Sabrina fair, listen where thou art sitting, under the grassy, cool, translucent waves, in twining braids of lilies knitting the loose train of thy amber-dropping hair," he silently quoted from "Comus."

Aloud he said:
 "Yours is quite a striking name, Miss Fair."
 "Well," Mrs. Fair said, "I always did hate Jims and Johns and Marys and Sallys, and I wanted something extra for my first girl. Just then we had a doll-fair at the church, and the minister's wife, Mrs. May, named the dolls."
 "There was one lovely doll, and some one said: 'Why, her hair is amber-colored.'"
 "I'll name her Sabrina, then," said Mrs. May.
 "It struck me as a lovely name, and I had my baby christened by it. It's a Bible name, I suppose, as the minister's wife chose it. She had Ruth, and Naomi, and Rebecca, and lots of others."
 Young Oaks said: "Ah, yes, naturally!"—and Mrs. Fair went on:
 "Sabrina's hair is sort of amber-colored, too, if you notice."
 "Who could help noticing it?" asked the farmer. Sabrina tossed her head and gave Mr. Oaks a haughty look.
 From that moment she spoke only when addressed, and then in monosyllables.
 "Oh, mamma, how could you!" she cried, when their guest was gone.
 "Telling a young man to notice my hair—and about my name. I know he thought it queer, for his mouth went up at the corners."
 "I know he admired you," said Mrs. Fair. "Sabrina, don't be a goose; we are as poor as we well can be and live, and here is a fine young man who was struck at first sight. Everybody speaks well of him. The farm is all his own; he has no one but a sister, who is engaged to be married. Such a chance for you, and here you are turning up your nose at him already."
 "Well, mamma," the girl replied, "I can't help it. You made me angry, and he made me angry, and I shall just hate him from now on. Besides, he evidently thinks I am anxious for his attentions. I'll show him I'm not; I have a little pride. 'Who could help noticing it,' indeed! and he stared at me as if I was a calf offered for sale."
 "I think it was quite an elegant compliment," said Mrs. Fair.
 "I do not," said Sabrina. "He had no right to pay me compliments the first time he saw me."
 "Such a high character people give him," said Mrs. Fair. "I think he's fine looking, too, Breny."
 "He's not!" the girl replied. "I don't want to marry a farmer, anyhow; I like the city. I shall choose a doctor or a lawyer, or something like that."
 "The worst of it is, the men choose us; we have only yes or no to say," sighed Mrs. Fair. "And whoever comes here, Breny? Do you want to be an old maid?"
 "Just as soon as not," Sabrina answered, tossing her small head. "Anyhow, I'll never take any notice of Mr. Oaks."
 She kept her word. Young Oaks, who had fallen in love with her at first sight,

MODERN VENETIAN WOMEN.

They Are Rarely Pretty, Often Charming and Usually Handsome.

Venetian women are rarely pretty, often charming, generally handsome, says Harper's Magazine. And all of them, without exception, walk splendidly, not taking little, mincing, feminine steps, but with a fine, grave stride, due partly to the fact that they are accustomed to wear heelless slippers, which oblige them to plant the feet firmly and whole foot at once, without a chance of tripping on toes or pounding on heels, as women who wear light tight boots are able and apt to do; they walk with the same action as if they were barefooted and just as well. And they use the whole body in walking, not with the undulatory motion of Spanish women but with a movement of the whole back and shoulders in the exact swing of the stride. Venetian women do, however, remind one in many ways of Spanish women in their way of doing the hair, of wearing the mantilla, for instance, the Moorish element coming out in both, so that in Venice, for instance, one finds, quite as a matter of course, an *Autico Caffe del Mori*, a cigarette is still known as a *spagnoleto*, and the dialect touches Spanish at all points. The types of Venetian women vary in every quarter; the women of the Castello have quite a different look from the women of the Dorsoduro. In a seaport town there is always a certain intermixture of races, and Venice, with the different layers of its different occupations and conquests, is variable to a greater degree than most seaports. Women and girls, even children, dress exactly alike, and there is nothing more comical, more charming, than the little people of 12, who look like 20; brilliant, fascinating little people, at once very childish and very mature, with their hair coiled at the back like their elders, their skirts down to their heels, their shawls, too long for them, dangling to the ground, but worn with an air of infinite importance and self-sufficiency. And the colors of all these women, the elegant olives, the delicate blondes, are thrown out so well, so finely adorned, by the vivid colors of shawls and dresses and stockings, which would be gaudy elsewhere, but which here in the heat and glitter of such an atmosphere are always in place, never immoderate. They are all a part of the picture, the great genre picture which is Venice.

ASTOR A RESTAURATEUR.

John Jacob and the Shanley Brothers to Open a Cafe on Upper Broadway.

John Jacob Astor a restaurateur! It's a fact, and the big block of land at Forty-second street and Broadway is soon to be the site of a restaurant which may vie with the best in this country or Europe, says the New York Sun.

For years Acker, Merrill & Condit have occupied the corner. It is now in that part of the city which embraces half a dozen theaters and lots of hotels. Some weeks ago Thomas J. Shanley and his two brothers, who conduct a chop-house opposite Daly's theater, got an option on the property and then approached the owner, John Jacob Astor. They asked Mr. Astor to build an up-to-date restaurant on the property, where now stands a ramshackle two-story building. Thomas J. Shanley said last night:

"We expect in a short time to build a restaurant that will astonish the world. Before I went into this business I was buyer for a large dry goods house. I went three times a year to London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and lots of other continental cities. I saw what we needed in the restaurant line. According to our plans, which Mr. Astor is to follow, we will have a building at least three stories high. On the roof is to be an open-air restaurant. Below we are to have one room for men and women where smoking is not allowed; another for both sexes where smoking is permitted. There is also to be a cafe for men and a banquet hall for meetings and big dinners. The roof restaurant will, I think, appeal to those who like to dine comfortably, and you know what heat is to the average New Yorker."

"One unique feature will be an orchestra so situated in a court that the man who chooses to spend seventy-five cents, or whatever he cares to, will hear as much as those who are in the other galleries. I have always considered what people want, and when I say that our business in this small place amounts to over a quarter of a million of dollars a year you can see what a larger place, in a better location, perhaps, will amount to. Mr. Astor said that his new hotel would take so much money—it is to adjoin the Waldorf, you know—that he hadn't as much to spend on our new place as ordinarily he would have. However, \$200,000, we understand, is the amount to be used."

"The place will be equipped with the newest and best culinary arrangements, and I shall leave for Europe shortly to get the best chef I can engage. The waiters will be English-speaking ones—I don't fancy foreigners—and if there is anything to eat to be had anywhere we will have it, and it will be properly cooked, too. It will be a new departure in a way, but we hope to make it a success."

NO FISHIN' HERE.

How an Oil City Angler Encountered Such an Admonition.

An Oil City gentleman, who, like many others, is fond of fishing for trout, had nearly finished a day's long tramp on a stream which was strewn with cut poles, bait boxes, and other evidences of the native angler. He had noticed, but ignored, an occasional sign tacked to a tree of "No fishing on this stream," not allowing the weather-stained admonitions to interfere with what little enjoyment he was getting. The day was nearly over and he was nearing the mouth of the stream, when he was hailed by a resident of a neighboring farm house.

"Hello, Cap'n!"

"Well?"

"Ye been fishin' up there?"

"Yes."

"Can ye read?"

"Yes."

"Did ye see that sign tellin' ye there's 'no fishin' up here'?"

"Yes, and it's true, too."

"Then the tired sportsman stepped on to inspect a likely hole, and it wasn't until after he had put on a fresh bait that a light seemed to break in on the farmer's understanding, who grunted and faced about for home.—Oil City Blizzard.

MARK TWAIN'S STORY.

He Is the Author of "Joan of Arc" in Harper's Magazine.

The Hartford Courant says that "it is now known for a fact that Mr. Clemens is the author of the 'Joan of Arc' romance, now running its serial course in Harper's Magazine. This has been guessed from the repeated occurrence of phrases and modes of expression, which are eminently characteristic of Mark Twain. It is surmised by the Literary World of Boston that 'the cloak of anonymity' is used because the author may deem this his masterpiece, and dislikes to have it hampered by remembrance of the work he has done in the past. This may be so, and if it be Mr. Clemens, we would suppose it likely that he would be glad to shroud away his old alias, Mark Twain, and be known by his real name, as an author—just as many a popular writer has longed to do. Dr. Holland for example, grew very tired of being called 'Timothy Titcomb,' after the reason for using that name no longer existed. But the 'Joan of Arc,' which is exceedingly interesting, is not the first work to show Mr. Clemens as a writer of deep and strong purpose. He is a humanitarian, a moralist, a philosopher in his treatment of human life, as even 'Tom Sawyer' indicated, and as the 'Yankee in King Arthur's Court,' 'The Prince and the Pauper' (that beautiful apologue of 'all sorts and conditions of men') and, above all, 'Pudd'nhead Wilson,' have abundantly proved. The last-named tale of slavery is one of the most powerful pictures of the evils of 'the peculiar institution' ever written, ranking beside 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' A scholar Mr. Clemens never can be, for he has waited too long, and thus he fills his romance of France many centuries ago with expressions which belong to the uncultured west of the United States of his day, and to 'Mark Twain' above all. Nevertheless, 'Joan of Arc' is going to be worth reading. We may hope that Mr. Clemens has read De Quincey's brilliant essay on the Maid of Orleans. It is in line with his conception of the character.

A SAWED-OFF MOUSE TRAP.

Out Out One Hole to Please the Customer.

The willingness of the country merchant, when he has competition, to oblige all customers, is sometimes almost pathetic. The other day a farmer entered one of the hardware stores in Reading, Mich., and asked to see a cheap mouse trap. The dealer handed him down a wooden trap that had three holes for mice.

"How much?" asked the farmer.

"Ten cents," said the merchant.

"That's more'n I can afford to pay," said the farmer. Got any for five cents?"

The merchant had none for five cents, and the farmer was about to depart, when the hardware man called out: "Hold on a minute!" He took the ten-cent trap to the back part of the store, took down a saw and sawed out one of the holes and the catcher with it, says the Reading (Mich.) Hustler, and brought the mutilated trap back to the farmer, who paid his five cents and went away with the trap, apparently well satisfied.

A Wonderful Goblet.

Dr. Guthrie tells this story of a wonderful goblet, which the genius of a heathen fashioned, teaching a moral which many a deathbed has fearfully illustrated:

Having made the model of a serpent he fixed it in the bottom of the cup; and there, with gray eyes gleaming in its head, and fangs raised to strike, it lay, coiled for the spring. Beneath the ruby wine, the cup is raised, the draught is quaffed, the dregs are reached, and now that dreadful head rises up, too late to warn. And so, when pleasure's cup is nearly emptied, and the sinner with unwilling lips is draining its bitter dregs, shall rise the ghastly terrors of remorse and death and judgment on his despairing soul. A serpent lurks at the bottom of guilt's sweetest pleasure.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

Munificent Compensation.

Mr. Paderewski received a letter from an invalid English lady the other day requesting him, as she was unable to go to his concerts, to come to her house and play a few pieces, for which she offered him the munificent sum of \$2.50. This incident leads the Journal des Debats to relate a similar experience that occurred to Saint-Saens, when he was already a member of the Institute. A lady in the provinces, who was bringing out her daughter and had made up her mind to get the best there was, regardless of expense, wrote to him that she intended to give a ball and wanted him to provide the music at the piano, for which she offered to pay him \$5 and a second-class return ticket.

Her Serious Alarm.

"Mrs. Johnson," began the messenger who was deputed to break the news gently, "your husband, while a little under the influence of liquor, tried to but an express train off the track—"

"Man!" she exclaimed, "I bet both 'terminator mornin' dat railroad company be down here wid a constable an' take my goods an' chattels fer damages. What is dat fool nigger—in the jail?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

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"POULTRY ISN'T WORTH MUCH."

called constantly, warmly welcomed by Mrs. Fair. Sabrina was obliged to go into the parlor on these occasions, but she sat by the window and crocheted, and only said "ah!" "yes" or "no," when common civility obliged her to do so.

Oaks understood her very well; he knew she was neither stupid nor shy. "She was taking airs," she wished to drive him away.

Every one knows that the ordinary man is only led on by the thought that a woman is running away from him. Oaks was not superior to his sex in general. He pretended not to notice, talked to the mother, looked at the daughter, made the latter very acceptable offerings of fruit and vegetables, and bided his time.

Robert Oaks was obstinate—so was Sabrina Fair. By slow degrees she began to see that he was very fine looking, to know that he had educated himself very thoroughly, and to discover that he had a good disposition. She secretly wished that she had not begun to treat him with contempt, but, having begun, she went on to the bitter end. Silence had fallen, she began to use sarcasm, bitter speeches, contemptuous remarks.

He took them good-humoredly, and once said to her mother:

"I had no idea that Miss Sabrina was so witty."

"When a man is in love with a woman, she can't do anything wrong," Mrs. Fair said one night, as Sabrina lay at her side in the darkness. "And when he is not, she can't do anything right."

"The next compliment Robert Oaks pays me, I'll slap him in the face," Sabrina said.

"I believe you capable of it," said Mrs. Fair.

In a moment more Sabrina heard her crying softly.

Right Arm Paralyzed!

Saved from St. Vitus Dance.

"Our daughter, Blanche, now fifteen years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. We feared St. Vitus dance, and tried the best physicians, with no benefit. She has taken three bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine and has gained 31 pounds. Her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid."

MRS. E. B. BULLOCK, Brighton, N. Y.

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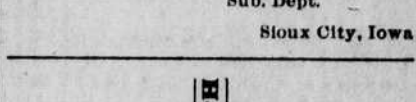
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