

**OWNERS OF THE UNIVERSE.**

Let us corner up the sunbeams  
Lying all around our path;  
Get a trust on wheat and roses,  
Give the poor the thorns and chaff.  
Let us find our chiefest pleasure  
Hoarding bounties of to-day,  
So the poor shall have scant measure  
And two prices have to pay.

Yes, we'll reservoir the rivers,  
And we'll levy on the lakes,  
And we'll lay a trilling toll-tax  
On each poor man who partakes;  
We'll brand his number on him  
That he'll carry through his life;  
We'll apprentice all his children,  
Get a mortgage on his wife.

We will capture e'en the wind god,  
And confine him in a cave;  
And then, through our patent process,  
We the atmosphere will save;  
Thus we'll squeeze our little brother  
When he tries his lungs to fill,  
Put a metre on his wind-pipe  
And present our little till.

We will syndicate the starlight  
And monopolize the moon!  
Claim a loyalty on rest-days,  
A proprietary noon;  
For right of way through ocean's spray  
We charge just what it's worth.  
We'll drive our stakes around the lakes—  
In fact, we'll own the earth.  
—From Great Thoughts, London, Eng.

**GEN. GRANT'S REQUEST.**

**The Way the Warrior Asked Vanderbilt for a Loan.**

Speaking about the Vanderbilts reminds me of a story told me by a certain noted newspaper man as he received it from the lips of the elder Vanderbilt. It was an account of the occasion when Gen. Grant, in desperation, went alone to Mr. Vanderbilt to borrow money to tide over the Ward-Grant business.

Gen. Grant was not a business man, says the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. He knew nothing of business methods. He was keenly sensitive in money matters and had seen much of poverty and pecuniary troubles. Few people can ever know what it cost Gen. Grant in humiliation and distress to make the visit to Vanderbilt.

He sent his card to Mr. Vanderbilt during the latter's business hours. When Mr. Vanderbilt saw the card he stepped out into the ante-room and there saw Gen. Grant sitting with other people, waiting for an audience in the order in which he had entered. He greeted the general warmly and asked him to step into the private office.

Gen. Grant drew back, saying that there were other persons ahead of him and he would await his turn. Mr. Vanderbilt insisted and Gen. Grant passed into the private offices. He was not there over five minutes.

Mr. Vanderbilt seated himself, but Gen. Grant remained standing, declining to take a seat and holding his soft hat with military cord in his hand.

Gen. Grant said: "I have come on a matter of business, Mr. Vanderbilt." "All right," said Mr. Vanderbilt. "Is there anything I can do for you, general?" for he suspected the nature of the general's visit.

Said Gen. Grant, with a ghost of a smile: "I would like to exchange checks with you."

"Glad to hear it," said Mr. Vanderbilt, drawing to him a check-book and dipping his pen in the ink. "How much shall it be?"

Gen. Grant hesitated and looked away and finally answered in a low voice: "One hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

The check was quickly filled out and handed to Gen. Grant. He took it, grasped Mr. Vanderbilt's hand a moment and walked out hurriedly without a word.

The rest of the matter is known—the conveyance of the swords and relics, &c., to Mr. Vanderbilt.

I spoke of this pathetic story to John Russell Young, who was a fellow traveler with me on a Maine train one long and pleasant day recently, and he was certainly as near to Grant as any other man, who said he had no

doubt of its correctness and I have given it as it was given to me.

John Russell Young added his belief that had it not been for that trouble Gen. Grant might be still alive and among us.—Chicago News.

**FRENCH COOKERY TERMS.**

**A Few of Them Which are Constantly Encountered.**

With the best of Anglo-Saxon intentions it is sometimes a little difficult to avoid the use of French terms in cookery, or a bill of fare. Here are some that one encounters constantly: *Releve* is no dish in particular as far as the style of preparation is concerned, but answers to the word "remove," and consists of a dish replacing another a doubling, so to speak, of the same course before going on to the next. It is, therefore, not unusual to find in a large dinner a *releve de potage*, *releve de rot*, *de giblet*, etc. *Entree* is a made dish served after the fish, or in its stead, where it is not obtainable, and preceding the rots or roast meat. After the latter comes the *entremets*, i. e., sweets or puddings. The *term-hors d'œuvre* is the most difficult to particularize. When cold it comprises all side dishes which are really accessories to the meal. As such they can be, and are, eaten indifferently either before or after the soup, they are always placed on the table when it is being laid, and are often left there until the entrees have been served. They consist of radishes, olives, caviar, *boutargue*, all manner of salt and smoked fish, sardines, anchovies and a variety of dainties. Hot *hors d'œuvre* are almost unlimited; they are very acceptable at large dinners, and are generally served immediately after the soup and before the fish; they are often fried or baked, and are then usually such things as can be dished on a napkin, such as patties, rissoles, croquettes, vol-au-vent, etc., obviously, however, the series can be very much extended. At ordinary family dinners they are often served as, and instead of, an entree.—Providence Journal.

**The Russia Campaign.**

Talleyrand the diplomatist, when old and feeble, had himself drawn in a small vehicle by his servant into the park of Vallancay on the occasion of a communal fete. A gendarme approached him. "What do you want from me, my good fellow?" asked the prince. "I am now done up, and can be of no service to you." The gendarme answered: "The fact is, Monsieur le Prince, my comrades and myself have made a bet. We were talking together about the Russian campaign, and everybody inquired what on earth caused the emperor to take us there. Nobody could say why. Thereon I said I would ask you, and I made a bet that you would be able to tell me." Talleyrand smiled and said, "Yes, you are right my friend; I can tell you what made him take you to Russia. It was his taste for traveling!"

**Blue Paper.**

The wife of an English paper maker one day dropped a blue bag into one of the vats of pulp. When the workmen saw the colored paper they were astonished, and their employer was so angry at the mischance that his wife did not dare confess her agency in bringing it about. The paper was stored for years as a damaged lot, and finally the manufacturer sent it to his agent in London, telling him to sell it at any price. Fashion at once marked it for her own. It was rapidly sold at an advanced rate, and the manufacturer found it difficult to supply at once the great demand for colored paper.

**A New Electric Search.**

The British poacher is now being followed by the electric search light. A light several miles away recently detected and identified a couple of them.



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