

COST OF BICYCLES.

Not Such a Profit in Making Them as Some People Think. Regarding the cost of manufacturing a first-class bicycle, a writer in the Chicago Times-Herald has this to say: To the doubting Thomases who are ever asserting that the cost of a bicycle is inconsequential compared with its selling price, the following brief sketch of the material that enters into the integral part of a wheel are here enumerated:

A machine was recently "dissected," and in the bearings alone 160 miniature steel balls were found. The chain possessed 138 pieces, comprising links, rivets, nuts and bolts. The two wheels had sixty piano wire spokes, each of which was fastened to the rim by a nipple and washer. The saddle contained eighteen parts, exclusive of the rivets that help to fasten the leather to the metal cantle. The valves in the pneumatic tires contained four individual mechanical contrivances. Each pedal had ten separate parts, and the brake and connections forty component parts; add to those already mentioned, sprocket wheels, crank shafts, chain adjustments, girds, handle bars, tires, rims, frame, forks, hubs, axles, cones, washers, etc., a grand total of over 500 individual parts is easily arrived at. In a thoroughly high grade bicycle, each of the integral elements is made by a costly piece of machinery, operated by skilled artisans, whose attention to detail and accuracy are assured facts. The machinery employed in the majority of cycle factories to-day is of an automatic nature, and the cost of some runs up into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Then take into consideration the capital invested in buildings and material in conjunction with the necessary expenditure for the proper marketing and selling of the product, such as advertising, clerk and salesman hire, depreciation of machinery and tools, and other innumerable facts, it will be readily seen that a first-class machine costs far more than the average buyer imagines.

A WICKED PHOTOGRAPHER.

Gets Folks to Pose in a Group and Then Walks Away.

The circus was in town Wednesday and with it the customary grist of countrymen, who were fooled in the same old ways that are told about in story books, says the Syracuse Post. Not less than two score of them were victimized by just one man, and that, too, in the face of numbers of their fellow-men.

The victimizer was a common photographer "fend."

He operated anywhere a crowd could be found. He would gather together several men or several women or single persons, whom he would induce to stand for pictures. He would spend several minutes posing them; some he would get into the most fantastic positions. When he had them ready, with a crowd gaping at them, he would silently fold up his apparatus and walk away amid the imprecations of the victim and the laughter of the audience. Toward the close of the day he was forced to run for his life, however, as nine-tenths of all the farmers had organized to have his blood.

Grandfathers—A New Social Code.

Paul Bourget has had more than his share of American attention, although there isn't a first-class reporter on the New York Sun who could not have written a more truthful and interesting account of the country as a whole than he gives in "Outre Mer." Perhaps some fine points in the analysis of an "afternoon tea mind" might have been left out of Mr. Townsend's or Mr. Ralph's account of New York, if either of them had been the Sun man chosen to tell the tale, but they would undoubtedly have given us a clear, historical, and interesting picture.

M. Bourget himself is depreciating the discussions the book has called out. He wants to know why people continue to talk about his denying grandfathers to Americans. He says he considers it nothing against them, that he didn't have a grandfather himself, that he is a man of the people, who is quite satisfied to be known by his works without any advantages of family. It appears to him, he adds, that Americans might be content with their good qualities without wanting to set up a new social code. M. Bourget lives in a beautiful house in the most fashionable corner of Paris, and receives his friends, when they call in the morning, in a rustling silk dressing gown.

The Electric Candle.

The electric candle is in great request in England for the lighting and decoration of dining and other tables. An ingenious device for lighting the candles is provided by placing small pads under the tablecloth, and taking the current from them by means of two pin points in the base of the candlestick. The candles, of course, are extinguished on being taken from the table, and are relighted when they are placed in their proper position. They are so arranged that the bulb and the glass imitation of a wax candle can be removed, when the candlestick can be used for an ordinary candle. When used with shades of colored silk, the electric candle makes one of the prettiest additions to a dinner table that is possible to imagine.

Not Much Book-Learning.

Yacht Owner (at the helm)—Do you know that the nautical term "starboard" comes from steerboard, and was so named because the steerboard or rudder was formerly at the right side of the boat instead of at the stern? Hired Sailor—No, sir, I can't much book-learnin', but I know if you don't move that steerboard, as you call it, a little more to starboard, we'll be up-sol.

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

A Dog That Refused to Be the Property of Strangers.

I once knew a dog in Ireland—a large retriever—says a writer in the London Spectator, who had been taught always to bring his own tin dish in his mouth to be filled at dinner time. For some reason his master wished to make a change and to feed him twice a day instead of once, to which he had always been accustomed. The dog refused this, and when told to bring his dish refused, and it could nowhere be found, on which his master spoke angrily to him and ordered him to bring the dish at once. With drooping tail and sheepish expression he went down the length of the garden and began scratching up the soil where he had buried the bowl deep down to avoid bringing it to an owner which he did not approve.

In 1873 we came to live in England, after a residence upon the continent, bringing with us a Swiss terrier of doubtful breed, but of marked sagacity, called Tan. One day, shortly after reaching the new home from Switzerland, the dog was lost under the following circumstances: We had driven to a station eight miles off, East Harling, to meet a friend. As the friend got out of the railway carriage the dog got in without being noticed, and the train proceeded on its way. At the next station, Eccles Road, the dog's barking attracted the attention of the station master, who opened the carriage door, and the dog jumped out. The station master and the dog were perfect strangers. He and a porter tried to lock up the dog, but he flew viciously at anyone who attempted to touch him, although he was not above accepting food. For the next three days his behavior was entirely methodical; starting from the station in the morning, he came back dejected and tired at night. At last, on the evening of the third day, he reached home, some nine miles away, along roads which he had not before traveled, a sorry object, and decidedly the worse for wear; after some food he slept for twenty-four hours straight off. Now, he was a dog worth owning, wasn't he?

ALL SHORT OF ARMS.

An Epidemic of Maiming Must Have Struck the Black Road.

Out at the end of the Black road, near the McCormick Reaper works, a visitor stood on the bridge that spans the slip known as Mud Lake. He was intently watching a man coming out of a saloon; the latter had a growler in his right hand; his left arm was missing. When he reached the sidewalk he was joined by a man whose right arm was off at the elbow. The attention of the visitor was momentarily diverted by a scow passing under the bridge. As he looked at it he saw that the man who was "poling" was minus an arm, the left one; he rested his pole on the stump and with this leverage jabbed the pointed stick into the overhanging bridge, and by throwing his weight against it gave the boat a perceptible motion through the sluggish water, says the Chicago Times-Herald. At this moment the two one-armed men were joined by a third, who was also minus an arm. A look of dismay spread over the face of the visitor and he started for Blue Island avenue cable car, feeling of his left arm with his right hand. As he turned the first corner a colored man without any arms came out of a house and got on a Western avenue car. At the sight of him the visitor's face became paler and he quickened his pace. When he took a seat in the cable car he heaved a sigh of relief and wondered what had led him into that section of the city. He was a solicitor for an accident-insurance company.

Prayed While They Cut Off His Ear.

Joel Handst, an Amish farmer, who moved to Henry County, Ohio, from Pennsylvania about a year ago, is a typical representative of his sect. His creed being to fight no man at law, numerous depredations were made on his farm and no one was punished. Becoming suspicious of his forbearance, his enemies began to associate his name with several mysterious disappearances of farmers during the past year. Recently a band of masked men went to his cottage, but a search failed to confirm their suspicions. Handst was praying when the marauders made forcible entrance, and continued in a suppliant attitude while his premises were being ransacked. The gang deliberately cut off his right ear and then left. Handst made no resistance. He said he would leave their punishment to their Maker, and urged that the case be dropped. His wounds were dressed by his wife, who takes the outrage as calmly as himself. The authorities are investigating the case.

Headless Drivers.

A middle-aged lady, nicely dressed, who refused to give her name, was knocked down on the corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street, yesterday, just before noon, by the wheels of a passing wagon, says New York Recorder. This fact illustrates the danger to pedestrians from headless drivers. The police of New York, it might appear to a casual observer, are omnipresent, but yet it is impossible for one officer to be on both sides of a street at once, and the majority of drivers in the city will slacken for nothing but brass buttons.

Split Open by a Stream of Water.

While William Simpson, head laundryman at the Hotel Colorado, of Glenwood Springs, Col., was in company with a crowd of young men in the swimming pool they undertook to outdo each other in fool-hardy acts. Finally Simpson undertook to sit on the nozzle from which the water spouts, which has the power of 120 pounds. The water burst him open. He will die.

IMPARTING SOCIAL POLISH.

Novel Avocation Pursued by a Man and Wife in the British Capital.

A new profession for "gentlefolk" has been discovered in London by two impecunious members of the class. They have discovered that there is a livelihood to be gained by "polishing off" the nouveaux riches and others whose manners "have that repose which stamps the case of Vere de Vere." They are a well-born, well-bred married couple who are still sufficiently young to be adaptable. They have been used to the ways of the leisure class and they are clever enough to teach them. Anything from the cure of the cockney accent to the proper way to entertain a duke is taught for a "consideration." The wife describes her share of the work thus: "I generally," she says, "undertake to engage the services of all specialists, such as superior maids, who know what is what, and can give judicious and useful hints to their mistress; also manicurists, teachers of deportment, and sometimes teachers of elocution. I have cured one very bad case of mere outward vulgarity in three weeks for 10 guineas, and I have corrected a cockney accent in three mornings for 3 guineas; while, on the other hand, a certain city man who never aspired to anything better than heavy English dinners, Fridays to Mondays at Brighton, and Mansion house balls, until he married the daughter of a west end restaurant manager—she knew nothing of life beyond her own narrow sphere—gave us carte blanche to make 'fine folks' of them. Not much could be done for him beyond keeping him quiet, but she lent herself to our process. Now they have a very pretty place in Hampshire and entertain some rather nice people in the summer. We ourselves received 100 guineas for our advice, but the husband must have spent over 25,000 in adopting our hints as to mode of living, and he tells us that what he has got for it is worth double as much."

DOWNED THE JANITOR.

A Servant Girl Has Him Fined for Locking Her Out.

An amusing incident occurred in a London "mansion" or apartment house, recently, that is believed to be the first step in an unwritten code of flat law. A servant maid was refused admission the other night at the residence of her master by the janitor on duty because his sense of decorum was outraged by seeing the young woman shake hands with her sweetheart at parting. The exhibition was too much for the ideas of this confirmed misogynist, and he used force to protect the house against such a demonstrative inmate. The girl slapped his face, and then had the man summoned for assault before a justice. It then turned out this rancorous porter had kept her standing in the street till 2 in the morning, and she had only succeeded in gaining an entrance by sending a telegram from the next station to her mistress, saying she was waiting at the door. Mr. Janitor was promptly fined \$10 and costs, with the alternative of going to jail.

Sambo's Close Call.

It was a Tennessee Methodist class leader who had before him a six months' probationer, whom he was questioning for admission to all the privileges of the church.

"Well, Sambo," said the class leader, "I hope you are prepared to live a Christian life in accordance with your profession. Have you stolen chickens during the last six months?"

"No, sah. I done stole no chickens."

"Have you stolen any turkeys or pigs?"

Sambo looked grieved. "No, sah!" "I am very glad to hear this good report," continued the class leader, "and I trust you will continue to live an honest Christian life."

After church Sambo hurried home with his wife, who had overheard the catechizing. When they were fairly out of everybody's hearing he drew a long breath of relief and turned a self-approving glance to his better half.

"Golly," he said, in a half cautious whisper, "ef he'd er said ducks I'd be'n a lost niggah, suah!"

A Mean Fellow.

Mr. Blinks—I met a woman to-day that I thought a good deal of once. Mrs. Blinks—Oh, you did? "Yes, I used to do my very best to please her."

"I did everything I could to win her affection."

"My goodness!" "And at last I succeeded."

"What?" "She granted all that I asked, and by so doing made me the happiest man alive."

"Merciful!" "I asked her to come right up to the house with me to-day, but she had some shopping to do, and cannot get here until supper time."

"Mr. Blinks, I am going right home to my mother."

"She isn't at home, my dear. It was your mother that I met. She gave me you."

The Royal Road.

Small Boy (in growing village)—Pop, the boys is gettin' up a little fire company. May I join? Pop (a well-read citizen)—Yes, my son, certainly, I am glad to see such a commendable ambition in one so young. Join it, and when you are old enough, join the regular volunteer fire company, and run with the machine every time it goes out. This town will be a big city some day; and if you've run well, and fought well with a fire company, a grateful people will elect you to high offices, where you will get big salaries for doing nothing, and will have a chance to steal all you want to—New York Weekly.

LI HUNG CHANG MOURNS.

The Great Premier of China Looked Like a Starving Beggar.

A Chinaman, he he king or coolie, is devoted to his father and mother. When either parent dies custom ordains that the son shall resign all honors and employments to go to the ancestral tomb and mourn there for a long period. Mr. John Russell Young relates how the Chinese premier, Li Hung Chang, was prevented from punctiliously observing the custom by an imperial decree. The aged mother of the great Chinese statesman died, and he hurried to celebrate the rites at her grave, accompanied by his brother, the viceroy at Wuchang. Everyone was expecting the premier's resignation and his enforced retirement from all official positions. His enemies thought that Li had gone finally, his place would be filled by another and his power become a memory. Suddenly there came a decree from the throne commanding Li to lay aside mourning and at the end of three months resume office. His brother was permitted to remain at the tomb and do the filial reverence. The decree was without precedent; the emperor was sacred and his command supreme. Li Hung Chang returned to Tientsin, his home. When Mr. Young saw the premier's yacht anchored in the harbor of Chefoo he went on board to pay his respects. The premier looked like a starving beggar. He wore the coarsest raiment. His beard and his queue hung down from a clotted mass of hair. Lines of sorrow streaked his face, and his hands were grimy. The first man in the empire, noted for his carefulness in raiment and cleanliness of person, appeared as the meanest subject that he might by privation and penance do reverence to his mother's memory, according to the creed of his ancestors. A few days later when Mr. Young met Li at Tientsin the beggar's mein had vanished, and he was again the well-appointed nobleman.

MOLTEN METAL AS CARGO.

The Liquid Iron Carried from Furnace to Mill by Train.

Great pots of molten metal go daily skimming along the Erie railroad from the Cleveland Rolling Mills Company's central blast furnace to the Newburg mills as sedately as if this traffic were of long standing. The plan, put into operation last Monday, is a perfect success, says the Cleveland Leader. It takes just fifteen minutes for the metal, after it is poured into the big ladle cars, to reach the mixer in the mills, some five miles away. Eight trips are made a day, as follows: At 6:20, 8:20, and 11:20 o'clock in the morning, and 2:10 and 4:10 o'clock in the afternoon, and three trains at night. These trips are made at a time when the tracks are practically cleared. Thus delays are avoided, which would be expensive, for if long continued the metal would cool and the purpose of the special delivery thus be defeated. At the rolling mills the car is raised on a hoist to the mixer, the ladle is tipped by machinery, and the liquid metal poured into the mixer. Relieved of their load, the cars amble back to the furnace at their leisure, in time for the next trip.

About 500 tons of hot metal is thus carried every day over this long railroad route. The Cleveland Rolling Mills Company has to pay a pretty figure for the freightage. It is said, but there is economy in the operation.

A Mean Fellow.

Mr. Blinks—I met a woman today that I thought a good deal of once. Mrs. Blinks—Oh, you did? Mr. Blinks—Yes, I used to do my very best to please her. Mrs. Blinks—Humph! Mr. Blinks—I did everything I could to win her affection. Mrs. Blinks—My goodness! Mr. Blinks—At last I succeeded. Mrs. Blinks—What? Mr. Blinks—She granted all that I asked, and by so doing made me the happiest man alive. Mrs. Blinks—Merciful! Mr. Blinks—I asked her to come right up to the house with me today, but she had some shopping to do, and cannot get here until supper time. Mrs. Blinks—Mr. Blinks, I am going right home to my mother. Mr. Blinks—She isn't at home, my dear. It was your mother that I met. She gave me you.

Errors of Youth.

SUFFERERS FROM Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood, BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN. Many more, from the effects of youthful indiscretions, have brought about a state of weakness that has rendered the nervous system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected. They are shocked for everything but the right one during our extensive college and hospital practice. We have discovered a new and concentrated remedy. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and sure cure. Hundreds of cases having been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription. R—Erythroxylon root, 4 drachms. Jaborandi, 4 drachms. Helonias Dielsii, 4 drachms. Infusioin, 5 grains. Ext. Ignacia anaem. (alcohol-free) 1 grain. Ext. Sassafras, 2 scruples. Citronella, 4. Make 90 pills. Take 1 pill at 8 p.m., and another going to bed. This remedy is adapted to every weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from impudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor. To those who would prefer to obtain it of us, by mail, we send a small package containing 90 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish a package, which will cure most cases, for \$5. All letters answered confidentially. NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 12 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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