

WORKBASKET TRIFLES.

Three Visitors from the Country Are Shocked.

The workbasket of the up-to-date woman of leisure is provided with many costly trifles, the use of which is not directly obvious to the uninitiated, says the New York Tribune.

"Look here, Mary Ellen," said the oldest of the three, holding up to view a flat little square of gold with richly chased edges. "What do you reckon this is?"

"It don't look like anything in particular to me," answered Mary Ellen after close scrutiny. "Well! It's a thread-winder, and it's worth \$2."

"Nine dollars for a thread-winder!" exclaimed Mary Ellen, aghast at the idea. "Well! I never!—I always wrap my old scraps of thread or silk round an empty spool or a piece of cardboard, like the scooped-out piece of wood the boys at home wind their fishing lines on. That's right convenient, though," she added, examining the pretty bauble interestedly.

"Here's something else," said the third woman, balancing between her fingers a pencil-like arrangement exquisitely chased and having a smooth, oval hub at either end. "I wonder what this is for?" And she glanced appealingly at the clerk.

"That's a glove-darner," he explained, much amused at her perplexity.

"And how much does it cost?"

"Eleven dollars."

The trio exclaimed in horror at this revelation of extravagance and Mrs. Mary Ellen remarked sternly that \$11 would supply her with gloves for two years.

All three examined the glove-darner critically, and then, pursuing their investigation, speculated in turn as to the merits of the solid-gold thimble-holders, emery-holders, needle-cases and other articles that seemed curious to them. Finally, when a finger protector was shown, Mrs. Mary Ellen's patience became exhausted.

"These idle women ought to be proud to show a few needle pricks on their forefinger," she exclaimed. "I'd like to know how a little needle prick can hurt."

She did not conceal her amazement that so insignificant, everyday affair as a "little round tape-measure" could be contrived to cost \$7, and a small ivory case, equipped with tiny gold-handled scissors, needle-case, thimble and bodkin, the value of which was \$100, nearly took away her breath.

"It seems outrageous to squander so many dollars on nonsense," she declared, energetically, as the party left the shop.

A True Bear Story.

Stranger (up in Maine)—"I presume you have seen a good many bears in your time."

Hunter—"Bout a thousand."

Stranger—"I wish you would tell me a bear story—a true one, of course, every detail exactly as it happened."

Hunter—"Eh? Want a true bear story? Well, I swan! All right, I'll give yeh one; but shol' you won't care for it. Back in the sixties, about sixty-nine, I think, or nebbly it was seventy, I was walkin' along, not thinkin' of anything in particular, except Josh Peabody's chances of election—Josh and me were great friends—when all of a sudden, just as I'd crossed a log over a stream, and sat down on the further end of the log for a little rest, I felt a jar, and, looking up, there at the other end of the log, with one paw on it, was the biggest, ugliest-lookin' bear you ever see. I had my gun, but it was empty, and I hadn't as much as a bird-shot to load with—just going home, you know. My huntin'-knife had got lost somehow that same day, and all I had was an old-fashioned Barlow pocket-knife, a good deal the worse for wear. Well, I looked at that critter, and he looked at me for 'bout two minutes, when I sort of sidled off the log and crept along up the stream about twenty feet, meantime openin' the old Barlow knife. I couldn't get any further on account of a high bank, a thicket of laurels, and the jagged roots of a big tree that was blown over. Well, there I stood, and there that critter stood, me eyin' him and him eyin' me, for full ten minutes, when all of a sudden— Mighty good cigar this is."

Stranger—"Yes, yes; go on."

Hunter—"Oh! yes. All of a sudden that bear crossed over the log and walked away."

A Splendid Climbing Rose.

Philadelphia Ledger: No climbing rose ever introduced has attained such widespread popularity in so short a time as the Crimson Rambler. Although it was introduced this year, over 100,000 plants have already been sold. To my mind the strongest point in its favor is its hardiness. A prominent rose grower in the spring of 1894 set out two strong plants in his trial grounds. By fall they had attained a growth of six feet. They were left unprotected during the winter, and in the spring he pegged down one of the stems to the ground. It broke from every eye, and in June he counted on that one stem 320 buds and blossoms. I regret to say that it is not an ever-bloomer.

Stopped Some of It.

"They married to stop talk?"

"Perhaps. They haven't spoken to each other since."

The evening breeze which had been ripping the placid bosom of the ocean hastened ashore and looked for a tree through which it might sigh a time or two.—Detroit Tribune.

THE MAN WHO COOKS.

He is a Much More Contented Inhabitant Than He Who Does Not.

Did you ever notice how conceited a man is about his knowledge of house-keeping in general and of cooking in particular? But of course you have, for that is the one spot that you can touch quickly. He may make no pretensions apparently of such knowledge, but it is there and will come out if at all encouraged. And I do not know that it is entirely a conceit of his make-up either. It would probably be a wise plan, especially for the young wife, to humor this soft spot. We are speaking now, of course, of this inclination to help in the cooking for we can't see from our narrow view what particular advantage it would be for any man to bother about ordinary details about housekeeping.

But this acknowledged link to happy home life—interest in the table and in the preparation of things for the table—is in reality within the prospectus of man's life about the house. It will become almost a hobby of his after awhile to have something to say about the ingredients of the puddings or fixings for the salads; and you, busy little housewife, don't know how much pleasure you have robbed yourself of or how much keen enjoyment you have taken from your husband, if you have denied him of this association. A good man likes to be with his wife, and he'd rather be with her in the kitchen than anywhere else, even if he should get flour on his trousers or batter in his moustache. Of how much service you can make him you don't know until you have tried this plan of encouraging this particular weakness. Why, he'll do most anything you ask him, and although a little awkward about it what do you care for that? It is the delight with which he takes his part that will please you. What is a man anyway but a big overgrown boy, and if properly encouraged he'll be a good boy, too. And if this man should presume to give you instruction about some unheard-of pie or strange dish, just do what you can to follow his receipt and you will be surprised with what success it will sometimes "turn out."

If a man is interested in anything it is the good things of life, and by close attention you will find that he has learned some things about cooking that do him honor.

R. J. M.

He Was Cutting the Grass.

John's house is so situated that his back yard is completely hemmed in by the back yards of neighbors with whom he is upon speaking terms. As John is one of the most sociable fellows in the world he rather likes this arrangement, and from his hammock he every pleasant evening carries on a lively conversation with these neighbors to the satisfaction of all concerned. But it has its inconvenience side, as John realized the other night when, sickle in hand, he started to trim the grass. Smith was the first neighbor to discover John at work, and he opened the ball with: "Ah, there, old man, cutting the grass, eh?" John allowed that he was cutting grass and incidentally remarked that unless Smith called his pet cat over into his own yard the chances were good for puss finishing her existence on wooden legs. The cat came back.

Then Johnson came out, filled his pipe, strolled up to the fence and inquired: "What are you up to now, John—cutting your grass?"

Johnes replied that it ought to be evident to a man possessed of good eyesight that he was doing something of the kind.

"Well, there's no use in getting uppish about it, is there?" queried Johnson.

Before Johnes could reply Neighbor Allen had come upon the scene.

"Well, well, well," said he, "I'm glad to see you working. Cutting the grass, eh?"

"No, sir," shouted Johnes, "I'm white-washing the fence a deep crimson," and throwing the sickle into the middle of a bed of pansies that his wife had set out that afternoon, he walked into the house.

The neighbors looked at each other in astonishment for a moment and then there came to them upon the evening air the melody, as jerkily played upon the piano with one finger, "There Are Moments When One Wants to Be Alone."—Boston Record.

Fairy Stories.

Some girls put away their dolls and their fairy books long before they wish to give them up because some one says: "You are too old for such things." That is all nonsense. There are genuine fairy stories with no hint of a moral which are the delight of every one who loves good literature. The word love is used purposely instead of like, for those of us who love literature feel that the characters are real, and many of them are cherished friends. The next time you long for fairy stories and fear that you will be laughed at go to the library and get Hawthorne's "Wonder Book." Read it in full sight of those who condemn fairy tales. Coax them to look into it. You will probably not be allowed to have it again for a long time—not till the one who took it has read it at least "twice over."—Brooklyn Eagle.

It Wasn't Patriotism.

There is a story to the effect that when Charles Dudley Warner was editor of the Hartford (Conn.) Press, back in the sixties, arousing the patriotism of the state by his vigorous appeals one of the type setters came in from the composing room, and planting himself before the editor, said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility, Mr. Warner replied encouragingly, that he was glad to see that the man felt the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than try to set your copy."

THE NEW DAILY SCHEME.

The friends at Omaha are trying to raise sufficient capital to start an American daily. They already have a fair start, but desire the assistance of friends everywhere in the United States. Can you take one or more shares, on account of true Americanism? This is their plan:

In answer to repeated requests we have finally consented to undertake the task of starting a DAILY AMERICAN in Omaha. This would be a easy thing to do if people were to act as they talk. Yet it will not be impossible, even if they do not, for there are thousands of patriots who are anxious to have the news— anxious to give the Protestant preachers as fair a hearing as is accorded to Roman priests and itinerant lecturers of the Jesuit Sherman stamp—who will respond to our call for subscribers for stock to enable us to establish a DAILY AMERICAN.

We have consulted with our friends, and they have suggested this plan: Increase the capital stock of the American Publishing Co. to \$150,000. Divide into 10,000 shares of \$15 each. Begin business when \$100,000 has been subscribed.

Each stockholder must be a subscriber. Subscription price of the paper, first year, will be \$10; \$8 the second, and whatever the directors decide thereafter.

The management of the company will be placed in the hands of a board of directors, who will be elected from among the stockholders by a majority of the stock represented at the regular annual meeting.

The indebtedness will not be over 40 per cent of the capital stock at any time.

If you want to help establish a DAILY AMERICAN, fill out and return to this office the following blank, keeping this statement as our part of the contract:

On demand, after \$100,000 of the capital stock of the AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY has been subscribed, I agree to pay to the AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, or order, the sum of Dollars, being the purchase price of Shares of the capital stock of the AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, of Omaha, Neb. Dated at (town) (state) this day of 1895. [Signed]

Also, please fill out the following blank for our information, as we do not want to have a Romanist associated with us in business:

I hereby state and make this a part of my contract with the AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY; That I am a Protestant; that I belong to the following secret societies: further state that I am not the agent of a Roman Catholic or of any person who sympathizes with the fight being made by the pope and the hierarchy against the free institutions of this country. I further state and agree that I will accept the face value of my stock in the AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY at any time it may become apparent that I am working against the principles now advocated by the AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY. Further, I agree not to be a Romanist. Dated at (town) (State) this day of 1895. [Signed]

The following numbers of shares have

Table listing shares for various locations: Omaha, Neb. 1,500 shares; Chicago, Ill. 500; Des Moines, Ia. 100; etc.

There are to be 10,000 shares. Each share is \$15, payable when \$100,000 has been subscribed. The capital stock is to be \$150,000. How many shares will you want? Let us have a daily.

Who Can Tell!

Will some one familiar with the law of the State of New York, kindly explain why the parsonage property of Protestant churches is subject to taxation, while that of the Roman Catholic Church is free? If the one is taxed, why not the other? It seems strange that an episcopal residence on Madison avenue, occupied by a Roman Catholic prelate and his household, should be exempt from all city tax, while the house of a Protestant clergyman, although adjoining the church building and a part of the church property, must meet its annual assessments. To say that the one is more thoroughly devoted to church purposes than the other would not be the exact truth, for what with baptisms, weddings and church meetings generally, the Protestant parsonage belongs essentially to the church edifice. It is full time that something should be done in a matter of such gravity as this.

The parsonage tax which Methodism has to pay in the city of New York would maintain two or three churches, and relief from it would be material help to some of our struggling congregations. There are times when patience ceases to be a virtue, and it is nothing less than a burning shame that in the metropolis of this nation Protestantism has to pay such a tax, while Romanism is exempt from it. A pilgrimage to Plymouth Rock will soon be a national necessity.—Exchange.

Our Victory.

Twenty-seven of the sixty-two Democrats of the Baltimore, Md., city ticket were papists, while on the Republican ticket every man was an American and of the sixty-two men to be voted for eighteen were members of the A. P. A. Henry Williams, Democratic candidate for mayor, while a Protestant, refused to sign documents brought to him by a committee of the A. P. A.; on the other hand, Mr. Hooper, the Republican candidate for mayor, acquiesced immediately. For this reason and this alone, the Republican ticket received a majority exceeding 10,000 in Baltimore. The A. P. A. favored Lowndes, the Republican candidate for governor. While Mr. Lowndes is not a member of the A. P. A., he is a member of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics and a member of the Sons of the American Revolution. Mr. Hurst is a Protestant, so-called, but the reason of his defeat was because he had from Cardinal Gibbons a special dispensation to build a papal altar in his house, for which he paid, and married his daughter to a papist prince of Italy. Another thing that came up was that Arthur P. Gorman's daughter was to be married to a papist, the ceremony to be presided over by Cardinal Gibbons.

AMERICANS!

Read This and Act Promptly—Answer To-Day.

Do you desire to support Americans in business? If so, kindly fill out and return to us the following blank immediately. We desire every person who reads this and who can do so conscientiously, to comply with this request. Send the same to this office at once.

Business men who do not discriminate against the patriotic societies of which we are members can count upon us to give them our support. Further, we will patronize those business men who are not afraid to advertise in the papers which support Americanism; and we will purchase of firms who advertise in THE AMERICAN, if the said firms sell their goods at a reasonable market value.

Address: Street: Town: State:

The above blank, when returned properly filled, will be kept on file in this office for the inspection of those only who advertise in this paper.

THROUGH CAR SERVICE.

Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn., to Los Angeles, Cal.

Arrangements have just been completed whereby the Union Pacific and connecting lines will run a Pullman Tourist Sleeper from Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn., to Los Angeles, Cal., via Sioux City and Columbus, Neb., without change. Car to leave Minneapolis Thursday 7:40 p. m. St. Paul 8:15 p. m., and returning, leave Los Angeles at 2:00 p. m. every Thursday.

For comfort there is nothing that exceeds the tourist cars operated by the Union Pacific, and it is an established fact that this line makes faster time than any other line in the west. This already gives promise of being the popular line for California travel, and applications for space in the sleeper should be made early.

For information in regard to this through car line, apply to your nearest Union Pacific agent or

L. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.

The Nation MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A WESTERN MAGAZINE FOR WESTERN READERS

It is replete with Articles on Questions of Local, National and Social Interest.

Price 10c, Single Copy; \$1 year, in Advance.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS NEWSDEALERS.

CONTRIBUTORS.

Hon. John V. Farwell, of Chicago, Ill.; Col. W. S. Morgan, of Arkansas; Hon. M. W. Howard, of Alabama; Hon. F. M. Washburn, of Boston, Mass.; Ex-Gov. D. H. Waite, of Colorado; Rev. J. T. Robinson, of Lena, Ill.; Hon. Paul Van Dervoort, Henry W. Yates, John O. Yeiser and John C. Thompson, of Omaha, Neb., and a number of other leading western writers.

THE NATION

1615 Howard Street, OMAHA, NEB

IN THE CLUTCH OF ROME

BY "GONZALES." Bound in Paper, Price 25 CENTS.

This Story Was Published in Serial Form in the Omaha American, and had a Very Wide Circulation.

Order From THE AMERICAN, 1615 Howard St., OMAHA, NEB.

"THE A. P. A. SONGSTER"

By REV. O. E. MURRAY, A. M. A. D.

A Patriotic Song Book for patriotic gatherings, homes, Schools, and all who love our Nation. Special Selections for Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Fourth of July and School and Society Entertainments. Sent on receipt of price.

Price, in Paper Cover, 25 Cents.

Send all orders to the AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.

124 E. Randolph St., CHICAGO, ILL. 519 Whitney Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO. 1165 Howard St., OMAHA, NEB.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION

Maria * Monk

Bound in Cloth, \$1.00. Bound in Heavy Paper, 50c.

There are but few books of this character in existence which have had a wider sale than "MARIA MONK." The startling revelations of the secret and diabolical practices in the Hotel Dieu, or Black Nunnery, of Montreal, Canada, maintain an interest stranger than any work of fiction. This book should be read by everyone. Sold by the

American Publishing Co.

124 E. Randolph St., CHICAGO, ILL. 807 Main St., KANSAS CITY, MO. 1615 Howard St., OMAHA, NEB.

Chicago Tabernacle Talks.

By EVANGELIST GEO. F. HALL.

THESE are stenographic reports of actual Sermons preached at "A Revival that Revived," in the Chicago Tabernacle and is excellent reading. Paper cover.

Price, 50 Cents. Sent Postpaid on receipt of price, by

American Publishing Company, 124 E. Randolph Street, CHICAGO, ILL. 807 Main Street, KANSAS CITY, MO. 1615 Howard Street, OMAHA, NEB.