This is a tale of a courteous gentleman, an impetuous lover and a fickle Oaks." m. d. The scene is in the gay Crescent City, twenty years or more before the war, when New Orleans promised to be the largest city on the continent. when its shipping was enormous and when dueling was the gentlemanly and approved method of settling disputes.

The services at the large Catholic cathedral had just been concluded, and, through the entrance, out into the public square, sauntered a middle-agod man with a young woman, as fair as any desired to look upon, at his side. Her cheek had the hue of the sunkissed peach and her sparkling glance showed that she was by no means a fear. demure madonna, although she had just come from the church. Her companion was tall and distinguished-looking, dressed in the height of fashion and carrying himself with a military erectness. Everyone admired Mr. Marsden, the eloquent lawyer, the superb orator and the brilliant soldierstatesman. Kindly, but impetuous; with generous instincts, but a flery temper, he was the ideal type of a gallant, chivalrous southerner. The tender regard he exhibited for the young girl with the sparkling glances was in keeping with the attention he had bestowed upon her for twelve months past, giving rise to much speculation as to whether or not he would carry off the prize. Many disappointed suitors for Helen Manville's hand felt extremely vengeful toward the gallant statesman, none more so than Jack Culvert, a rich, talented and extremely reckless young man. For several months he had sighed before the shrine of the divinity without making marked progress, and then the statesman had her off, despite the young lover's most strenuous efforts. So it happened that Jack, no better than he should have been, resorted to the consolation of quetted with him. Do you forgive me, mint juleps and similar beverages, becoming a constant frequenter of the St. Charles cafe. In that great subterranean resort, where were found men of all nations, it might be said, he made the vain attempt to drown his sorrow and his chagrin by means of the beverage he so persistently drew through two straws. He even plunged it to waywardness, not to my real self. into greater dissipations. Helen once saw him driving to the races (there | come." were two great tracks in operation then) with the prima donna of the French opera, whereupon the society belle deliberately looked the other way. And many were the evenings passed at the cafes, where hock, burgundy and felt suddenly as if the hand of age had the more sparkling beverages flowed in grasped him and made him twenty abundance. But the sorrow wouldn't drown and the chagrin always floated

crossed the square whom should they encounter but Jack himself, who looked somewhat pale and fatigued. She bowed to him very coldly, and then ignored his presence, smiling her sweetest upon her companion. Jack ground his teeth, gazed vindictively after them and then strode toward the St. Charles, where he drank three mint juleps one after another. At a fash-

on the surface.



"I LOVE YOU, JACK." fonable ball 'hat night he again met his divinity, who looked simply indescribable. Jack forgot his resentment in a sudden spell of admiration, and, approaching, begged the privilege of a polka. She responded that she was engaged.

"You are always engaged when I happen around," said Jack, savagely.

You, too, have certain engagements, I believe," she retorted, with biting

sarcasm. Jack thought of the prima donna and was silent. As he turned away Mr. Marsden carried off the young lady Feeling the most profound aversion to witnessing his rival's happiness, Jack plunged into the smoking room and immediately ordered a bottle of champagne. Then he lighted a cigar and cogitated bitterly, trying to shut out the rhythmical melody of the orchestra. The more he drank and the more he amoked the more enraged he became. When, after a considerable interval, his rival entered. Jack arose and deliberately jostled against him in moving toward the door. A flush of anger crossed the other's face, while the lover stood there with an insolent smile. "You footled me, sir?" said the :i-

"Oh did I?" said the lover.

"You have been drinking too much."

Bternly. "Not at all." "You imply intention. You shall

"Hencath the Oaks, at your conven-

'Very well: I will send a friend to

"I will be glad to receive him. The sooner we meet the better. There isn't room for both of us in New Orleans."

The rival bowed and left the room. Pwice more he danced with the bette, hile Jack resumed his attentions to the fine wines of his host. Late that night, or rather early next morning. shen the French maid was disrobing her mistress, the girl appeared auxious

to impact certain information. Mademoisolle, the butler at the ball

teld me something." "What is it?" indifferently.

"He served Monsieur Jack with much | wine and many cigars. Monsieur Marsden entered; Monsieur Jack jostled him; Monsieur Marsden responded with anger; they exchanged words and are to meet early this morning at the

"At the Oaks!" exclaimed Mademoiselle. "Oh, this cannot be. Are you sure?"

"The butler saw it all."

"It is terrible; it is terrible!" "Well, mademoiselle," said the girl, consolingly, "Monsieur Marsden is one of the best swordsmen in New Orleans. It is not he, but Monsieur Jack who will be killed."

"Silence!" commanded the mistress. Bright and early the next morning Jack found himself beneath the Oaks, with his second. His head felt a little heavy and his hand shook, but not with

"We are early," he said to his second.

"Here they come," was the response. Mr. Marsden was soon on the spot and the swords were brought out. Afar was another group and they knew that another dispute was being settled in this popular and gentlemanly fashion. The elderly contestant drew the lover aside.

"Sir, must this matter go on? An apology---

"I have no apology."

"Very well." "To him who survives she shall be-

The rival smiled rather pensively. "Are you ready, gentlemen?" "We are."

They were about to throw themselves into position when a carriage was heard in the road near by and the next moment a figure rushed forward. It was the young woman herself. Inpetuously she threw herself, not upon the breast of the rival, but into the arms of the bewildered young man, appeared and seemed to be carrying then confronting with commanding gesture the soldier-statesman.

"Stop," she said. "You shall not kill him. It is all my fault. I have co-Jack? Promise you will not fight."

"I cannot honorably do otherwise," replied the confused lover, who imagined himself in the seventh heaven with her arm upon his shoulder.

"You must, for my sake," she pleaded. "I love you, Jack. I have always loved you. I have been cruel, but lay Hereafter, I will be different. And now,

"I cannot. I am at the service of

this gentleman." The rival regarded them with a melancholy smile. He had passed that period of volcanic youth, but now he years older. How fair she was with the dew of early morn upon her hair! How impassioned she was when she As the soldier-statesman and Helen told her love to another! Those words she had led him to believe, were to have been addressed to himself one day. But they were a handsome couple! And he had imagined her all his? Then he spoke to her gravely.

"I am at your command," he said, "This duel shall not go on."

"But," began Jack. "Sir, I was in your way last night and naturally you jostled me. You had the right to feel offended, I presume. I am convinced now that I should have apologized. Having neglected to do so, this lady has made me feel the error of my position and I now do apologize for having been in your way. My apology, I trust"-with a

melancholy smile-"will be accepted." "Yes, do accept it, Jack," pleaded the

young lady. The lover was about to make a shame-faced response when the rival saluted them courteously and turned away. Jack returned in triumph, in his divinity's carriage, while the rival drove back slowly, telling himself that one is never too old to learn.

Dickens' Dummy Books.

"'Gad's Hill' was a merry house." writes Stephen Fiske in fondly recalling incidents of his visits to Charles Dickens, in an article telling of the personal side of the novelist. "Dickens was a wellspring of mirth and his humor affected the whole party. Often, when I came down from London, he would walk out and lean against the doorpost, while I was at the gate, and we would shout with laughter over the fun that we had had and were going to have. When everything else failed, the library was an unending amusement. The room was lined with books from floor to celling, even the backs of the doors being bookcases, but the books on the doors and along the floor were bogus. Dummy books had been lettered with titles and pasted on the glass, and the titles had been selected by such wits as Dickens, Yates, the Collins brothers, Albert Smith and Mark Lemon of Punch. We used to sit on the floor to study this mock library and roll over with delight at some clever satire. I remember 'The Virtues of Our Ancestors,' a volume so thin that the title had to be printed lengthwise; Five Minutes in India, by a British Teurist," in two volumes as large as an unabridged dictionary; 'Lives of the Poets,' a mere pamphlet; 'Eggs on Hacon, to match 'Coke on Littleton; Statuca Erected to the Duke of Wellington, fifteen portly volumes, and there were dozens of other quips and cranks. A catalogue of these bogus books should have been preserved, but achody thought of writing it out; nobody realized that Dickens would ever die."-Ladies' Home Journal.

Deserved All He tint. The police at Pittsburg identified a ple thief by fitting his teeth into a large bite which had been taken out of a pumpkin pic. A thief who will leave enough pie of any kind to afford a clue to his guilt ought to be arrested for stupidity, if nothing clea,

Heroes and Heroines

Lost Her Life to Save Others. At Avalon, Allegheny county, on Wednesday, a gas explosion in the home of Mrs. Amanda Osborne set fire to the house. To rescue her little brother and sister, thirteen-year-old Bessie Osborne rushed through a wall of flame and dragged the children out of the house. Their burns are not serious, but Bessie was so terribly burned that she died in a few hours.

A Miner's Heroism. self-sacrifice goes unpublished and unthe name of William Friend had prepared and lighted two shots in a shaft out by a companion, William Overland, barrel upon which he was standing beseemed inevitable. Without a thought seized it, and slipping, sliding, hand tom of the shaft. His feet touched the rock, and with the agility of a cat he snatched the burning fuse from the loaded holes! The explosion was prevented and his unfortunate fellowworkman's life was saved by his fearless promptness. Overland's hands were blistered and bleeding from contact with the rope, but otherwise he was unhurt, and thought little of what he had done. Of such stuff heroes are made.

Saved from Drowning.

The brave work of a miller in saving a little girl from drowning is described by the Indianapolis Journal. The mill owner and his wife, it appears, had gone to the city, leaving an eight-yearold girl at home. With other children by some accident fell into the sluice which feeds the turbine wheel. The head miller heard a scream, and not knowing what had happened, applied a brake and stopped the machinery. Then he ran out, found the little girl just disappearing under the water and in he self in a hard place. The water was eight feet deep and he was four feet lines as are appropriate to them. below the top of the sluice, the sides of which were as smooth as a polished floor. The girl was unconscious, How was he to get her out? It took one and the other to keep himself from sinking. He must try to throw her out, and this, by a great effort, he did. But the rebound drove him under water and against the wheel, where he was held. He came up again however and now a new difficulty confronted him. How was he to get out himself? He spring, and as he came up half-blinded succeeded in catching the top of the sluice. Then, by the greatest exertions he drew himself out. The girl was still unconscious, but by vigorous measures was at last revived.

Lore of the Wedding Ring.

Some curious information will be unearthed by anyone who undertakes to explore the history of the wedding ring. For instance, among the Anglo-Saxons the bridegroom gave a pledge, or "wed," at the betrothal ceremony. This "wed" included a ring, which was placed on the maiden's right hand, where it remained until, at the marriage, it was transferred to the left. English women at one time wore the wedding ring on the thumb: many portraits of ladies in Queen Elizabeth's George III, brides usually removed the ring from its proper abiding place to the thumb as soon as the ceremony was over. In Spain the gift of a ring is looked upon as a promise of marriage and is considered sufficient proof for a place them under their pillows at night | place with a blind beggar."-Answers. to dream of their lovers. These 'dreamers," as they are called, should he drawn nine times through the ring. Many brides, however, are so superstitious that neither for that purpose, nor at any other time, will they take the must have spent hours on that comring off their finger after it has once plexion."- New York World. seen placed there.

Fud for Collecting Candlesticke. The latest feminine fud is the colic .tion of candlesticks. In furnishing Artistic homes these certainly play an important part and they come especially designed for different rooms. One fair collector has some beautiful delfi candiesticks, enameled and decorated celery is scurce. in blue and white; three charming white Corinthian columns for the din- quickly prepared with gravy, atock or ing table and two of Doric design for the dresser; and for the toilet table a dozen lavely effects in Dreeden ware. mixture, etc., for the hasty preparation At each able of a small braze mirror in of tayer cakes and publing sauces. one corner of the parior is a candle case of the upright plane are two chased silver sticks, with blue candies. In the indrooms there are various odd designs in brunze, nickel, attsor of these owns also a quain; silver holder and a dumpy brass stick such as

FEATHERED DRUNKARDS.

Shocking Depravity on the Part of Birds Witnessed by Mr. Lang.

A queer story is told by Mr. Andrew Lang, according to the New York Journal. The incident came under his own notice and occurred under the bridge over the Lochy, below the Ben Nevis Long John distillery. From this tale it is obvious that animals are only sober from lack of wit to obtain alcohol: "That establishment disgorges into a

burn a quantity of refuse, no doubt alcoholic. When we crossed the bridge in the morning to fish, the ducks from the farm opposite were behaving in a Heroes abound in every walk of life, drunk and disorderly manner-flying. and many a noble act of devotion and beating the water, diving, spluttering and greedily devouring the stuff from known. A serious accident, followed by the distillery. Their antics were funny a genuine act of heroism, occurred in but vulgar. By 2 o'clock we found the a western mine recently. A miner by ducks sleeping off the effects of their debauch. We wakened them and they staggered eagerly to a bucket of water, forty feet deep, and was being hoisted from which they quenched the torments of thirst. A small seabird be-As he reached the top of the shaft, the haved in a still more deplorable way. He slowly drifted down the Lochy came detached from the rope, and from the fatal intoxicated burn, nor Friend was precipitated to the bottom could pebbles judiciously thrown at upon the burning fuse. His right leg him induce him to take to the wing. was broken in two places, and he was He tried to dive, making efforts comic so bruised and stunned that he lay and unsuccessful. After drifting

quite still, awaiting the horrible death | through the bridge I regret to say that from the coming explosion which he returned to the burn and "took a cup of kindness yet," getting all the of personal danger, but thoroughly more intoxicated and drifting back in alive to his comrade's fearful peril, a yet more deplorable condition, What Overland threw the rope down again, a lesson, we said, is this to mankind, and made it fast to the windlass. He which after all, need not speak of boasted reasonableness! The wild and over hand, descended rapidly to the bot- tame things of stream and ocean are as unwise as we"

Booker Washington's School.

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute has become one of the most famous of the schools for the education of the negro, and its president, Booker T. Washington, is recognized as one of the ablest leaders of the negro race. The school had a very puny beginning fifteen years ago. To-day the institute owns 2,460 acres of fine land, thirtyseven buildings, some of which represent large expenditure, 265 head of live stock, an abundant supply of wagons, buggies, etc. The total value of its property is nearly \$300,000. For the year ended May 31, 1896, the income of the institution was \$97,716, donations from she went down to the mill to play, and various sources making up \$62,835 of the amount. The number of students in attendance was 867. Besides the academic department, there are twenty-five industrial departments where practical instruction is given in carpentry, bricklaying, stone cutting, blacksmith work, shoemaking, plastering, plumbing, went after her. Then he found him- trimming, and other trades. For female students there is also training in such

Event in French Bluestockingdom. The medico-literary alliance, writes a Paris correspondent, is generally one hand to hold her head above water, that interests the public, especially where the persons happen to be of important descent. Par example, none of us over here are at all indifferent as regards the match which has just been struck up between Jean Charcot of the in great danger of being caught and faculty, son of the late doctor of great renown, and Jeanne Hugo, granddaughter of the lamented author. The actual date of the wedding has not yet been sank to the bottom, gave an upward | decided; but, at any rate, the affair is certain to be a stylish one. We shall probably meet all the most charming Lutetian bluestockings at the ceremony in their best clothes.

Silly Question.

When a man has lost his pocketbook or a gold collar stud the question asked him by nine people out of ten is. "Where did you lose it?" And this is always a very soothing question to the loser, because if he knew where he lost the article it is not reasonable to suppose that he would be looking in forty different places to find it .- London Tit-Bits.

Wooden Vs. Iron Ships.

Mathematical calculations show that an iron ship weighs 27 per cent less than a wooden one and will carry 115 days are so depicted. In the reign of tons of cargo for every 100 tons carried by a wooden ship of the same dimensions, and both loaded to the same draught of water.

Incurable. Old Lady-"Poor fellow! I suppose maiden to claim her husband. It is a your blindness is incurable. Have you custom to pass little pieces of bride's ever been treated?" Blind man-"Yes, cake through the wedding ring, and mum; but not often. 'Tain't many as those to whom these pieces are given likes to be seen going into a public

It Showed

Host-"Mrs. Paintphace made herself at home to-night. Hostess-"I should say she did. She

GOOD TO HAVE.

A few cans of good soup for emergency dinners.

Canned mushrooms for sauces and meat dressings.

Fresh celery seed for salads when

A nice sandwich mixture that can be builer, for hasty lunches.

A good supply of jelly and chocolate

Canned lobster for salads and canned holder of wrought brass, and on the tongue for serving cold, and potted chicken for sliving or making sand-

The fiftieth anniversary of the Amerver and copper, and the happy posses- lean Musionary association, which has made a nable record, especially in its work among the negroes of the south, was used in the hitchen a generation was fittingly colchested in Boston re-

I contly.

The Success of Henry G. Thorell. Henry G. Thorell, whose postoffice address is Holdrege, Neb., was at one time a carriage maker in Chicago. He removed to Nebraska in 1877. That he has reason to be satisfied is proven by the fact that he is today worth \$30,000. rible every cent of it made on his farm. Last year (1896) he had 250 acres in corn,250 acres in small grain, 26 horses, 50 head of cattle and 150 hogs.

Life

Hoods

Sarsaparilla
The Best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to operate. 250.

Sharing a Log With a Bear.

Incidental to the recent great storm,

many stories will undoubtedly get into

circulation that will exhibit heroism.

romance and ludicrous incidents dove-

tailed with the accounts of loss of prop-

erty and the wreckings of fortunes. John Baker came down Miller river on

a big fir tree. Mr. Baker seated him-self at the butt end of the tree, and af-

ter going down about a half a mile he

had company. A huge black bear, swimming for his life in the seething

water, climbed on the tree and station-

ed himself about thirty feet from the

man. In addition to his already preca-

rious situation, that bear nearly fright-

ened Mr. Baker to death. But Mr.

Bear was about as badly frightened as

the other fellow, and when the current finally drifted the tree to dry land, the

bear took to his heels with as much

A 50-Cent Calendar Free.

A Gneat Kisk.

on a saloon. They had only sax-

Two impecunious Scotsmen came up-

"Wasna that weel managed, mon?"

"Ay, it was," said the other solemn-

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Southern Texas Colonization Co., John Linderholm, Mgr., 110 Rialto Eldg., Chicago

A Slippery Spot.

board Nelson's flagship, the Victory. The different objects of interest were

duly shown her, and, on reaching the

spot where the great naval hero was

"And no wonder!" exclaimed the old

lady. "I nearly fell there myself!"-

Merchants Hotel, Omaha.

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PANTON & DAVENPORT, Prop's.

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them on the person, wrap the stems

first in cotton dipped in saited water,

the tops sprinkled and the whole covered closely with confectioner's pa-

per, and put in a cool place. In this

way the blossoms may be preserved for

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pany, or, D. Wishart, Gen'l Passenger

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm is the safest, surest

saveral days. - New York Tribune.

To keep violets fresh when wearing

"Here Nelson fell!"

Rates \$2 and \$3 per day.

London Answers.

A short time ago an old lady went on

alacrity as Baker. - Seattle Post.

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as any in the Union. The book in which they appear is as different from the ordinary agricultural pamphlet as day is from night. It is interesting, practical and truthful. In a straightforward, simple fashion, it tells you everything you need to know about Nebraska-its climate. people, schools, churches, railroads, markets, soil and crops. It explains why the Nebraska farmer makes money in spite of low prices and hard times. Why land is cheap. And how it is as easy for an intelligent and industrious man to BUY a Nebraska farm as it is to rent one in any state

east of the Missouri river. Every farm renter who wants to become a farm owner; every farm owner who is tired of trying to make money off high-priced land; every father who wants to give his sons a start on the high road to independence, should write for a copy. Free.

J. FRANCIS. Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Burlington Route. Omaha, Neb.

A woman can pick out a bride as far as she can see her.

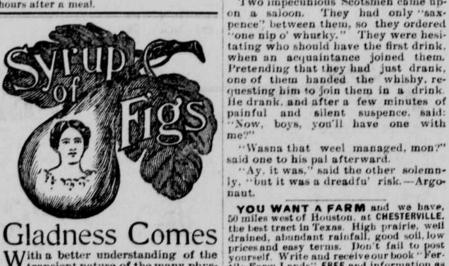
Lions and tigers are too weak lunged to run more than half a mile.

A 50-Cent Calendar Free.

Perhaps the most beautiful calendar Issued for the year '97 is Turk Youth's Companion Art Calendar, which is given to each subscriber to the paper for the year '97. It is made up of four charming pictures, beautifully reproduced in twelve harmonions colors. It is in form a four-page folder, which, when extended, is lox24 inches in size. The subjects are delightfully attractive. This calendar makes a desirable ornament for a mantle, centretable or writing deak. It is offered for sale only by the publishers of Turk Youth's Companion at 30 cents percopy. Only because of the enormous number publishers to send it free to all Companion Turk Companion to send it free to all Companion subscribers. Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Phi.adelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, 1895.

The fatter a woman is the less hair she

The test time for exercise is about two



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the VV transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condi-tion of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, prompt-ly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is wounded (which was marked by a raised brass plate), the officer remarked everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its bene-ficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health,

and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in peed of a lamative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



LADY Manager and Agents wanted for Dr. Kay's Uterine Tonic, no money required until goods are sold "Woman hoad," a valuable booklet on female diseases, free. Dr. B. J. Kay Medicai Co., Omaha, Neh.

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