

Yesterday and To-Day

Yesterday, God's day, I spent
In holy thought, in calm content,
Amidst the ferns and grasses sweet;
Where, here and there, about my feet,
I found this little flower.

I'd longed for such a day to be—
When every vine and bush and tree
Should don its robe of verdant hue;
Then I should gather, dear, for you,
This little purple flower.

And now my joy has passed away;
'Tis but a memory to-day—
My happiness to you I lend,
In that these violets I send
May brighten up an hour.

As with all joys, their reign is short—
No pleasure that hath e'er been sought;
No happiness, however great,
Did permanently satiate—
We're happy but an hour.

The Ransom of an Overcoat.

BY JAMES BUCHANAN.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
Mr. E. Wilbert Marsh sallied forth one morning, with a brand new light overcoat thrown jauntily over his left arm. About half way between his lodging house and the station where he was wont to climb up to that abominable inconvenience, the "elevated," he observed a young lady dart down the front steps of one of the most imposing and least flaked of the venerated brown-fronts. She carried a letter in her hand. On her head was nothing but a great glorious mass of piled-up saffron hair. She was strikingly pretty and strikingly conscious of the fact, if one might judge from her make-up and manner. It was evident that she was bound for the nearest letter-box.

Hardly, however had the little kid slippers of this pleasing damsel tripped along the pavement a dozen yards when, with the exasperating unexpectedness which nature sometimes displays in her most perverse moods, it began to rain. The attractive figure stopped short, wavered a moment and then turned back—just in time to meet young Marsh, struggling to raise his umbrella over his \$25 overcoat.

With a silvery laugh and, apparently the most perfect unconsciousness of any impropriety in thus accosting a stranger, the girl exclaimed: "How sudden!"

E. Wilbert Marsh smiled, and raised his hat with a gratified blush. "Would you have the kindness to drop my letter in the first box you pass?" asked the girl, putting the little square missive into the young man's hand, and gathering her skirts preparatory to flight. The next instant she fled, rustling and laughing, back to the shelter of the brown stone front, and E. Wilbert Marsh found himself saying "With pleasure!" to the empty air. The young lady looked back as she was vanishing and nodded. "I wonder if she would recognize me, if she met me again?" mused Marsh. Then he walked briskly on.

The rattle of an approaching train fell on his ear. He had just time to reach the station and catch it. There would not be another train for five minutes, and it happened that he was somewhat late that morning. With an inward vow that he would mail the young lady's letter immediately on leaving the car, he made a wild dash for the stairway and rushed upon the platform of the nearest car just as the guard was closing the gate. Then he slipped the letter into his overcoat pocket, and straightway did what all men do under such circumstances—forgot it.

Presently another young man left his seat, came up the aisle, and stood smiling down upon Marsh. "Going to the ball game, this afternoon?" he asked.

"Why, hello!" replied Marsh, recognizing a chum in whose company he had sometime done his part toward noisily eulogizing the national game. "Yes, I want to go. Shall, if I can get away. You going?"

"Not much chance of it. Two hundred and fifty pieces in last night's mail! Don't know how much larger



"How sudden!"

this morning's mail will be. But say, Will, if you can go, you want to. It's going to be great ball. Hutchins will pitch for our fellow. The champions play us, and are only just a notch ahead, you know."

By the time E. Wilbert Marsh left the car his head was completely full of the great game which was to come off that afternoon. He was planning how he could get away. He

kept planning all the morning. In the early afternoon he got away. He just went.

It was a glorious day and a glorious game. The rain had let up. Everybody was jammed. The grand stand was jammed. The bleachers groaned. The entire field was shut in by black parentheses of humanity. The visitors began to score briskly in the first inning. They made four runs in succession, with out a man out. At the end of the fifth inning the score stood six to two in favor of the champions.



Walked away against a drizzling rain.

Then it was that an eager face was upturned to E. Wilbert Marsh from the tier of seats below. "Three to one that the Chicagos win!"

"I'll take you," replied Marsh, with a fierce, desperate thrill of pride and confidence in the home team. They would win yet! Anyway, it would be cowardly to go back on them in their extremity. He would try to turn their luck by betting beyond his usual figure. "Let it be X's!" he exclaimed. "All right!" responded the eager voice below.

The Chicagos won. "I'll trouble you for that X," said the young man sitting at Marsh's feet, as the bleachers rose with a howl, at the completion of the last inning. The champion of the home team began to search in his pockets in a dazed way. He finally gathered together a handful of coins and two bills. "I'm stuck at \$4.75," he said, ruefully. "Didn't suppose I was so short. Ought not to have bet. But—say." He looked desperately at the resplendent overcoat lying across his arm. "You'll take this coat in pledge, won't you? I'll meet you here tomorrow afternoon—right here on the bleachers—with the cash to redeem it."

The other young man hesitated. Then he took the garment which E. Wilbert Marsh tragically handed to him, and disappeared in the crowd.

A few hours later, the temporary owner of the new overcoat pulled a letter out of a pocket of the garment, and stared at the envelope with startled and flashing eyes. "I'd know her writing anywhere!" he muttered. "And addressed to my rival, Sam Niebaum. Confound it! I'll open it!"

He impatiently tore open the envelope and read:
Dearest Sam—What a shame that your invitation to the theater, tonight, came just after I had accepted as a darning resort, one from that odious Fred Crombie, who has been persecuting me with attentions of late! I should not have accepted his invitation, anyway, if I had not been just dying to hear that particular play. And then came your welcome but tantalizing note. What a con-tempt! But, Sam, I will go with you, and I will tell you how we will outwit Fred and give him the slip. Do you be at, or near, the head of the stairway at the Brooklyn entrance of the bridge at 7:30 sharp, to-night. I will drop my fan over the stairway, as Fred and I are going up. He will, of course, run back to get it. I will then seem to be pushed upward by the crowd. Meet me at the head of the stairs. Then, adieu, Mr. Fred. Lovingly yours,
OLLIE.

Mr. Fred Crombie did indeed run dutifully back for the fan that evening when Miss Ollie dropped it from the bridge stairs. But instead of returning, he buttoned his coat, raised his umbrella against the drizzling rain which had begun to fall, and walked away to a street car. Of course, Miss Ollie found no "dearest Sam" awaiting her at the head of the

stairs, since he had never received her letter. She rushed frantically about, got into a jam, had her opera hat crushed out of shape, her purse stolen, and the better part of her indignant wind squeezed into gasping protests. Finally, she got free, but having neither umbrella nor money, had to walk home unsheltered from the rain. She arrived in a drenched, disgusted and hysterical condition, and sneaked up to her room like a truant child.

Next day, E. Wilbert Marsh presented himself at the bleachers, as he had agreed, with the ransom money for the overcoat. After the game he found precisely the same sum in the pocket of that garment, together with six of the choicest fifty-cent cigars ever swaddled in tin-foil. No wonder he thought the world must be growing better! He had totally forgotten that he did not mail a certain letter that was handed to him by a young lady. He will never think of it again, for the evidence necessary to recall the matter to the masculine mind had, in his case, entirely disappeared.

CHINESE AND HIS PEN.

Little Anecdote that Shows Deftness of the Oriental.

A certain newspaper man, who was induced to "try" a stylographic pen, got it out of order by reckless treatment, and took it to a pen-shop for repair. The man there soon showed him that there was nothing serious the matter with it, the only trouble being that he had neglected to do some little thing in using it. Then he began to take the pen apart for the newspaper man's instruction, so that he might see how very simple a thing it is.

"Simple!" cried the indignant owner of the instrument, "it is as complicated as a Chinese puzzle! I don't wonder that I can't make it 'go' when I want it to!"

The penman laughed. "You remind me," he said, "that there is a Chinese in this town who used a stylographic regularly. He came here to buy one several months ago, and when I showed it to him he began to take it all apart. I hurriedly stopped him, supposing that he would do it an injury, but he at once put down the value of the pen, saying that it was his, and then continued his dissection of it. I give you my word that he handled that pen more deftly than the man who made it, and in five minutes he had it put together again, so that it worked better than it did at first. Those fellows beat the world at understanding little details. Now, an Irishman or an American—I beg your pardon—could never have done that; and, remember, it was the first pen of the kind the Chinese ever saw."—Philadelphia Record.

A Child's Faith.

One of Philadelphia's politicians who was a looker-on in Harrisburg during the recent convention told a group of friends an incident that illustrated his wee daughter's firm faith in his all-around ability. The crescent moon had excited her amazement and wonder for the reason that theretofore she had always associated Luna with a round and cheese-like fullness. So, she rushed into the house and informed her mother that the moon was "all broken up," and that only a very small piece of it remained. The mother, not thinking the child old enough for an explanation of the lunar phenomena, simply muttered:

"Too bad, dearie—too bad!" The child seemed downcast for a moment; then, her face illumined with joy, she leaped up and exclaimed:

"O! it will be all right when paps comes home, mamma—he'll mend it again."

Thorough Paced Economy.

A young man living in Cincinnati is a close worker in money matters, that is, he stays close to the shore with his expenditures. He had the good luck to marry a girl whose parents are quite wealthy, and is at present living with his wife in one of his father-in-law's houses.

One day not long since, while discussing affairs with a friend, the latter asked:

"Did the old gentleman give you that house?"

"Well—er—no, not exactly," was the answer. "He offered it to me, but I wouldn't accept it."

"How's that?" asked the friend.

"Well," answered the man who had made the lucky matrimonial venture. "You see, the house really belongs to me. I'm living in it, rent free, and I'll get it when the old man dies. If I accepted it now I'd have to pay the taxes."

A Unique Procession.

A correspondent of the London Graphic writes: "The Church of the Madonna del Rosario at Valle di Pompeii, or, as it is called, the Madonna di Pompeii, is the best known shrine of the Madonna in the south of Italy, on account of the wonderful miracles which are supposed to be performed there. People from all parts, far and near, come on pilgrimage from the far distant mountains, and even from Sardinia. Some most wonderful costumes are seen in and about the church. The contadini come on foot or in carts often drawn by white oxen singing and playing on musical instruments, tambourines, pipes, etc. Often, in a case of illness, girls with their hair down and barefooted go in procession to the church to intercede with the Madonna for the sick person."

If there be a want of concord among members of the same family other people will take advantage of it to injure them.

SUICIDE ON THE INCREASE.

Death Seems to Have Few Terrors in These Days.

The mania for self-destruction is on the increase.

Life certainly presents, in most countries, many more agreeable features than it did a generation ago. Yet the desire to abandon it increases yearly. The total number of suicides is swelling enormously. Is it because of the greater prevalence of nervous diseases?

An English alienist, Mr. Styles, has been at some pains to investigate this subject, with wholly discouraging results. The story of his discoveries may best be expressed in figures.

Some forty years ago the average number of suicides was, in Sweden, one to every 95,000 inhabitants; in Russia, one to every 35,000 inhabitants; in the United States, one to every 15,000 inhabitants, and in the great cities, like London and St. Petersburg, one to every 21,000 inhabitants. It is plain that we made a dismal showing even then.

In France, chosen for illustration because it offers the most startling revelations, Mr. Styles found for every 100,000 inhabitants, during the years 1841 to 1845, 9 suicides; from 1846 to 1850, 10 suicides; from 1861 to 1870, 13 suicides; from 1871 to 1875, 15 suicides; from 1876 to 1880, 17 suicides; in 1881, 21 suicides; in 1893, 22, and in 1894, 26.

From 1826 to 1890, the proportion of suicides in Belgium has augmented 72 per cent; in Prussia, 41 per cent; in Austria, 238 per cent; in Sweden and Denmark, 72 per cent, and 35 per cent respectively, and in France, 31 per cent.

IS GOOD FOR JEWELERS.

Ping-Pong Hard on Watches, and the Man Who Makes Repairs Profits.

"Ping pong is a fine game," said a jeweler, who does a lot of repairing, to a New York Sun man. "No outdoor or indoor sport has ever given us so much to do. It is surprising how many persons have broken their watches since the game became a fad."

"You see, people play the game without removing their coats or waistcoats. In the excitement they forget about their watches, and the first thing a man knows his timepiece bounds out of his pocket. Sometimes it strikes the table, but wherever it does fall the watch is damaged. "That is not all. A player may tie his watch to his pocket, but still it gets out of gear. The constant jumping around and the swinging of the arms disturbs the works so the watch has to be brought to us to be regulated."

"I have had as many women's watches as men's to repair. The women are even more careless than the men. Their watches dangle from their shirtwaists, and as a result the watch jumps around like a weathercock in a gale of wind. "Surprising as it may seem, my income from repairing watches has almost tripled since the craze for ping pong began."

Would "Dam the Hogs," Too.

The Ozark Mountain (Mo.) News tells a story of an ex-Kentucky colonel of the "quality folks" sort whom he once met in western Kansas. "The colonel was an enthusiast on the irrigation scheme that was sweeping over Kansas at that time. He was so positive in his theories and so high-tempered that few people cared to disagree with him. One day as he was standing in front of the office talking with several friends, 'Pink' Barclay, that lives over on Snake creek, came along, and after shaking hands around turned to the colonel and said: 'Colonel, I've got forty acres of land lying close to Snake creek that I want to irrigate and I'd like to ask your advice about it.' 'Very well, sah,' responded the colonel. 'My advice is dam the creek.' 'I did do that,' said Pink, 'and cut a ditch down across the land, but I couldn't get rise enough.' 'Then I would dam the ditch, sah,' replied the colonel. 'That's just what I did do,' said Pink, 'but the hogs rooted holes in the banks. What would you do about that?' 'What would I do?' snorted the colonel. 'I would dam the hogs, sah! I would dam the hogs!'"

Had His Nerve With Him.

"I had a nery one to-day," said the bartender, according to the Philadelphia record. "A country looking yep, who had seen the free lunch sign outside, came gawking in, and as soon as he got his bearings made a dive for the solid food counter. In a minute he had made the pickled tripe dish look like thirty cents and had put the crackers and cheese out of business entirely. I glued my eyes on him and sung out, 'Hey, there! Have a beer?' He was too busy to talk, but shook his head no. 'Mebbe some whisky,' I says. 'Nope,' he says, with his mouth full of corned beef sandwich. Well, say, he was so busy over there that I thought it was up to me to put a stop to it, so I says, sarcastic like, 'How about a bottle o' wine?' 'Much obliged,' he says, 'but when I left home I promised the old folks I wouldn't drink nothin'.' I was so stunned I let him get out without leaving his card."

Good for Her.

The Living Church quotes this from a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Dr. S., who carved, held up a rib on his fork, and said: 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's 'rom very much the same kind of pritter.'"

Wheels within wheels—South American revolutions.

The woman who weeps is the woman whose eyes are always beautiful; tearless eyes are dull and cold.

Superior quality and extra quantity must win. This is why Defiance Starch is taking the place of all others.

Much of the milk of human kindness tastes of the pump.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE, Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 3 oz. package only 5 cents.

One of the greatest pleasures in life is to be found in counting the money we expect to make.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Prince Arnulf of Bavaria, grandson of the prince regent, will visit America.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Any pretty woman's jaw is a thing of beauty—when it isn't working.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

The average man is as awkward at making love as he is at cutting fresh bread.

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Defiance Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses Defiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.



FULL SET OF TEETH \$3.00

WORK GUARANTEED—WE DO AS WE ADVERTISE. NO STUDENTS. WE ARE HERE TO STAY. CONSULT THE EXPERTS. SOLE AT ONCE.

Soft Fillings Silver Fillings Teeth Cleaned Set of Teeth Small Charges for Material.



UNION DENTAL COLLEGE, Incorporated. 1522 Douglas St., Room 4, Opp. Boston Store.

RUPTURE CURED NO KNIFE, NO PAIN, no detention from business. We refer to thousands of cured patients in Nebraska and adjacent territory. Why patronize Eastern "fakirs" when you can deal with a reliable company at home? An absolute guarantee in every case. Send for circulars. **THE EMPIRE RUPTURE CO., 332-33 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.**

Cut This Out for Reference—It May Not Appear Again.

Omaha Auditorium Stock Contest

July 1, 1902, to October 28, 1902.

Tickets Twenty-five Cents One Thousand and One Prizes Each Ticket Entitles the Purchaser to One Share of Common Stock in the Omaha Auditorium Company and to Two Chances to Win a Prize.

CAPITAL PRIZE

\$5,000.00 IN GOLD 33 Contributed by the Defiance Starch Company of Omaha—Seven Hundred and Three Smaller Cash Prizes, Ranging from \$2.50 to \$50.00

OTHER PRIZES.—House and lot in Omaha, value, \$3,500; Omaha City Lot, \$700; Grand Kimball Piano; Chapel Organ; round trip tickets to cities on the Pacific Coast, Gulf of Mexico, the Great Lakes, and the Inland Pleasure Resorts; Sealskin Garments; Buggies, Saddles, Sets of Double and Single Harness, Engines, Guns, Silver and Glass Tableware, and many other useful and ornamental articles.

Six More Semi-Monthly Special Cash Prizes.

Awarding of Regular Prizes.—The \$5,000 Capital Prize and 1,000 other Regular Prizes will be awarded in the order of their Value to the 1,001 Persons making the 1,001 closest estimates of the total number of votes which will be cast for all candidates for governor in New York State, November 4, 1902.

These are the figures for the last five elections and will aid you in making your estimates: 1891, 1,165,085; 1894, 1,275,671; 1896, 1,434,046; 1898, 1,359,190; 1900, 1,556,520. What will the figures be this year?

Awarding of Semi-monthly Special Cash Prizes.—These prizes will each be not less than \$50, nor more than \$500, and will be paid every two weeks during the progress of the contest. They will be paid to the persons making the closest estimates, during the two weeks preceding each date, of the amount of the bank clearings of the city of Omaha on August 16, September 1, September 16, October 1, October 16, and November 1. These figures of the bank clearings of Omaha on dates named will assist you in making your estimates: 1901: July 1, \$1,233,488; July 16, \$1,063,599; August 1st, \$823,138; August 16th, \$1,036,132; September 1st, \$1,171,613; September 16th, \$1,127,988; October 1st, \$955,266; October 16th, \$1,039,742; November 1st, \$1,205,423. 1902: July 1st, \$1,061,057; July 16th, \$1,137,004.

NOW Is the Time to Send in Your Estimates.—One Person Stands Just as Good a Chance as Any Other Person to Make Prize Winning Estimates. An Estimate Made Now is as Likely to Win \$5,000 or One of the Other 1,000 Regular Prizes as One Made in October. For No One Can Tell the Number of Votes Cast Until After They are Counted. Contest Closes October 28.

Some one is going to win \$5,000 for twenty-five cents. Why not you? And others are going to win 1,006 other regular and special prizes ranging from \$2.50 to \$3,500. You may be one of them if you make an estimate.

DON'T FORGET THE SPECIAL CASH PRIZES AWARDED EVERY TWO WEEKS

Such Opportunities are not often offered—a share of stock and two chances to win big prizes for twenty-five cents. But remember that a dozen hooks will catch more fish than one hook. One ticket and two estimates are good, but a dozen tickets and two dozen estimates are better, and will more likely land one of the big or some of the smaller prizes.

Send in your Quarters and your Estimates—and Better Send Them in Now.

Address all letters to

THE OMAHA AUDITORIUM CO., Room A, New York Life Building, Omaha. Responsible Agents Wanted in Every Town.

Cut This Out for Reference—It May Not Appear Again.